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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

February, 1932 ◆ Vol. VI - No. 1
Price 15 cents a Copy

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

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FEBRUARY 1, 1932

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Mr. Black will lecture every ....., beginning February ...., in the .....
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February 3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Leader	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
3—Appreciation of Art	*Card Room*	12:00 NOON

Mrs. Charles Curry, Leader.

4—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Captain C. Fisher.
Subject: Deep Sea Diving.

4—Book Review Dinner	*National Defenders Room*	6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard.
Subject: The Harbour Master, by William McFee.

9—Valentine Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

Tables $2.00 — Prizes.

11—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Dr. Aubrey Humphries.
Subject: The Adventures of a Trip to the South Seas.

13—Children's Valentine Party	*Swimming Pool*	10:30 A.M.

(Water games and Prizes.)

—Luncheon, 65 cents	*Third Floor*	12:30 P.M.
15—Drama Tea	*American Room*	2:15 P.M.

Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "Counselor-at-Law," by Elmer Rice.

17—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Leader	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
18—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M

Speaker: Ethel Cotton.
Subject: Adventures in Conversation.

25—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Marzieh Nabil Carpenter.
Subject: My Life in Persia.

March 2—Tea in Honor of Miss Oleda Schrottky, National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, New York City. Miss Schrottky is in charge of Department of Pageants and Plays.

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Preparing for the Business of Living

● As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which, through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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VOLUME VI — FEBRUARY, 1932 — NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

Club Calendar 2
Frontispiece 6
The President's Message 7
Reunion Luncheon Revives Memories 8
Board Member's Valedictory 8
"The American Renaissance" 9
Grand Duchess Tickets Selling Rapidly . . . 10
City Club Library Comments 10
Thursday Evening Programs 11
City Club Announcements 12-13
Relation of Calligraphy to Art in China and Japan 14
By ALMA JANAPOLUS
Editorial 15
Used Clothing Appeal 15
"Up the Yangtse in Flood" 16
By JAMES T. WATKINS, JR.
"I Have Been Reading" 18
By ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS
Community Health 20
By DR. ADELAIDE BROWN
Mrs. Parker Maddux Mourned 20
Home Economics 21
By CHRISTINA S. MADISON
"We Are Merely Non-Combatant Bystanders" . 22
"The Princess They Christened Babette" . . . 24
By MRS. WILLIAM KENT, JR.

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Women's City Club Cuisine

....Why City Club Members Like to Entertain Guests from Clubs in Other Cities....

Their "Hospitality Instinct" impels them to want women from abroad to know of the distinctive features of Women's City Club of San Francisco.

They want to express their appreciation of courtesies extended to them in clubs across seas or beyond the Rockies by doing the same gracious things in their own domain.

They want strangers and visitors in San Francisco to realize that the Women's City Club is a conscious and articulate part of the city's fabric.

Their pride of membership suggests to them the desirability of entertaining in a setting where tradition and dignity are a complement of service.

There are several private rooms of varying capacity — the Mural, which seats thirty-five. The Annex, seating from ten to twenty. The National Defenders' Room — seating sixty — the colorful Chinese Room, with a capacity of one hundred.

Women's City Club Restaurant
465 Post Street
Third Floor

Misses Jean Stoll and Barbara Funston and Mrs. Ralph Judson Brenner were a group of strolling players much admired at the Peddler's Parade, at the City Club, Tuesday evening, January 26.

Misses Virginia Mysell and Virginia Chilton did not peddle Virginia Ham. They danced and dispensed quips and jests.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

AT the last Board Meeting the committees were asked to summarize their work of the year in preparation for the annual meeting, which will be held on March 14. It seems incredible that another fiscal year is past and that the record is written. No one foresaw the general economic valley in its real magnitude, but every one can review its consequences. The history of the 1931 administration in our Club is the history of many similar organizations—a definite struggle to readjust to meet new conditions, using old weapons of rigid economy and attention to minutest detail. We are proud of a record of accomplishment and of fulfillment of pledges. But there is one phase not a matter of pride. The reports show that the burden was carried by a smaller percentage of our membership than heretofore. This is a fact to be recognized and dealt with as we see the slipping away of the months of maximum use of the Clubhouse, upon which we count to strike the average earning capacity for the year, and as we feel the urge of Spring with the first sunshine and the great out-of-doors calling to us, we who are elected by you to responsible office ask "Is this matter of conscience a personal thing to our members?" We have elected to office a new Board of Directors. Does our responsibility end there? Or are we committed to support the activities they are planning for us because they believe we will enjoy them, and because they know that the use of a clubhouse is what carries it financially?

There are so many ways in which a member can help, and help while she herself enjoys the privilege. Dues promptly paid so that no second notice need be sent; mention of an advertisement seen in the magazine so that the advertiser may feel repaid for his insertion; attendance at a tea when a guest of honor (always a person of distinction invited by the hospitality committee) is being entertained in the name of the membership; the sponsoring of a talented friend for future membership. These are a few of the ways which cost us nothing in the common parlance, but are evidences of loyalty to the service organization of which we profess to be an integral part. Of course there are other ways financially valuable which come to mind when the word support is used, and use of the various departments heads this list. The committees studying each of these departments gladly welcome suggestions for betterment. If a member stays away because she generalizes and says, "I can do better elsewhere," she is failing in her duty to the group, for she owes it to others to criticize constructively and to keep on coming. To stay away does the greatest harm. Readjusted prices at the Club are continuously meeting the changing value of the dollar and if you have not patronized a department lately, it would be well to resolve to do so this month. Come to the Clubhouse to pay your dues, use the Swimming Pool, Beauty League Shop Salon and Restaurant, and stay overnight to "enjoy the luxury of breaking the monotony of everyday life," to quote one member from across the Bay.

Predictions are no longer the vogue, but one thing is sure, the history of the future of any group depends upon the loyalty of the individuals toward that group. The National League for Women's Service is the responsibility of each member.

Reunion of National League for Woman's Service and City Club Directors Renews Memories

● That forty-seven out of ninety directors who had served an organization over a period of thirteen years could come together in pleasant reminiscence and devoted loyalty to the institution which had in the beginning invoked their efforts, is a record in human relations.

So say the directors, past and present, who assembled at a luncheon January 12, at the City Club, in honor of the retiring members of the Board and to welcome four new members elected only the day before.

It was unique in more ways than that, say those who were privileged to be present. The extraordinary feature, they believe, is the fact that each guest looked back upon her term of office with pride and pleasure and that each still holds with complete confidence the vision she held in the formative years of the Club.

Any reminiscence, howsoever pleasant, is tinged with a certain wistfulness. And so there was that also about the gathering. Memories obtruded as incidents were recalled, reminding that time and change are, after all, lords of life.

But the present and the future soon took hold and turned the meeting into a session as earnest and forward-looking as any held thirteen, twelve or five years ago.

The consciousness of the reunion pivoted upon the fact that the City Club has never receded from the ideals of its founders and that each past director looked back upon her term of service as a period of fulfillment.

Incumbent and newly-elected directors, inspired by the achievements of their predecessors, looked forward with eager anticipation to carrying out the program and continuing the policies of the pioneers.

Informal talks were made by Miss Leale, Mrs. Booth, Miss Willard and Mrs. Chapman.

Miss Leale "dipped into the future, far as human eye can see—saw a vision of the nations and the wonders yet to be." She agreed with the others that an annual reunion of past and present directors would be a challenging event and interpreted the happiness of the occasion as an augury for further fine work together.

"Five years in this splendid building and eight years together before we had our own clubhouse have taught us the efficacy of organization and the joy of Service," she said in her resume of her stewardship. "We have proven our facilities within the Club and now we are offering to the community our willingness to work with and through other organizations. Our spiritual growth has kept pace with our material growth, and this building is tangible evidence of the latter. Survey throughout the East shows a trend to combine activities of men's and women's clubs, or at least of their endeavors.

A number of the directors of Mrs. McDuffie's regime were present, and were accorded the pioneer's meed of recognition.

Mrs. Booth, chairman of Volunteer Service, stated that in her opinion the two Talent Festivals in as many years had given invaluable stimulus to Volunteer Service. She said that she has received many requests for Volunteer Service to be rendered outside the Club and that the Service stands ready to give whatever shall be voted by the Club.

Miss Willard reviewed the status of the Club Library and Mrs. Chapman reassured the assembly of the soundness of the Club's financing plan as charted by the founders.

Each guest introduced herself and named the president with whom she had worked. In few instances was any introduction necessary, so closely have pioneer workers kept in touch with the City Club. It was significant that each expressed with the warmest enthusiasm and sincere affection her fealty to the Club and her pride in having had the opportunity to "search out" the means of serving through a medium so unusual, so individual as The National League for Woman's Service.

"We still are the minute women of the community, ready for any emergency and with faces set for the next development in world affairs."

Retiring Board Member's Valedictory Lights Torch for Successors

—BY MABEL L. PIERCE

● About the height and depth of sentiment and emotion, the feeling of responsibility and honor, in what it has meant to me to be a member of the Board, I am not going to write. But, in passing, I just want to say that there is "a fly in every ointment."

According to James Truslow Adams in his book, "An American Epic," the Puritans found work attractive; the reason he gives for this does not matter here.

Apparently I am a true descendant, because work has always seemed attractive to me. This characteristic showed itself early, for I can remember my mother remarking with exasperation that I was "thoughtlessly industrious."

The City Club Board certainly provides opportunity for industry sufficient to satisfy the purest of Puritans. But, alas, for the "fly!" As a Board member, it has not been my experience that I could be just blissfully, thoughtlessly busy; I had to *think*. In many a long meeting I have actually grown pallid under the strain of thinking—thinking constructively and in "TERMS OF POLICY." So new members of the Board be warned! You will have to think!

The American Renaissance

—BY BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● In true American fashion the heralds of art who have cried "Viva la France" these last dozen years are now shouting with equal gusto, "Made in America." Always a nation of extremists, be it liquor, stocks or art, the pendulum of propaganda has swung with a mighty swoop towards American art. Either we are a humorless people, or, perhaps, a la mode, a change of horse in middle stream was necessary to keep from drowning. Anyhow, the American steed is safely straddled, and let us hope, if he reach the shore, he won't be run to death before the American Renaissance reaches these far shores of the Pacific.

We can well believe that, sitting on the sidelines of activity, San Francisco is being complimented; the cheers of the American innings may strike a note of ridicule that to one in the heat of the contest would sound only victory. Be that as it may, if you happen, dear reader, to be one of those precious persons interested enough in art to have glanced through the current issues of art magazines from the Atlantic you will have instantly recognized that we have gone native in art, of course, with that notable exception of Diego Rivera. He is not the kind of native that New York has been going so completely, which is to say, that by native American art we mean U.S.A., and that American artists are having a tremendous revival, halleluiah and everything. An American Museum (the Whitney); an American Group — Barbizon-Plaza; American Artists of Today — Daniel; A Chapter in American Art — Rehn; "Make the Eagle Scream"—Dudensing; American Print Makers; American Folk Art, and even American Ancestors—Downtown, in galleries, in advertisement and in copy —Americana even in the sanctum of Knoedlers.

There has always been something at once pathetic and ludicrous in the success that suddenly discovers its ancestors. Pathetic, because such an urge shows the common human desire to justify and stabilize by roots that reach into the good earth; ludicrous, because the ancestors so begotten are generally woefully out of the drawing which, from all accounts, was also true of our American ancestors exhibited at the Downtown Gallery by the courtesy of the American Folk Art Group. Proof positive that it did not take the modern artist to discover he need not draw. Our American ancestors did it in the Eighteenth century.

That the sincere contribution of American artists during the last decade has not received due consideration is irrefutably true. But an American Renaissance cannot be ushered in by ballyhoo, and we devoutly hope that the present movement is more than a hang-over from the French debauche, not just a tomato cocktail tossed off before the art world rushes out to a feast offered up to the art, let us say of Mexico.

Definitions vary as to what American art is, which brings us to a story we heard recently. It is said that Diego Rivera, in talking to Mrs. Whitney, at the opening of the American Museum, reminded her that many artists in North America were not hung, our artists from the West, for example, and the Art of Mexico which was also part of North America. We thank Mr. Rivera for reminding Mrs. Whitney that there were artists in California (as many as six years ago when we were in New York we tried to find an opening at the Whitney Studio for our California artists) and, to be sure, Mexico is part of our continent—but so is Alaska. The art of these countries grew out of the soil, as also did the art of the Indian tribes of U. S. A., but we take it to be true that an American art to epitomize America should be international in character, the result of the coming together of all races upon this continent, plus the American environment, point of view, yes, and ideals, because, however far we have wandered, America was founded on an ideal.

Artists of any time and place who have grown in technique without convictions, are only craftsmen. Mediocrity, whether it be French or American, is mediocrity. Diego Rivera, without the urge to express the nobility and dignity of the Mexican people, would never have become a world figure in art.

Merely to paint the American scene does not make for national art, but those painters who have been inspired by their love for the homely American scene show in their understanding an approach decidedly American in point of view. Without a national character we cannot have a national art. A great American art can only be produced when artists find in the conflict of American life a tremendous conviction and the urge to say something monumental in paint or sculpture concerning it. Then, and only then, will we have a true and lasting American Renaissance.

Pain has been and grief enough and bitterness and crying,
Sharp ways and stony ways I think it was she trod;
But all there is to see now is a white bird flying,
Whose bloodstained wings go circling high,—circling up to God.

—*Margaret Widdemer.*

Grand Duchess Marie Tickets Selling Rapidly

● Seats for the lecture to be given March 8 at the City Club by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia are selling rapidly. The committee in charge of the lecture and supper following announces that but few of the $3.50 tickets remain and that large numbers of the $2.50 and $1.00 seats have been taken.

The Grand Duchess Marie is one of the most dramatic figures to emerge from the Russia of imperial regime and her flight to safety at the time of the revolution is one of the thrilling episodes told in her address.

Her publications in the last few months, especially, "The Education of a Princess," have had tremendous sales and her work among Russian refugees has been outstandingly practical.

A reception and supper party will take place on the fourth floor after the lecture, which will be given in the auditorium and broadcast by radio to the third floor.

The Grand Duchess Marie will appear in person and be presented to the audience on the third floor, after which she will be taken to the auditorium, from which she will be "radioed." This method was very successful in the instance of the Galsworthy lecture last year at the Club and the committee assures patrons that it will be just as satisfactory in this case.

Tickets for the buffet supper are $1.00 and must be reserved at least twenty-four hours in advance.

Following is the committee in charge of the visit of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia to the City Club, March 8:

Mrs. Payson J. Treat, Chairman.
Mrs. Henry Alves
Miss Ella Bailey
Mrs. David P. Barrows
Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.
Mrs. E. E. Brownell
Mrs. S. G. Chapman
Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr.
Mrs. Horace Clifton
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Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper
Mrs. Charles P. Deems
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Mrs. James W. Edwards
Mrs. Milton Esberg
Mrs. Perry Eyre
Mrs. William B. Hamilton
Mrs. L. W. Harris
Miss Mary Hull
Miss Marion Huntington
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland
Miss Edith Leale
Mrs. C. O. G. Miller
Mrs. Harry Staats Moore
Mrs. F. S. Moody
Mrs. Silas Palmer
Mrs. Howard Park
Miss Mabel Pierce
Mrs. Edward Rainey
Mrs. May F. Riley
Miss Edith Slack
Mrs. H. A. Stephenson
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Mrs. Effingham Sutton
Miss Elisa May Willard
Mrs. W. Wilberforce Williams

Grand Duchess Marie, Speaker at City Club, Tuesday Evening, March 8

City Club Library Is Busy Place

—BY ELISA MAY WILLARD

● Volunteers at the City Club library desk know that they are kept busy giving out books, but even they were surprised at the results of a survey, made by the librarian, of the daily use of the library during December last.

Even the club members who use the library often have little idea of the steady flow of books from the library desk into their homes.

In December, perhaps the quietest library month of the year, the number of books issued was 2776; the quietest day was the Saturday before Christmas, when 66 books were issued; the busiest day was the Monday after Christmas when 175 books went out. Of the latter day's circulation 64 were new novels, which would seem to refute the claim of some of our critics that they can never find new fiction "in."

At least there were 64 new novels in on that day long enough to be taken out again!

The same day seventy-seven *old* novels were taken, and twenty-two *new* books of non-fiction and twelve old non-fiction. By "new" books we mean those which have been bought within the year, and a few older ones whose great popularity has lasted longer. In the whole month the circulation was 968 "new" fiction, and 1140 "old" fiction, 400 "new" non-fiction, 268 "old" non-fiction. We might add, incidentally, that rebinding brings books at once into increased use. A book which has languished unnoticed on the shelf in a worn cover springs into popularity when it has a new dress on.

Coming now to individual books, Siegfried's "England's Crisis," which was bought in June, was taken out 20 times in seven months. Craven's "Men of Art," bought in July, went out 14 times in six months; Margaret Mead's "Growing Up in New Guinea" was issued 31 times in the year; Adler's "Understanding Human Nature," bought in April, 1929, is still going strong, being out almost constantly, and Flexner's "Universities" has been taken out 19 times since March.

We like to print these figures because we are rather proud of the use made of the club library for serious reading. And in this connection we hope everyone has noticed that we have added the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica during the year, as well as an excellent new atlas.

We have been counting our readers as well as our books, and find that 2234 members of the club are constant borrowers from the library, which means that they come to the library desk once a month or oftener, while many more are on the list of occasional borrowers.

Thursday Evening Programs

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● The Thursday Evening Programs are usually omitted for a short period at holiday time.

People are generally more interested in Christmas activities than in attending lectures, so it is well to allow that privilege to both speaker and audience during the latter part of December.

In January, a new start is made with a New Year resolution to keep the programs well up to the established standard. The first program met the requirements and promised well. The speaker was Miss Gertrude H. Lewis, of Oakland, and her subject, "Personal Observations in India."

Miss Lewis recently visited a sister living in India and spent ten months in that mysterious country. She had privileges and opportunities not enjoyed by an ordinary traveler and so collected a great amount of information, much more than she could give to her audience in the time allotted to her on January 7. However, she did her best, speaking clearly and rapidly, maintaining the interest of her audience and gaining many complimentary comments.

She brought with her a number of native costumes of brilliant colors and sheer material. These were worn by eleven of our young women who sat on the stage and made a gay, colorful background to the speaker. In the course of her address, Miss Lewis described these costumes, telling on what occasions and in what part of the country they were worn.

The programs are planned up to March 1, with the idea as usual to present a variety of subjects that will meet all tastes and interests. For the remaining Thursdays in January there were readings with musical accompaniment of Clio Lee Aydelott, an illustrated lecture called "Adventuring Along the Spanish Main," by Mr. Roy A. Murray and an address by Dr. J. C. Geiger, our new Director of Public Health, on "The Milk Situation in San Francisco."

In February, the first address will be made by Captain C. W. Fisher, on the subject of "Deep Sea Diving."

On February 11, Dr. Aubrey Humphries will describe the adventures and experiences of "A Trip to the South Seas."

On February 18, Miss Ethel Cotton of the Ethel Cotton Studio of Expression and author of "Keeping Mentally Alive," will present an address on the subject of "Adventures in Conversation."

On February 25, the speaker will be Marzieh Nabil Carpenter and her subject will be "My Life in Persia."

While we are on the subject of Thursday Evening Programs, it might be interesting to mention a few occasions of the recent past that have been noteworthy. In this it is difficult to make a choice, but I think our audiences will recall with much pleasure the evening in September that we spent with Mr. Selden C. Smith, when he recounted a recent European journey under the title of "Advice to Women Who are Thinking of Taking Their Husbands to Europe;" how we admired the personality and enjoyed the clear-cut and informing address of Mr. Victor Kwonglee Kwong on "The New Era in China;" and what information we gained from Mr. Charles S. James of the Gump Company, in his address "What is a Print," illustrated by a portfolio of pictures.

We are mindful, too, of the beauty of Gerda Wismer Hofmann's "Evening of Dramatic Poetry and Prose."

In October, we had Mr. John M. Nicol giving an illustrated address on "Rambles in Central America;" Mrs. Lillian Birmingham reading the poems of Martha Sims Kirkbride, with piano solos by Mrs. Charles Cooper and then a charming program by Mrs. Guy Bush on the "Philosophy and Humor of Music."

One of the most noteworthy programs of the year was that given on October 29 by a group of players from Century Club, presenting two plays, "A Bad Penny" and a one-act English version of an Italian play, "Elisabetta Regina D'Inghilterra," made by Mrs. Oscar Cushing and founded on episodes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The parts in both plays were taken in a manner which showed fine perception and good training, and special praise is due Mrs. Frederick Meyer for the splendid manner in which she interpreted the constantly changing tempers and moods of Queen Elizabeth. Her conception of the character was so fine that the audience felt she might take place in a professional cast with credit and satisfaction.

The whole program was greatly enjoyed and much appreciation was felt that the plays were given for the pleasure of our Club.

In November we had three interesting programs. Mr. Cyril H. Cane, Commercial Consul of Great Britain, spoke about "Commercial and Other Relations Between Great Britain and California," and showed several reels of fine moving pictures of beauty spots of England. The following week, Miss Elsa Mehlmann, a California woman, told of her experiences and observations during "Six Years in Soviet Russia," four of which she spent in the city of Moscow.

The last program in November was presented by Mr. Flodden W. Heron, a book collector of note, connected with famous book clubs in this country and abroad. Mr. Heron spoke on "The Lure of Book Collecting," and brought with him a number of rare books for the pleasure and observation of his audience.

On December 3, Mr. William Schwyter, Acting Consul for Switzerland, gave a clear outline of the history and political development of that country. In addition to the address, Mr. W. F. Stapff sang delightfully a group of baritone songs. He was accompanied by his teacher, Mme. Pearl Ladd.

The last program of the year was given on December 10. This was a concert arranged by Mrs. Horatio Stoll and participated in by Mrs. Grace Porter Neff, Mrs. Byron McDonald and Carmen de Obarrio Fitzgerald, with Laura Lundegaard Blickfelt at the piano. This musical program was most enjoyable and it made a fitting ending to the year's work. There is a constant endeavor with a purpose to provide for these programs the most interesting speakers obtainable.

In return, the Club feels its indebtedness to these brilliant men and women who come and give so freely of their talent, research and knowledge for the pleasure and edification of the members who compose the Thursday evening audiences.

The Day's Task

● Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know; it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. —David Starr Jordan.

Bridge Committee Arranging Valentine Party

—BY IDA J. LORD

● A Valentine Party will be given in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, Tuesday evening, February 9, and plans are being made to celebrate in a royal manner.

Valentines will be the decorative feature and a prize given at each table, which will be worthy of the traditions and old-time legends that have come down to us concerning the Patron Saint of Romance, who lived many centuries ago.

Preceding the Bridge, several dinner parties are being planned in the Club dining room. The evening will be colorful and full of merriment and members, with their guests, will have the opportunity of enjoying a real St. Valentine Festival.

Tickets are $2.00 per table, which may be procured at the City Club desk or from any member of the committee.

Players are requested to bring their own cards but score sheets and pencils will be furnished. Candy will be served at each table. The doors will be open at 7:30 p. m.

Miss Ida J. Lord is chairman of the committee assisted by—

Mesdames Pearl Baumann, Carrie Campbell, Carrie Davis, Emma Hilp, A. F. Lawton, Nettie R. Metzger. Misses Harriet Adams, I. E. Banz, Isabelle Converse, Amy Cooke, Nelle Gillespie, Frances Gray, May L. Jameson, Evelyn Larkin, Helen R. Parker.

City Club to Entertain Girl Scout Officials

● A tea will be given in the City Club, March 2, in honor of Miss Oleda Schrottky of New York, chairman of Plays and Pageants of the Girl Scouts, who is coming from New York headquarters as one of a vanguard of Girl Scout officials who will be in San Francisco this summer.

A luncheon will be held at the City Club, March 23, in honor of Mrs. B. O. Edey, of New York, National President of the Girl Scouts.

House Rule

> Members and guests are permitted above the fourth floor only after having been announced by the Room Secretary and having obtained a special pass.

The Room Secretaries are instructed to carry out this rule and the cooperation of the members and guests will be deeply appreciated. The House Rules are adopted after careful consideration and are for the protection of the membership.

Will Visit Reciprocal Clubs in Europe

● Mrs. William F. Perkins, member of the City Club, will leave early in February for an extended stay abroad. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Carl Stever, and the two will visit several of the Clubs of Europe which have reciprocal relations with the City Club of San Francisco.

Among these are the American Women's Clubs of Paris, London and Berlin, Vienna and Madrid.

Prize Play to Be Read by Author

● City Club members will be interested to know that they may have the pleasure of hearing "The Night Shift," the play that received the first prize awarded two years ago by the Women's City Club Magazine in a contest which had a cash prize as but part of the emolument.

The author, Edith Daseking, will read this play, and a second of her compositions, one in lighter vein, "Mountain Magic," at an entertainment and tea sponsored by the Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association (admission fifty cents) at the home of Mrs. Joy Lichtenstein, 2660 Filbert Street, Saturday at two o'clock, February 27.

The talented and modest author was deeply stirred by the awarding of the Club's prize. Those who hear her reading will agree with the Club's decision.

S. K. Ratcliffe to Speak at Club in April

● S. K. Ratcliffe, distinguished British publicist and commentator, will speak at the City Club April 4.

Mr. Ratcliffe gave a lecture at the Club three years ago, which is still remembered as one of the outstanding discourses given under its auspices. He is an acknowledged authority upon political economy and a practical observer who sees the pattern as a whole and not from any national or partisan standpoint.

Naturally, his general theme will deal with the present world situation, financial, sociological and political.

Take a Shower if You Don't Care to Swim

● Do you know that:

A member may have a shower bath for twenty cents on the swimming pool floor?

If she does not care to swim, she may enjoy the refreshment of a shower for the small cost of twenty cents.

The charge for swimming is thirty-five cents to members and fifty cents for their guests.

City Club Members Honored

● The Women's City Club is pleased to record the honors recently conferred upon two of its members, Mrs. John L. Hines, wife of Major-General Hines, formerly Commanding General of the Ninth Corps-Area at the Presidio, and Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, wife of Reverend Dr. Lincoln, canon of Grace Cathedral.

Mrs. Hines was decorated by the Emperor of Anan, in Indo-Chino. The decoration is a beautiful workmanship of gold and multicolored pearls. General Hines was recently sent to Indo-Chino by the War Department to witness the French manoeuvers.

The Cross of Honor of the Order of the Saugrael was conferred upon Mrs. Lincoln because of her distinguished service to humanity, both in her devotional writings and in her founding and carrying on for thirty years St. Dorothy's Rest at Camp Meeker, Sonoma County, as a summer home for the convalescence of underprivileged and crippled children. The decoration is an ebony cross inlaid with gold.

This Was in 1900— How We Have Traveled!

● Manufacturers began to make a safety bicycle adapted to women by nets to protect skirts from becoming tangled in the whirling wire spokes. Gradually and daringly a few women began to wear shorter skirts, weighting the hems down with little strips of lead.

The next insurgency against the stiff laced conventionality of the Victorian period was lawn tennis, accompanied by modification of stays and corsets. That met with outraged criticism. Ministers exhorted their congregations to eschew the "ungraceful, unwomanly and unrefined game which offended against all the canons of womanly dignity and delicacy."

But sports for women began to be adopted in women's colleges, then beginning to expand. For various sports, including basketball, the more daring began to appear in bloomers, which were in reality trousers cut full and gathered at the knee to resemble a skirt. These garments were ridiculed in the press and denounced by the pulpit, and suffered once more the same reviling as had the bloomer of 1851.

It took years for the changes in dress to pass from specialized costumes for sport into ordinary wear. A timorous start toward skirts ending at the ankles for street wear in bad weather was ridiculed, where not more gravely condemned, in the term, applied to dress and to wearers, "rainy-dasies."

—Mark Sullivan in "The Turn of the Century."

Collectors' Exhibit to Be Given Again This Year

● Mrs. William B. Hamilton will again be chairman of the Private Collectors' Exhibit, which will be held this Spring on April 13 and 14.

The Private Collectors' Exhibit last year was one of the outstanding events of the City Club calendar. Members who own lovely things, ivories, china, paintings, shawls, stamps, precious and semi-precious stones, pottery or any of the things which people have loved to collect from the days of stone hatchets and spear heads to etchings and tanagra, will be shown in the Club Auditorium on those two days, April 13 and 14.

Keep the dates in mind and ask Mrs. Hamilton for information.

Imitation Is Sincerest Form...

● The City Club of San Francisco has recently become aware of two instances of "the sincerest form of flattery," if imitation, or rather, adaption, of some of its ideas may be taken in that light.

The American Women's Club of London recently held a "Magazine Tea" and Advertisers' Exhibit.

There was no charge for admission to the exhibit, said the Magazine of the London Club, "but all tea tickets for the day are 2/—" (we think that means two shillings). "For members and their friends. Bring your husband," concludes the invitation.

Then, not so far away, in Kansas City, to be exact, the Women's City Club had a Talent Festival early in December which was a tremendous success. It was modeled on the Talent Festivals which the City Club of San Francisco has had in the last two autumns.

Also, just as a matter of pointing out that all City Club Magazines are much the same when it comes to fundamentals, the Kansas City Club Bulletin carries this appeal:

"During these months of depression we do not feel justified in asking you to lunch in town. But we do feel justified in asking you, when you *do* lunch in town, to help us meet our Club expenses by patronizing your own Tea Room."

Annual Dues Payable March 1

● Annual dues of the City Club are payable March 1 and will be delinquent April 1.

Statements of dues will be sent members February 14. Added to the six dollars of those who failed to vote at the annual election is appended a fine of twenty-five cents.

Send Change of Address To City Club Secretary

● Club members who change their residence are urged, for their own convenience as well as that of the post office department and the City Club clerical department, to send their new addresses to the Club secretary. With the payment of annual dues a new roster is being compiled and *now is the time* to be enrolled correctly.

Mrs. Jackson Fleming Honored at City Club

● Mrs. Jackson Fleming of New York, who has been giving a series of lectures at the San Francisco Center, and who has been a guest at the City Club while in San Francisco, was tendered a tea by the City Club on Thursday, January 14.

Jerome Landfield presided and Mrs. Fleming spoke on her experiences in Russia.

Mrs. Fleming, whose husband is an authority on Asia Minor, has recently returned from an airplane trip to five of the Balkan States in an effort to enter Afghanistan to secure material for his articles. With a Russian pilot, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming made five "hops" and finally returned to Berlin without the material. Taking an apartment in Geneva, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming were entertained by many of the diplomats and business men passing through Switzerland.

Many San Franciscans who have attended the Town Hall lectures in New York and had heard of Mrs. Fleming's personal experiences in Russia and other countries where political event happen with exciting rapidity, welcomed her to this city and entertained for her.

Greatest Photographer of Bird Life Coming

● Lovers of bird life are anticipating the moving pictures and talk by the Englishman, Capt. Charles W. R. Knight—of Golden Eagle fame—who will give just one performance at the Tivoli Theatre, Wednesday evening, February 17.

Captain Knight is considered one of the best photographers of the denizens of the air and his pictures are said to be the most thrilling ever made of bird life. He will have his trained eagle at the performance.

This bird has traveled with Capt. Knight more than 25,000 miles and is exceedingly well trained. Captain Knight will tell many interesting stories while the film is being shown on the screen and he is considered a very humorous and witty speaker. His appearance in San Francisco is under the management of Alice Seckels.

Speaking of Spring Styles .. Do You Know the Latest Swimming Styles?

● The ever changing styles—in apparel, in furnishings, in sports—demand our personal attention and hold our interest.

To be familiar with the latest mode is the pleasant duty of every progressive individual.

Do you know the latest and most enjoyable strokes in swimming?

In anticipation of summer vacations, where swimming has been and will be the favorite sport, we have arranged a spring program which will help you get the greatest possible enjoyment from your summer, whether it may be in the mountains or at the seashore.

The January "Learn to Swim" week will be followed by a second early in February (the week of February 8-12). Monday and Wednesday evenings of that week from 5:30 to 6:00, and Tuesday and Friday morning, 11:00 to 11:30, free class lessons will be given in elementary swimming.

The following half-hour will be devoted to intermediate classes. (Admission fee only to these classes.)

If you plan to take swimming or diving lessons or to bring the children in, now is the time to take advantage of the "special" rates on private lesson tickets (see swimming pool advertisement for member and guest prices for special tickets).

These tickets are on sale up to February 29, and do not expire till May 1.

Maybe you have some unfinished lesson or swim tickets that you had overlooked.

Why not use them up now and get full value from *your* Swimming Pool?

Another new feature of our spring program which will start in the pool on February 1, is a "Ring Toss" marathon, open to members and their children and women guests.

Entrants may swim in this marathon twice a week up to May 15, when a prize of a 10-swim ticket will be given to the swimmer covering the greatest distance.

This marathon is not limited to the best swimmers, as no entrant may register more than the distance she "rings" in the game.

And this brings us to our Guest Night. Maybe some of you are not aware of the fact that members are now bringing men guests to swim in the pool on Friday nights from 5:30 to 9:00 o'clock.

Those bringing small children to swim with dad generally prefer the earlier hour followed by dinner in the club dining room.

One Friday recently a young member brought eight couples who motored up from the peninsula after an early dinner to enjoy a Splash Party.

Don't forget the Children's Valentine party and luncheon!

Relation of Calligraphy to Art in China and Japan

—BY ALMA H. JANAPOLUS

● A step in the appreciation of the art of China and that of Japan is a better understanding of the great differences in the training and the background of their artists. The background of our artist is technique first of all. With the Chinese it is culture and his technique is part of that same culture. With few exceptions all the great Chinese artists were gentlemen born.

The training of the child in China and Japan begins when he learns his first written character. The mastery of line is due to the flexibility of muscles which are never stiffened by the use of a cramping pen or pencil. "The ability to control the arm and hand in the use of this writing-brush is as severe discipline as can be given to probationary painters. This training includes the power of making thick or slender strokes, heavy or light shades of ink, quick turns and graceful hooks, all of which is good preparation for painting," says Bowie.

"In the West writing is looked upon largely as a convenience; in China it is almost a religion. Specimens of the great calligraphers were treasured and handed down from generation to generation," and are to this day both in China and Japan. The greatest compliment one can be paid is to receive a wall-hanging or scroll designed and painted by a famous calligrapher of the present or past. (A member of this club was so honored by Mei Lan Fang.) The Chinese of ancient times would commit almost any folly or even crime, to procure works of great calligraphers.

Louise Hackney says, "The origin of Chinese painting is to be found in the beautiful symbols of the written characters."

After the age of cutting characters on bone, came the Ch'in dynasty (250 B. C.) and the supposed origin of the hair-brush, which permitted the shaded line, which in turn, is supposed to be the origin of the painted picture. As early as the 2nd century A. D. the "Nine Influences," a series of rules for calligraphers, played as important a part as the "Six Canons" did later for painters.

Chinese writing is divided into four periods — that of ideographs, as seen on early bronzes; next as seal characters; then the official style, with fixed number of strokes; and the last, continuous in use since the fourth century. In the sixth century the Emperor Liang Wu ordered an essay compiled from his book and it was used as a primer until the Republic of China changed the form of education for her children.

The calligraphy of China has been a potent factor in her civilization, for though the spoken language has changed the characters still represent the same ideas. The Japanese also use the same characters in addition to an alphabet of fifty sounds.

The founding of an Academy of Painting and Calligraphy in the T'ang era (620-907 A. D.) shows the alliance of the arts even in that early period. During the Sung dynasty (960-1280), the Augustan age of China when all Europe was still in the dark ages, scholars thronged the capital for examinations in art, modelled upon the literary tests of the time. Themes were discussed pictorially—a line of poetry was illustrated, reversing the test of the poets. The Emporer Hui Tsung is responsible for the saying, "A poem is a picture, and a picture is a poem."

The painter often wrote, or his friend did, a poem in one corner of the picture. Or perhaps the artist had been inspired by a dream and therefore on his landscape wrote, "Last night I witnessed the scene I attempted to reproduce."

Whereas the Chinese artist signed and wrote in a conspicuous place, the Japanese tried to find a space inconspicuous or forming a balance in the composition. But it must be remembered when viewing the work of these artists, that these poems and signatures did not detract from the artistic effect in the eyes of the Chinese owner, in fact in many cases they were an added distinction. It is also to be remembered that many of the finest early works were not signed in any manner. A Sung artist once wrote, "My picture is my signature."

In recent years there has been a re-valuation of old Chinese art. It has been discovered that many paintings thought to be of Sung or Yuan dynasty are of a later period. By these corrections it is now known that China's art had not deteriorated, but had progressed from Han tc Ming era.

The invention of coarse paper in the late Han (206 B.C.-221 A.D.) dynasty and introduction of Buddhism somewhat earlier, had a marked influence on Chinese art.

The archaic paintings had been on coarse hemp cloth with mineral colors, usually blue, green and gold. Ink was used to sketch in the design. It was the ink paintings, slightly tinted, often with red, that followed the archaic and formed the intermediate step between them and the monochrome which is definitely known in the early years of the eighth century.

Of the work of the early artists but little is known, but their names have been preserved together with their designs in the bas-reliefs found in Han tombs. In order that a man might carry his favorite paintings with him to the beyond, they were engraved on tablets of stone and it is these mortuary pieces that now are of great assistance in determining the period of an artist and his style.

Water-colors are first noticed about the third century and were used on silk and in preference to the old oil-paint method of prior origin. This is a reversal of the European artists who used water-colors first.

It was not until about 930 A. D. that the finer papers of delicate texture came in. The quality of these papers has never been excelled—in fact, some have never been

(Continued on Page 31)

EDITORIAL

● By their works shall their fellows know the enthusiastic members of any organization.

Does that organization have an election?

The faithful and the zealous are sure to vote, either in person or by mail.

Does her group instinct inform a member that certain departments of her organization need inspiration or bolstering?

She is certain to do all in her power to lift it financially and morally.

Thus are good and indifferent members classified.

Take the annual election of January 11, for instance. It was not a heavy vote, as it should have been in view of the admonitions and reminders in the newspapers and in last month's magazine.

Why women neglect their duty in this respect is an unanswered question.

Yet there would be a general protest if the Club should select its leaders in any way but by members' suffrage.

It probably is quite a human trait to seek a privilege and then forget it.

It is not a disdainful gesture; merely a matter of neglect or indifference.

So it is with the matter of patronage of the Club.

We belong; we are devoted to it; feel great pride in it as an institution which reflects credit upon us and our community

But we are prone to forget our responsibility to it.

It is not deliberate shirking or a willful desire to work a harmful effect.

We take too much for granted, as we do with our friends and relatives.

We assume they are getting along well and that they can exist without us.

They can, and do. But we are spiritually depriving ourselves when we fail to render "unto Caesar those things which are Caesar's."

When we do not vote at the general elections, national, state or municipal, we lay ourselves open to the indictment of being poor citizens. It is not enough, say our censors, that we obey the laws and keep out of jail. That is being but passively civic-minded.

We are expected to be actively civic. So in the Club. It is not enough to pay our dues and refrain from breaking any of the house rules. The "good" member is she who assumes her part of the responsibility—who votes at the elections, who keeps abreast of the events and endeavors to participate in at least a few of them, who patronizes the departments of the Club which depend upon patronage for existence, such as the restaurant, the swimming pool, the Beauty Salon and the League Shop.

Also we might add that it were also a part of "good" membership to mention to dealers who advertise in the City Club magazine that his gesture is appreciated and that it has brought him your trade.

Competition is so keen and business at this particular time so sluggish that it behooves every member to assist in keeping an even keel in every department. Each member has one eighth-thousandth part obligation to the Club. Little enough, but great enough if each assumed her quota.

Send Clothes to These Addresses Or Have Them Called For

● Mrs. M. C. Sloss, member of the Women's City Club, is chairman of a "Cooperative Clothing Campaign," which has its headquarters at 20 Second street.

Clothing sent to that address, to the nearest fire house or to the Receiving Center at the Jesse Lilienthal School, Baker and Grove streets, will be distributed free through established social agencies. If the donor cannot deliver clothing it will be called for if the giver will telephone FIllmore 1503.

Misses Dorothy Bradford, Gladys Hall and Frances Hall were charming figurants in the Peddlers' Parade at the City Club, January 26.

Up the Yangtse in Flood

—BY JAMES T. WATKINS, JR.

Editor's Note: James T. Watkins, Jr., of San Francisco, the writer of the following letter from Hankow, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. James T. Watkins of San Francisco. His mother (Eleanor Preston Watkins) contributes each month the "I Have Been Reading" department of the City Club Magazine. He graduated at Leland Stanford University in 1929 when he was twenty-one, majoring in Political Science and International Relations. He taught for two years in the Todai Middle School at Nagoya, Japan, and spent his vacations in travel in Japan, Korea and Manchuria. On August 17, 1931, he sailed from Nagasaki for China, to teach Political Science and International Relations at the Central China University, Hankow. The letter is an account of his trip up the Yangtse from Nanking, through the flooded areas.

● It was exciting to be steaming up the Yangtse in the moonlight, while the captain of the boat regaled me with stories of his experiences sailing the river . . . of potting bandits with the ship's Lewis gun, of shooting gorges in the winter, of timid passengers and blood-thirsty ones . . . The sheets of steel that wall the decks supplied picturesque local color, and the unintentionally funny remarks of the Cockney mate supplied more of a different kind. So I passed . . . and enjoyed . . . my first evening on the Yangtse.

We left Nanking at sunset, for the boat was hours late. From the river the city looks like the slum districts of any western city . . . or would look like it except for the dingy rickshas lined up along the bund and the dingy crowds passing to and fro. Now the bund is under two feet of water, and so is much of the city outside of the wall, and some of it within the wall. Paul Meyer drove me down from the consulate to the edge of the water and then put me and my bags into the care of the consulate runner. We were transferred to rickshas, and then the procession started out. The water, foul to see, came up to the knees of the ricksha men, but on they ploughed, while the rickshas they pulled waddled from side to side.

It was water, water everywhere. Long ripples washed through the open fronts of the shops and splashed against the counters. Courts within walls, and all side streets were under water. Enjoying the scene, but feeling sorry for the players, I waddled on in my ricksha until I reached the pontoon of the Jardine-Matheson Company. There we waited before the river-boat arrived, nearly an hour after it was reported just down the river.

I was sorry to leave Nanking, for I did not see much of it in those few days. For actual sightseeing, it was too hot. We drove out to the magnificent white stone tomb of Sun Yat Sen. One afternoon, Paul drove me half-way up the Purple Mountain, whence we had a beautiful view of the city within its rambling wall, of the flooded tree-dotted area, of the Yangtse in the distance and the mountains beyond. But what we saw and visited was not extensive enough or carefully enough inspected to be satisfying. The city fascinated me, however, what I saw of it. Anything but beautiful (though its setting is beautiful), anything but comfortable, anything but pleasant to live in, nevertheless it caught me in toils of its own making. There is something gallant about Nanking, reflecting the same something in the government. There is something heroic about it—just as there is about the government. "Then came the king's son, weary, weaponless, sore beset with foes, seeing the sword half-buried in the sand, he ran and caught it to him, and won a great victory that heroic day . . ." or however Sill's poem reads.

Tuesday, August 25, 1931.

All morning, and the better part of the afternoon I sat on deck by the ship's rail and watched the Yangtse's varied shore slip slowly down the river.

In normal times, the Yangtse, flowing in great curves through a plain many miles across, isn't such an extraordinary sight; it is merely a big river. Now all that remains of the banks, for the most part, are lines of trees marking the dykes. On the near side, corduroy waves of no small size, though sluggish with silt, splash the brown water with foam; and on the other, where the water is less agitated, far as the eye can see, wavelets lap the ears of farm-houses and the feet of the distant mountains. Fortunately, the flood in this part of the country is not very deep, so that in many places the peasants have been able to remain in their houses, maintaining, it is true, an amphibious existence. But all the isolated farms are quite deserted, and for miles not a human being is visible. When one considers the frightful blow that has been dealt to agriculture, one is appalled by the magnitude of China's most recent catastrophe.

The scene, ghastly in its implications, has been nonetheless beautiful to look at, for the muddy water became sheets of beaten silver in the sunlight, and everywhere green trees studded it. On one side or the other, mountains were blue in the distance, and as they came closer, changed to purple and green and yellow, mottled with the shadows of the clouds. The clouds, charging hordes of a typoon that blew up the valley from behind us, swept across the sky in an awful rout. They brought with them the most violent down-pour that I have ever witnessed. It was, indeed, a cloud burst, for the rain fell in ropes of water clearly visible, although the shore beyond had disappeared from view. When the storm passed, as it quickly did, through the mists the shape of a small pagoda gradually came into sight, standing on the top of a promontory that stretched out very close to the ship. The brown waves broke at the foot of a red cliff over which the grass spread in a green carpet, and on this stood the white tower, ancient and broken, but lovely. Behind the sunset hung a gorgeous reredos of blue sky and golden cloud.

August 26, 1931.

As we crept up the river last night, almost feeling our way along, so reft of landmarks was the going, the moon came out from behind the clouds and arched the flood with a white and ghostly rainbow. When morning came, we found ourselves steering across a boundless watery plain islanded with clumps of trees and the mud-and-thatch hovels of the farmers. On one side we skirted a coast of rocky cliffs and treeless hills and mountains, but all the other side was water stretching twenty, thirty, forty miles away, until the sky itself bent down to meet it. Junks plied back and forth everywhere while on the river proper there was an unusual amount of shipping, which strengthened the impression that we were actually on the ocean. Broken lines of trees indicating the river banks only served to show how extensive is the catastrophe.

But the scene was not without special interests. Several times we passed monastic eyries clinging like swallow's nests to the face of some cliff. And once we saw a small town on the river's edge, a fascinating place ringed with a wall that serpentined along the ridges of the surrounding hills. More notable than the wall, however, was the extensive religious establishment, Buddhist, of course, that topped with temples and halls a rocky hill near the center of town in a way that was very similar to that of a Greek acropolis. Nearby the waters of the river were streaked with green, contribution of Lake Boyang, which empties into the river at this point; and far in the direction of the lake a precipitous island flaunted a pagoda at the sky.

For hours Kuling towered on the horizon, but by late afternoon it permitted us to approach close enough to see what an imperial mass it is. It is a glorious pile, and peerless in this section of the country; all that is esthetic in the monarchical state, it

can claim as it own, for there is nothing in the picture to compare with it. On the river bank at its foot is Kiukiang, famous chiefly for the china it exports. Just before the ship gets to the city is passes a small and graceful but decayed pagoda standing on one of the cliffs, close enough to allow a study of its six or seven stories with their charming proportions and wealth of carving. This is the first spire of several, Buddhist and Christian, that the city boasts. We reached the city as the sun was sinking toward the horizon on the other side of the river. In the yellow light of the evening rays, the bund with its foreign facades and bizarre windows, and all its houses lapped by the waves of the river, looked like a street out of a picture of Venice. The more the sunset light deepened from yellow to orange and then into red, the more Venetian was the scene.

Thursday, August 27, 1931.

It is surprising, sometimes, to find how different things are from the way we imagined them. This flood, for instance. How wild and terrible are the reports of it; how ghastly our conceptions of it. Who without seeing it would conceive it as an unruffled, rippleless smiling lake reflecting a sunset sky, a sheet of water stretching to the horizon, above which floats the moon? Who would think of the whitesailed junks skimming it like swallows after their evening meal? Or of the lines of trees and islands of trees spreading their greenery over an iridescent mirror? Yet that is what the flood meant to us this evening. The setting sun with a temperate palette tinted the sky pale blue and pink, daffodil yellow, lavender, ochre and mauve, while the river spread a mirror for miles to catch the light. Never before have I sailed through a sunset that was as perfect below as above.

Hankow is not many miles ahead. Since mid-afternoon it has been very much in our minds, for we have been watching a tower of smoke drifting south on the current of the upper air. Appallingly large, until sunset it had not diminished in size. What it can be we dare not even surmise, although we have the color to assure us that none of the oil tanks is burning. Poor Hankow! A fire, of all things, when there is more water around than any one knows what to do with!

Friday, August 28, 1931.

Water as quiet as a lake at sunrise stretched without obstruction from the ship all the way to the fire. Nothing showed through the moonlight but the one spot of light. In anything but a pleasant frame of mind, I waited and wondered. With relief I remembered that if worst came to worst I could stay on the ship and go back with her to Shanghai, and it certainly seemed as though worst would come to worst. Hankow under seven feet of water; Wuchang, where Hua Chung College is, "not there at all;" dead bodies floating down the streets; pestilence, famine, and crime swimming the flood; the communist armies ever closing in on the Wuhan cities; and now destruction by fire to an extent one dared not even think. Between the newspaper reports that I had seen in Shanghai and Nanking, the fears of my friends, and the tales of the ship's officers, it was a dreary if not terrifying prospect.

When we came alongside the fire, it was a great mass of sputtering flames, oil sure enough . . . confined to the yard of only one company! Elsewhere up and down the shore gleamed the lights of the three Wuhan cities; and nothing evidenced catastrophe. When I went again on deck, a scene greeted my eyes, a scene that I shall not soon forget. Under the rain of moonbeams, Hankow, a jumble of foreign buildings, foreign shipping, junks and sampans and gangways as far as I could see up and down the river, lay asleep in water like a fat old man who has dozed off in a bath tub. There weren't many street lights and the few there were, together with the moonlight, only served to make the water lapping at the sides of the buildings and around the piles of the gangways seem blacker and more sluggish than it really was. Coughing, raucous and interminable, rose to heaven like the imprecations of devils, and inspection revealed that the gangways and smaller shipping were thick with men and women of all ages — from ancients to babies. Refugees, of course. The mosquitoes were bad, the stench worse, but the sound of coughing was worst and quite unbearable.

I watched the sampans slipping up and down the bund. What chance had I of getting one, and finding the compound and Bishop Roots? For I knew that all the sampans had been impressed for service. It seemed, without exaggeration, as though I might just as well, or better, be in Shanghai, for all the chance I had of getting through the water to my destination. The captain of the ship, a young man by the name of Bidwell, who had been very decent to me all the way up the river, came to my rescue and took me in his own gig to find 43 Tung Ping Road, which, fortunately, proved not far from the bund.

Into the arms of the church! A bright-eyed little lady, Deaconess Clark, filled with fun and fervor, kept me in the office, where she was discharging the duties of secretary, until the Bishop should arrive. Finally, he did, just at noon, and I met a grand old gentleman — not so old — with a shining dome and a twinkling eye.

As the afternoon wore away and the evening, all my worry, the false djinn scared up by press-agents, was dissipated like smoke. Hankow, for all that one could see, was simply a city built on canals. Of course, it did seem strange to find water in the ground floor of most of the buildings, though the Bishop's house as well as many of the big buildings did not have it even there, but that proved merely inconvenient, as was paddling around the compound in several varieties of boats. Sampans had replaced all rickshas and automobiles, but traffic could not have been thicker. In the banks and buildings of commercial nature business went on, though with less volume. As for dead bodies and crime and pestilence . . . the press agents over-worked themselves. These conditions do obtain in the Chinese, but not in the foreign concessions.

Night came on, bringing the singing of insects in the trees of the compound. We . . . Bishop, Deaconess, Priest (Father Shouder) and I . . . had dinner at the Navy "Y" as we had had luncheon, sampanning there and back. There the Bishop and I repaired to his home, where we were alone, except for the servants, and there he had "family" prayers before we went up to bed.

Monday, August 31, 1931.

Spent the weekend in Wuchang on the campus. The Deaconess, Mr. Brown, the treasurer, and I sampanned to the ferry (and sampanning down the streets is as much fun as a circus); ferried (Chinese squash!) by chug-chugs across, and there, where the Deaconess left us, we took rickshas. A fleet-footed youth in grimy straw hat with a flopping brim sped down the narrow dirty streets, barked the wayfarers aside, and gave me a good opportunity to inspect a Chinese city without having to inspect it too closely. What a place! Dirty but likeable. And the babies! Smelly brats but lovable. As for the old folk in this unpretentious section, they didn't seem so interesting. I don't know just why. Perhaps because they snarl so much . . . a little like hungry curs. Oh, well! poor things! life so competitive as to be almost primeval is a snarling matter. Anyhow, I like China, snarls and dirt and all.

The campus is on fairly high ground above the rest of the city, most of which, incidentally, is too high to be disturbed by floods (after all that was told about the situation!). It is carpeted with green grass and softened with trees. The buildings are unexciting (after Stanford!), but quite all right, and there is a very satisfying library. It's going to be a good place to live, and for that I'm thankful.

Had dinner yesterday with Dr. Wei, the president, a gr-r-and man if ever there was one. Rather young, too. Informal dinner Chinese style. Just the family. Met the dean, Taylor, and talked program, texts, etc. Met also the Kweis, with whom the Rughs were spending the day on their way

(Continued on Page 23)

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN: *by Gertrude Hartman;* The Macmillan Company, N. Y.; $5.00; Reviewed by Josephine Duveneck of The Peninsula School of Creative Education.

THE WAVES: *by Virginia Woolf;* Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y.

THE OPENING OF A DOOR: *by George Davis;* Harper and Brothers, N. Y.

HOLY MAN: *by J. Harvey Hall;* The Macmillan Company, N. Y.; $2.00.

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER: *by St. John Ervine;* The Macmillan Company, N. Y.; $2.50.

Verse: ARROWS OF DESIRE: *by Mary Hoxie Jones;* The Macmillan Company, N. Y.; $1.50. UPON THE HARP: *by J. Wilmer Gresham,* Dean of Grace Cathedral; The Church Bookshop, S. F.; $1.00.

● The World We Live In: by Gertrude Hartman. (Reviewed by Josephine Duveneck.)

Probably it was Mr. Wells who first imbued the general public with a vivid sense of the romance of history. Following the inspiration of his "Outline," there have been numerous books written for young people, which treat the rise and fall of nations as a dramatic pageant. First, there was Van Loon's "History of Mankind," and then Hillyer's "Child's History," and then a succession of other histories of civilization, illustrated in the manner of the Sunday Supplement. Most of them were written *down* to the child.

Gertrude Hartman's new outline, "The World We Live In," is particularly free of this patronizing attitude. It flows on with directness and simplicity. It is very different in style from that adopted by some writers of juvenile literature, who profess a naivete which is in reality a screen, through which the adult reader catches ironies and innuendoes supposedly undetected by the child. The clarity of Miss Hartman's writing is no less than the sincerity of thought that has gone into the making of this book. Because of the interesting selection of material, adults also will find it quite absorbing.

Only those events and developments are stressed which have altered the nature of Man's thinking and modified the conduct of his life. Wars and conflicts receive scanty attention; emphasis is on invention; the increase of different types of skill; its pages describe the harnessing of natural forces and the progressive conquest not of weaker nations, but of elements stronger than man. The survey includes the world today, with its skyscrapers and industries and gives an exceptionally clear description of the development of flying.

Gertrude Hartman was for many years a teacher. In connection with her work in history, she gathered a large and varied collection of graphic material. Illustrations appear on almost every page of her book and illuminate the text in a truly fascinating manner. In most instances they are drawn from contemporary sources, ranging from ancient manuscripts and wood blocks to modern photographs or etchings by living artists. One turns the pages again and again just to study these pictures.

The book ends with a challenge.

"Such is the world you have fallen heir to . . . What will you do with it? Will you work out new and happier ways of living and working together? Will you realize the closeness of the nations of the world to increase the possibilities for quarrels or to multiply the opportunities for making the life you live in the world a fuller and a fairer thing? These are the questions which you, the latest comers on the earth, will be called upon to answer when you grow up. This is the task which the past ages have set you . . . They have given you their gifts. How will you use them?"

A disturbed and weary world may well join in such a question! For the solution of our present problems can only be effected by minds free from prejudices, minds that are reinforced, as it were, with a background of actual knowledge and penetrative understanding.

Miss Hartman has served our children well by providing, in so far as a book can do so, just such a background to "the world we live in."

● The Waves: by Virginia Woolf.

To hold in one's hands a book by Miss Woolf is to feel a titillation of interest, of expectation. One may not agree with what she says, but it will be beautifully said. And whatever she chooses to say will be original.

In this newest departure of hers, "The Waves," she has created something original in style. At first, I thought that I liked it less than "A Room of One's Own," perhaps because its style is more difficult to grasp. But when the last of the two hundred and ninety-seven pages has been turned, there has been woven for one's delight a pattern as varied, as rich, and as true as a Paisley shawl.

The waves break upon the shore, from dawn till noon, till evening, till night. Before each chapter there is a page of quite wonderful symbolism, of childhood's sunrise, of youth's morning, of the noontime, of the evening when the shadows draw near. And underneath is the unceasing deep undertone of the breaking waves.

There are seven threads in the pattern: Louis, Rhoda, Susan, Jinny, Neville, Percival, and Bernard the maker of phrases, the see-er of pictures, who in the last pages sums up the story of their lives.

Virginia Woolf does not tell the story. Neither does Bernard tell it, nor Neville, nor Susan. A reviewer says of this group of characters, from childhood to old age, "They speak in soliloquy, and we see them as they appear to themselves and to each other. . . Without direct conversation, without the recording of events or descriptions in the words of the author, they give us their lives in terms of their thoughts." To me it seems to be more than this. What he calls "soliloquy," as the ball is tossed from one to another, is rather the deep undercurrent of the subconscious, with its high lights making their indelible impression upon life and character, and its erasures of what one fain would keep.

Bernard gives a voice, I think, to what Miss Woolf was thinking when she conceived this her newest type of story-telling. "Now to explain to you the meaning of my life. If it were possible, I would hand it to you entire. But unfortunately, what I see you do not see. You see me sitting at a table opposite you, a heavy, elderly man, gray at the temples. But in order to make you understand, to give you my life, I must tell you a story—and there are so many, and so many—stories of childhood, stories of school, love, marriage, death, and so on; and none of them are true. Yet like children we tell each other stories, and to decorate them we make up these ridiculous, flamboyant, beautiful phrases. How tired I am of stories, how tired I am of phrases that come down beautifully with all their feet on the ground! Also how I distrust neat designs of life that are drawn upon half sheets of note-paper. *I begin to long for some little language such as lovers use, broken words, inarticulate words, like the shuffling of feet upon the pavement.* I begin to seek some design more in accord with those moments of humiliation and triumph that come now and then, undeniably. Lying in a

ditch on a stormy day, when it has been raining, then enormous clouds come marching over the sky, tattered clouds, wisps of cloud. What delights me then is the confusion, the height, the indifference, and the fury. Great clouds always changing, and movement; something sulphurous and sinister, bowled up, helter-skelter; towering, trailing, broken off, lost; and I forgotten, minute, in a ditch. Of story, of design I do not see a trace then.

"But meanwhile, while we eat, let us turn over these scenes, as children turn over the pages of a picture-book, and the nurse says, pointing: 'That's a cow. That's a boat.' Let us turn over the pages, and I will add, for your amusement, a comment in the margin."

I think that she made the book in some such wise as this.

And yet you will see that she cannot express herself without the "beautiful phrases." And how beautiful they are! She is a genius at phrase-making. Her book is full of them, and we who read it are the richer for them.

"The flying moment of first love." "He had the kind of beauty which defends itself from any caress." "Being in love for the first time, I made a phrase—a poem about a wood-pigeon—a single phrase, for a hole had been knocked in my mind, one of those sudden transparencies through which one sees everything." "The look of startled foals, which is the mark of adolescence." "On the outskirts of every agony sits some observant fellow who points." "A shell forms upon the soft soul, nacreous, shiny, upon which sensations tap their beaks in vain. On me it formed earlier than on most. Soon I could carve my pear when other people had done dessert. I could bring my sentence to a close in a hush of complete silence." "The girl who had made me Byron was to marry a squire." "My wife, being now entirely my wife, and not at all the girl who wore when she hoped to meet a certain rose." "One cannot despise these phrases laid like Roman roads across the tumult of our lives, since they compel us to walk in step like civilized people with the slow measured tread of policemen, though one may be humming any nonsense under one's breath at the same time, 'Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!' " "Clapping my hat on my head, I strode into a world inhabited by vast numbers of men who had also clapped their hats on their heads — braced with a thousand snares and dodges to achieve the same end—to earn our livings." "But for pain, words are lacking. There should be cries, cracks, fissures, whiteness passing over chintz covers, interference with the sense of time, of space; the sense also of extreme fixity in passing objects, and sounds very remote and then very close." "I saw the first morning he would never see." "To see things without attachment, from the outside—how strange!" "He was thrown, riding in a race, and when I came along Shaftesbury Avenue tonight, those insignificant and scarcely formulated faces that bubble up out of the doors of the Tube, and many obscure Indians, and people dying of famine and disease, and women who have been cheated, and whipped dogs and crying children—all these seemed to me bereft. He would have done justice. He would have protected. About the age of forty he would have shocked the authorities. No lullaby has ever occurred to me capable of singing him to rest."

With the perfect phrase she has made her seven characters live and breathe for us. Louis, whose "ascendancy was resented as Percival's was adored;—a scholar capable of that inspired accuracy which has something formidable about it." Neville, who "floated among us like a piece of thistledown—not listening, yet not remote —who searched out every curl and twist of those Roman sentences, and sought out one person, always one person, to sit beside." "Rhoda, who was wild, whom one could never catch — a nymph of the fountains. She was both frightened and clumsy. Perhaps one pillar, sunlit, stood in her desert by a pool where wild beasts came down stealthily to drink." Jinny, who pirouetted, who "flashed her fire over the tree;" who "made the willows dance, but not with illusion, for she saw nothing that was not there." Susan, who "was born to be the adored of poets, since poets require safety; some one who sits sewing, who says 'I hate, I love'." Bernard, who said, "Some people go to priests; others to poetry; I to my friends, I to my own heart, I to seek among phrases and fragments something unbroken." And Percival, "always the first to detect insincerity, and brutal in the extreme;" Percival, who destroys the phrase, "as he blunders off, crushing the grasses, with the small fry trotting subservient after him. Yet it is Percival I need; for it is Percival who inspires poetry." The lost Percival, who makes the fine gesture of going to India, and is thrown from his horse, leaving behind him "that wild hunting-song, Percival's music."

These broken "phrases and fragments" are like "one of those silences which are now and then broken by a few words, as if a fin rose in the wastes of silence." But they will tell you that you must read the book. And perhaps they will carry a nostalgia, as this book does, for "the complete human being whom we have failed to be, but at the same time cannot forget."

● The level of fiction is low. Perhaps it seems so because a world drama is being played before us daily. But we wait for a high note, in vain.

"The Opening of a Door," a first novel by George Davis, is said to have established him as "an author of authentic genius." His mastery of prose narrative is compared with that of Flaubert. I could not say so much. But the picture of the mid-Western family is well-drawn, and the figures of Grandfather and Grandmother MacDougall are appealing.

● "Holy Man," by Harvey Hall, is a Highland tale of a lad who discovers in himself the gift of healing, and comes nigh to losing it through a human pride in his cures. There is a simplicity of style, and the book gives a pleasant picture of life in an Aberdeen village.

● "The First Mrs. Fraser" is St. John Ervine's well-known play, novelized "Mr. Fraser goes to his ex-wife, the first Mrs. Fraser, for advice when the second Mrs. Fraser becomes troublesome." The heroine is deft and clever.

● From two small volumes of verse I would quote briefly, for our refreshing. The title, "Arrows of Desire," is misleading, because a shade reminiscent of Ella Wheeler Wilcox; but Mary Hoxie Jones has given us poems of genuine feeling, above the average.

"Things that cannot be taken from me
Should my house burn or my income fail.
None of these can overcome me
Who can remember an autumn gale.

"Or times when I've seen a grassy meadow
Ripple and shine in the wind and sun,
Or seen a hill-top dark in the shadow,
Or dew on a spider's web just spun.

"I shall lie down in my grave of mosses,
Holding fast to my precious store,
Seeing still where the young deer crosses
And leaps the fence in the snow once more."

● "Upon the Harp" is a little group of lyrics, written by the Dean of Grace Cathedral, and set to music by those who work with him. Lee Emerson Bassett says, in his foreword, "In this volume are gathered some of Dean Gresham's most lovely hymns and lyrics, set to simple rhythms and melodies such as David's hand might have drawn from the strings of his instrument." It closes with a "Benediction."

"Lord, in the stillness of this holy place,
Borne upon wings of prayer,
Gone like a shadow is each lingering trace
Of doubt and grief and care.

"Now in the hush of falling eventide,
When fevered pulses cease,
O let my spirit in Thy keeping hide,
Strong in Thy changeless peace.

"And when the toilsome day hath run its race,
Lost in the silent night,
Keep Thou the radiant vision of Thy face
Undimmed before my sight."

Community Health . . . Unemployed at 35 and 60

—BY DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● Picture this and transfer it into terms of your own life and perhaps you'll get a bit of a twinge and know how it feels.

Discouragement makes for a depression of spirit and body, and it is only the people who have a rebound that adjust themselves or are easily adjusted at Employment Bureaus.

But when we have Employment Pensions after twenty-five years of work and a man is at his height of productivity at fifty, and deteriorates quite rapidly, you can see why youth and employability are synonymous and how steady on the job one must be to be pensioned.

I had a friend who placed typewriters and stenographers in prosperous times, and she told me that thirty-five was almost a dead line for a new job. The whole thing "got" her so badly that she could only see herself among the unemployed, and had to have a long course of rebuilding for her morale to be optimistic again.

Is it not fortunate that in San Francisco before the depression we had a young citizen anxious to do that thing of salvaging morale, and be set up, one who carries on an employment aid for middle aged men and women? These and their problems are studied and helped.

The applicants are interviewed; if no longer fitted to do what they have done they are advised about other fields.

It proves easier to help women between forty and sixty who can no longer be busy as salespeople or clerks, because many of them have taken care of children, or their own homes, and so can again enter those fields.

These groups of women are carefully studied and are applicants for positions of all sorts at the Employment Aid.

The various employment bureaus need volunteer help, as their case-load is overheavy at this time.

You can never understand the problems of the time we are living through unless you contact cases.

At the Employment Aid they send Volunteer Workers who will give regular time —say two half-days a week. The executive secretary should be free to come and go and the office supplied when she is out. The women who have lived themselves through some of life's experiences have the best equipment for this work—forty to sixty fits there.

It will interest you as no community work has before and the relief for an overstressed executive will be all the pay you need. When you go off duty, distressed by the hard experiences some of your age are going through, remember, *you* go home to a cheerful environment.

The Employment Aid can place five of our membership on two half-day jobs a week for each as Volunteers. Only by steady contact can you understand the problems of men and women at this time. At the Citizens' Relief Committee for Unemployed Women, where I have been helping on problems needing an analysis from a medical point of view, we need what I would call Friendly Volunteers, who would take up special cases and help them to understand their problems.

Here is one, a woman over seventy—no means of support, has a very kind landlady—her rent is in arrears nine months—her food comes from the Citizens' Committee, as she is a single woman. She is unemployable—not eligible for the Old Age Pension, as she has lived in California only ten years. Now, there is only one solution, the Relief Home. But in a friendly, kind way this has to be brought home to her. The Friendly Volunteer would see the Relief Home, study our records of the case, consult with our social work leaders and meanwhile get acquainted with Mrs. X. All this may take six or eight hours or more, but the transition will be eased by the process.

None of these cases which need the Friendly Volunteers will be easy cases, but solving a human problem has elements of interest and reaches out into our community.

If this interests you, telephone to the Moulder School, Page and Gough Streets, UNderhill 1305, make an appointment with Miss Pearce and try a case.

If the more formal contact interests you, telephone "The Employment Aid for the Middle Aged," and help Mrs. Hutchinson. Telephone EXbrook 4221.

This is again Mental Hygiene. You will help the cases, the over-stressed executives and yourself, because, only by having a real contact with this sad period of stress and depression can you understand.

Annual Membership Luncheon

◈

Monday, March 14, 12:15 o'clock

◈

Cafeteria: 85c.

◈

(The luncheon will be **served; not a buffet** as last year)

City Club Mourns Death of Mrs. Parker Maddux

● The death of Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, January 23, after an illness of nearly a year, removes from City Club activities one of its beloved and distinguished members, one who began work at the beginning of the war and did not cease even after she took to her bed in disability. She was Chairman of the Santa Clara County Unit of the National League for Woman Service and during her residence in Palo Alto was a leader in the group which sponsored the canteens there and built the Palo Alto Women's Club.

Coming to San Francisco, shortly after the war, she identified herself with the local unit of the National League for Woman Service and gave herself wholeheartedly to its constructive policies. She has been vice-president and member of the board of directors of the City Club. Since the Club's occupancy of its present quarters, until last summer, she conducted Current Events lectures and was an acknowledged leader of thought. She was member of the City Planning Commission and on that subject and in the field of political relations she contributed to the City Club Magazine. Her department was known as "Beyond the City Limits."

Mrs. Maddux was a graduate of Radcliffe College, a native of Boston and possessed of great charm and the endowments of a cultural background. She is survived by her husband, a son, Jackson Maddux, and a daughter, Mrs. Raymond Haizlip.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● St. Valentine's Day, February 14, is dear to most women for the fond memories of the past, yet is also a happy occasion for the younger group to whom the day really belongs. Its deep rich red and gold — Cupid's own colors — or the moderne pastel tones harmonize well with table appointments and many food combinations. Truly a delightful motif for entertaining at luncheon or tea.

Brilliant red or gold satin or sateen, gold and white china and crystal etched with gold will grace the more elaborate tables, while lovely lace or chiffon will be used by some. Jack Horner pies, filled with intriguing favors for the guests will supplant flowers as centerpieces and for those who prefer white table coverings, frilléd gold lace doilies and red paper hearts will add

For an elaborate repast of several courses, the note of color.
luscious out-of-season fruits or berries could furnish the appetizer. Whole strawberries—large ones — dipped in powdered sugar could be heaped in orange baskets if the usual containers were of different hues. Golden carrots cut into French balls and beets—heart shaped—would blend nicely with lobster Newburg, chicken a la King, or even smoked or corned tongue. Egg rolls or cheese biscuits would continue the yellow tint. If soup is included, serve a ruby consomme. The salad depends upon the first course—if that is of fruit, then choose a heart-shaped mold of tomato aspic, plain or filled with chopped vegetables. If a fish cocktail is to supply the appetizer, then have the salad of raspberry or cherry gelatine with chopped peaches. Add a bit of yellow coloring to the mayonnaise to increase the golden tone. Molded ices of red, or red and white, served with petits fours frosted in the two shades would complete the menu with only the coffee of a contrasting color.

Red apple fruit cups, served on gold paper doilies with darts of gold thrust through the sides would make attractive appetizers. Have the filling a combination of chopped apple, slivers of pineapple and oranges and quartered marshmallows. Or serve any preferred fruit cocktail, selecting fruits to harmonize with the chosen color scheme. Tomato bouillon or cream of tomato, or oyster stew with bits of pimento for the soup course. Any creamed food: tuna, crab, lobster or chicken could be tinted yellow, adding pimento, cut into tiny hearts and slices of hard cooked eggs for color. There are few main dishes in these tones outside of the much used cream mixtures. Any orange colored vegetable such as carrots, squash or sweet potatoes, could supply the starchy vegetable and tomatoes or beets the necessary red. A strawberry ice box cake, molded ice cream or a sherbet or parfait and small cakes offer a delicious choice of dessert.

For a pastel menu, it is advisable to have at least three shades—pink, green and yellow. Fruit cups are easily concocted in these colors. Pineapple, avocados, green grapes and cherries combine well. Cream of corn, artichoke or asparagus soup would provide yellow or green, while tomato has the pink cast, though to be different a cup of clam broth could be tinted slightly by adding a spoonful of pink whipped cream to each service. Any creamed food served with potato balls dipped into buttered parsley and green peas would provide the main course, but for a change fresh salmon boiled or broiled, served with an egg sauce or lemon slices; or baked ham or boiled tongue would be very nice. It is not necessary to follow the usual "chicken" and most of us welcome something out of the ordinary. A salad, molded in lime gelatine, filled with halves of pears stuffed with seasoned cottage cheese and served with a maraschino cherry dressing would combine the three shades nicely. A sweet that is well liked is a Neapolitan pudding which is cut in slices and served like brick ice cream. Or, for this occasion blend pistachio, vanilla and strawberry ice cream in parfait glasses, or make a Harlequin pudding.

It is best to decide on three courses if one is unassisted in serving. These may be a fruit cup, soup or salad for the first course, the hot entree and vegetables and dessert. The salad may be omitted if the cocktail or soup is chosen, or a very small one may accompany the main service. As luncheons are more popular than teas no menus will be offered for the latter. Sandwiches, tea and coffee and ices are quite enough and any dainty fillings of fish, meat, nuts or cheese may be used and for this occasion the white, yellow or red fillings would be preferable.

Now that most of you possess the Club Cook Book and you have had such a variety of recipes in these pages it requires care to supply new ones. However, you may find these acceptable.

Banana, Orange, Pineapple Fruit Cocktail (serves 6): One cup pineapple, cut in small pieces. Two bananas diced and two oranges cut small. Mix together and combine with twelve maraschino cherries, cut in halves, chill. When ready to serve add one tablespoon of the maraschino syrup and one teaspoon of lemon juice to each glass. Sweeten if necessary.

Apple Ball Cup (serves 8): Select eight red apples of uniform size and coloring. Cut the tops out carefully, then remove the pulp in balls (with a French baller) and drop them into two cups of ice water to which the juice of one lemon has been added. Drop the apple shells in one quart of ice water, adding also one teaspoon of salt. Next remove the skins and seeds from one cup of white grapes. Shortly before serving, remove apple balls from water and drain well; mix with the grapes and one-third cup of maraschino cherries. Turn into the drained apple shells and fill with the remaining maraschino syrup, about three tablespoons mixed with the juice of half an orange. Serve the apples in individual dishes, or in cocktail glasses, surrounded with ice.

(Note: The pulp may be removed with a coffee spoon though the shape will be more oval than round. Canned grapes may replace the fresh, if they are not available.)

Avocado Cocktail: Peel, remove seeds and cut avocados into even sized pieces; mix equal parts of lemon juice and tomato catsup with salt and pepper to taste, allowing a dessertspoonful of the mixture for each cocktail glass; pour over the diced avocado and serve ice cold.

Fruit Cup (serves 6): Cut five slices of canned pineapple into small pieces; dice one firm apple; cut one large or two small bananas into thin rounds; mix together and add one small can of sliced peaches (or two large halves of peaches if preferred) diced, and two large oranges, adding the segments of one cut small and the juice of the other orange and sugar to suit taste. Mix well and chill for an hour before turning into cocktail glasses.

Harlequin Frozen Dessert: Sweeten one quart of stiffly whipped cream with powdered sugar to taste; then divide into five parts. To one add one cup of strawberry jam; to another, thirty chopped almonds; to the third, nine dried macaroons, finely rolled; two ounces of melted chocolate to the fourth and vanilla flavoring to the last, leaving it white. Line a melon mold or oblong pan with waxed paper, decorate with blanced and chopped pistachio nuts. Arrange the various flavors in layers; cover tightly and pack in ice and rock salt for seven hours or put in freezing tray for about three hours.

Marshmallow Dainty (serves 12): Soak two level tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of cold water for ten minutes. Add one cup of boiling hot fruit juice—raspberry or strawberry — and stir until gelatin dis-

(Continued on Page 23)

We Are Merely Non-Combatant Bystanders . . . .

● But we like Mrs. O'Flaherty. It seems that a certain Englishwoman — we assume she was and is English — wrote an article, "Impressions of Life in America," for the Magazine of the American Women's Club in London, and the article, published in the June number of that magazine, which is on the "exchange" list of the City Club Magazine of San Francisco, has aroused vehement protest and heated discussion.

The latest protest comes from Sabine O'Flaherty, who writes in the November issue of the American Women's Club Magazine of London in this wise:

THE DEBATE CONTINUES

A Reply to Mrs. Butler

It is *not* my invariable custom to wait for an invitation to enter into an argument. On the contrary, I've more often been asked out of than into one.

When I received my June number of the Club Magazine and read the article by Mrs. Hugh Butler concerning American wigwams, braves and squaws, I felt moved to fire a broadside immediately. I read the article to my family and friends, whose indignant reactions added fuel to my own. In my mind I wrote pages of crushing comment, and in my heart I seethed like a composite personification of every testy old person who has ever written a letter to *The Times* about anything.

But July was so warm; Boston so far away, via London; I was not sure the Editors would welcome a reply, and gradually my wrath subsided, though it was considered advisable to keep the offending article out of my sight during the hottest days. Today there is a touch of autumn in the air; the lassitude of summer has departed; and here in my hand is the invitation of the Editors to speak out: Let's go!

First, I must say that I know the author of *Impressions of Life in America;* while she and I were fellow members of the American Women's Club in London, I thought Mrs. Butler one of the cleverest and most able women in the Club. How and where in these United States she could have acquired such impressions I do not know, but if she *has,* the fact that she is an American should cause her to show a little more sympathetic understanding of her own kind. Her picture of our middle-class life seems to me bleaker than any painted by foreign visitors, who, after casting a quick and scornful eye over our barbaric life, have written a book about American habits and customs and gone back home satisfied spiritually and financially.

Now anyone can point out the faults and failures of life here as well as anywhere else. There does seem to be too much of a great many things—radio "crooners," crime news and comic strips I would mention for examples—but if I understand Mrs. Butler, she is not deploring the tendencies of the times, but the sad lot of American wives and mothers—and I think she is sadly mistaken! How can I prove it? I can't. But I can at least give my impressions and hope that some of the sisters will back me up in refuting the squaw simile.

I lived in Europe for seven years. I found it interesting, and in many ways very pleasant. I was, in some respects, sorry to leave; but I did not feel when I came home with my family to live that I was sentenced for life to hard labor or solitary confinement. I believed then and still do after five years, that the United States is not so much God's Country as Woman's Country. Unless she is forced to live in some completely isolated spot (such as the desert or inaccessible mountain regions), I believe that a woman in an average American community, be it city, suburb, or village, has the greatest freedom and opportunity to lead a pleasant life full of diverse interests. If she does not, it is not the fault of her Red Indian husband or her pampered papooses. I would say it was nobody's fault but her own. I will now produce from among my friends and neighbors a few examples of how the weaker sex asserts itself. I feel my cases are typical, as I live in a suburb of a large city, which I imagine is comparable to the one in which Mrs. Butler has found her specimens. Here are many families of wealth, more just well-to-do, a small proportion of average means, and in the present dolorous times some who are just trying to get along. The number of servants in each home is determined by the family income, because most people enjoy service, and nursemaids are fairly common even among families who never lived in England. Without a moment's thought there comes to my mind four neighbors who keep no servant, except a laundress once a week. None of them have children under the age of ten, so there is no baby-tending in these homes, but plenty of meals to be prepared, dishes to be washed, and cleaning to be done. These women do all that and a great deal besides. One of them is an active worker in the League of Women Voters, and at every local election she and her husband work at the polls. Her great diversion is the movies, and she attends frequently in the evenings with her children, leaving her husband at home mowing the lawn or doing a bit of household repair.

Another of the "help"-less women is an indefatigable shopper, going for whole days to the city. She leaves her children's noon meal on the table and the key under the mat. She arrives home just in time to round up the dinner which has been cooking all day in the regulated oven. She is usually active in parent-teachers' associations and attends many lectures. She takes swimming lessons, and in her spare time conducts a "costume renting" business in her home.

The largest group of suburban dwellers can be classed as "one maid" families. This sole retainer is paid the wage of three English maids (in normal times fifteen to twenty dollars a week), but she does the work of three — the cooking and dish washing, of course, all of the cleaning usually, and caring for the children part-time certainly. Any maid who takes a position single-handed in a family with young children hereabouts knows she is in for considerable nursery work. She must have some method of discipline, she must know her vitamins when it comes to preparing food, and she must be willing to assume guard duty alone several nights a week. These qualifications are understood to be required when in at least half of the advertisements for "female help wanted" appears the phrase "must be fond of children."

And let me tell you there are plenty of children. Boston and vicinity may be practising birth-control, but families are ample in the wide, open spaces of the Middle West. Two children is the average number, three is very common, and this particular suburb favors five or six. Speaking of large families, and at the same time progressing to the two-maid families, I must mention a friend who has this year acquired her fifth daughter. The eldest is still in grammar school, the youngest, of course, in her crib. When I drop in to visit this friend, I seldom find her at home. I find the children playing about, I find the infant asleep or quiet and alone on a screened porch, I find the maids keeping an eye on the whole outfit, and at the same time preparing a dinner which quite likely will include a guest or two. This mother can't stay home —she has to shop for food and clothing; she must visit school and take an active part in parent-teachers' affairs; she must take this or that child to dentist, doctor, or dancing-class; she must attend meetings such as those of her college club, of which she is president; she must play a little tennis or golf to keep youthful, as her daughters expect her to look young and attractive. At the same time her husband expects her to play a good game of bridge and enjoy going to football games. He has lately announced that he wants her to accompany him to Europe for a pleasure trip next spring, and expects her to make the neces

(Continued on Page 30)

Up the Yangtse

(Continued from Page 17)

up the river to the Yale-in-China school in Changsha. Met others, both foreign and Chinese, and was pleased with the prospects.

During the morning and again late in the evening I had the stimulating experience of ministering to the needs of the refugees, of whom the campus is housing some twenty-six hundred. Bread, great gobs of sour dough, came from the government about mid-afternoon, and was brought in bushel baskets through the rear gate to avoid the crowd around the front gate. Under the direction of Dr. Wei, it was divided and sent to the various buildings of the campus. All the time a bell was being tolled to warn refugees that they must go to the buildings if they wished to be fed. Then we who were to do the distributing entered the buildings and the doors were closed. I found myself in the center of a hall on the floor of which sat several hundred waifs of humanity all crowded together. Half-clad, half-starved, as withered and broken as last summer's leaves, they spread like a carpet from my feet to the walls. But the expressions on their upturned faces did one's heart good to see. Such patience! Such good humor! And how the kids grinned back. The actual work of distribution was not at all unpleasant. With baskets on our arms, we picked our way across the room, three gobs to the adults, two to the children. There was some quarreling, but on the whole ill temper was conspicuously absent. At the end, the bell tolled again, and we went out into the sunlight.

When evening fell, and I had had dinner with Dr. Wei, six of us, Chinese and foreign, made the rounds of the entire compound, counting the refugees. As we stepped gingerly over the prostrate forms, I wondered what dreams withered leaves might have. It was such a pathetic sight.

Monday, August 31, 1931.

Back again in Hankow. Mr. Brown and I came over this morning. On the way we were stopped just as we got to the provincial government buildings as General Chiang, who is here to inspect the flooded territory, was coming out. Trumpets blared. Automobiles filled with soldiers issued from the gates, and then came the General's automobile with the General, together with several other men. He does indeed inspire confidence.

After we got to this side of the river, we found the sampan which had gone for us, and we started home, but half a block away we managed to get into a traffic jam that would have done honor to any big American city. The tumult was ear-splitting as the sampans forced their way through the mess. More fun!

Most of yesterday morning, I wrestled with the writing of an appeal for relief funds. Most of the afternoon was spent with the sub-committee of the Hupeh Branch of the National Flood Relief Commission, and most of the evening with the Bishop, getting the appeal into final form.

"Current Events" Now Twice Each Month

● So successful have been the Current Events lectures given by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas in the last few weeks that the City Club has acceded to popular request that they be given every first and third Wednesday mornings of the month instead of every first Wednesday as heretofore.

Mrs. Lucas has been substituting for Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, who was forced by illness to relinquish the series. The general unrest and state of world politics have caused a tremendous interest in current events and Mrs. Lucas' profound knowledge of political economy has made it possible for her to meet the exigency.

Home Economics

(*Continued from Page 21*)

solves. Next add one-fourth cup lemon juice and two-thirds cup of sugar. Set aside or stir in pan resting on crushed ice until mixture commences to thicken; then beat until fluffy, folding in two stiffly whipped egg whites, and one cup each of diced peaches, bananas and marshmallows—each cut into quite small pieces. Lastly fold in one cup pastry cream, also stiffly whipped. Add to this a few grains of salt and if desired vanilla to suit taste. When thoroughly blended pile mixture into sherbet glasses and chill for an hour or more. Top each serving with a spoonful of whipped cream.

(Any canned fruit juice may be used, but for a Valentine dessert the suggested mixture will harmonize best. If desired tint the topping with green vegetable coloring and flavor with pistachio or almond.)

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The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT (MRS. WILLIAM KENT, JR.)

[Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Babette, youngest of three princesses, whose mother died at her christening, lived with her sisters in a Castle-by-the-Sea. Her father, King of Cordain, commands her to wed a wooer. Babette has run away. She comes to Elvarnen Castle, where she remains for a year as a page. Then she leaves there, Keef the gardener accompanying her. They come to a "haunted" house. Babette discovers the ghost to be an outlaw and when she asks the mayor for his pardon the latter decides to accompany her, Keef and Robert, the pseudo "ghost", in search of adventure. They meet Trajan, the Whistler, who joins them and the group kidnaps a poet, Alvain, to keep him from being married to the ugly Tertulia. Babette is now in the town looking at the sights and her cavaliers suspect she is getting tired of being a gypsy.]

"Oh, yes," said Babette as they walked on, "but sometimes I wish I had lovely clothes and silk cushions and harps, and everything that goes with being a lady. Only you can't do anything but sit around and look nice when you're that, and being an Amazon is just as bad, because then everyone treats you as if you were a man, and yet you don't have a man's feelings, you know. Being a gypsy is fine—only sometimes I wish—I wish I could be all three rolled into one!"

They turned the corner of the street and went on to a busy thoroughfare that led through the center of town. Something unusual was happening there; everywhere they noticed people coming out of the houses and shops and hurrying down the street. Babette and Trajan hurried, too, and suddenly found themselves in the marketplace, where a great crowd, talking and yelling, had gathered. At first they could not see anything, and from the incoherent jabbering of the crowd gathered only that someone was being punished for something.

"There seems to be a sort of platform in the center," said Trajan, who was so tall that he could see somewhat, and seizing Babette with one arm and elbowing with the other, he pushed toward the center.

"What is it?" asked Babette of an excited woman who also was elbowing her way inward.

"Guilder—wicked magician—burned at the stake," the woman answered jerkily—"Oh, move along there!"

"What for?" gasped Babette.

"Witchcraft. Hey, stop that shoving!—Won't it be a great bonfire for the old rascal?"

"What did he do?" Babette asked, but she was suddenly jerked forward by Trajan, who had reached the center of the crowd.

There, in the middle of the swaying, jeering crowd in the marketplace was a huge pile of fagots just beginning to burn, and in the center of the pile, tied to a stake, was a thin little old man whose eyes were closed, but whose lips moved. Babette gripped Trajan tightly. The Lord Mayor of the town stepped forward and raised his hand to silence the crowd.

"Guilder," he said to the little old man, "for the last time, have you anything to say for yourself?"

In the hush that hung over the crowd only the crackling of the fagots could be heard, and then Guilder, in a tired voice, said: "I can say only that I am no sorcerer, but you will not believe me. I don't use witchcraft, and I am no magician."

"Of course he's not, poor old man!" Babette muttered to Trajan, digging her nails into his arm in her excitement.

"Ya—ya!" "You lie!" "You wicked old man!" "Ya—ya!" "Down with the sorcerer!" "Down with him!" shrieked the crowd, but Babette, rushing forward, suddenly began to yell, too:

"You fools, you fools, can't you see he's not! He's only a poor old man. He's not a sorcerer—he's not!"

"Babette, in the name of heaven, come away!" cried Trajan, grasping her arm. ,,The crowd's out for blood—they'll burn you, too! Be quick!"

But Babette went on yelling, until the crowd, infuriated, began to yell back at her, and Trajan, realizing their danger, called in Babette's ear, "We'll have to run. It's hundreds against two!"

"I won't leave that old man to burn!" she yelled back, and Trajan, looking hastily around, commanded:

"Fill your arms with burning fagots!" and while Babette, blindly obedient, caught up an armful of the blazing brands, the Whistler leaped through the pile and with his knife cut the ropes binding Guilder. Then, filling his own and the old man's arms with blazing fagots, he called, "Follow me—do as I do!"

Thereupon, he sprang toward the crowd, which fell back at sight of the flames in his arms, and, swinging the blazing brands from side to side, he made a pathway, through which he sped out from the marketplace and on through the streets of the town. Cries of "Stop them!" "Stop them!" rang through the air, and the crowd tried to do so, but those who came near were so badly burned that the attempt was vain. Down through the streets of the town ran Trajan and Babette and the old man with their blazing armfuls, and behind thundered the enraged mob.

At the edge of town Guilder stumbled. "Kind friends," he panted, "save yourselves. I can't go!" But Trajan hurled his armful of fagots, then Guilder's, then Babette's, into the oncoming crowd, and in the confusion that followed he caught the old man and Babette each by a wrist and ran

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on, dragging them with him. Guilder, stumbling and gasping, went on, and Babette, half-flying, was conscious only of Trajan's long legs kicking the dust and Trajan's voice saying, "Run—run!" while a vast something pounded along behind with horrible yells.

"I—I—" wheezed Guilder.

"Trajan, I—I—" gasped Babette.

"Yes, you can!" Trajan's voice was jerky. "Run—if we can only make those rocks! Run!" And on they flew.

It seemed to Babette that this had been going on for years, when she heard Trajan's voice saying, "Here, up the hill!" and felt herself being dragged up a steep incline.

"Now, around here!" For an instant the Whistler released his grasp to hurl some heavy boulders down the hill — it must have been a hill because Babette was conscious of being high up, with a lot of people somewhere below them. Trajan left her and the old man in a limp pile by a rock—there seemed to be rocks everywhere—and, returning in an instant, grasped their wrists again and dragged them on. Babette suddenly felt her body being drawn over hard, sharp rocks — up — up — then down—into something inky and dark. The first thing she could make out was the figure of Trajan, with his finger to his lips, signalling her to be quiet. She and Trajan and the old man seemed to be in a dark, cool place, and as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness Babette saw that it was a cave. Outside the voices of the townspeople rang sharply.

"Disappeared right off the face of the earth!" "Maybe he *was* a magician!" "I'm sure they went this way!" "No, they went around there!" "It's magic!"

"Keep very still," whispered Trajan, "or they'll hear you through the cracks—this cave may have another entrance." Very stealthily feeling his way along the rock, he explored the cave until he disappeared completely in darkness. Outside, the bewildered townspeople were running hither and thither; inside, Babette and Guilder leaned wearily against the cold stone and waited.

At length Trajan's whisper hissed through the darkness: "Come here! Follow the wall!" and Babette, rising rather feebly herself, led Guilder by one hand, and with the other felt before her.

Suddenly she ran into something that moved, and Trajan's voice said, "Listen!" and, listening, they heard at their feet the sound of running water.

"What is it?" whispered Babette.

"A brook," the Whistler answered. "It runs for about a quarter of a mile underground, and comes out on the other side of the hill. It makes a sort of tunnel, so that by walking in the water and stooping you can follow it. The water's very cold, but it's the only way."

"I cannot do it," signed Guilder. "Dear young friends, you had better leave me here to wait until they are gone."

"You must come," said Trajan sternly. "You'd be sure to be caught and burned."

"You must," said Babette, "when we've escaped so beautifully thus far."

And so the three, Trajan, the old man, and Babette, bent over, stepped into the cold water, and set off single file into the darkness. The water was so cold that Babette's feet soon became numb. Her hands slipped over the damp sides of the rock. Very soon little shafts of pain shot up into her cramped body so that she had to bite her lips to keep from crying out. Guilder, wheezing and groaning with every splashing step, pushed himself along. The cramped darkness seemed endless, until the black became gray, which thinned into daylight, and suddenly they saw a patch of blue—a splash of green—and they stumbled drunkenly into the sunlight.

"There they are!" exclaimed Trajan, and that was all Babette remembered until she somehow found herself in Keef's arms, swathed in a heavy cape, and galloping along on his gray horse. Looking around, she saw Guilder similarly mummified in Robert's arms, while Alvain and Tobar, with open mouths, listened to the tale which Trajan recounted as he, too, galloped along on his gray stallion.

CHAPTER VI

Springtime

Many were the adventures that Babette and her six companions encountered, and many the places they passed. All through the crisp, flame-colored days of autumn they rode merrily on, and when winter came they headed southward. The old man, Guilder, roused all his feeble strength, and soon, because of the outdoor life and plenty of food, became stronger and rode comfortably on a white horse which Tobar purchased for him. Sometimes they begged a night's lodging at a well-stocked inn, sometimes they roasted apples before a peasant's fire, and sometimes when the moon was out, they rode on all night. They often came out of their escapades victorious, and again they would barely escape with their lives, dashing away on their horses, or bought off with Tobar's gold—for it seemed as if Tobar's purse were bottomless.

Tobar was very fussy about his comfort, and because Guilder was an old man well learned in the arts of herb medicines and practical works, there sprang up a friendship between those two. Robert could always be counted upon to discover the finest food and also the whereabouts of Alvain, who, like any other true poet, was forever getting lost. The friendship between them was strange, because, although Robert scolded and swore at the poet's irresponsible ways, he was the first to discover his absence and to set off seeking him, and it was to Robert that Alvain turned in childlike perplexity when his saddle-strap or bridle-rein was torn, or to Robert's uncomprehending ears that he first recited his poems.

Keef silently and happily attended to the desires of the whole company, while Trajan occupied himself with attempting to prevent Babette from leading them into too perilous situations, and with whistling or making up songs which, although they were denounced by Alvain's sensitive soul as unpoetical, were nevertheless much appreciated by the rest of the band.

Then came the springtime, and they rode northward again. They rode along one spring morning up a mountain, and as their horses climbed slowly over the stones that bordered a rushing mountain stream all brown and boisterous in its thundering downward, Trajan pointed out to Babette how the tops of the bare trees were turning furry against the background of the pale blue sky. Babette had been very angry with the Whistler the night before, because he had kept the band from joining in a street fight that was going on when they passed through a town, and when it had been perfectly plain to Babette as to which party was in the right—and she had said some things to Trajan which, in the light of the spring morning, seemed overhasty. So, instead of replying to his remarks she rode on silently and at length burst forth:

"You think I am a fool, don't you, Trajan?"

Trajan brought his eyes down from the tree tops. "Of course I don't, Babette."

"But you ought to. I deserve to have you think that."

"But I don't," earnestly persisted Trajan.

"I wonder why," mused Babette.

"Perhaps," the Whistler's eyes returned carelessly to the tree tops, "it's because I love you!"

Babette gave such a start in her saddle that her horse stumbled. "*Do* you love me?" she hastily asked.

"Yes," the Whistler answered simply, "I do."

"But—but, Trajan,"—Babette was very much distressed—"I'm not in love with you!"

"Oh, that's all right," Trajan goodnaturedly assured her.

"You don't think this will make any difference?" Babette asked in a worried tone. "It won't spoil everything?"

"I don't see that it needs to make any difference to our company at all—or to bother you. We can just go on as before—if only you wouldn't mind my singing about it once in a while. When a man's in love," he added in explanation, "it's pretty hard to keep it to himself."

"I don't think I'll mind the songs," said Babette.

And so it came about that in the nighttime when they rode through the forests and all the stars were shining through the tree-tops, Trajan sang of his love for Babette, and Babette laughed to hear him, wondering what he would think if he knew of the ring around her neck, and that he was in love with a Princess. The horses walked softly on the forest leaves, the night breezes blew through Babette's short curls, and she laughed—a little silver laugh that echoed down the forest path and lost itself in the trees. But the Whistler didn't care if she laughed. He went on singing just the same:

"Whenever the night winds blow, Babette,
And the sounds of the day are still,
We ride—you and I,
On our stallions high,
And the moon creeps over the hill.

The hearth-fires glow in the huts we pass,
Where the peasant mothers croon,
But the songs we sing
On our journeying
Are sung to the yellow moon.

The moon and the stars look down, Babette,
And wish they were journeying, too;
And they softly sigh
In the lonesome sky,
To be riding the world—with you."

Sometimes, as they rode along, Trajan got the spring and his love for Babette so mixed up in his head that he sang songs like this:

"The spring has come again, Babette,
And turned the world to green—
And all the little furry buds
With pale blue sky between;
Babette, Babette,
The spring is here—
Babette, Babette,
The spring!

The spring is in my heart, Babette;
Your image lies there, too.
You and the spring are one, Babette,
I am in love with you!"

One day about noon they came upon a very strange sight. On a wide bridge that crossed a violent spring torrent stood two armed horsemen facing each other and talking angrily, and on either end of the bridge, standing at attention, were two bands of armed horsemen. Babette and her friends waited for a few minutes on the side of the larger band, and then Trajan called out:

"Make way, friends, for us to cross!"

But nobody gave any attention until Babette, growing impatient, drove her horse boldly up to the group on one end of the bridge.

"You can't pass here," someone shouted. "This is disputed ground."

"But we are peaceable journeyors, and you have no right to delay us," protested Babette.

"You shan't pass!" they yelled.

At that Babette grew angry. Spurring on her horse, she drew her little sword and rode toward the astonished group. Of course Trajan and Keef and all the rest drew their swords and leaped to her aid, and then the smaller group, on the other side of the bridge, seeing their foes attacked from the rear, rushed across the bridge with yells and fell upon them, until everything was a terrible confusion of men and horses, swords and cries. Babette, her sword dashed out of her hand, was thrown from her horse, and would undoubtedly have been crushed underfoot, but suddenly she felt herself caught up, thrown across the pommel of a saddle, and galloped off with. There was a terrible pain in her head, and she was so dizzy she could not see clearly, but she heard Trajan's voice saying as they galloped along, "They were too strong for us."

"Where are Robert and Keef and the others?" she managed to ask.

"We all had to flee for our lives," he answered, "and I don't know what direction they took."

They rode on, and by and by Babette felt better, so that she could sit up by herself behind Trajan. About four o'clock in the afternoon they were riding through beautiful rich country and green meadows, when in the distance appeared a tall castle. Trajan had an inspiration.

"Why not stop at the castle and offer our services as servants? It would be great fun. I'd be a squire and you could be a kitchen maid. Then we'd be in this part of the country and more easily found by Robert and Keef and the rest than if we wandered about."

Babette considered. "I don't know a thing about cooking," she said, "but it would be fun."

And so it came about that after having interviewed a whole regiment of servants of various degrees, and having been shown into the presence of Lady Constance, the mistress of the castle, Trajan was sent off to the armory and Babette was put into skirts and sent to the kitchen. The Castle of Sordavia was a very large one, and the court assembled was very brilliant, but somehow Babette didn't enjoy the adventure as much as she should. She hated the greasy dishes and the big smelly kitchen, and Trajan was always busy, running hither and thither on errands for the knights, but Babette noticed that the court ladies and even the Lady Constance herself often went out of their way to speak to the handsome squire or give him some commission. Keef and Guilder and the rest were a long time in coming, Babette thought. She hated the court ladies, with their beautiful satin gowns and jewels. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves, playing with a servant—he'll have his head

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turned—flirting with him just because he's handsome. He *is* handsome," added Babette, noting indignantly the graceful way he bowed to a blonde court lady who had just spoken to him. "He bows like a real gentleman."

Things had been going on this way for about a week, and still no sign of Keef, Robert and the rest of the company, when something very serious occurred. Babette, coming out into the courtyard one day, saw Trajan being dragged by three rough-looking men toward the dungeon. He was struggling violently and cursing, but they were too strong for him.

"What are you doing?" screamed Babette, rushing to them and tugging at one of the men's arms.

"Putting him where he belongs," growled the man. "He stole my Lady's pearl necklace."

"He didn't!" cried Babette, "He never stole anything in his life! Let him go!" she cried, pounding the man's arm. But the man only laughed and pushed her roughly aside.

"No use fretting, my girl," said one of the other men as they dragged the struggling Whistler through the dungeon doorway. "He isn't worth it. He's a thief."

"He's not!" shrieked Babette, and she would have flown after them, but she found herself beating against a heavy wooden door. She ran back to the kitchen.

"They're putting Trajan in the dungeon!" she cried. "They're putting him in the dungeon!"

The chief cook frowned. "Who may Trajan be?" he asked.

"Why, Trajan the Whistler——"

"He's a squire here," explained one of the scullery boys. "He stole her Ladyship's pearls."

"He didn't!" cried Babette. "I know he didn't!"

"How do you know?" inquired the head cook.

"Because he wouldn't steal!" exclaimed Babette. "I know him, and he's not that kind."

The head cook laughed. "Tell that to her Ladyship. Of course *your* word is indisputable."

"I will!" cried Babette, and ran out of the kitchen and into the big audience room. Paying no attention to the exclamations of surprise of the court ladies and gentlemen, she hurried, a dishevelled little scullery maid, straight up to where the Lady Constance was sitting in her stately chestnut beauty.

"Trajan didn't steal your pearls—I know he didn't!" she panted.

Lady Constance frowned and turned to her attendants.

"Who let her in?" she demanded. "Take her away instantly!"

"But—but Trajan—" shrieked Babette, struggling in vain against the stalwart attendants who dragged her out of the room and thrust her back into the kitchen.

For three days Babette tried vainly to be heard, but no one gave the least attention to her. Then she fell to staring at the dungeon and watching the narrow iron-barred slits of windows near the ground. She used to walk up and down in front of those windows, thinking and thinking. One morning as she was passing with her arms full of potatoes she heard someone whistling. It was very faint, but she recognized the trills and warbling bird-notes of the Whistler.

She looked about quickly—no one in sight—and then walked slowly by each of the dungeon windows. At one of the open-

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ings the whistling became louder, and here Babette pretended to drop the potatoes accidentally. She knelt to pick them up. This brought her on a level with the window, and as she worked she whispered softly:

"Trajan! Trajan!"

The whistling stopped, and a voice far distant answered: "Babette, is that you?"

"Are you hurt?" she softly called.

"Not a bit." The voice sounded cheerful.

"Trajan, I have a plan. I'm going to rescue you tonight. If only you could let me know, once I got in the dungeon, what direction to take."

"I'll whistle all night," came the answer.

"Sh—sh!" hissed Babette, for the head cook had come into the courtyard and called for the potatoes.

About nine o'clock that night, when the guard entered the dungeon for his night round, a little cloaked figure slipped in after him, and was lost in the darkness within. For three days Babette had noticed how carelessly the big guard pushed open the dungeon door without stopping to look behind him, and so had slipped in without difficulty. It was cold in the dungeon, and very dark. Babette waited until the guard returned, passed out, and shut the door. The door unfastened from the inside, but the doors shutting in the prisoners naturally unfastened from the outside. Babette had figured this all out. She knew that there were many long passage-ways and windings in the dungeon, because the kitchen boys had been explaining to her the impossibility of Trajan's escaping. The difficulty lay in knowing which way to turn.

Faint and distant came a burst of whistling, and Babette reached her arm along the stone wall and crept forward. She went on and on until the whistling seemed to come from somewhere near her, and she suddenly felt a heavy wooden door. Setting a parcel down, Babette tugged at the bolt. It was frightfully heavy, and the rough wood was full of splinters. Trajan, just on the other side of the door, was whistling eagerly. Babette drew a quick breath, shut her eyes in an attempt not to feel the splinters cutting her hands, pulled hard—and the door opened. She expected to find Trajan directly in front of her, but by the pale ray of light coming in through the window, she saw him seated on a crude sort of bed. She ran to him.

"I know you are faint, but hurry!—here's food—and drink, quickly!—here's wine. And I stole the dairy maid's dress for you. We must look like two women when we pass through the court or they'll know. Oh, hurry!"

The Whistler didn't look like a starving man, because he barely tasted the food and wine, but hurried into the dress while Babette helped him.

"Babette," he suddenly said, "why did you do this?"

"Because," she answered, patting his apron into shape, "you didn't steal and I knew it. It was horrible of them to treat you so."

"And you believe I'm innocent?"

"Of course."

"But if I told you I was guilty?"

Babette paused at the sudden thought. Then she said: "We can't think of that now. Come along." On hurrying toward the door the Whistler tripped on his newly acquired skirt. Babette caught hold of him quickly and slipped her arm about his waist.

"Lean on me," she said anxiously. "You're weak from loss of food."

The Whistler put his arm about her shoulders and they felt their way along the passage.

"Trajan! You're laughing!" Babette's voice rose, appalled and accusing in the darkness.

"Oh, no," the Whistler seriously answered. "I'm shaking from nervousness."

Babette was instantly concerned, and her small arm tightened about his waist.

"It's a shame to starve you this way. Of course you're upset. Lean harder on me. I'm really very strong."

"You darling!" cried Trajan, and without any warning he laughed merrily and picked Babette up in his arms and kissed her.

Babette was really frightened. "It has gone to his head! He's delirious!" she thought, as he set her down, and she remembered hearing that people in temporary fits of insanity due to fever often showed remarkable strength.

"That will be handy now, anyway. I must treat him carefully."

So she said nothing, but led him on by the hand. They opened the door easily enough and stole out into the courtyard. Everything was still. There were two pails

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standing by a door, and one of these Babette handed to Trajan.

It was necessary to pass a guard, and when they approached him he called, "Who goes?"

The Whistler hunched himself over to look as small as six feet two *could* look, and Babette said carelessly:

"Haglen forgot the water—so we have to do his work. A curse to his lazy memory!"

The guard laughed, and Babette and the Whistler passed on to the well.

"Once we reach those trees," said Babette, "you can take off your dress and we'll run. Oh, look! The guard is coming after us! Draw water!"

(To be concluded next month)

Peddlers' Parade Colorful and Jolly

● Echoes of the Peddlers' Parade of Tuesday evening, January 26, are still reverberating about the City Club.

It was a jolly affair and one that challenged the ingenuity and originality of members who participated. The idea was unique and everybody arose to the novelty of it.

Mrs. John P. Coghlan was general chairman and was assisted by a committee consisting of Mesdames Selah Chamberlain, Lawrence Harris, E. W. Newhall, Jr., Howell Ware and Miss Edith Leale.

The Peddlers' Supper was gay with music by the Peddlers' Band (Olive Hyde, violin; Jane Newhall, drum, and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Jr., piano). During the evening strolling singers, players and dancers added to the merriment, already at high pitch over the costumes, caricatures and combinations of characters presented in the Parade.

The Street Singers, in Hungarian costumes, were Mesdames Horatio Stoll, Martin Molony and E. J. Kelly. The dancers were Misses Frances and Gladys Hall, Jean Stoll, Barbara Funston, Dorothy Bradford, Virginia Chilton, Virginia Mysell, Norma Doan and Mrs. Ralph Judson Brenner.

Sleigh Bell Melodies were given by Miss Nellie Plaggie and Miss Gloria Cahill gave delightful imitations of dances by La Argentina.

Florence and Agnes McEachran sang Neapolitan Folk Songs and Mrs. Joseph Rolph, Jr., was a bird peddler whose whistling solos were warmly appreciated.

Miss Mary Shafter, of the University of California, directed the dancing.

The Piedmont High School Band of Bagpipers was thoroughly enjoyed. Three drums, five bagpipes and kilties comprised the "Highlanders."

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Women's City Club

Sabine O'Flaherty Replies

(Continued from Page 22)

sary domestic arrangements for leaving the five in good hands.

I will have to admit that she is my prize exhibit. She has the ability to carry the thing off with ease and grace. But to a greater or less degree the women I meet and know are either like her or try to be. Whether they have no help, one maid or a dozen, they all manage to get about and do things. They don't want to miss a thing. Children are in most cases the biggest interest in their lives, but not the only one. Many of their activities are for the sake of, or in connection with, their children's welfare, and by planning the domestic routine and, if possible, acquiring a substitute to put in charge, they are free to do what they consider more important or more amusing than household chores.

There remains the subject of husbands. Mrs. Butler says that husbands in America are divided into two groups: the sort who is starved for his wife's company, but being too loyal to voice his demands above the clamour of the young, pines away and dies in middle life; secondly, the common or Red Indian variety. This type is never so happy as when he sees his wife bending over the dish-pan. I ask how this could make him happy when nine times out of ten he would be bending too, if not over the dishes, at least over the baby's bed or even the lawn mower. The picture Mrs. Butler draws of the faded, wearied wife, martyred to home and children, will not blot out the one in my mind of the tired husband being dragged out of countless homes in this vast land every evening for the movies or neighborhood bridge by his indefatigable mate, fresh and lively after a golf match, a bridge luncheon, and a few hours of shopping.

Summing up the subject of husbands, I would say that though there are many kinds of American husbands, good or bad, mean or generous, gay or serious, they nearly all share an instinctive feeling that women are important beings and deserve a lot of consideration.

At least, that's the way things seem to be in the Middle West; perhaps it really is different in the effete East.

SABINE O'FLAHERTY.

Miss Handy Gives Luncheon for Honolulu Visitor

● Mrs. E. S. Wheeler, of Honolulu, wife of the Federal Highway Commissioner, in charge of all road construction in the Hawaiian Islands, was guest of honor January 9 at a luncheon given at the City Club by Miss Florence Handy. Twenty guests were asked to meet Mrs. Wheeler.

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Relation of Calligraphy to Art

(Continued from Page 14)

equalled. It is by the type and quality of the paper or silk that the age of many disputed works have been determined.

The relation of calligraphy to painting is again found in the very strokes of the artists, who represented certain effects in the foliage or the hills or the grasses by massed strokes in the form of ideographs. In Japan certain of the literati are known as 'Confucius scholars' and their art works are distinguished by the use of characters for strokes.

Books recommended:

Introduction to the Study of Chinese Painting—Waley.

Chinese Painting—Ferguson.

Tale of Genjii—Murasaki.

On the Laws of Japanese Painting—Bowie.

Next Article—"Chinese Artists and Their Ideals."

Luncheon in Honor of Mrs. G. O. Wilson

● Golden Gate Branch, League of American Penwomen, tendered a luncheon at the City Club, January 9, to Carol Green Wilson (Mrs. George Osborne Wilson) whose book, "Chinatown Quest," recently published by Stanford Press, has received much favorable comment. Miss Mary Coghlan presided at the luncheon.

Mrs. Hugh Brown To Read "Counsellor-at-Law"

● Mrs. Hugh Brown will read Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-Law" at her next drama tea, February 15, at the City Club. This is a series of drama-teas which Mrs. Brown has been giving this season at the Club, under the auspices of a committee headed by Mrs. E. L. Grisell. Her last reading, "Mourning Becomes Electra," filled the City Club Auditorium to capacity.

"Counsellor-at-Law," now enjoying a good run on Broadway, invites comparison with "Street Scene," for which Rice was awarded the Pulitzer Prize two years ago.

Like "Street Scene," this latest work has "atmosphere." "Counsellor-at-Law" concerns one George Simon, the lawyer-hero, who confesses to his partner that he swore to a false alibi years before in order to save an innocent man. Then he covers the same ground in a scene with his wife. "Counsellor-at-Law" is interesting possibly because the milieu it pictures has been clearly observed and faithfully reported.

Other characters are the telephone operator in the law office and two old women—one poor, one prosperous.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB SWIMMING POOL

CLOSED WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Valentine party for the children in the pool — Saturday, February 13, 10:30 a. m., followed by 65c luncheon on the Third Floor, at 12:30. Water-games and prizes. Make reservations at the swimming office.

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Monday and Wednesday	5:30 to 6 Elementary Class
February 8 and 10	6 to 6:30 Intermediate Class
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February 9 and 12	11:30 to 12 Intermediate Class

No lesson fee for these classes.

ADMISSION FEES

Single admissions—members, daughters of members under 18, sons under 8	$ .35
Single admissions—guests (adults)	.50
Single admissions — guests (children under 12)	.35
Ticket for ten admissions—members	3.00
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Members and children of members (Regular $4.50)	$3.50
Guests (adults or children) (Regular $6.00)	4.75
Class (six lessons in course)	
Members and children of members	3.00
Guests (adults or children)	3.75

(Classes composed of five or more persons)
All tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser

Members giving splash parties of over ten persons are asked to arrange in advance with the swimming office.

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Every Friday night from 5:30 to 9 o'clock

Members	$ .35
Sons under 8 and daughters under 18	.35
Boys over 8 and men and women guests	.50

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

CHILDREN'S HOUR

The children's hour at four o'clock on Tuesdays devoted to games and coaching, is being continued through the winter months. Admission fee only.

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A new life saving class will be formed on Wednesday at 5:30 if five or more apply. Open to members and guests. No lesson fee.

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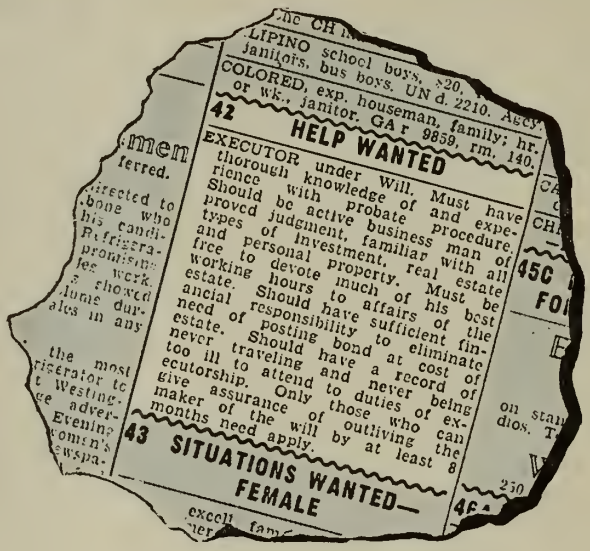
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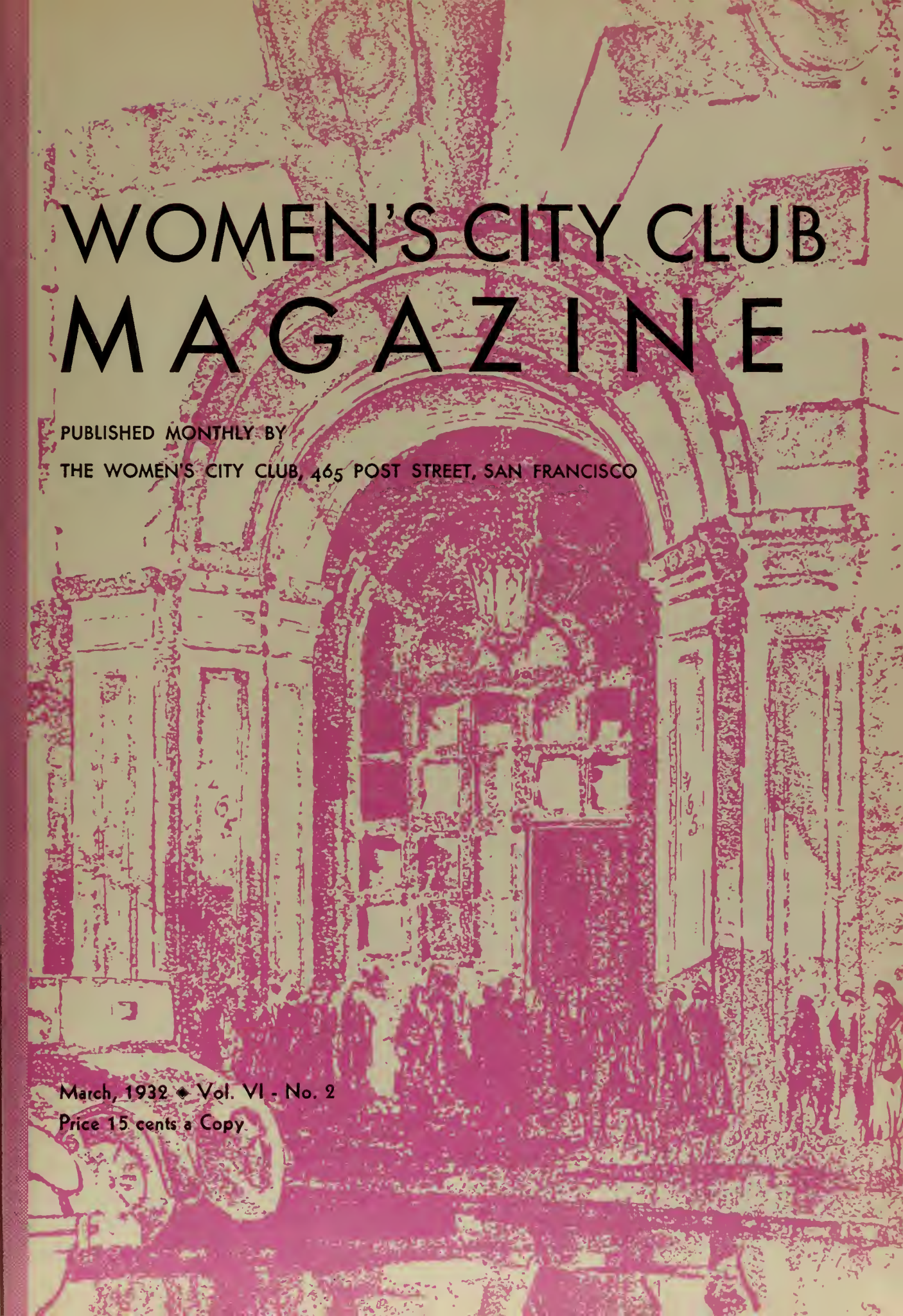

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

March, 1932 ◆ Vol. VI - No. 2
Price 15 cents a Copy

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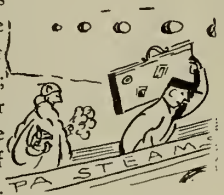
As a member of the Club it should serve you well . . . for we've placed herein only the type of business or service that can be thoroughly recommended . . . firms that warrant your wholehearted support.

With this number of the magazine we submit three dozen firms who can be counted on . . . with succeeding issues there will be more added to the list . . . and we'll be telling you about the many things they have to offer you.

* * *



Spring and the poets sing . . . "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, . . . Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Which calls to mind Dr. Lundy's tour of Europe with a visit in Russia in a year when one looks for the most thrills for the least money . . . and flowers for those who go on long journeys, and short ones too, to be secured from Podesta & Baldocchi or from Serveau . . . and in the spring our homes should have flowers, flowers in bowers, or bowers of flowers—as you please . . . and new drapes and curtains, and they're to be had from Daini Brothers, whose name you'll find herein.

* * *

And music, singing . . . Miss Lazell's pupil, Esther Green, will sing the role of Dido, when the Chamber Opera Singers repeat the beautiful opera, "Dido and Aeneas" by Purcell, 17th century composer, at the Community Theatre, March 9. You'll want to hear it.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

You investors . . . and prospective ones, too, next month we've some news about Mr. Lyon . . . his business is helping to restrain people from throwing away good money invested in stocks that seem shaky . . . interesting to all of us, this business of his.

* * *

Flatterer? . . . no, not at all, just suiting the hat to the face—that's Nore, milliner . . . a Club member who has taste, talent and ability to make the hat suit the face . . . that's not flattery, just taste, you see.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MARCH 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of each month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will hold her Current Event Section twice a month, on the first and third Wednesdays. Following her lectures there will be a continued discussion at a large table in the Cafeteria. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.
Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON
Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
Members may bring families and men and women guests.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

March

Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON
Luncheon in honor of Mrs. Clara Laughlin ($1 a Plate) *National Defenders' Room* 12:30 P.M
Author of famous "So You're Going" Books.
Tea in honor of Miss Oleda Schrottky (Tea, 35c.) . . . *American Room* 3:30 P.M.
New York Executive, National Girl Scouts.
3—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard.
Subject: Job—by Joseph Roth.
Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Arthur Powell Davis.
Subject: Five Years in Turkistan.
10—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Finley Cook.
Subject: Memories of Ina Coolbirth.
(Piano Solos by Audrey Beer Sorel.)
Lecture by Doris Connors on "Decorating and Furnishing" . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.
14—Annual Membership Meeting . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:15 P.M.
Luncheon 85c a plate. (Reservations in advance.)
15—Fashion Show and Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
(Special dinner in Main Dining Room preceding.)
17—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Judge Fletcher A. Cutler.
Subject: The Progress of the American People.
Lecture by Doris Connors on "Decorating and Furnishing" . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.
21—Drama Tea—Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "Reunion in Vienna" *American Room* 2:15 P.M.
23—Luncheon in honor of Mrs. B. O. Edey ($1 a plate) . *National Defenders' Room* 12:30 P.M.
National President of Girl Scouts.
24—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan.
Subject: Observations of the Educational Activities of Women in Europe.
Lecture by Doris Connors on "Decorating and Furnishing" . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.
31—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Arthur M. Brown, Jr.
Subject: The Work of the Better Business Bureau.
Lecture by Doris Connors on "Decorating and Furnishing" . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

April 18—May 3—HEALTH EXAMINATIONS.

April 4—Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe will lecture on "England's Silent Revolution"; "A Nation Being Remade" and "The Old Roads and the New."
Tickets at Room Secretary's Desk.

13 and 14—Collectors' Exhibit . . . . . Auditorium

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME VI — MARCH, 1932 — NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

Frontispiece 6
City Club Calendar 4
The President's Message 7
Vocational Guidance 14
By Mrs. Edward Rainey
Periodic Health Examinations 14
Review and Foreword 8
By Edna Osborn
Otis Oldfield 13
By Beatrice Judd Ryan
Mrs. Parker Maddux—An Appreciation . . . 9
By Mrs. Payson J. Treat
"Martha Washington," Short Story 16
By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Editorial 15
Motoring in Europe with Lysistrata 10
By Mrs. J.P. Rettenmayer
"An Orchid if You Guess Correctly" . . . 18
Employment Relief for Middle-Aged Women . 19
By Mary K. Hutchinson
"I Have Been Reading" 20-21
By Eleanor Preston Watkins
Home Economics 22-23
By Christina Madison
"The Princess They Christened Babette" . . 24
(Concluded)
By Mrs. William Kent, Jr.

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This is the executive committee, elected February 15 by the board of directors of the City Club to direct the Club's affairs for the coming year. Left to right, they are:

Miss Emma Noonan, Treasurer
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Mrs. Payson J. Treat, First Vice-President
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

AS I write this first presidential message of a new fiscal year, I step aside from my usual custom and use the personal pronoun, for although our magazine is read by many friends, this particular message is addressed to you, my fellow members.

The annual reports of which you will have synopses at the meeting on the fourteenth show remarkable cooperation of many diverse and distinct units of committee work, and as a result successful fulfillment of obligations abnormal in their pressure because of a general world condition unforeseen by those who believed five years ago that they would be easily possible. There is much for thankfulness that although there is no "extra" by way of accomplishment, there is on the other hand no default to explain.

The group who have led (an ever-widening circle of trained volunteers) have individually expressed a willingness to continue on for another year, juggling their positions of committee responsibility and at the same time training as their successors others who will take over the leadership in another year's time, when it is hoped the country will have returned to normalcy and when the obstacles to progress shall become less formidable. My interest in the Club would have been just as great out of office as in, and my personal service as devoted, but the Committee has persuaded me that in this particular year a continuity of leadership is primary, and that the promised cooperation of a congenial Board puts upon me the obligation to accept nomination for 1932 in order that together we may serve, without interruption, the community in this emergency.

In the year just ahead every effort will be made to reach the individual member, to catch her imagination, and to allow her to share with us the joy of participation in a living democracy. Our ideal is slowly but surely unfolding so that those who were once skeptical now see. If the burden or the crown—as one or another may look upon it—is carried by a few, the National League for Woman's Service is not functioning as it should.

In the Lounge on the afternoon of the tenth, I hope to meet you, an interested member, to discuss with you the program of the National League for Woman's Service for 1932, the details of operation of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, and the functioning of the Post Street Investment Company. It is my hope there to discuss informally with members the business in which they are engaged. There is so much to be told about our organization that even prolific and manifold meetings fail to cover the ground. And so in these conferences we shall explain details of activities as they develop and answer the questions which an inquiring world is asking about a group which conservatively and without ostentation is "following through" a program of definite purpose and idealism.

Department to Department, Event to Event, Day by Day

—EDNA H. OSBORN, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

● The fiscal year 1931 has closed and when the Annual Reports are read at the Membership Meeting on Monday, March 14, we will point with a just degree of pride to the fact that all obligations to and including December 31, 1931, have been met—a real achievement in these times of unprecedented economic conditions.

This was not accomplished easily, however, for the gross receipts of the departments noticeably decreased during 1931.

There is every prospect that 1932 will be a better year and if each member will pledge herself to make reasonable use of the Club we will be more than satisfied.

Each department has something worthwhile to offer—the bedrooms are light, airy, immaculately clean and attractively furnished. Use them occasionally or put up a visiting guest once in a while.

The food in the restaurant is of the best quality, well cooked and served. Eat one meal a month in the Club.

Try our "Mammy Hanah Chicken" on Thursday night.

Our Swimming Pool is one of the most attractive in the city and the Ring Toss Marathon is attracting a large group of enthusiastic swimmers. Take a swim occasionally and bring in your family on Friday evenings.

The Beauty Salon, restful with its soft colorings of green and rose, offers all kinds of service by the most experienced operators. Make an appointment to have a manicure or permanent wave.

The League Shop carries a stock to suit all tastes.

The library of well selected books caters to the tastes of more than 2200 members who use it regularly, while about 2000 more are intermittent borrowers.

We take particular delight in showing our new Encyclopedia Brittanica and Webster's Dictionary.

Then there are the lectures open to the members and their guests without fee. For instance, the Current Events Section, led by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, meets in the Auditorium on the first and third Wednesday mornings of each month at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Lucas holds the attention of her large audience and after the lecture many adjourn to the cafeteria where they join Mrs. Lucas in a more intimate discussion.

Mrs. Charles E. Curry gives a most delightful talk on the "Appreciation of Art" in its many phases, at noon on the first Wednesday of each month, interspersing the lectures with visits to the galleries and special exhibitions.

Mrs. A. P. Black arranges a program in the Auditorium each Thursday evening when different speakers talk on a variety of subjects. Sometimes the lectures are illustrated—then again there is music. The speakers all give their services without remuneration, and the size of the audiences testify to their interest and appreciation.

The League Bridge, under the Chairmanship of Miss Ida J. Lord, meets every Tuesday at two and seven o'clock in rooms on the fourth floor. At noon on the second and fourth Wednesdays Mme. Rose Olivier presides at a table in the cafeteria, when the conversation is entirely in French. Members who converse in French or who are "good listeners" are welcome.

On Thursday morning, March 10, Mrs. Doris Conner will give the first of a series of four talks on "Decorating and Furnishing." The members are invited to attend and are privileged to bring guests. The lectures will be held in the Chinese Room at 11:00 o'clock for four consecutive weeks.

Our special luncheons and teas for honor guests are always popular.

This month Mrs. Clara Laughlin, the author of the famous "So You're Going" books, and well known to all European travelers, will be our guest at luncheon in the National Defenders' Room, on March 2, at 12:30 o'clock; and on that same afternoon Miss Oleda Schrottky, in charge of the Department of Pageants and Plays at the National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts, will be the guest of honor at Tea in the American Room. A luncheon, on March 23, will be given for Mrs. B. O. Edey, the National President of the Girl Scouts.

The Fashion Show on Thursday and Friday, February 11 and 12, was so successful that one is planned for Tuesday evening, March 15.

The Auditorium will be appropriately arranged as a background for the models and a program will be interwoven with the Fashion Display. Men are especially invited and we promise that the gowns will be so attractive that they will beg their wives to buy!

We regret to announce that the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia has postponed her western tour in order that she may attend the wedding of her son, which will take place in London in March, but she promises to be with us on Tuesday evening, April 26.

The same tickets will be honored at the later date, but any persons wishing to return their tickets must do so before the original date, March 8.

The Sunday Evening Buffet Suppers have proved popular with motoring parties, as well as the other members, and we are now reserving the National Defenders' Room for hikers and golfers, who, after a hard game or long hike do not want to go home and dress for dinner.

They may come into the Club, freshen up and enjoy the informality of the Buffet.

Groups wishing to reserve may do so by telephoning in advance.

(Continued on Page 15)

Mrs. Parker Maddux' Life an Inspiration . . . Her Death an Irreparable Loss

—BY JESSIE McG. TREAT (MRS. PAYSON J. TREAT)

● On January 23, Mrs. Parker Maddux passed away and San Franciscans, both men and women, mourned the loss of a leader.

Those members of the Women's City Club who had had close contact with her as a director and officer of the Club realized the passing of a stimulating fellow worker.

Those who had shared the study and discussion of the Current Events Course conducted by her for some years acknowledged the loss of a vivid, intelligent personality.

A charming and fluent speaker, believing in a constructive idealism, she was eager to use her influence and energy to further worthwhile causes.

"So many worlds, so much to do," seemed to inspire her with a keen interest in trying to shape policies, so that there might some day be one world, more tolerant and more understanding, for all to enjoy.

One of the pioneers in the National League for Woman's Service, Mrs. Maddux, living at that time in Palo Alto, was chosen the chairman of the Santa Clara County Unit.

Under her able direction the National Defender's Clubs of Palo Alto and San Jose were organized and carried on until after the Armistice.

The Late Mrs. Parker S. Maddux

Her ability as an executive was in selecting the right persons to undertake the work and then expecting them to do it.

She was a member of the War Camp Community Board and also devoted much time to making the Hostess' House at Camp Fremont fulfill all that its name implied.

Later she had the foresight to insist upon the conservation of this building and its removal to Palo Alto. It has survived as the Community House and still is serving as a center for many civic enterprises.

The College Town had been a most congenial environment for the Maddux home. A graduate of Radcliffe College, her interest in educational affairs continued and was recognized by her election to the School Board of Palo Alto. In this work Mrs. Maddux proved herself a valuable member.

So it was with much regret that in 1920 the family changed its residence to San Francisco and such a good citizen and leader had to be relinquished to the larger city.

Already recognized as an enthusiastic worker for the National League for Woman's Service, she was soon to be identified with the forward looking group of women who were willing to undertake the responsibilities for this organization. She was untiring in her efforts to make these volunteer workers appreciate their opportunities and she endeavored to acquaint them with the many problems to be solved in a post-war world.

Shortly after coming to San Francisco, Mrs. Maddux was selected as the president of the San Francisco Center; her interest in civic, national and international questions could be depended upon to have these issues presented to the thinking public.

Her civic duties then continued when she was appointed to the City Planning Commission and later she was made a member of the State Industrial Welfare Commission. When the delegates were chosen for the first meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1925, Mrs. Parker Maddux was the representative of the women of this coast at Honolulu.

Such leaders are rare. If it is true, as has been said, that we must look to the women to civilize society and keep it civilized, then Edith Walker Maddux has done her share.

She gave so generously of herself to others and in *such* a gracious way—she had an open-minded vision and consideration for the other point of view. With that charming smile we all remember, she exemplified the high ideals of service and usefulness that make a life worth while.

Motoring in Europe with Lysistrata

—BY MRS. J. P. RETTENMAYER

● It was a strange hapinstance that some odd years ago through the recognition of a voice, after an elapse of twelve years, brought a dear friend and me together, and out of this grew a friendship which resulted in the trip that we undertook and which now is a beautiful memory.

We bought a small automobile in San Francisco, took delivery of it in New York, had our passports viseed for sixteen countries, and wanting to know a bit more of our own country before visiting others, went to New York via the Southern route, through Texas to New Orleans, where we spent a night in one of the oldest houses in the Vieux Carre, where the old colored mammy in bandana started a crackly fire in the hearth in our bedroom—an experience we had never had in the West. Next morning we left for Washington, D. C., passing through eight states in the same length of time it had taken us to cross Texas. Most of you know Washington. It was not as interesting in February as at other times.

Thence to New York, passing through five states in five hours. New York is stupendous, but seems like the land of the Lilliputians from the seventy-seventh floor of the Chrysler building.

We sailed on an Italian liner, taking Lysistrata (the small car) as excess baggage. We stopped at Gibraltar and later at Algiers, where we spent the day. We still feel that Algiers gave us the most color, with the costumes of the country, the background of buildings, the strange green-blue of the desert sky, and our memory of Algiers as we sailed at midnight is that of a tiara with the lights on the hills behind the city building up the pattern.

From Algiers to Palermo, where we arrived after the memorable "inundation." There was no drinking water, and such narrow streets, tiny Sicilian donkeys with myriads of bells on their harness, noodles drying, pigeons flying, gourds, the religious students in colorful cowls, painted donkey carts; the violets, forget-me-nots and freezias being hocked about the streets. There are highlights I readily recall. That is Palermo in Spring.

Then Naples. Lysistrata and we left the boat. Not speaking a word of Italian, not knowing even how to ask for gasoline, can you imagine yourself in such a predicament? We did manage, with the help of the American Automobile Association, through whom we received our triptique and carnet des passage and whose representative taught us much in half an hour.

On to Sorrento. The narrow road, narrow streets, and constant honking, many "Guardo," much hill climbing, and many donkey carts whose wheels were taller than our car, and in a pouring rain we threaded our way to the hostelry which had served as a monastery in days gone by.

We drove to Amalfi through icy rain, occasional sunshine, and constant wind. There were no boats to Capri because of the storm on the Mediterranean, which was in a gray and dour mood. After a week we returned to Naples, stopping at Pompeii, where both of us were sorry to have stepped into the museum first. Pompeii is not a pleasant memory to us.

In Naples we found Miss Middleton's Tea Room, our first English speaking experience since leaving New York. How nice it was to be able to order fried eggs, bacon and tea, and know what we would get. We stepped into one of the famous patisserie where we bought a wee pastry, and doing as the Neopolitans, saved the last bite for the beggars standing at the door, who expected it.

On to Rome! It was a beautiful drive, our car functioning well, plenty of gasoline, plenty of oil, and we had learned that one could always expect to find Standard gasoline in every small hamlet in almost every country. We drove as far as Cassino in the morning — it was Saturday — the market place was busy and not knowing where to go for luncheon we bought large rings of "smoked baked dough," a delicacy there. Then we drove to a "cafe" and called for tea, which was brought to us in the car. Having taken the less frequented road out of Naples, we found, I think, a great deal more beautiful color in the strange carts, one of which was salmon-pink and on its way to market it was filled with women whose headdresses were green-yellow, the bullocks creamy-white with a hornspread of six feet. Market day is as interesting on the road as in the town. If it is early, all the wares are being taken into the community, and if it is noon or after, everyone is on his way home, with goats or sheep, little black pigs tied by the hind leg, newly bought bullocks or horses, and the women carrying huge baskets filled with the week's supplies, including live chickens tied by the feet and held in by the omnipresent cotton umbrella slipped through the two handles of the basket. Their bouffant skirts, colorful aprons, wooden-soled mules and brilliant head-kerchiefs silhouetted against the freshly turned purple-brown soil, make us remember our drive from Naples to Rome.

I did forget to mention Frizzinone, to us the most picturesque of the hill towns, where in the pouring rain we sat in the car enjoying a refreshing cup of hot tea and native bread, although made of white flour, is as dark as our rye.

We were in Italy two days less than a month and had only one rainless day on the road, so you can imagine that as we wound our way through the hill towns all were softened and mellowed in outline by the veil-like effect of the downpour. The roads were good—pavement and cobbles in the cities—but dirt road elsewhere.

Entre Roma! Much has been written of Rome. We spent ten happy days there in a wing of the place where the famous Aurora is painted. We climbed to the very top of St. Peter's (the elevator was out of order). If you have the inclination and endurance, don't miss seeing Rome from this elevation, with the Tiber describing a horseshoe below. It is a height from which you get the finest panorama and where the tones of the bells of all the churches come to you like an unwritten symphony. And don't miss hearing Respighi's Fountains of Rome in the Augusteo, the tomb built in the memory of Augustus, where the volunteer symphony orchestra gives its performances.

We missed little in Rome, always interested in the pageantry and colors of the uniforms and the theological students who come from all parts of the world, the strangely colored fields surrounding the city—green-yellow mustard fields—white calendula, pink daisies—and remember in Rome when you watch the changing of the Guard at the Palace at sunset, everyone turns West. You should turn East and get the kaleidescopic effect of this picture.

It was our good fortune to be among those to view the First National exhibit of modern art under the auspices of the new regime.

After ten beautiful days in Rome we left for Perugia, in the pouring rain, took the wrong road, but found it lovely. Narni — Terni — Spoleto — a night at Perugia so high above the floor of the valley the hill towns of the surrounding country like the illumined points on a queen's crown.

Tomorrow Florence. We wound our way on ridges of all the ranges through pouring rain. It was too wet to get out for luncheon, so we had bread and cheese brought to the car. We had to drive through

(Continued on Page 30)

Fashion Show Supper, March 15

● On the evening of Tuesday, March 15, Hale Brothers will present a thrilling preview of the smartest of the new Spring fashions.

Beach fashions with a nautical turn! Street costumes, clean-cut and flattering!

Formal and informal afternoon and evening fashions!

The growing importance of red, white and blue, inspired by the Washington Bicentennial, will be strikingly illustrated.

Fashions for Spring, 1932, will be seen in all their glory, dramatic interest and gaiety of mood.

There will be a special Fashion Show supper in the dining room, after which the models will display the apparel in the Auditorium.

Scores of dinner parties have been made up for the event, especially among the younger members of the Club.

Mr. Sage of Hale's has written the following:

Foreword on the Spring Mode

Fashion is a temperamental creature, influenced by every breath of change in the life of the day, subtly moulded and modified by happenings the world over.

Fashion, this Spring, says, "Let's be gay. Good times are coming."

We see arriving every day, fashions that are happier and more spirited than in many a year.

Hats are worn with a devil-may-care tilt. Perky feathers and bright ribbons carry on the good work.

You never saw gayer dresses than those coming into our various dress shops.

Little youthful jackets are shorter than last Spring and infinitely more jaunty.

Brilliant prints, stripes, plaids and dramatic color contrasts are everywhere.

Even the black and navy crepe dresses are gay, with their lingerie accents and flashes of color.

There's another influence at work on Fashion, and that's the Washington Bicentennial, making it fashionable to wear our country's colors. Red, white and blue sweaters and beach costumes; red, white and blue scarfs to wear with navy coats; tri-color dresses.

It's smart to be patriotic, and it's certainly joyous.

Perhaps it's the Bicentennial again, and perhaps it's the martial influence from the Orient, that's making Spring fashions so military and soldier-like.

Whatever the cause, we're seeing a great many coats and suits that are as clean-cut and dashing as uniforms.

Yet there's nothing mannish about them, because designers have been clever enough to soften them with feminine touches of detail and trimming.

All in all, it's a very thrilling Spring, fashionably speaking. The new clothes are easy to wear, volatile, dramatic, with their many scarfs, adjustable necklines, removable capes and versatile jackets.

Above all, they do a lot for the wearer.

Women this Spring look better dressed, more attractive, ready to go places and do things.

The lecture of the
Grand Duchess Marie of Russia
originally announced for March 8

HAS BEEN POSTPONED TO

APRIL 26

Same hour, same prices,
same committee

The postponement is because of the Grand Duchess' attendance in Europe of her son's wedding. Tickets purchased for March 8 will be honored

APRIL 26

N. B.—Those wanting refund of money must turn back tickets before original date, March 8

Who Wouldn't Forgive Her?

● Here is the letter in which the Grand Duchess Marie expresses her regret at not being able to keep her engagement at the City Club for March 8:

"My dear Mrs. Treat:

"I want to tell you how very sorry I was at having caused you so much inconvenience and bother. I want to tell you also that only this extremely serious reason which is my son's marriage could have made me change the dates of my lectures.

"I was looking forward with immense pleasure to my California trip and was extremely anxious to speak for your group. Thanks to your understanding and cooperation, this has now been made possible in spite of the delay, and I will go on my hurried trip with the pleasant feeling that I will see you all soon.

"Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) "GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

"February 20, 1932."

Mrs. Payson J. Treat is chairman in charge of the Grand Duchess Marie's lecture, now postponed to April 26.

Swimming Pool Privileges Extended

● As there are many members who wish to take advantage of the "Special" in lesson tickets for themselves or their children, but have been prevented by the inclement weather, the "Special" will be extended to March 15. The expiration date will be May 15. The prices on these tickets are $3.50 for the six half-hour private lessons for members and their children (regular $4.50) and $4.75 for guests (regular $6.00).

For small children or people who are not used to the water these lessons can be divided into twelve fifteen-minute lessons.

Motor Corps Recalls War-Time Activities

● Under the general direction of the Volunteer Service of the City Club, Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., chairman, a motor corps has been organized to assist in the Relief of Unemployed Women. Mrs. John W. Speyer has been appointed captain of this unit, which every day has automobiles at the service of the committee. As the need of the Corps grows, more automobiles will be wanted. Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Speyer, therefore, will welcome offers of City Club members to drive their cars to and fro in the business of the committee for any specified number of hours per day or week.

Have Your Character Read From Your Handwriting

● Lydia Sloan, graphologist, will give a talk Monday evening, March 28, on the science of reading character from handwriting.

Miss Sloan's lecture will follow a dinner arranged for 6 o'clock that evening in the National Defenders' Room. The dinner price is one dollar.

After dinner Miss Sloan will discuss her subject, and then, from specimens of handwriting upon the blackboard, demonstrate her case. Guests at the dinner will be privileged to write upon the board and be publicly "read" by the graphologist. City Club members and their guests are invited.

Annual Membership
Meeting—March 14
12:15 O'clock
Cafeteria

●

85 Cents Per Plate

●

Members owe it to the Club and to themselves to attend

Mrs. William B. Hamilton, who will Be Chairman of the Private Collectors' Exhibit to Be Held at the City Club April 13 and 14

Private Collectors Will Hold Second Annual Exhibit

● Mrs. William B. Hamilton, chairman of the Private Collectors' Exhibit, to be held at the City Club, April 13 and 14, reports that already there is tremendous interest in the event and a fever of anticipation upon the part of members who are going to display their prized collections.

Last year, after the successful exhibit of Private Collections, members were heard to exclaim, "I didn't understand that we were privileged to bring our family miniatures or shawls or handcraft of various kinds. I thought the exhibit called for things which we had with our own hands assembled—such as stamps or coins or rare books. But it seems we may bring the collections which we *own*, regardless of who asembled them."

And so, with this wider understanding, the Exhibit promises to be even more interesting and beautiful than last year, the first of the kind under the auspices of the City Club.

Lovely old fans, laces, shawls, curious headdresses, swords and sword hilts, buckles of various kinds, autographs of famous persons, autographed photographs, old documents of historical value, exquisite embroideries, objects of art—the list is circumscribed only by the imagination of the exhibitor.

The dates are Wednesday and Thursday, April 13 and 14, and the place the City Club Auditorium.

Last year Mrs. Hamilton had the satisfaction of placing the exhibit in a setting of lovely old screens, shawls and flower receptacles and these in themselves were of much interest.

Grand Duchess Marie Lecture Postponed to Evening of April 26

● One touch of romance makes the whole world kin. At least that is the reason given by the managers of the Grand Duchess Marie when they broke the news to the City Club that their titled lecturer would not reach San Francisco on March 8 as scheduled.

"Because," said those managers, "the Grand Duchess wants to go to Europe to attend the wedding of her son, Prince Lennart of Sweden." Now it would have been supposed that the royal wedding, duly announced and widely discussed, would have been in the Grand Duchess' plans before she contracted to come to San Francisco.

It undoubtedly was in her mind, and she very much wanted to attend, but until the last moment it appeared that she was not to be permitted, for political reasons, to be present at the rites.

Because the Grand Duchess, since divorcing the father of her son, Prince William of Sweden, has been *persona non grata* at the Swedish Court. But the young Prince Lennart, because he is marrying a commoner without the consent of his royal grandfather, King Gustav of Sweden, is being married in London.

Which puts a different complexion upon things generally.

Prince Lennart and his fiancee, Miss Karin Nissvandt, wrote to his mother, the Grand Duchess, telling her of the change of plans and asking her to be present.

What could any mother do in the circumstances?

The lecture tour would have to wait.

No embarrassment would ensue by the Grand Duchess going to London—as it certainly would if she went to Sweden.

So the City Club, after its first astonishment that its plans for a lecture and supper party were to be postponed, has accepted the postponed date—April 26—under the same conditions as the March 8 engagement.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat continues to be chairman of the committee in charge and tickets sold for the original date are valid for the evening of April 26.

If any holders of tickets find they cannot attend on the second date, their money will be refunded—provided the tickets are returned to the executive offices of the Club before March 8, the original date.

And even the inconvenience is forgotten in the reflection that Everywoman must attend Everyson's wedding if she possibly can.

Mrs. Brown to Read Play at Drama Tea

● Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "Reunion in Vienna" by Robert Sherwood at the regular monthly Drama Tea, March 21.

That is, says Mrs. Brown, if the book arrives in time for her to prepare for the reading. So eminently "late" does she want the plays to be that she takes them "hot" off the press.

In case "Reunion in Vienna" does not arrive in time, she will read "Animal Kingdom" by Phillip Barry, only a day or two older than the other play.

Says Mrs. Brown, " 'Reunion' is a little naughty, but it represents the outstanding hit of the month. 'Reunion' is the Lynne Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Theatre Guild piece. 'Animal Kingdom' is decorated by the adorable Leslie Howard, and both of them are spritely comedy and most charming. 'Reunion' deals with a reopened 'affair,' and 'Animal Kingdom' deals with the artistic temperament."

Otis Oldfield

—BY BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● The zest and courage to adventure, which is necessarily a part of every artist's temperament is written large in the experience of Otis Oldfield. This California artist, who has carried our picturesque Telegraph Hill into the heart of the New York art world, through his intimate transcriptions of "life on the hill," was born in Sacramento, California, in 1890.

As a small boy he began work with a printer, and later on a ranch in Battle Mountain, Nevada, he milked cows and cared for the favorite mustang of the rancher. Although he had never seen a real painting he dreamed dreams of becoming an artist, of an art training in New York and Paris. He was first told of an art school in San Francisco by an engineer on a railroad train with whom he rode from Nevada to Montana. In an eating house in Missoula, Montana, he washed dishes, served over the counter, and finally was promoted to second-cook. Next he became lunch-boy on the Coeur d'Alene branch, running into Wallace, Idaho, where he found both friends and foes among the lumberjacks.

When he had saved enough money he came to San Francisco to study at the little art school at Bush and Franklin, under Arthur Best. He continued there for a year and when his earnings gave out took a job as bell-boy, which finally led him to the Cliff House, where he became check-hat boy. Hat-checking at the Cliff House in those days paid well. With funds ahead, Oldfield began to think of Paris, and in 1908 he set sail with a suitcase and no passport.

His student years in Paris was spent at Julians Academy on the Rue Fontaine. Impressionism was in its infancy. Among his comrades were Marcel Roche, Andre Dignimont and Luce. The young art students of that group considered themselves rebels, read Zola and Gorky, were the first to fly the red flag, and to exhibit at the Salon d'Automne and the Independents.

At the outbreak of the war, Oldfield enlisted as an interpreter in the Fifth Corps (French) which saw heavy fighting in Belgium, and in 1916 he was among the first to receive the French War Cross. At the end of the war he spent two years in the Pyrenees, painting.

After twenty years of living in France as a Frenchman, he returned to San Francisco, and the first time he came to the Galerie Beaux Arts in Maiden Lane, accompanied by his friend, Ralph Stackpole, he seemed entirely a foreigner. He says himself that readjustment to life in the United States came slowly with difficulty. His collection of paintings he had brought from abroad were exhibited that season at the Beaux Arts gallery, and for a time the director became his only banker. His drawings in the exhibit attracted the attention of the newspapers, and the young artist joined the art department of the *Call*, from which he resigned later to take a position as instructor in the California School of Fine Arts. Oldfield's work as a teacher brought a fresh note to the art work produced in San Francisco. The clarity of his exposition of construction and form through color sequence crowded his classes.

His wedding to one of his students, Helen Clark, which was held one November night in Ralph Stackpole's stone-cutting yard behind the studio, was one of the most colorful events remembered by the art colony of San Francisco. Huge pans of fire mounted on the top of the surrounding walls flared against a clear night sky. The altar, set between half-hewn sculpture, was a rough slab of wood. For decoration, instead of flowers, there were brilliant colored fruits and vegetables of California. The service was read by Reverend Ohloff before an assemblage of beaux vivants of San Francisco. People from the world of art, music, and society, stood in the hush of California starlight held by the unique simplicity of the setting. Later there was Maynard Dixon to serve across a counter in real mining-camp fashion.

The third season that Oldfield "exposed" at the Beaux Arts, Walt Kuhn happened into San Francisco to hold an exhibit in the same gallery. His interest in Oldfield was immediate. One day returning from the studios in Montgomery Street, he exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "I have found an artist in San Francisco who has something personal to contribute, and I am going to help introduce his work in New York when I return."

The following year Oldfield held his first New York exhibition at the Montross Gallery. It was a decided success. His medium was watercolor drawings, and for the most part his subject matter dwelt with the life about his home on the top of Telegraph Hill. Beneath his little porch played "The Kids." His first pictures of boats in the Bay were made from his windows with the aid of powerful binoculars.

The vessels that came in and out of the Golden Gate became an obsession with him. Lured by their romance, he visited the ships from the largest Asiatic liner to the smallest onion boats that bring the scallions down from the Petaluma creek. He wandered along the waterfront talking to the sailors. He could tell you of every boat that sailed the Bay. As his acquaintance grew, he took trips on hay barges up the Sacramento River, and last year he sailed on the three-master *Louise*, a codfish schooner, on a trip to Dutch Harbor, Fox Islands. The result of this trip is an exhibition of drawings in wash or water color, giving us intimate glimpses of the life and men on the *Louise*. These are to be shown at the Galerie Beaux Arts beginning March 7, and are the most important drawings of this character that Otis Oldfield, artist adventurer, has yet produced.

Variety is the spice, and Otis Oldfield, who relates his art work to life, this time has given us a tang of the salt and touch of the sea.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Vocational Information Guidance Busy in Abnormal Times

—BY MRS. EDWARD RAINEY

● Year by year the scope and field of Vocational Guidance Bureau's valuable service to the community widens.

As the work of the Bureau becomes known and its value recognized by the public-at-large, more and more it is called upon, not only by members, directors and officers of the City Club — friends and strangers — but by colleges, schools, social agencies, vocational bureaus, personnel departments in organizations, as well as consuls, English-speaking union, clerical and domestic agencies. Notwithstanding organized public and private agencies interested in women and the situations in which they now find themselves in the abnormal conditions existing today, the work still grows.

Women who have previously held responsible well-paid positions have been let out, while others, sheltered and protected until recently, are now endeavoring of necessity to fit themselves for some work which will provide them a living. Then too, young women out of college—well trained, lacking experience—are trying to place themselves in the business world, while high school and junior high students are examining the field for future employment. Is it any wonder that director and committee members have been asked to meet many and difficult emergencies? To the former has been the task of handling, adjusting, building up morale of applicants; while the latter have been occupied with the problems which now confront those interested in the modern woman and her place in the social and business world of today.

As a logical outgrowth of this work, the committee called Dr. Lyman Bryson, Director of Adult Education for the State, to lecture under the auspices of the Club, in October. He stated what in his estimation were the problems, causes, and possible solutions, that today must be recognized. The lecture was preceded by a dinner, which brought together a group of eager, attentive and thoughtful people; well known in the country as those keen in their sense of responsibility toward public welfare. The talk was the high spot of the year, followed as it was by a spirited discussion which lasted for some time. It is the hope of the committee that later we may be able to have Dr. Bryson as a leader for some Round Table discussions.

Honoring Miss Winifred Hansen, Director of Vocational Service, Los Angeles, a dinner was attended by seventy-four, which included the President of the Club, Chairman, Committee Members — with representatives from Berkeley, Stanford and San Jose, and leading women of Oakland and San Francisco. Discussions, relative to the work, took place at all the tables, which became general at the end of the dinner.

Other interesting visitors to the Bureau during the past year were Miss Phillips, Walter Hines Page Scholar; Miss Frimm, personal director for Guggenheim Co., New York, and Miss M. Chamberlain, Professor of Economics at Oregon Agricultural College. A visit to the Telegraph Hill settlement was arranged for Miss Phillips.

Among the phases of cooperation were the following: Talk by the Director before high school girls at Homewood Terrace; visit with Mills College class to Fairmont, Alameda County Farm; advised Junior League in choice of program for provisional members; represented Club at Travelers' Aid Annual Meeting; California Rehabilitation Association Luncheon; Employment session at San Francisco Center; Conference of Social Work at Berkeley; Luncheon Meeting, School of Commerce, at University of California, Berkeley.

To give statistical results of the work is impossible. There were, during 1931, 1281 visitors who made use of this service. As an outgrowth of contacts made at Stanford, many of your younger callers were drawn from this source. But what figures can hope to give any picture of what really goes on in Room 212? What human interest centers in this small office which can only be known to the director, for all who come must feel absolute confidence in her. Closely as she works with her Chairman and Committee in consulting them on policy, and discussing with them the problems arising, never have we felt that a confidence has been betrayed. No monthly or annual report can give details of the work carried on. In order to familiarize directors and members with the policy and work of the Bureau, I plan, during the coming year, to invite a small number to meet with the Committee at its regular session, which is held on the Thursday preceding the Board Meeting. I feel that this broadening of interest will be of value to all.

City Club's Periodical Health Examinations to Be Held April 18 to May 3

● Again has the date of the semi-annual Health Examinations of the City Club been set.

This semi-annual service, offered by the Club to its members, will this year be extended April 18 to May 3, the rules and general conditions of other years to apply, examinations to be at the Club, as usual.

The place of Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, deceased, on the committee in charge of the examinations has been filled by Mrs. A. M. Meads, a new member of the City Club board of directors. As Dr. Romilda Peroni, Mrs. Meads was for seven years medical examiner of women at the University of California, and is of high reputation in the medical world.

Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman of the City Club committee on Periodic Health Examinations, has expressed herself as eminently pleased that Mrs. Meads has consented to act on this committee.

The examining staff remains the same as last year. It is only a diagnosing body. It does not treat physical disability if it is found during the examinations.

The Club extends this service to its members as a piece of service to the community, as to the extent that it is used by members is it warder of the public health.

To periodically take stock of one's general physical condition is to take the most certain means of insuring one's health, for incipient diseases may thus be surprised in their first stages and eradicated.

Organs showing wear and tear or general debility may be built up to excellent tone.

We have our teeth examined semi-annually.

We take care of our complexions, our finger-nails, our figures and our general appearance.

Is not the health of the body, the interior machinery, quite as important and eminently entitled to periodic appraisal?

The old adage about the ounce of prevention applies in this case very aptly, as many City Club members who have in the past availed themselves of the privilege of the examinations will testify.

If the examining physicians find malady or organic disturbances the person examined is recommended to go straight to her own physician.

(Continued on Page 30)

EDITORIAL

● When twenty-nine members of a board of thirty-one directors are present on a cold and raw Monday morning and vote unanimously for a president and her cabinet it speaks well for the confidence reposed in that president.

Especially one who has served three terms in an organization which, in normal times, holds for rotation in office.

Such was the tribute paid to Miss Marion Leale when, February 15, she was elected to serve her fourth term as president of the City Club of San Francisco.

Other officers elected at the same time were:

Mrs. Payson J. Treat, first vice-president;
Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., second vice-president;
Miss Marian Burr, third vice-president;
Miss Georgia Fenwick, recording secretary;
Mrs. Marshall Dill, corresponding secretary;
Miss Emma Noonan, treasurer.

The two directors absent from the election session were Mrs. Paul Shoup, who is in Europe, and Miss Margaret Zane, who is on the Atlantic seaboard.

It was an inspiring meeting, say those who were privileged to be present, for there was remarkable unanimity, not only in the election of officers to shape the destinies of the Club for the next year, but in all matters of policy affecting that course.

A forecast of the coming year, more detailed than that given at the board meeting of February 15 will be given at the Annual Membership Meeting Luncheon of March 14.

It is hoped—and expected—that there will be a record attendance at this luncheon, for this is one of the events of the year when reports of committees for the last twelve months are made, and, insofar as it is possible, the coming year's activities are outlined.

Aside from the business aspect of the Membership Meeting it has a social flavor, an atmosphere of camaraderie and devotion to the same interests. It is one of the occasions when the solidarity of the Club is most apparent.

Last year the annual meeting was accompanied by a buffet supper and the experiment proved satisfactory. However, it was deemed advisable to have a "sit-down" luncheon served by the dining room staff.

It is a matter of policy to alternate day and evening meetings each year.

The luncheon will be served in the Cafeteria and, if necessary to accommodate an overflow, in the small dining rooms off the Cafeteria.

A number of groups of four and six are arranging to sit together at the luncheon and tables may be reserved. The charge is eighty-five cents.

At this affair the member will be impressed again with the enthusiasm and acumen which pervades the administrative departments of the City Club.

The board meeting of February 15 gave an anticipatory glimpse of that. It manifested complete confidence in the leaders and applauded the foresight, the broadness of the vision and selflessness of the group which has administered the affairs of the Club in the last year.

Day by Day

(Continued from Page 8)

The Easter Buffet Table will be unusually attractive with decorations suitable to the occasion.

April 13 and 14 are the dates for the second Annual Collectors' Exhibition. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Chairman of the Exhibit, announces that because of the Washington Bicentennial the scheme will be Colonial and Pre-Colonial in character. Members who have heirlooms of that era are asked to communicate with Mrs. Hamilton through the Executive Office.

Old furniture, china, pewter, laces, samplers, costumes, documents, pictures and the thousand and one things that have a bearing on that period will be attractively displayed.

Please decide what you are going to send and let us know, as the whole picture will hinge on the loans.

On Thursday, March 10, at tea-time, Miss Leale will be in the Lounge to talk to interested members.

Miss Leale would particularly enjoy meeting some of the new younger members.

Once a month (the day to be announced later) she will have luncheon at a large table in the Cafeteria.

Members are urged to bring their trays to her table, get acquainted and join in constructive discussions of the Club problems.

Again let me remind you of the *Annual Meeting*. This year it will be preceded by luncheon in the Cafeteria, for it is the policy of the Club to alternate luncheon and dinner meetings so that all may have a chance at least once in two years to attend the meeting.

> *Tables should be reserved in advance and luncheon will be served from 11:45 to 12:30, and the reading of the reports will begin as soon as everyone has been served.*

The reports will be short and to the point and we will try to adjourn the meeting by 1:30 o'clock.

Last but most important! You have received your statement of 1932 dues payable March 1.

Will you do your part by sending your check before March 12, so that we will not have to send a second notice—the cost is considerable when several hundred members delay or forget.

Martha Washington

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

● Martha Washington was black; no mixed shades, just black. Whenever Martha called herself "an ole black nigger," my little brother used to say, "No, you are just a dark person." But she wasn't; she was black. My mother was a Kentuckian and although our home was in the north, we always had negro helpers about the house. Martha was the cook in our house when we were children, five of us growing up; five of us and the dog, Tom, our water spaniel puppy that grew along with us. Tome really saw Martha first.

The day she came we children were playing in the side yard when Tom suddenly pulled out from under a pile of us and darted out of the gate and away down the street. Martha was coming along slowly with a black bag in one hand and the other holding tight by the wrist a little darky boy of about six who was as black as she was. To our great surprise Tom, instead of jumping up and barking as he always did with strangers, was trotting sedately along holding the edge of her dress very gently in his mouth as though helping to carry some of the load, the way he always did when he ran to meet my mother.

We all stood and watched her come in at the gate and go around the side of the house to the back porch. The little boy stared at us but Martha didn't seem to notice us. She wore a bright blue dress with big white buttons all down the front, and a black lace hat that hid some of her eyes. She had a pair of gold rimmed spectacles on her flat nose and the hat seemed to have pushed them nearly to the end. That wasn't it at all, as we discovered later. She didn't "need 'em to walk wif, jes to read de Bible wif, but I likes to keep em handy like."

She and the little darky boy went through the screened porch into the kitchen. Tom stayed right on the mat with his nose pressed against the screen. We hung around the steps, trying to coax Tom out and hoping she would come out again. At last at five o'clock she came, all in a stiff white dress and with a white handkerchief tied around her head, the glasses still on her nose, and the darky boy in clean white waist and trousers. She sat down in the rocker and took the little boy on her lap. Tom stayed right close to her chair and she patted him and he tried to lick her hands. We were all looking in at her from the steps, wondering what to do next, when she began to smile. She began with just a little grin and then it got bigger, and pretty soon she was laughing softly and rocking back and forth; then she chuckled and the little boy began to grin; before we knew it we were all through the screen door and crowding close around her, while Tom tried to nose himself into her lap.

"Well, honeys, I spose you all belong to yer maw; she's a fine maw; dis my little boy; I'se his maw. He ain't gwine ter stay all de time, but I jes brung him along fer my refrunce."

We didn't know, all of us, what that meant, but I had heard father say to mother that morning to be careful about the new cook's references, so I, being thirteen, supposed that this little black boy must be important. Then we asked her what her name was.

"Well, chilluns, I'se Martha Washington now an' dis is Willie Washington. He dun named fer his good fer nothin' paw." That startled us deliciously. "I'se got four chilluns an' dey all's got diffrunt names, cause I dun hab de worstest luck wif husbands." She smiled more broadly at that, so we were not afraid of that disclosure! "Dey all die jes from de laziness, all but Willie's paw, an' he's shorely on de way to de grabeyard frum jes settin' an' smokin' his pipe. But dey all dun begat me fine chilluns so I ain't quarrelin' wif em."

Her use of scriptural words was always so much clearer than anything we ever heard in church. There was nobody dead in the Old Testament for Martha; Noah and Job were "de quarest ole critters I ever knowed, honey, jes de quarest; one so fraid of gettin' wet, an' de oder one alwis a-moanin' wif de misery; two o' my husbands war jes like 'em, jes as like 'em as de par a' animals in de ark."

I have never heard anyone tell the story of the crucifixion of the Christ as Martha told it. She took us back to that little village where that other Martha lived and she told us in the most marvelous and tender detail everything that happened that last week, and everything which she, with her richly imaginative mind, thought might have happened. But she never spoke of the ast hours. We followed her out the road to Calvary and she got the two thieves firmle on their crosses "war dey belonged"; any then she would say—"an' now we all gwind back, chilluns, war we come frum, caus dere's some wicknesses in dis yere ole worl yer dun't want ter look at, spesully wen dey's hurtin' someone dat yer ker about. I dun't think dat Gawd meant us fer ter look, cause He blew up a turrible thunder an' lightnin' storm right out o' Jeroosalum so as folks could see dere wickness in a big black cloud like."

On Sundays Willie came to spend the day with his mother "an' larn de scriptures caus his paw's jes an' ole rascal about de Bible." Once in awhile the old darky that "begat" Willie came after him late in the evening but it was always too late for us to see him. Once I stole down the back stairs in my night gown but I only found Martha rocking in the dark on the back porch smoking her corn cob pipe. That was quite a thrill because I had never seen her do it.

"Laws sake, honey, how you scare me." She leaned over and pushed Tom away a bit from her rockers. "Here I is tryin' to fergit dat silly ole nigger wif his triflin' ways wif a little draw o' tobaccy an' a nice little white missy cotch me;" and she put her pipe under her apron until I hugged her and went back to bed.

We loved her; we couldn't help it. She entered into all our neighborhood fights and always on our side, with her broom or her mop pail of dirty water; many a time the neighborhood bully got a full pail right in his face suddenly from behind the screen door where Martha squatted and bided her time. My mother used to remonstrate with her and tell her she must let us fight things out for ourselves; then Martha used to roll her big eyes and say, "Ain't you dere maw? Ain't I yore cook? Well, den, I pertects de chilluns in dis house an' de dog, too, wen de need come. De good Lor' help de fellers what helps deyselves, dat what de scriptures say."

So we always felt that if we could swing the fight into our back yard we'd have Martha and the Lord to help! But sometimes we'd get beaten in other yards, and then we'd make for Martha. I can smell the starch on her white dress now, as she'd rock and rock me and mutter awful things under her breath and hold me tight while I sobbed the hurt feelings out on her shoulder. Sometimes she'd say, "If you chilluns jes behave as good and as smart as Tom, you wouldn't get in ter so much troubles."

But she never let us end in tears. She'd let us cry for a time and then she'd stop suddenly and say, "Honeys, what do you think ole Martha saw today?" And then she'd tell us a funny story about some trifle and we would be laughing, and then would come some good things out of the pantry, and the defeat would end in seeming victory for our side. I guess it was victory according to Martha's philosophy because she'd say, "Honey, never let de fellar what's licked you hear nothin' but cheers from yore side ob de' fence."

She liked to fool us and to scare us a little at times. On Saturday afternoons early she mopped her kitchen floor, and then went upstairs to clean herself. Somebody would forget and dash through, leaving marks of his small boots on her spotless floor. Martha would come down later and sit by the kitchen table with her apron tossed over her head; when she'd hear us coming, she'd begin to rock herself and moan, and cry under her apron; when she knew we had all gathered and were standing at a frightened distance from her, with Tom whining pitifully at her knee, she'd sob out, "You all jes treat me lak a dawg. I'se gwine tell you maw on you. Yes, I is. Tom don't never come in my kitchen an' leave dirty marks; jes you bad chilluns." We were always fooled; each time we thought she must be in earnest, and we would press up close and try to pull the apron away, promising never to do it again. In a flash, she would drop the apron and jump at us with a shout and a chuckle that would thrill us beyond anything. But we would remember the kitchen floor for a good many weeks.

Martha had been with us five years when the first real tragedy came to us children. I was quite a young lady then but it would have broken my heart if Martha had called me one. I was her "big child," that was all. Tom, our beloved and loving dog, got hurt in such a cruel way. He was lying on the front porch one dark summer evening when a great Dane who lived some two blocks away from us came by with his master and pounced upon poor Tom. Before my father and the master could drive the Dane off, Tom had been terribly wounded. He died that night. Mother was away on a visit, so it was father who told us the next morning just after breakfast. He asked us not to go down into the basement where Tom lay. I heard father go to the telephone and call some city office and report the death of the dog and ask for its immediate removal.

Martha's kitchen was soon filled with all of us, crying and talking excitedly and unreasonably, I am sure, about what we were going to do to that great Dane. Martha didn't say anything, and she couldn't seem to smile either, and that was almost as big a calamity for us as Tom's death. Martha had always before found a way out for us. My little brothers were crying because they couldn't bury Tom in the backyard; an awful dog wagon was coming for him and he'd just be dumped in it and taken off any old place, the way the dog next door had been when it died last year.

Presently Martha slapped the griddle iron down on the sink board and turned on us. "Chilluns, you hush a while. Old Martha gwine to help you, but you got to do you part. When de dog man come, I gwine right out on dat porch, and I gwine say dat it was all a mistake like; dat he mus' hab de wrong number an' de wrong street; dat we ain't got no daid dog here; I'll fix 'em. An' when you paw come home an' ax wedder de dog man comes you say 'yes,' but don't you say no more. I don't think you paw'll ax you no more atter dat; an' tonight wen it's black dark, I'll take old Tom out to my place in Jimmy's little wagon and Willie's paw'll make him a fine grave—an' bye and bye when you maw come home we'll tell her."

I suppose it was the drama that caught us all. We entered into it with zealous righteousness. We stood, a frightened but quiet group, in the kitchen while Martha did her part superbly on the porch. She made her lies perfectly wonderful and startling. There wasn't any dog in that house; all the folks were away; she was just the caretaker looking after things; she wished her folks did have a dog and some children too; she was mighty lonesome-like, and so on, until the man went off laughing around the side of the house and Martha held her finger up to her lips until the big wagon rumbled off down the street.

It was a terrible day of suspense for all of us but Martha. She seemed sure of her course. Father came home and asked just the question Martha had said he would ask and we followed orders and answered just yes; and he, thinking we were all too broken up over it to talk about it, said no more, but talked of something else. It was quite late that night when Martha pulled the small express wagon around the house with a clothes basket on it. Father was still sitting on the purch, but he thought she was taking some of our washing home for Violet to do, so he said nothing, of course, as Martha often did that. He didn't know, either, that five faces were pressed against the screens in the big windows in mother's room upstairs, watching that white figure disappear.

Mother came home two days later in the afternoon and none of us knew how to tell her anything beyond the fact that Tom was gone. Martha didn't seem sure of herself. "Don't hurry, honey, don't hurry, the Lord'll tell us how to span dis trouble, don't hurry." Then father came home for dinner looking rather puzzled. He called mother into his study and talked to her alone. He never did that unless something worried him.

Just as we ended dessert, while Martha was bringing in the coffee, father pushed back his chair a little from the table, lighted his cigar, and then looked around at each one of us. We looked at our plates. Then he said, "Children, something strange has happened. A man telephoned my office this afternoon and said that when the man on the dog wagon came here three days ago, he was told that there was no dead dog here, that the people in this house were away——." Martha was standing right by the screen before the pass pantry door, staring at father. When he got that far, she stepped back into the room and stood by mother's chair and I could see her white apron sort of trembling.

"Yes, I dun dat, sir. I dun tole him jes dat. I'se glad dar's one male man what can tell de truf. I jes tole him to clar out wif his dog wagon, an' I dun tole de chilluns I'se gwine to bury Tom decent like in my own back yawd."

Then we all began to talk at once, and pour out our grief, our rage, the story of Tom's burial, and our warm defense of Martha, because she had begun to sob into her apron. Father didn't speak. Mother's eyes were full of tears; then she turned and, putting her hand on Martha's shaking ones, said, "That was a beautiful lie you told, Martha dear, and we all love you for it; but you see you broke a law. People can't bury animals around in their back yards. It would never do."

"Missy," Martha stopped crying and stood as straight as her squatty figure could, "I didn't bury no animal in my back yawd. I buried Tom, what I hear yo' call many times de best chile you got cause he always mind you wifout argy-fyin'; he never talk back, he jes obey and wag his tail. I bury him lak he my chile, too; he used to lick my pore ole hands lak he love me; I didn't bury jes a dawg, no, Mam, I buried Tom, an' he's folks." . . . The next Christmas we each found in our stocking one of dear Tom's silky brown curls tied with a red ribbon.

I came home from college for my first Easter vacation that year and I was sitting on Martha's porch one evening having a real talk while she smoked. That she was willing to smoke her corn cob with me there was, alas, the sign that I had "dun growed up." We talked of many things in my daily life at college that she loved to hear, and finally we spoke of Easter.

"Do you believe in the resurrection of the body, Martha?" I asked.

She puffed her pipe in silence for some time. "Wall, honey, I looks at it dis way. I suttinly don't believe in de ressurrekshun of de body, cause de scripture says de worms eat dat all up; but I does believe in de ressurrekshun of de dead." I was a bit surprised at her distinction, but I waited; I knew from the way she rocked that she was thinking slowly but surely.

"You see, chile, so many folks livin' in dis wuld ain't never been alive yet. Dey's dead. I don't know how it happen dat way, but it shorely do. Now dey got to live sometime. Dey don't need no body. I don't want to eber see dis old black body in Heaben. No, I don't believe in no ressurrekshun of de body, but I'se believin' in de ressurrekshun of de dead."

An Orchid if You Guess the Writer's Name

My Dear Jane,—

I told you when you left for your trip East, that I would write you of what was going on in our Clubhouse, during your absence, for well do I know how much you will miss all the fun and revelry that occurs each day, yes, each hour of the day, in your beloved Club.

I have decided to make each one of my letters to you a complete description of some one particular activity which may stand out in my mind, so this month, after the little party we had last Friday night to the Swimming Pool, I shall elaborate on that for your delectation.

As you know, before you left, the Committee had inaugurated what is called "Family Night" in the Pool. Its very name is intriguing, don't you think? You will remember how many times we have expressed the wish that we might take friend husband along with us, to enjoy the Pool, for, after all, we do know that it is about the finest Pool in town, and somehow, I've always felt selfish, and I know you have, whenever we've gone in for a swim, and wished that the better half of the family, who loves his swim equally as well, could share it with us.

Well,— the clever committee in charge of the Pool certainly had the same reaction, and the notices that appeared on the bulletin board of the "Family Night" in the Pool, have attracted much attention, and patronage. And, if the Club members ever get the big idea I had last week, and have as good a time as we did, well—the Pool is apt to be a bit crowded, that's all. It is such fun—I can hardly wait for you to get back so that we all may enjoy it together, and with that thought in mind, I called up the better half of your family, and asked him to join us last Friday night, and, did he enjoy it? Just ask him. But, no doubt he has already written you about it. However, even though that is true, I'll go into detail for you, for I'm sure all he gave you were the "high lights."

You know, the Committee went to great expense to buy new swimming suits for the men, and, as they are of the same color and design as our own, of course, they are pretty snappy looking. And, when you see your handsome husband clad in one of those new suits. diving off the board, you will get a thrill, I can tell you. I know I did—twice—once for your husband and once for my own. And, the fun those men got out of it! Of course, we know that they all have their own Club Pools—the Olympic, the Elks, the Y.M.C.A. and what have you—but, that's where we get ahead of the men—we can take them to our Pool, and they can't take us to theirs.

It's getting to be quite a Club fad, too, to go early for a swim, and then go up to the dining room and have dinner, and, it surely makes about as pleasant a way of spending an evening as you could find anywhere.

I know, on that particular night we went, it was rainy and cold, and coming in from the wind-swept streets to our cheerful, bright, warm Clubhouse was a thrill in itself, and then, to dash into the Pool, and have a swim in that warm, luxurious water, well—its just almost too good to be true. And, the lovely part of it is, that having so much less money to spend this year, in comparison with former years, the cost is even less than to go to a movie. As for dinner, well—one must eat anyway, and where could you go for a better dinner for the price, than Miss MacKenzie serves you in our charming dining room.

You know, my dear, I thought when you went away on your trip, to be gone the whole winter, that I envied you, but I find that after all, staying at home has its compensations, and I am telling you right now, that having our Club as a pastime, and playground, is a pretty big compensation. There are so many things going on under our Club roof-tree that one could, might I say, keep busy right there, and go nowhere else, and yet encompass every sort of a pastime and playtime they care to indulge in. There is not a day passes, but there is some vital thing that's sure to be of interest to one.

You will be thrilled when you return, for the Spring programs look vastly interesting to me. However, I shall keep you posted right along as to all that is doing.

I must get to the real gist of my letter though, and go back to our family night at the Pool, and give you a detailed account of it all, so that you may have the picture in your mind, and, if you have had any more delightful evening, even on your most exciting party, I shall be surprised.

We asked Claire to go along, to take care of your husband. She is, of course, one of the best, in swimming, as well as loads of fun. We all met in the Lobby at 5:30. My husband was a bit skeptical, as he always is you know, about Women's Clubs. He kept up a running fire of talk as to the marvelous merits of the Olympic Pool. For once in my life, I kept still, said nothing, except to myself, which was "Oh let him rave, but wait until he sees OUR Pool." When the attendant gave us our suits, I saw my husband's eyes rather shine as he felt the texture and noted the style. "Some suit this, dear. You do yourselves proud, eh?" And a little later when he came prancing down to the showers, his face was beaming—"I say, old dear, this is a snappy suit—wonder where they got them." (The good old buyer's instinct coming to the fore!)

The next comment came from your husband as he came dripping out of the shower, "Say Kath, old girl, those are SOME showers—big and roomy—you can turn around in them without scraping your elbows, and boy, what a stream of water—it nearly knocked me off my feet," and, turning to my husband, he grinned, saying, "These women don't do themselves so badly, eh what?"

The Pool was not very crowded, in fact on that particular night there were not more than twenty-five in all, and we surely had the swim of our lives. The men were like a couple of little boys, and enjoyed every phase of it, from the diving boards on. The next ejaculation came from my husband, when he came out of the shower, wrapped in his sheet—"This isn't a bad idea, is it,—a warm sheet, after your shower. Maybe the men's clubs can learn a bit from you girls, after all," which made me smile, for, when in their lives, couldn't men learn something from their women, I'd like to know. But, I was too tingly and happy and thrilled for any snappy comeback; I just grinned at him and said, "Had a good swim dear—Glad you came?" and —that was that.

Claire did some beautiful fancy diving, and got quite a thrill out of it—it was her first time on our Pool, so I must admit I strutted a bit, having three outsiders to whom I could show off.

We talked of you, and missed you, but the last thing your husband said was, "You bet when Jane gets home I shall see to it that she invites me to swim with her here, at least once a month; this has been a corking evening. Glad you thought of me."

And so with our bodies glowing, our little tummies well filled with good food, and our spirits high, we wended our way down Post Street, and on to the Ferry, for home, and one little Club member was gloating to herself over her plan for a happy evening, which more than fulfilled its purpose.

Have a gorgeous time, old dear, and don't forget to visit a few Women's City Clubs whenever you get a chance—just to get a bit snooty, you know, when you compare them with your own home Club.

I will write you again next month and tell you of what else is doing under the Club rooftree.

Affectionately,

February 25, 1932. KATH.

This is the Place to Get Capable Workers of All Kinds

—BY MARY H. HUTCHINSON

● The Employment Aid in the Western States Life Insurance Building, 995 Market Street, has been in operation for the last three years and has made a special work of securing employment for "older" men and women, that is, approximately, women past 35 years and men past 40 years of age. These ages are taken because they are the ages past which men and women are less fit for the machine labor processes and are therefore thrown upon the market in large numbers.

When I was engaged in the direction of the Citizens Committee relief work for the unemployed women last winter, we compiled statistics of the ages of persons in need of relief and found that 65 per cent were past the age of 40. Numbers of women of this age had been out of employment for so long that they were forced to accept relief last winter and since. Those of us who had been giving special attention to employment for older people foresaw two years ago the present predicament of these people. We saw large numbers of older persons receiving only occasional employment, who were underemployed because new machine processes of labor, plus the cyclical depression, were forcing them out of the labor market.

The bulk of labor activities today is made up of standardized machine processes which require precision, accuracy, and above all, speed. The tempo and strain of these processes wear the worker out in a short span of years. Most men are useless to the machine after 40 years of age (there are always exceptions, to be sure). In commercial life, office practices are equally exacting and women and men are thrown out of employment in their forties because they are untrained in some new fandangle of modern office procedure.

There is a certain percentage of men and women to whom the machine process is entirely incompatible, either for physical reasons or for personal psychological reasons. Many women abhor the machine-like work they are forced into. They have said to me, "I do not want to do such exacting work any longer; it is wearing me out. I prefer to take a smaller salary at a job I like and which does not demand so much of me." This is why we now find trained business women who choose to go into home work, or some personal service, where the grind and strain is not so great.

It is to be hoped that at least one benefit may result from the business depression, namely, a slowing-down of the terrific tempo of life which we have lived under in the past 15 years. I believe we are slowing down a bit—I think I see it in certain phases of our lives. Let us hope we will learn something and that industry will operate the machine in compatibility with man's capacities and not allow the machine to destroy man at the prime of his life.

Not long ago I placed a young woman in the home of a friend. She had been a factory worker for ten years. Yet she was essentially a home-loving person, cooked a delicious meal and enjoyed setting a house in order. Her factory work had helped to train her in orderliness and exactness. She is making a splendid household employee and finds an emotional outlet in the presence of a baby in the house, that is far richer than any factory life could give her.

It is estimated that there are now 25 per cent of the normal working numbers out of employment. Visualize that situation if you can! If in normal times the middle-aged have difficulty in finding employment, it is made infinitely more difficult for them by the present depression. San Francisco is doing a remarkable piece of work in caring for her unemployed, but no city can possibly give what one would call "adequate" relief at this time, with no state or federal to help out. Food, clothing and shelter are the prime necessaries. The city provides food—no one need go hungry. Clothing of a kind can be had. But what about shelter? It is the money for rent that is most desperately needed now. Every day I hear the refrain "My rent is weeks overdue. I'll be put out soon. I must have just enough work for at least my rent." Picture the position a woman is placed in, unable to pay her landlord, unable to move, helpless. The function of the free employment agencies in the city is to find enough work, little jobs of any kind, to provide for the rent for our unemployed.

Housewives! Employers! who read this article, please send us in your jobs. Three dollars will pay a week's rent for a single woman. Won't you pledge yourself to provide a week's rent to an unemployed woman. If not that much, then one-half week's rent. Every dollar helps. I know many women now living on $30 or $40 a month—some of whom formerly earned as high as $150 and more.

We will send you only efficient workers (to the best of our ability to judge). No matter how much the need for work, we do not send workers to a job for which they are unfit. We stake our reputation on this. Good workers are plentiful now. A job well done is the first factor in all employment.

Employment Aid has been successful beyond the hopes of the public-spirited citizen who originated the idea and founded the office. Many people who for one reason or another had arrived at the point of desperation have been set on their feet again, and the work of the organization has justified itself repeatedly, in rehabilitated people, in restored confidence and fortified independence. Let us do everything we can to maintain the independence of as many women as possible over this calamitous period. By giving them enough employment at one job and another, no matter how small, we will enable them to hold on to a decent standard and come through with their colors flying.

City Club Motor Corps New Departure of Volunteer Service

● A division of the motor corps of the City Club has been in operation since before Christmas as first aids to the Associated Charities. Two days each week, shifts of four women each with their cars have been at the beck and call of the social workers. Their duties are not arduous. They drive the workers from house to house to make their calls, and while waiting for the errands to be completed, there are many welcome opportunities for snatches of reading, sewing or even letter writing.

While enabling these regular workers to cover much more ground than they otherwise could, their compensations are numerous. The appreciation of these workers is great and very genuine. To be able even in so comparatively small a way to assist in comfort and time saving, the fine women who are doing so much, at small personal gain, to alleviate the distressing conditions in the city is most inspiring. The knowledge unconsciously absorbed of the needy situations and of the inside workings, showing how they are met by a great relief organization, is very broadening.

The efficiency and the loyalty of the women who have been driving are testimony to their enjoyment and satisfaction with this type of service. However, this is not a closed corporation. Anyone wishing to add her name to these privileged members is urged to call Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., EVergreen 5020, or the executive office.

Incidentally, they are given credit for regular Volunteer Service in the Club.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD; Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed; The Bobbs Merrill Company; $3.50.

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN: *by Christopher Morley;* Doubleday, Doran & Co.; Garden City, N. Y.; $2.00.

VERSE: LIFE'S BAZAAR AND OTHER POEMS: *By Edith Hecht;* Ben Franklin Press, Daly Seeger, Ltd., San Francisco.

● Letters from Joseph Conrad; Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Autobiographies are usually written for the reading public and seldom convey that warmth of delightful intimacy which one finds in letters written for the eyes of one beloved and congenial reader. Furthermore, autobiographies are generally written a long time after the events have taken place, and very often lack the spontaneous awareness that one finds in letters written when the sensibilities of the writer are at white heat.

There is a delightfully intimate and spontaneously natural picture of Joseph Conrad revealed in his letters to Edward Garnett, to whom he writes: "The innumerable multitude for which I write falls naturally into two parts. One is composed of Edward Garnett and the other the rest of mankind." One is privileged indeed to be able to read what Conrad has written for the one person whom he valued so highly, and to whom in a later letter he says: "I am conscious of having talked with you so openly all my life that you have nothing more about me to learn."

Lovers of Conrad will find new meaning in his stories when they know the travail in which many of them were brought forth. "You are right in your criticism of 'Outpost.' The construction is bad. It is bad because it was a matter of conscious decision, and I have no discrimination in artistic sense. Things get themselves written—and you like them. Things get themselves into shape—and they are tolerable. But when I want to write, when I do consciously try to write or try to construct, then my ignorance has full play and the quality of my miserable and benighted intelligence is disclosed to the scandalized gaze of my literary father. This is as it should be. I always told you I was a kind of inspired humbug. Now you know it."

The letters intimately reveal Conrad's inmost feelings about his family, about the gout which was such a sore affliction, about the bills that were always due, about the troubles with his publishers, and his deep concern over the critical opinions in regard to his writing, the real purpose of

which was so seldom understood. There is a warm humanness in even the most gloomy accounts of his failure to satisfy the ideal that burned within him. He reveals that same sense of haunting fear of the abstractly ideal of which "Lord Jim" is an expression.

What could more vividly portray the soul of Conrad than the following: "Dearest Edward: It was the instinct of what you have discerned with your unerring eye that kept me off 'The Rescue' for twenty years or more. That—and nothing else. My instinct was right. But all the same I cannot say I regret the impulse which made me take it up again. I am settling my affairs in this world and I should not have liked to leave behind me this evidence of having bitten off more than I could chew. A very vulgar vanity."

Book lovers owe Edward Garnett a great debt of gratitude for sharing with them his treasured collection.

● Swiss Family Manhattan: by Christopher Morley.

Christopher Morley is versatile as a chameleon, and charming in all his phases. In all the years that we have pleasantly known him, he has never disappointed. Romantic, whimsical, delicately humorous, he adds to all these gifts another achievement, the mastery of beautiful prose.

The list is long. In his fiction we hark back to "Where the Blue Begins," "Tales from a Roll-top Desk," "The Haunted Bookshop"—and who has forgotten our discussions of "Thunder on the Left"? The very titles of his essays are whimsical: "Mince Pies," "Pipefuls," "Travels in Philadelphia," "Off the Deep End," "Seacoast of Bohemia"—just to sample the list. His verse often shows the tender side of the man—"Songs for a Little House," "The Rocking-Horse," and half a dozen others, for he has been a prolific writer. We recently reviewed his quite delightful meditations in the biography of "John Mistletoe."

In this last volume, "Swiss Family Manhattan," he becomes more frankly humorous, but still with the whimsical touch which sets him apart and above, somewhat different from the other fun-makers.

A ponderous, statistical little Swiss clerk, chief of the "Bureau of Available Reference," League of Nations, at Geneva, finds himself somewhat overworked with his filing cabinets, and his half-finished book on "The History of Human Reason"—of which "nothing remained to do but the compilation of the index. This was to be no abecedarian catalogue of items, but a cross-referenced synthesis of the whole argument. "The printer was clamoring for the manuscript. But I did not wish to part with it until I had minutely reread the whole text, and drawn off on cards an alphabetical index of its contents. I needed several peaceful days to study and arrange these cards at leisure. At that very moment we saw the advertisement of the Ten-Day Air Cruise."

So, on the impulse of the moment, they set forth in the great airship—Papa, his good Gretchen, Fritz and the little Otto.

"But our modest baggage was neatly packed; Gretchen had not even forgotten the bicarbonate of soda and the syrup of figs that meant so much to a sedentary student. I felt definitely that the voyage marked an epoch in our lives, and cheerfully I paced the little glassed-in promenade deck. It was wrong, I thought, that we whose lives were spent in international affairs had never before travelled away from the Lake of Geneva and could speak no language but Swiss."

(Note: It would, I think, be a cheerful little book to give to our ardent friends of the League of Nations. We take the League very seriously in these crucial times. It is good to find a laugh somewhere!)

A great storm arises, the airship is blown from her course, drifts and is wrecked. The little family take to an "emergency balloon-raft," which is "blown like paper on wild torrents of air." "After hours of scudding, darkness closed around us. Then, with a fearful shock, we collided with some massive obstruction. We were catapulted sprawling into what seemed to be the topmost lattice-work of a tree of steel. By the sense of touch alone we pushed and pulled one another away from dangerous edges."

Came the dawn. They were "perched above a sheer cliff of stone mountain-high. A smooth precipice of a thousand feet stretched down into the pale mist below;

in that cloudy morning we could not even see the earth. On every side were other stony pinnacles, fantastically shaped in pyramids and ledges; narrow gorges and defiles ran intersecting in patterns of rock. The purpose of the strange erection in which we had been cast I could not guess; it was an intricate jumble of metal beams and platforms, tall enough in itself to horrify the timid. I gazed astonished upon the monstrous panorama. I thanked God that we were hardy Swiss, accustomed to mountaineering and Alpine heights."

Thus began the adventures of the ingenuous little Swiss scholar, and his more practical family, among the inhabitants of the barbarous country of the City of New York. Looking dizzily down from the edge of their platform, they "began to see signs of activity below them. What we at first thought to be large apes were clambering about with slow but effective agility, balancing undisturbed at gruesome heights, hoisting and swinging great branches. Fritz, with his sharper eyesight, insisted they were workmen, but I thought it wise to avoid close contact with them." So they pulled up the ladder to their platform to protect themselves.

Fed by food stolen from buckets, housed in a little tent made from a lucky piece of tarpaulin, they communicated by signs with the "anthropoids" below, and effected an exchange of his one bottle of brandy, swung down by a string "unravelled from his fine rugged Jaeger union suit" for two buckets of lunch.

But this is murdering the book, and missing the fine points! No one could quote the first adventurous climb down into the canyons below. Nor the meeting with Gazelle, the practically minded flapper. Nor the personally conducted lecture-tour, with its personally dictated lectures, prepared by Gazelle in a strange tongue, and memorized *en masse* by the obedient lecturer—with a resultant ingathering of coin! Nor the tragedy when he returned to his windy domicile, prepared to take his family to Gazelle's home—to find "only the little tent, Otto's safety rope, the empty lunch baskets, even the scribbles on the floor where the boys had played tit-tat-toe with a piece of chalk. There was no distress signal, and no trace of violence; but the family was gone."

Came acquaintance with Flaming Youth and the night life of New York. At long last, some friend told him of a new speakeasy which was said to be unique. It was reported to be different from most in that it was not modernist in decoration, but occupied a shabby old house in an unfashionable region, and was distinguished by simple cordiality, modest tariff and notable cooking. "We squeezed into Gazelle's yellow car, and drove down town to the address given us. The door was defended by a massive wooden barrier. But a small movable panel was most significant to the experienced. The procedure was one familiar enough in the lives of literary people. One rang a bell, whereupon the panel was slid back from within, and an inquiring eye appeared at the hole. Imagine the shock, the joy, the amazement, when in the small circular aperture appeared an eye that seemed strangely familiar. There was a scream and it vanished with a thud. At last the barrier was removed, and I held the swooning Gretchen in my arms."

Finale: The raid of the speak-easy, and the blasting of the learned lecturer's reputation, to the horror of the innocent Gretchen, who had been under the impression that she was running a German beer garden. But they are living happily ever after, in a League of Nations Filling Station on Long Island, where "the bright flags of all countries flutter in the warm Long Island breeze and attract much attention.

"To run up the flags every fine morning, to put out the bottles of oil where they gleam like carafes of wine in the sunlight, to see the great tide of comedy pour by, and be busy without painful thinking—this is my idea of peace."

● Verse: Life's Bazaar and Other Poems; by Edith Hecht.

The talent of Miss Edith Hecht, who is a member of the Women's City Club, has been demonstrated more than once by the charming Christmas verses which she has presented to the Club at the Annual Talent Festival. Club members take a special pride in the work of their own, and they will be interested in the volume of verse recently brought out by the Franklin Press, in its quiet dress.

The poems are quiet, too, and there is more of thoughtfulness than of lilt in them. They are the work of one who has thought much, lived much, seen much—and suffered, I should think. The book is dedicated "To those of My Immediate Own (including My Beloved Childhood Nurse and Also My Lifelong Friend, Estelle Bachman) who have Preceded me to the Shadow Land)." The shadow of that grief overlies many of the pages. There are happy verses, too, but one could wish that more of them had been written in the sunshine.

There are some delightfully reminiscent bits of description drawn from travel-days: "Northward Through Prussia in Autumn," "The Wooden Crosses on the German Roads," "Weimar," "To a Transplanted Egyptian Obelisk (Paris)," "To a Seville Girl," "Irish Love Song," "Flirtation in Wales," "Moonlight in Asia." There are several that hark back to the Great War, and stir our own memories: "Mobilization, 1914," "The Blame—Where?" "Life and Spring (May, 1918)," but particularly "The Mothers of 1914."

Most musical, perhaps, is "Gardens of Samarcand (Santa Barbara, California)," where

"The white swans swim and preen
On the calm, pellucid pool,
With its lilies, drooped and cool."

But most poignant are the lines "To Annie," who must have been the "Beloved Childhood Nurse":

The hands that toiled for us rest now.
The heart that beat for us lies dead.
In deep, dumb grief I bow my head
Before those dear, worn hands: now still
In marble majesty of Death;
Thy work-seamed hands, with gnarled veins,
That never ceased, whilst thou hadst breath,
To strive and do for us—"thy babes."

Oh! steps unceasing on untired feet—
Oh! sleepless nights of care and fear—
Thy love unwearied, constant, sweet,
Thy words of comfort and of cheer—

Dear heart, I cannot stand and gaze
Upon thy work-worn hands, now still,
Because of blinding tears.

In very much lighter vein is "Flirtations in Wales":

"The man stepped out of his motor car,
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.
The maid had eyes that gleamed like a star,
What else could a sensible fellow do
But ask her the road to Kenneth ap Gar?
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.

His cap in his hand, he bowed full low;
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.
The maid tried telling him how to go,
And this is as far as he managed to know,
Though she tried full oft, and tried full slow,
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.

He tried with English, with Greek, with French,
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.
His motor is sticking still in that trench;
His brow has a knit, his fist has a clench;
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.

Her eyes still gleam like stars divine
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.
But he craves his dinner and glass of wine;
Her orbs for him have lost their shine,
For men like to flirt, but like better to dine,
At Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.

Yet each Welsh word takes an hour to say,
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.
Till the sentence is done he can't get away.
I think she'll be finished the first of next May;
Morgan ap Herrig ap Llewen ap Hhu.

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● March with its sunshine and showers, its biting winds and soft summery days, will bring us Lent this year with all its denials. Easter and its joyous awakening! And Spring in all her glory!

Easter is our promise of better things to come. It is our spiritual renewal. As the days of meditation slip by, give more thought to others, especially the less fortunate. Try to evolve ways and means to lighten their burdens. Help to provide employment—not just give alms. Follow His example in making man self-respecting. If you must say no, or turn some one away empty handed—do it graciously and with a smile. Oftentimes that means far more than financial assistance grudgingly given. Make this glad season one of real joy for everybody!

Delicate pink and white fruit blossoms, fragrant violets and golden daffodils are nodding a happy welcome to Spring. In our hearts, we too long to cast off the garments and cares of Winter and the worries and sorrows of everyday life, and like the children of Nature, burst forth in gay apparel and happy moods.

Do what you can toward bringing this happy state into being. One need not have an abundance of worldly possessions, just an understanding heart. Let this diversified month of seriousness and joy bear fruit in a keener appreciation of the worth-while things in life.

Requests for meatless dinners, the holiday service and bridge luncheon menus have been received. As the Easter dinner was very thoroughly covered last year with accompanying recipes, this time that meal will not take first place, but space will be devoted to members' requests.

Dried vegetables such as peas, beans and lentils make excellent meat substitutes. Any of the paste family such as macaroni, spaghetti and noodles combined with milk and cheese offer a different service. And fish—fresh or canned, dried or smoked—may be prepared in such appetizing ways that even those who dislike even the name will enjoy the appetizing dish.

Vegetable loaves containing nuts have a meaty flavor. With a main course of this type, a chilled tomato cocktail or a hot cream soup should supply the appetizer. Have the salad of fruit, plain or molded. Hot breads such as biscuits or muffins add much to the meal. A dessert is unnecessary, as the fruit salad may supply both courses, but if the family insist upon a sweet, a fruit whip would blend nicely.

Fresh or canned crabs are delicious deviled, and baked in a large dish would simplify the work of preparation, though the shells are intriguing to the woman who is willing to go to extra trouble. Served creamed, or curried over hot rice, crab or shrimps offer appetizing one-dish meals. Shrimps, creole, is another pleasing dish. A combination vegetable salad and a cottage pudding with whipped cream or hard sauce makes a filling dinner with a main course of this type. Smoked fish such as finnan haddie—the filets or whole fish (from which the skin must be removed) simply sauteed in butter, gets away from the usual creamed service. Hot buttered toast, creamed hominy, the sauteed fish and string beans, will please the most particular. A dessert is a matter of choice, though canned fruit and cookies or a floating-island pudding add a tasty finish to the meal.

Lamb, chicken and ham vie for honors for the main course of the Easter dinner. Some do not think the meal complete unless a fowl is served, while others much prefer a leg of lamb or perhaps a crown roast, yet the busy homemaker will find that a baked ham is more economical and requires less effort in preparation. The following menus offer a choice of main courses with suitable accompaniments:

Celery Jumbo Olives
Fruit Cocktail
Roast Lamb Currant Jelly
New Potatoes Fresh Peas
Stuffed Eggs
Strawberry Ice Box Cake Coffee

* * *

Ripe Olives Stuffed Celery
Tomato Cocktail
Fried Chicken Cream Gravy
Riced Potatoes Green Peas
Easter Salad
Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee

* * *

Endive Salad (Cheese Dressing)
Cream of Tomato Soup
Baked Ham Cinnamon Apples
Candied Sweets Buttered Asparagus
Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee

Luncheons Easter week to precede bridge usually carry gold, white and purple tones in table decorations and food, though many choose the Spring motif with pastel-hued blossoms and delicately colored foods. A menu for the first color scheme would be a fruit cup served in orange or grapefruit baskets, placing the fruit on purple lace doilies to cover the china plate. Following this an entree and chicken under glass, creamed or molded into a salad, served with new potatoes and glazed carrots, offers one main course; while broiled Frenched chops, the same potatoes and sauteed corn offers something different. With either, a grapejuice gelatine molded in egg shells would continue the purple in the foods. Or an Easter salad of deviled eggs molded in lemon jelly could be served instead. A frozen custard tinted with vegetable coloring to a golden shade and served with petits fours iced in yellow; or an orange ice box cake for dessert.

If pastel tones are preferred have a fruit cup of diced avocados and white grapes for the appetizer, or clam bouillon with a topping of whipped cream. With this it will be necessary to have either a creamed dish, chicken, shell fish or tuna. New Potatoes in parsley butter and peas for the vegetables. A molded grapefruit jelly containing pears stuffed with cottage cheese is delicious and attractive also. Any ice box cake such as strawberry, pineapple or orange, or a frozen mixture—a parfait, sherbet or mousse, or vanilla charlotte russe—would serve nicely to complete the menu.

Now for the recipes:

Vegetable Roast: Mix one cup each baked beans, canned tomatoes, corn and boiled rice with one medium-sized raw potato, chopped; also two cups of bread crumbs, one tablespoon minced onion, two teaspoons salt, pepper to suit taste, three tablespoons of butter and about one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce or to suit taste and one egg, slightly beaten. Oil the pan well, form the mixture into a "roast" and bake one hour in a slow oven, basting about every fifteen minutes with a little hot milk.

Shrimps, Creole: Have ready one quart of boiled shrimps. Then put one-half can each of mushrooms and French peas, one-fourth can of tomatoes, three cloves, one bay leaf, two tablespoons catsup, one onion, sliced, and salt and pepper into a casserole and let cook slowly (stew) for one half hour, then add the boiled shrimps cut into small pieces. Serve at once and while very hot.

Lentil Nut Loaf: Soak one-half cup of lentils in cold water for twelve hours or over night; in the morning, drain, cover with fresh water and bring to a boil. Drain again and cover with fresh water, cooking until tender. Drain once more, discarding the water and rub the lentils through a colander. To them add one-half cup of roasted peanuts, either ground or chopped, one-half cup of toasted bread crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper and enough milk to give the mixture the consistency of mush. Put into a well-greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn onto a hot platter and serve plain or with any preferred sauce.

To Make a Strawberry Ice Box Cake: Soak one-half envelope of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes, then dissolve by placing cup in a pan of boiling water. Strain and add to one cup of fresh strawberry juice and pulp, adding also one tablespoon of lemon juice. Lastly, add one-half (or more) cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Place pan in bowl of crushed ice or in refrigerator until mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one and one-half cups of stiffly whipped pastry cream. Place this filling in a mold lined with split lady-fingers, covering the bottom and sides with the cakes. Cut off the ends that rest on bottom of pan so they will stand evenly, using the tiny ends to wedge those in the bottom. Repeat the layer of cakes and filling until the mold is filled, have a last layer of cakes, and over this place an inch topping of sweetened and flavored whipped cream, with a whole strawberry at equal intervals, so that each serving will have one for decoration. If gelatine is used with the whipped cream, the entire dessert may be made a day in advance; otherwise, do not add cream until a short time before using.

Yellow Angel Cake: (Nice Easter dessert.) Sift one cup of flour with three-fourths teaspoon of cream of tartar, four teaspoons of cornstarch, and one-eighth teaspoon of salt, five times. Have ready a syrup made by boiling one and one-fourth cups of sugar and five tablespoons of water until it will thread. Pour over seven stiffly whipped egg whites, then add the beaten egg yolks and lastly fold in the dry ingredients. Flavor with one teaspoon of any preferred flavoring or strained orange juice. Bake for one hour in a slow oven. Frost with a white icing, flavored with grated orange peel.

City Club Member's Pictures to Be Shown in Memorial Exhibit

● A memorial exhibition of paintings by the late Mary Curtis Richardson will be held at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, beginning March 9.

Mary Curtis Richardson was a member of the City Club from its beginning and a charter member of the San Francisco Art Association.

Mrs. Richardson's picture, "Girl in Yellow," hung in the City Club dining room for several years and was always much admired by laity and artists alike.

* * *

Oh, pity those who loved and lost;
On those who knew none, smile;
But weep for those who had a love—
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The Princess They Christened Babette

—BY SOPHIA MORRIS KENT (MRS. WILLIAM KENT, JR.)

[Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Babette, youngest of three princesses, whose mother died at her christening, lived with her sisters in a Castle-by-the-Sea. Her father, King of Cordain, commands her to wed a wooer. Babette has run away. She comes to Elvaren Castle, where she remains for a year as a page. Then she leaves there, Keef the gardener accompanying her. They come to a "haunted" house. Babette discovers the ghost to be an outlaw and when she asks the mayor for his pardon, the latter decides to accompany her, Keef and Robert, the pseudo "ghost," in search of adventure. They meet Trajan, the Whistler, who joins them, and the group kidnaps a poet, Alvain. They come to a castle. Trajan breaks a rule of the menage and is imprisoned. Babette has connived at his escape, dressed as a maidservant.]

The guard was disposed to be genial. "The pail's too heavy for you," he said, and, taking it out of Babette's hands, he filled it and turned to her. "If I carry it back you must pay me with a kiss."

Babette looked around quickly, to see that Trajan was in the shadow, and, shaking her short black curls, she answered: "Not till we reach the kitchen door."

"Now, by my life," exclaimed the guard, looking down at her admiringly, "that's a poor bargain! I'll have two kisses, one now and the other at the kitchen door."

Babette figured that if she could once start the guard back with the pail, she and Trajan could slip round the curve of the wall and run for the trees before the guard could miss them. At any rate she must start him back toward the kitchen.

"As you please," she said, and held up her face.

But she hadn't reckoned the course Trajan's delirium might take. Just as the guard was bending toward the little scullery maid he received a terrific blow on hi cheek, and reeled back from a gigantic female with blazing eyes.

"Help! Help!" he cried, and fell upon the Whistler.

"Trajan!" cried Babette wildly, "don't stop to fight him! Run, run! It's too late—they're coming! Oh, run, run!"

Trajan seized her hand and they began to run, but his skirts kept catching him up, and it was useless. Seven or eight of the castle men surrounded them and dragged them back. Lights began to appear in the castle, and in the kitchen a crowd collected, and the Lady Constance herself appeared, swathed in a scarlet velvet cape. It was a queer sight—a group of half-awakened, half-dressed court people, crowding in at the doors, some startled servants holding candles aloft, a majestic scarlet-cloaked woman staring at a little maid who leaned panting against the table beside a tall, disheveled half-female, half-male object.

"And we have been disturbed for *this?*" Lady Constance scornfully cried when the guard had explained. "He shall be flogged in the courtyard tomorrow at ten!" She turned and would have swept from the room, had Babette not caught hold of her skirt. "And you," continued Lady Constance, glaring at Babette—"you shall lose a month's wages for this insolence!"

At ten next morning the whole court was assembled in the courtyard, where Trajan was to be publicly flogged. As a rule, floggings were such common affairs that nobody was interested, but somehow the handsome squire's misdeeds, combined with the pretty scullery maid's actions, had interested the entire castle. Babette, standing with the other servants, was twisting her hands round and round each other, trying to think. When the Whistler, looking very handsome and unconcerned, was brought in by three guards, Babette ran up to where the Lady Constance sat in judgment.

"You can't *flog* him—you can't! I—"

"Take her away!" commanded Lady Constance.

But Babette went on: "He didn't steal, I know he didn't—I tell you he didn't—I give you my word for it!"

"I am offered the word of a scullery maid!" her Ladyship exclaimed sneeringly, lifting her eyebrows. "Flog him—instantly!"

Babette turned in horror to where the Flogger, thong in hand, was advancing toward the Whistler. Trajan to be *flogged* publicly! Babette's hand tore at the bosom of her dress as if for more air. Her hand encountered the ring that always hung around her neck, and she suddenly knew what to do. Just as the Flogger raised his whip aloft, Babette cried in clear, commanding tones:

"Stop! Lady Constance, I demand the pardon of that man as my right! As Babette, third Princess of Cordain, I command it!"

The crowd gasped, the Flogger's whip fell to the ground, and Lady Constance leaped to her feet.

"What are you saying?" she cried.

Babette haughtily threw her head back, and, taking the ring from about her neck, extended it to Lady Constance. The crest of Cordain was unmistakable. There followed a wild hubbub, and ensued explanations, apologies and protestations, cries of wonder, laughter and general talk, and Babette was led by Lady Constance into the castle. As for the Whistler, he turned his back upon the crowd and walked off.

CHAPTER VII

Babette

For four days Babette was so fussed over and questioned that she had time for nothing else. The court dressmaker immediately produced a horde of wonderful satin and velvet gowns. Lady Constance and the court ladies spent hours adorning her; the courtiers all fell over themselves

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to wait upon her; and messengers were dispatched to the King of Cordain. And Babette liked it—she liked it very much. In the Castle-by-the-Sea she had had luxury with boredom; at Elvarnen, work without luxury; and even during her gypsying she had pined now and then for feminine adornment.

She shook her head delightedly to feel the long earrings beat against her cheeks, and she would sit down suddenly to hear the billows of satin rustling about her. She was in one of the large stone rooms of the castle all by herself, taking quick little steps and turning abruptly to see the swish of her turquoise-blue train, when she saw the Whistler watching her from one of the large doorways.

"Trajan!" she cried joyfully, running up to him. "Isn't it wonderful? See my earrings! Did you ever know I was so pretty?" And she laughed merrily.

"You are very beautiful," answered the Whistler, looking at her short black curls, caught in a curious coronet of filagree silver and turquoises.

"If only Keef and Robert and Tobar and Albain and Guilder were here!" lamented Babette. "They've been gone so long! Let's start out tomorrow to find them. Oh, wasn't it lucky I remembered I was a Princess!"

Trajan bowed gravely. "I cannot express my gratitude to your highness adequately."

Babette stared. "You may joke all you like, but—"

"I am far from jesting—your highness."

"Trajan," said Babette, sharply, "don't talk to me that way. What's the matter with you?"

"I am afraid," seriously returned the Whistler, "your highness does not understand that things cannot go on as before—"

"What do you mean?" Babette's great gray eyes looked alarmed.

"You are Princess of Cordain—and I—I am Trajan, the Whistler—"

"But I've always been a Princess!" cried Babette. "I couldn't help that!"

Trajan's mouth twitched with the flicker of a smile, but he looked at the floor and answered: "People thought you were just Babette. Do you imagine that Tobar or Robert, for example, would assume the responsibility of vagabonding with a Princess?"

"I suppose not," thoughtfully agreed Babette.

"Your highness must see that there is a difference."

"But you were all my friends!"

"We shall always be your highness's most devoted admirers, ready to do your slightest wish."

"But — but — ohoo!" Babette's voice trailed out a sigh, and she turned away and went slowly out of the room.

Next day came a messenger from the King of Cordain, announcing that the King, himself, accompanied by his daughters, Geraldora and Clemencinia, would arrive at the Castle of Sordavia, and further announcing that Trajan Alcarmadan, Prince of Lavarre, Grand Ruler of Perth and Sordavia, upon hearing of Babette's appearance, had again demanded her hand in marriage.

"He still wants to marry me?" wonderingly asked Babette of Lady Constance who had delivered the message.

"They say that he is more than ever determined to marry you," declared Lady Constance, smiling. "He is coming here with your royal father."

"What is he like?" asked the Princess, in rather lukewarm tones.

"He's very wealthy and powerful," said Lady Constance, "and will surround you

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with everything you could ask for — because he is in love with you."

"I wonder if he'll sing about it," said Babette absently.

Lady Constance was puzzled. "I don't understand. Sing what?"

"Oh," answered Babette, making a vague gesture, "in the springtime, you know."

Lady Constance looked still more puzzled.

"I'll ask the Whistler," cried Babette, and straightway ran from the room and outdoors.

She found the Whistler in the castle garden, on his knees digging. The damp spring earth had begrimed his hands, arms, his green baize suit, and even streaked his face, but Babette suddenly thought, "He's handsome even when he's dirty," and she said aloud, coming directly to her point:

"Trajan, do you remember the man named Trajan I ran away from because he wanted to marry me?"

The Whistler sat back on his heels. "Yes, your highness."

"He—he *still* wants to marry me," woefully went on Babette. "He's coming here with my father."

"Your highness is much to be congratulated!"

"He must be in love with me," thoughtfully said Babette, sitting down suddenly, rose-colored silk and all, in the mud beside Trajan, "because if he has simply wanted *any* Princess with money and lands he would have married Geraldora or Clemencinia."

"Undoubtedly, but your highness will ruin your gown if you sit in the mud."

Babette was too concerned with a new idea to bother about clothes. She curled her feet up under her.

"I—I don't think I'd like to have him making love to me." Her little jeweled hands began idly to crumble the soft chunks of earth about her. "I didn't mind your doing it. I got sort of used to you, but I don't think I'd like anyone else to."

The Whistler gravely dug a hole. "There is much to be said in favor of habit," he remarked.

Babette looked at him a little wistfully. "You used to sing some very pretty songs."

Trajan became concerned about the size of the hole.

"I suppose you wouldn't remember them well enough to sing again."

"Oh, I remember them well enough," answered Trajan, "but it's a different thing making love to Babette, the gypsy, and Babette the Princess. Think of all the titles and jewels and lands and importances in between!"

"You couldn't love a Princess?" Babette asked.

Trajan got to his feet. "Your highness is making sport of me. Why, even now it is contrary to all rules of Princess'y behavior that you should be talking to me, much less sitting in the mud beside me."

Babeett rose, started to speak, and suddenly turned and ran out of the garden.

Upon the evening when the King of Cordain was expected, the Whistler, clad in his suit of rough green baize, stood on a balcony that opened off the big hallway and looked at the stars. The room was dark except where the moonlight made a pathway between the great stone pillars. Far away, from the big assembly room, came the sound of music interspersed with laughter.

"Trajan!" said a voice suddenly, and, turning, the Whistler saw Babette standing beside a pillar. She was dressed in a white gown that rippled and sparkled with diamonds, and from out of the dimness of her short black curls, diamonds shot little sparks of fire. As she stood there in the moonlight against the great stone pillar she looked very little and frosty.

"Trajan — you — you loved Babette, didn't you?"

"Better than anything else in the world," promptly answered the Whistler.

Babette's fingers were playing with a diamond bracelet on her wrist. "And if Babette hadn't turned into a Princess — you'd still be in love with her?"

"I'd still be in love with Babette," agreed Trajan.

"Trajan," Babette's fingers pressed the diamong bracelet into her wrist and the color mounted to her cheeks; "Trajan, I must tell you something. I—I—lied. I'm not a Princess nor a King's daughter, nor even of royal blood. I'm just Babette. To save you a flogging I pretended I was, and they believed me. But I've been fooling you all—I pretended it to you, too—but when the King comes tonight I'll be found out, and—" Babette caught her breath, "— and I'll have to run away. — So will you—and—and—you'll take me with you wherever you go, won't you, Trajan?—because I'm not a Princess—I'm not! I'm only Babette. Oh, don't you see—?"

Trajan didn't need any more explaining. For an instant he towered over her, laughing, and then white satin ripples and diamonds were suddenly lost in an enclosure of rough green baize.

It was decided that Babette should put on her boy's costume while Trajan fetched his gray stallion, and then they would ride off. Trajan knew of a little ivy-grown chapel not far away where they could be married.

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Pension Fund over $760,000.00, standing on Books at	**1.00**

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Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

About an hour later the kindly old priest of the ivy-grown chapel married a tall, roughly clad young man to a little dark-haired slip of a girl dressed like a boy. Afterwârd, while the priest was occupied with fixing one of the candles, the Whistler and his bride were about to sign their names in the church records. Trajan said:

"Just for fun let's sign our names as if you really were the Princess Babette of Cordain, and I the Trajan Alcarmadan you were to have married. It's only first names that matter anyway in marriage, but it will be a great joke to imagine the priest's face after we are gone!"

Babette laughed, partly because she thought how Trajan had accidentally hit upon the truth—she would have to keep the secret of her birth from him always, she decided—and partly because she was so happy that she would have signed any name the Whistler had suggested.

So she wrote, "Babette, Third Princess of Cordain," and handed the pen to Trajan, who, with a broad grin on his face, signed, "Trajan Alcarmadan, Prince of Lavarre, Grand Ruler of Perth and Sordavia."

Outside again, in the warm spring darkness, the Whistler set Babette on the saddle in front of him, and as they rode he sang to her all the songs he had been making up since they last rode together with Robert and Keef and the others. And when he tired of singing he whistled and whistled, until Babette suddenly straightened herself up in the saddle.

"Trajan!" she cried, "We've ridden right back to the castle!" and she pointed to the Castle of Sordavia, which confronted them, a blaze of lights.

Then the Whistler's conduct was most extraordinary. Instead of answering, he dismounted, lifted Babette from the saddle, and started to lead her through the castle gate.

"Trajan, are you crazy?" cried Babette. "We mustn't go in there! I won't! I—Trajan!" for the Whistler had picked Babette up in his arms, and in spite of her struggles was carrying her into the castle.

Babette, infuriated, continued to kick and squirm, but suddenly found herself set down in the midst of the great assembly room. All the lights were lit, and vast crowds of people—more than had gathered here early in the evening—surrounded Babette. Everyone seemed to be looking at Babette and smiling at her, but she was so dazed that it was a full minute before she saw the majestic figure of the King of Cordain, and beside him Clemencinia and Geraldora.

"Keef!" she suddenly cried, "and Robert—and Alv—Hazaron—*you?* And—and —Tad?" For there they all were—Keef and Robert—Tobar and Alvain and Guilder, and Tad, and all the twelve knights of Elvarnen, all smiling and bowing before her.

Babette's knees felt very unsteady, and she reached her hand to where Trajan had been standing a little behind her, but he wasn't there—and, searching, Babette saw him talking unconcernedly to her royal parent. The King of Cordain had laid a majestic hand on the Whistler's shoulder; Clemencinia and Geraldora were smiling at the Whistler; people were looking at the Whistler; people were *bowing* to the Whistler; and the Whistler was laughing!

"I think," said Keef in his slow voice, "Babette's going to faint!"

Instantly the twelve Knights and Babette's companions rushed toward her, but Trajan, unceremoniously pushing the King of Cordain aside, reached her first. She didn't faint, but hung on very tight to the Whistler, who, bending over her, was saying:

"Will you forgive me, Babette? I can't help being a Prince."

And then Babette knew—knew what anyone else but Babette would have suspected long ago, that Trajan the Whistler and Trajan the Prince from whom she had run away were one and the same Trajan.

Then Trajan told Babette how the horsemen had come back to the King of Cordain two years ago and reported that all they could find of the Princess Babette was a scarf along the cliff path, and how the King had supposed his daughter drowned. But when Trajan heard the story he hadn't believed that Babette was dead, and he had set out to find her. It had taken a long time, but after hearing the horsemen's tale about the boy returning from the fair, he had hunted up Tad and assured himself and the King of Cordain that Babette was alive. Tad had

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directed him to Elvarnen, and there he heard the Tournament story. It hadn't been quite easy tracing Keef and Babette, but he had found the Inn and guessed at the truth of the ghost story, and had followed them to Conningsby and after that had joined them.

"Then, all the time you intended to journey along with us," interrupted Babette, turning to the Whistler. "It wasn't just accident?"

Trajan grinned.

Lady Constance told how, when the company had journeyed northward in the springtime, Trajan had sent her, his sister, a letter by a messenger which he procured in one of the towns they passed through.

"Then," cried Babette, again interrupting, "Lady Constance knew all the time, and the stolen pearls and—"

"You see," put in the Whistler, "I knew you'd never realize you were in love with me until the possibility of losing me occurred to you and—"

"But did you plan the fight at the bridge?" Babette was confused.

"No," answered the Whistler. "That was a happy accident. But I found Tobar and the rest afterward and explained to them, and—"

"That's why you—that's why you—acted that way in the dungeon!" suddenly cried Babette.

"Are you very angry with me, Babette?" whispered Trajan.

Babette frowned, looked all about at her friends, and said: "I suppose I ought to be furious, but somehow," she added, smiling up at the Whistler—"somehow I'm not!"

There is no doubt but that Trajan would have kissed Babette shamelessly then and there, if the King of Cordain, thinking himself neglected too long, had not decided to speak. Glaring at Babette's gray-green boy's suit, he announced that a different costume would be more fitting to the Queen of Lavarre.

"Oh, dear," cried Babette, "will I—will I—" she seemed to be trying to remember some words—"have to 'conduct myself as becomes the Queen of Lavarre'?"

"Certainly," answered the King of Cordain.

"But *this* Queen of Lavarre," added Trajan, "will go a-gypsying with Keef and Robert and the rest of us as often as she wishes."

"And I would further suggest," announced the King of Cordain, ignoring Trajan's remark, "that you assume a more dignified name. Call yourself Barbara, for example."

"Oh, no!" cried Trajan. "I like Babette—it's so easy to remember!"

"Yes," cried Keef, much to the astonishment of the majestic King, "we *all* like Babette!" and Robert grunted and Alvain signed, and Tobar nodded his little bald head, and Guilder smiled, and the Elvarnen Knights smiled and bowed, and all looked as if they wanted to come up and speak to Babette and the Whistler, but the King of Cordain went on:

"Your sisters, Clemencinia and Geraldora, are about to be married very happily and successfully (here Geraldora flushed and Clemencinia smiled) and perhaps now—you see—Ba-Bette, that if you had accepted my judgment in the first place you would have been married to the very same Trajan without all this time lost in foolishness."

Babette's big gray eyes regarded her father solemnly. "Just the same," she said, and her voice was very respectful, "I think I like my way best!"

THE END

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● And now Santa Barbara is to have a Talent Festival. Inspired by the success, both financial and esthetic, of the Talent Festivals which the San Francisco City Club has held in the last two years, the Santa Barbara Club is preparing for one along the same lines.

The Talent Festival as such was originated in the City Club of San Francisco and so happy was the outcome of the first one that the directors at once began plans for a second one the following year. The popularity of that was so pronounced that it is probable that Talent Festivals will go echoing down the corridors of time as long as the City Club endures.

Following is a letter received by Miss Leale from Miss Doughty, executive secretary of the Kansas City Club, in December, which took a leaf from the book of the San Francisco City Club and had a signal success. Miss Doughty generously gives credit to the San Francisco Club for originating the idea and expresses appreciation of gratitude for suggestions given. The letter follows:

My Dear Miss Leale:

I sincerely appreciated your sending the information in regard to the Talent Festival.

Our letter to the membership explaining the project was not mailed until November 1, and as our dates were December 7 and 8 you can see we had very little time. But in spite of that obstacle we had over two hundred exhibits for display, and from

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the gifts we had a profit of over four hundred dollars—and that in spite of selling everything *very* cheap.

Our expenses were ninety-two dollars; so you can see we really sold over four hundred dollars worth of gifts.

I have told the financial side first, but of much greater value was the tremendous interest shown by members who had not been seen in the Club for years.

It was the most stimulating thing we have attempted for some time and I am most appreciative of your suggestions and efforts in our behalf.

The newspapers gave us splendid publicity and the Kansas City Star gave your Club credit for the suggestion. We told everyone the idea came from your organization, so that they, too, might know how wonderful a Club yours is.

Our tea room enjoyed greater than capacity popularity both days, as there was a steady flow of interested guests both days.

Oh, were you not dead tired when it was over? It took me a week to get rested.

I so often think of you and frequently quote you and I shall continue to hope that you will come this way some time soon.

Again, let me thank you for the Talent Festival and to you and yours I send all good wishes.

Oh, yes, dozens of members have told us to repeat the Talent Festival next year, as they understand it better and want to have a display next year.

Very sincerely,

CAROLYN DOUGHTY.

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Women's City Club

Motoring in Europe with Lysistrata

(Continued from Page 10)

Sienna because of the storm. In Florence our hotel window looked over that bridge, the "Ponte Santa Trinita," where Dante and Beatrice are supposed to have met. To us it seemed the most beautiful of the bridges that cross the Arno, because of its rythm.

Have you ever sat on the Terrace of the Piazza Michael Angelo at sundown and seen the Arno, a ribbon of molten gold winding its solid way Westward? It doesn't seem to be water at all, but a solid mass.

From Florence, via Pisa, where the tower leans more than any picture can show, it was a beautiful, very hilly, long, crooked 172 miles which took us through the Italian Riviera beyond Thiavari on to Genoa, where we saw a gorgeous sunset at eight o'clock. Our balcony overlooked the square from where Columbus took leave of Isabella. The masts of the fishing smacks still describe circles and half circles against the darkening sky in the harbor of Genoa.

The next morning early we started out on a drive that took us again along the Mediterranean shore. Close your eyes and imagine the high, cold, snow-capped Alps on the extreme right—the foothills are terraced and entirely covered with brilliant orange, rose, pink and red flowers that are harvested for their perfumes —we driving between and under peach and apricot trees in full bloom — and on the left the blue-green sea, its breakers whiter than any we have seen—across the Italian and French frontier where we had no difficulty at all. In Italy one pays no taxes, but pays toll on given roads. In France the tax is forty cents a day.

A beautiful sunset was our introduction to France.

Au revoir.

Health Examinations

(Continued from Page 14)

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You'd be surprised at the number of persons who told us they found this department helpful and interesting . . . and its advent just in March . . . and it's going to be more interesting as you make more use of it. . . .

now that we've come to April and showers and all such matters . . . our Aunt Samantha looks at the new shoes . . . Werner shows these low-cut sandal effects for women who . . . like our Aunt . . . must have something substantial, besides old Mother Earth, under foot . . . and of course, more conservative models in new styles for Spring . . . have a look at the Werner styles this week. . . .

while on the subject of things underfoot . . . those Persian and Oriental rugs that have been soiling all winter . . . the Chino-Persian native rug cleaners are adepts at the restoration of the original lustrous finish . . . that's really an art, just as much so as the weaving. . . .

something new we heard about this week . . . this Mayflower tapestry . . . so inexpensive and bearing the marks of quality . . . just one of those treasure-chest items that should grace a home . . . either as a chair covering or a wall hanging. . . .

which has nothing to do with the definition of an *Investment Counselor,* which we threatened to tell you about last month. . . . Mr. Lyon is a licensed I. C., whom the state considers worthy and competent to offer advice in the investment of funds and the retention or rejection of certain stocks and bonds. . . . he says, "In spite of losses and declines in values, there is no reason for hoarding when even for the *most timid* investor there are available bonds and notes of the United States of many kinds and maturities" . . . and if you know Mr. Lyon, you know that's a sincere statement of the facts. . . .

the pe-cul-i-ar animal in the little sketch is a cow going into the c-o-w barn to be milked, then the milk will be properly handled and sent to Mr. Romander at the

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more news next month. . . .

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

APRIL 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of each month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will hold her Current Event Section twice a month, on the first and third Wednesdays. Following her lectures there will be a continued discussion at a large table in the Cafeteria. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.
Conversation Classes—Fridays (New Class being formed on 15th) *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON
Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
Members may bring families and men and women guests.

HEALTH EXAMINATIONS—From April 18 to April 30, inclusive *Second Floor* 4:00 TO 8:00 P.M.
Appointments to be made through Executive Secretary's Office.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

April

1—April Fool Party (Guest Night) . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 7:30 P.M.

4—S. K. Ratcliffe—Lecture . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Subjects: "England's Silent Revolution," "A Nation Being Remade," "Old Roads and the New."
(All tickets reserved, $1. and $1.50.)

6—Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry . . . . . *Card Room* 12:00 NOON

7—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.
Subject: "Brothers" by L. A. G. Strong.

7—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Theodore J. Kreps.
Subject: Isubas and Chrysanthemums

13—Collector's Exhibit—Members and Guests . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

14—(Special $1.00 Dinner in Main Dining Room) 8:00 P.M.

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Lounge* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Walter H. Duane.
Subject: "George Washington with Family and Friends."

18—Health Examinations (will be held from April 18 to May 3, inclusive) *Second Floor* 4:00 TO 8:00 P.M.

21—Lecture by Rudolph Schaeffer . . . . . *Auditorium* 11 A.M.
(Members must present membership cards; fee of 50 cents for guests.)

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Dr. Frances A. Torrey.
Subject: The Use and Misuse of Cosmetics.

26—Grand Duchess Marie Lecture . . . . . *Auditorium and Third Floor* 8:00 P.M.
Subject: "My Old World Background as a Preparation for Modern Life."

Buffet Supper Honoring Grand Duchess Marie . . . . *Fourth Floor* AFTER LECTURE

28—Lecture by Rudolph Schaeffer . . . . . *Auditorium* 11 A.M.
(Members must present membership cards; fee of 50 cents for guests.)

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: W. T. Biscoe.
Subject: "A Tour Through Kipling Land with Side Trips to Burma and Ceylon."

29—Latham Foundation Poster Exhibit . . . . . *Auditorium* 10:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.
(Exhibition will continue for two weeks from April 29 to May 14.)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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VOLUME VI — APRIL, 1932 — NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

City Club Calendar 4
Frontispiece 6
President's Message 7
Annual Membership Meeting 8
Committee Reports:
Programs 8
Volunteer Service 9
House Committee 9
Vocational Guidance 9
Hospitality 10
Treasurer's Report 10
Reciprocal Relations 10
Activities Committee 11
Collectors' Exhibit and Talent Festival . . 12
Executive Secretary's Resume 12
Collectors' Exhibit This Month 14
Health Examination Blank 14
Editorial 15
Reciprocal Clubs 15
Health Article 16
Periodic Health Examinations 16
Ratcliffe Lecture April 4 17
Vale of Kashmir (Poem) 17
Club Announcements 18
Mrs. Mott's Letter 19
Ralph Stackpole 20
"I Have Been Reading" 21
Home Economics 26
American Women's Clubs in Europe 28
Latham Foundation Exhibit 30

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Dr. Adelaide Brown, charter member of the Women's City Club, who has been chairman of the Periodic Health Examinations Committee since the Club began that service to the community.

Dr. Brown is also Health Editor of the City Club Magazine and is acclaimed by San Francisco women as one who aligns her capabilities with progress and the common weal. The semi-annual Health Examination of the Club which begins April 18 is, as usual, under the direction of Dr. Brown.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

A CONVERSATION the other day with a businessman of this city whose wife is a member of our Club proved conclusively that the purposes and ideals of the National League for Woman's Service were unknown either to the man or the member herself. To them both our organization was just another club, to be treated as one would treat any exclusive club to which one belonged. The picture of this group with its record of over 22,000 hours of service in 1931, with its future program of an ever-widening circle of trained, efficient volunteer help to the community through regularly organized channels, was to this friend a new and exceedingly interesting vista, and his answer was, "After hearing you tell of it, I don't think my wife has any conception of all this."

There are two means of informing a membership, first by the setting up of an intimate association with the work of the organization, and secondly by an exposition of the organization itself through the columns of its authorized publication, in our case the Club Magazine. One of the encouraging things of 1931 for us was the constantly widening circle of the informed unit in our midst, and it is optimistically prophesied that the fiscal year just beginning will see more and more members sharing the responsibility through leadership and through active participation in the program.

Those who have joined and who continue to pay their dues—and in some instances their fine for not mailing their vote—comprise one of the finest groups in the country in terms of democracy and seriousness of purpose. They are members of the National League for Woman's Service because they believe that they are altruistic and because they are eager to be part of a program which converts the culture, education and idealism with which they have been blessed into terms of active service to others less fortunate or to others eager to learn by personal association the viewpoint of other women raised in an entirely different environment. This is why our Club is "different." We are many kinds of women, but we have but one ideal. And so, as a new fiscal year appears and new members are invited to take the places of those who have resigned or who have passed on to higher service, we welcome from the waiting-list those who have waited patiently to become one with us.

We no longer return an applicant to the waiting list unless she herself asks that we do so. Thus the present waiting list is practically made up of those who await a first invitation. This means, then, that because the turnover is about to occur, a golden opportunity is here for us to place our personal friends on this waiting list. Each day sees the usual four or five applications filed, and each day's delay in "putting up" a new member delays the invitation just that much longer. Right now is the time for us to ask our friends to join us.

The point of the story is not, however, just to "bring in new members," for that has never been necessary propaganda for the National League for Woman's Service of California—the waiting list has always been a long one. The point of the story is rather "bring in the right kind of member." There is no blackballing by a committee, as in most clubs. The three friends who are sponsors are the committee itself and so the responsibility falls back on the membership. Let us be sure that the waiting list continues to include only those who have the same ideals we have, and only those who feel at home in the atmosphere of this particular clubhouse—an atmosphere intangible but definite, an atmosphere radiating from the inner spirit of an organization whose sole purpose of being is service.

This Meeting Really Spelled Co-operation

● "From pent house to basement" was the area covered at the annual membership meeting of the City Club, March 14.

The several hundred who recognized their responsibility and their privilege as members by attending the meeting, which followed a luncheon held in the Cafeteria, were impressed with the expedition of the service and the dispatch with which the comprehensive review of the year's affairs was made. The time consumed was but a little more than two hours, and, considering the brevity of the interval, the reports were remarkably informative.

Some inspired individual in the official mechanism of the Club had "lumped" the reports according to the correlation of the activities involved and, in addition, even these were summarized and deleted of possible duplications.

The result was a notable achievement in the saving of time.

Miss Leale presided, standing upon an improvised dais in the center of the spacious room. A great green vase filled with sprays of pink blossoms gave a touch of spring to the setting and many of the tables were decked with flowers.

One did not realize until one heard them enumerated how many and varied were the activities of the year. And until one has attended a membership meeting she cannot possibly sense the devotion and pride which such a meeting can inspire.

"Responsibility" and "joy" are the widely disparate terms used by one of the chairmen as she read her report. They seem irreconcilable. But in City Club consciousness they are on the best of terms, if the spirit of the membership luncheon is a criterion.

Not only responsibility translated into terms of joy as regards the Club itself, but Volunteer Service has gone abroad and is now a recognized force in the community, thus fulfilling a prediction made a year ago at the membership meeting of 1931.

It was the consensus of the meeting that the Club will continue its present buoyant status of usefulness if each member consciously recognizes her responsibility.

"Each has opportunity at this time to express her belief in the idea from which the Club sprang in wartime. Her opportunity to help the community through the channel of service is bigger than at any time since the war," said one of the reports.

"If each member were to vow to buy something each month at the Club, a swim, a meal, an article in the League Shop, a haircut or facial in the Beauty Salon, a bridge table—any one commodity—she would help just that much to maintain the present status of stability and solvency," was the concluding sentence of another report.

Herewith are given the reports of committees and the foreword, which, after all, is the fruit of the past. Hereinbelow may be read more than the actual words will say, for between the lines are a story of high emprise, devotion to an ideal, selflessness and willingness to work.

Programs

—MRS. PAYSON J. TREAT, CHAIRMAN

● The Program Committee submits the following annual report, embarrassed somewhat by the fact that as yet no programs have been presented.

During the past year, the committee has had the opportunity to consider the varied and attractive entertainments offered by authors and artists, statesmen and philosophers of many different nationalities. Seven booking agencies, each offering from twenty to sixty noted speakers, deluged us with floods of illustrated pamphlets. Fifteen artists recommended themselves to our attention. It was the responsibility of the committee to choose from this fascinating array those speakers whose appeal would be too insistent to be resisted.

On April 4, S. K. Ratcliffe will lecture in the auditorium on "England's Silent Revolution," "A Nation Being Remade." Mr. Ratcliffe is a foremost English speaker on current affairs and we consider ourselves fortunate to welcome him again to this Club.

We feel assured that the Grand Duchess Marie will be received by the capacity audience, both in the Auditorium and upstairs, when she appears as our guest speaker on Tuesday evening, April 26. The Grand Duchess Marie has written that she is looking forward with pleasure to her California tour and we anticipate with keen interest her lecture on "My Old World Background as a Preparation for Modern Life."

With these two excellent programs to be presented in the Auditorium in the near future, the committee confidently expects to close the record for the year with profit and satisfaction.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. L. W. HARRIS,
MRS. E. S. HELLER,
MISS MARY HULL,
MRS. MARSHALL DILL,
MISS E. M. WILLARD,
MRS. PAYSON TREAT, Chairman.

Volunteer Service

—MRS. WILLIAM F. BOOTH, JR., CHAIRMAN (Read by Miss Georgia Fenwick)

● During the past year Volunteer Service within the Clubhouse has been increased by the addition of the Swimming Pool to the number of departments in which Volunteer Service plays a part.

The list of Clubhouse activities now includes the League Shop, Day and Night Cafeteria, Afternoon Tea and Special Tea Hostesses, Day and Night Library, Beauty Salon, Swimming Pool, Accounting Department, Day and Night Bridge Hostesses, Surgical Dressing, Sewing, Magazine Addressing, Ushering, Second Monday Group and Motor Service for the Club needs. These activities total 8,665 services amounting to 20,023½ hours.

The Talent Festival held during two days of October has already become an accepted and welcome event in our Club Calendar. Its benefits are manifold; not only does it give every member an opportunity to express in a concrete way her belief in the joy of service, but it also enables the Volunteer Service Committee to know where to turn when requests are asked for service of a special character. The gifts of approximately 700 members contributed to the success of the Talent Festival with nearly 10,000 hours of service.

Not since war days has there been such need to assist social service agencies. In answering these appeals, Volunteer Service finds itself represented in an interesting variety of activities. Old stockings have been collected for the blind, by whom they are woven into rugs; clothes have been gathered and sent to distributing stations for the unemployed. Christmas boxes have been filled, clerical service given to the Community Chest, and also service during the Chest drive. A group made favors for the Guild for Crippled Children. Two motor corps units have reecntly been organized, one driving for the Associated Charities and another for the Agency for the Relief of Unemployed Women. Clerical service is also being given these organizations. A group of members are serving with the Unemployed Relief Bureau. Other organizations in which our members serve are Letterman Hospital, Girls Housing Bureau, Canon Kip Clinic and Mission Branch of the Y. W. C. A. To this last organization Volunteer Service has included lectures on the Art of Making a Garden, the Art of Candy Making, a series of book reviews and a series of lectures on Business Psychology. Four hundred twenty-seven of these services to outside agencies amount to 1,332½ hours.

Before concluding, mention should be made of the contributions of flowers which add so much to the beauty of the Clubhouse. These lovely donations usually arrive anonymously, therefore we are unable to estimate the number of members or the time given to this special phase of service.

Exclusive of the service represented by gifts for the Talent Festival, Club members have contributed 9,617 services amounting to 24,391 hours during the past year.

House Report

—MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON, CHAIRMAN

● In the household repairs and renewals we adhered strictly to 1931's economy siren; however, inspecting the house with a trained eye, we hope you will agree with the House Committee that the economy was with efficiency and that the Club shows few traces of wear.

In the Lounge, American Room and Library, we spent on re-upholstering and general repairs, $427.54; on the bedroom floors for papering, painting, carpeting and renovating, $807.24. Our Kitchen is a masterpiece of law and order, with only $150 expended.

The League Shop was remodeled for $298.92, and the Swimming Pool after its heavy call on the budget funds last year was kept ship-shape on $156.80.

The Beauty Salon received a summer bonnet, in some rooms new linoleum, paint, flowers for window boxes, reading lamp, bracket light shades, $83.45.

The second floor, curtains, etc., $81.65.

A total of $2,005.60.

The household linen, electric fixtures, paint, plumbing, china and glassware were charged to general maintenance and repairs or directly to each department.

Vocational Information Bureau

—MRS. EDWARD RAINEY, CHAIRMAN

● It is in times of stress such as we passed through last year and are now in the midst of that this bureau fully justifies its existence. It gives a service to the community whose value cannot be measured in mere figures, but only in the salvage of morale among our applicants.

Every year more demands are made upon the bureau by the public at large as well as by the Club membership and officials. Its work is not confined by any limits, but embraces every situation in which women find themselves today, and it takes care of any and all emergencies that constantly arise. One hears many times that advice given free is never followed; but such is not the case with that given by our director. A check-up which can only be approximated shows results that are most encouraging.

During 1931 the bureau had 1281 visitors who made use of the service. Among these were many young women from colleges and high schools.

Our lecturer, Dr. Lyman Bryson, in October gave us a valuable and stimulating talk. We entertained many distinguished visitors, working along the same lines, who visited us during the year. As the new year in our work starts, new policies, a larger committee and renewed enthusiasm promise an advance all along the lines of service in vocational guidance to the Club and community.

Hospitality Committee

—MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER, CHAIRMAN

● Although the same conditions affecting travel seemed to hold through this season as well as last, yet a number of distinguished visitors have been entertained at the City Club during the year. Their expressions of appreciation for the ideals of our organization and the spirit animating its activities surely have augmented rather than diminished, and this seems to bear out the statement of our president that the Club is becoming better known all the time in a wider and ever-widening circle, which fact is a source of perennial satisfaction to us all.

Luncheons and teas were planned in honor of the following guests: Mrs. John Galsworthy, wife of the distinguished author whose only lecture on the Pacific Coast took place in our Auditorium; Miss Frances Grant, representing the Roerich Museum of New York; Dr. Edmund Lucas, head of the great group of colleges at Lahore, India, who gave a most stimulating talk; Miss Florence Hays, president of the National Education Association; Dr. Leigh Henry, editor of the *London Musical Standard*, who had been giving a summer course of lectures at Mills College; Miss Alicia Mosgrove, recently appointed superintendent of the California State Farm for Women at Tehachapi; Sir Hamilton Harty, British guest conductor of the San Francisco Summer Symphonies; the women principals of the San Francisco Opera Company; the Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, youngest daughter of the famous Count Tolstoy, whose trials and difficulties made a profound appeal to our sympathies; Mrs. Martin Johnson, whose life of adventure with her remarkable husband on their hunting expeditions is so unusual; Miss Christabel Pankhurst, clever daughter of the late Emmeline Pankhurst, the noted English suffragist; Mrs. Jackson Fleming, charming and popular lecturer on international affairs, member of the staff of the Town Hall, New York; Clara E. Laughlin, author of the "So You're Going" travel books, now recognized classics; and Miss Aleda Schrottky of New York, who is in charge of the Department of Pageants and Plays of the National Girl Scouts.

March 8 was to have been the date for the appearance of Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, but owing to her sudden departure for London to attend the wedding of her son, her lecture and the reception and buffet supper to follow it are postponed—but only until April 26, we trust.

In addition to these affairs, two or three interesting parties have been arranged for just our own members. One was the large tea for new members, now an established annual event; one a "birthday dinner" to celebrate the anniversary of our fifth year in this building. The clever program recapitulated characteristic scenes in the development of the National League for Woman's Service and finished by the reading by Miss Leale of an impressive list of "birthday" gifts from generous members, concrete tokens of their ever-loyal faith in the organization; and another was the luncheon of reunion, to honor four retiring members of the Board of Directors and to welcome four new members, as well as to bring together the past and present directors of the National League for Woman's Service and the City Club.

The annual fire-lighting ceremony, the regular Thanksgiving, Christmas and holiday festivities, and last, but not least, the noteworthy Talent Festival, have all offered the Hospitality Committee their due share of responsibility and joy.

Among those visitors who during the year have been invited, but who through frail health or lack of time have been unable to accept our hospitality are: Mrs. M. Phillipson, wife of the delegate from Belgium to the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce; Dr. Anna Selig of Berlin, a German member of the International Federation of University Women; Mrs. Herbert Satterlee of New York, sister of the wonderful Ann Morgan; Mrs. Ruth Haller Ottaway, president, and the other delegates to the National Federation of Music Clubs convention held in San Francisco in June; Prof. John Dewey and Prof. G. P. Adams, both lecturing in the University of California Summer School; Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American musicians; Miss Fay, noted British lecturer and traveler; Miss Lita Bane, professor of economics and editor of Home Economics Department of the *Ladies' Home Journal*; Miss Mary Dewson, executive secretary of the Women's City Club of New York; the Stratford-Upon-Avon Shakespeare Festival Company; and Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner —all of whom we would have been happy to entertain.

In closing may I quote from the remarks of Miss Leale at the reunion luncheon of January 12? Speaking of the future of this organization with its inspiring ideals still vital and the wonderful opportunity for recognition of its Volunteer Service, she said, "We are the 'minute women' of this community, ready for any emergency and with faces set for the next development in world affairs."

Treasurer's Report

—MISS EMMA NOONAN, CHAIRMAN

● Last year this department of the Club concluded its annual report thus: "With a return to normal business conditions so confidently predicted for 1931, and with the conscious co-operation of the membership, in a plan to be outlined by our president, the income statement for this year will tell a different story."

As you are aware, the normal business conditions have not yet returned. But, in spite of the invalidity of that prediction, in the face of the fact that our revenues for 1931 were $46,000 less than in 1930, *all obligations have been met.*

Interest charges of $57,166.64 were paid; taxes in the amount of $18,864.35 were taken care of; insurance premiums amounting to $3,331.17 were paid; $4,580.94 has been expended for general maintenance, repairs and renewals, and $30,000 of the first-mortgage bonds have been retired. Expenses have been cut wherever possible.

Reciprocal Relations

—MISS ESTHER PHILLIPS, CHAIRMAN *(Read by Mrs. Charles M. Cooper)*

● Between March 1, 1931, and March 1, 1932, we issued 857 cards to our members for use in reciprocal clubs, and we entertained 766 guests from other clubs. We have arranged for reciprocal relations with clubs in practically all of the leading cities in the United States; with several clubs in Canada, Australia and New Zealand; and in England, Scotland, Germany, Austria, France and Spain. The total number of clubs with which we have reciprocal relations is 32.

Activities Committee

—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD, CHAIRMAN

● This report of the Activities Committee includes the separate reports of thirteen activities in the Club that function especially for the benefit of Club members. The Club offers activities of two kinds, those without fee and those for which a fee is charged.

Activities Without Fee

Appreciation of Art.—The inclusion of comment upon the correlated arts in the program of the Wednesday morning "Art Appreciation" group has created significant interest and real enthusiasm, as manifested by the increased attendance. Painting, sculpture, water-colors, the graphic arts, the drama, the dance, stained glass, art in literature, all have been discussed. The meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month at noon. The talks are supplemented by visits to the galleries and exhibitions. An additional lecture was given in the Lounge by Richard Hodges Allen on "Modern Approach to Art in the Home and Art in Dress."

MRS. C. E. CURRY, Leader.

Book Review Dinners.—This activity is completing its fifth consecutive year. A special dinner is served on the first Thursday evening of each month to an average group of eighty members, at which time a current book of fiction is reviewed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard. This activity increases in enthusiasm and enjoyment each year. This is manifested by the delightful and scholarly reviews given by members of the group, upon Mrs. Stoddard's request, on the three occasions when she was compelled to be out of town. The members who so kindly gave of their time and study to assist the regular reviewer were Dr. Adelaide Brown, Mrs. Edward Turkington and Mrs. Leslie Williams.

MISS NELLE GILLESPIE, Chairman.

Building a Child's Library.—A new series of talks for mothers of boys and girls was offered by one of the members, Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell. These talks were concerning the selection of best books for every period of growth and temperament of all children of different tastes. As the reading material for growing children is one of the most important matters for parents to consider, the Club greatly appreciated the intense understanding of her subject that the speaker brought to the members. The lectures were held bi-monthly, with illustrations of books, selected readings and songs suitable for children from the wee tot of 20 months to the youth of 20 years.

MRS. T. A. STODDARD, Chairman.

Bridge. — The regular Bridge Committee has been assisted this year by several sub-committees in an endeavor to stimulate an interest in the game. Tuesday afternoons and evenings are especially the bridge periods, although the card room is occupied nearly every day by players. During the year we have had one Saturday afternoon tea, a Hallowe'en party and a St. Valentine party. All were well attended and netted a good financial return. Mr. Paul W. Black conducted a class in contract bridge on Wednesday mornings and evenings during the months of October, November and December. These classes were a financial success and promoted enthusiasm. The work of all the committees is very much appreciated by the chairman.

MISS IDA J. LORD, Chairman.

Current Events.—The Current Events Section is now completing the seventh year of its continuous activity. The section meets twice a month, on the first and third Wednesday mornings at 11 o'clock, in the Auditorium. Following the lectures there is a continued discussion at a large table in the Cafeteria.

MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS, Chairman.

Lectures by Dr. H. H. Powell.—Dr. H. H. Powell, dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, continued his inspiring lectures on nine Monday mornings at 11 o'clock, from October through December, on the subject, "God in the Problem of Life."

MRS. W. B. HAMILTON, Chairman.

Thursday Evening Programs.—The Thursday Evening Programs have been carried on successfully throughout the year. Forty-seven programs, on a great variety of subjects, have been presented. The audiences have been large and very appreciative. Travel talks have always proved popular and have drawn the largest audiences. During the year eighteen addresses treated of conditions, experiences and travel in foreign countries; nineteen evenings were devoted to subjects related to literature, art and music. Some matters of local interest were discussed, also governmental and political situations in other countries. We have been fortunate in securing speakers of high standard and ability. The Club is indebted to the splendid men and women who have so generously given of their time and talent for the entertainment and education of the members of the City Club who compose the Thursday evening group.

MRS. A. P. BLACK, Chairman.

Activities With Fee

Drama Teas. — Mrs. Hugh Brown, a member, and also a dramatic reader of distinction, has delighted a large audience of members and friends by reading a current play on the third Monday afternoon of each month, from September to March. The plays were read in the Auditorium, followed by a tea served in the Dining Room. This series of six play readings has given members and guests, in all a total attendance of about 700 persons, a rare opportunity to hear the outstanding New York plays while at the height of their success. Mrs. Brown has spared no pains in her selection and in her delightful presentations.

MRS. E. L. GRISELL, Chairman.

French Classes.—The attendance in the French classes during the past year has been gratifying, particularly in the conversational classes. The lunch hour, during which only French is spoken, has proved to be of great interest and pleasure to all in attendance, which has been an average of twelve persons.

ROSE P. OLIVIER, Instructor.

Health Examinations.—The semi-annual Health Examinations extended to its members by the Club were much appreciated. This privilege of a complete health examination is in the hands of a corps of physicians of high repute. The fee is no more than the small sum requisite as registration fee. Twenty-one members availed themselves of the examinations in October, and in April there were forty-six appointments. This service to the Club and to the womanhood of San Francisco is of signal importance.

DR. ADELAIDE BROWN, Chairman.

Luncheon Lectures.—A series of Luncheon Lectures upon international topics of the moment, by distinguished professors of the University of California who had lately returned from many months spent abroad in special study, were held in the main Dining Room during the months of October, November and December. The subjects and speakers were as follows: "Russia and Her Critics," Professor Felix Fluegel; "Germany and Her Critics," Professor R. A. Brady; "French Colonial Troubles," Professor Melvin M. Knight.

MRS. T. A. STODDARD, Chairman.

Tea-time Chats. — Informal monthly chats at tea-time, led by different members, were enjoyed in the Lounge during the months of October, November and January. The topics and speakers were as follows: "The Making of Music," Mrs.

(Continued on Page 24)

Collectors' Exhibit and Talent Festivals

—READ BY MRS. S. G. CHAPMAN

● The first Collectors' Exhibit was held in the clubhouse June 5 and 6, with Mrs. W. B. Hamilton as chairman.

The beauty and rarity of the things shown offer a temptation to enlarge upon this phase of the event, but any enumeration of the individual exhibits would exceed the limits of an annual report. A vivid description of the exhibit was written for the July Magazine by Mrs. Janapolus. Much credit for the assembling and display is due Miss Burr and Miss Allyn. So interesting and successful was this exhibit that it is planned to make it an annual event. There is so much material of interest and value to the connoisseur, so much of artistic merit in the possession of members, that the Auditorium could be filled each year with an entirely different display, affording the possessor an opportunity of showing her treasures with her fellow members.

The second annual Talent Festival was held on October 21 and 22. Just as the Collectors' Exhibit is a display of a member's most rare and valued possession, so the Talent Festival is a display of her most outstanding work. The auditorium was the scene of the Loan Exhibition, which comprised 395 separate items. Paintings, etchings, photographs, sculpture, metal work, jewelry, weaving, tapestry, needlework, books and book-bindings attested the high order of talent among our membership and gave promise of the outstanding Exhibition of Arts and Crafts towards which we are working, one which will have a very real place in the life of the Club and the community. The Loan Exhibit was arranged by Mrs. A. L. Bailhache and her very able assistants.

The gifts of members' work, which are so important a part of the Festival, were displayed throughout the second floor, which was gaily decorated for the occasion.

Several hundred uniformed volunteers served during these two days under the direction of Mrs. Booth. The gift display and the sale were in charge of Mrs. Coxen; the decorations, Miss Donahoe; the Loan Exhibit, Mrs. Chapman, and the very important clerical department under the direction of Mrs. Stevens, all of these several units working under the leadership of the general chairman, our president, Miss Leale.

No story of the Talent Festival is complete without mention of the program which took place at intervals during the two days and followed the dinner on the second night and closed this very successful affair. Mrs. Coghlan, who arranged this part of the Festival, reports that there is an astonishing amount of talent in the membership and her difficulty was not in finding it but in selecting only enough to crowd the time allotted.

More than 5000 persons visited the clubhouse during these two days. Members became acquainted with each other, met again those with whom they had worked during the early days of the organization, friendships were made and renewed, and altogether a very happy time was enjoyed. The large attendance was, of course, reflected in the revenue of every department of the Club, and the sale of gifts brought about $2,000 into the Club treasury.

Resumé of Clubhouse Departments

—EDNA OSBORN, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

● You have heard the reports of the Treasurer and the Committee Chairmen for the year 1931 and as briefly as possible I will give you a resume of the work of the departments in the building for the same period, and in making this report I wish I had the time to mention the names of the Chairmen of departments and of standing and special committees who have given much time, and to the members of the Staff who have given me personally many helpful suggestions in connection with our work.

We offer no apologies for our housekeeping. Order and cleanliness is the rule from penthouse to basement. The care and thought given by the House Furnishing Committee has been proved by the excellent condition of the furnishings throughout the building after six years of hard usage.

We were spoiled during the prosperous years when our ninety-eight bedrooms were occupied and we were unable to accommodate many of those who wished to be our guests; for last year, with practically no transient trade, the income fell off alarmingly. Despite this decrease, however, our percentage of occupancy was higher than in most hotels and other clubs in San Francisco. In the past two weeks conditions have taken a hopeful turn and summer, with the Olympic Games and large conventions, should see many visitors in San Francisco. We are at present making an analysis of room rents to see what reduction can be made to meet adjusted incomes. Letters have been sent to all out-of-town members reminding them that they have the privilege of putting up guests at the Club; letters have been written to our reciprocal clubs, and special letters to Convention Chairmen extending club courtesies to visiting delegates.

The Restaurant is, of course, an important department of any club and is frequently spoke of as the "Club Manager's All-American Football Team," because of the kicks and knocks it gets. This year we have been criticized for our prices, because tea rooms, coffee shops and drug store counters advertise "eat all you want for 45c." It goes without saying that the quality of the food is not the same when such prices obtain. If we tell you that we have enough business for one dining room, but must also keep open our cafeteria (which would be considered very poor business by a commercial restaurant operator); when we say that because you do not pay tips we must pay higher salaries; that hotel and club breakfasts never pay, but we must give this service and consequently have a kitchen and dining room staff to maintain it; when we say that the hours of service extend over too long a period to pay a return; that quick service is demanded, which means more help; that in order to give employees vacation on full pay others on the crew must do double work or relief be hired—making it impossible to reduce the payroll even in slack periods; when we bring these things to your attention can you begin to see why clubs cannot compete with commercial eating establishments, why prices cannot be based on the cost of raw materials and that service and surroundings must be taken into consideration? A member of a middle-west club was objecting to a charge of thirty cents for a tomato, whereupon the manager said, "It isn't the cost of the tomato that counts, it is the presentation of it. You must remember that when the tomato is delivered into the Club, the storeman must receive it, then the steward has to handle it. From there it goes into the pantry and a girl has to handle it. From the pantry it goes into the kitchen, where the waitress has to serve it. In addition to that, the tomato must have a roof over its head and there must be equipment for keeping the tomato cold; a knife must be sharp to slice the tomato

and the dish must be washed on which the tomato is served." Some days later the member came back and said, "I wish to apologize to you. The truth of the matter is you ought to charge fifty cents for that tomato."

Ten months ago the management of the Restaurant was changed, since which time waste has been cut to a minimum, our kitchen is truly "Spotless Town," and the department put safely in the black for the year.

The Beauty Salon, under efficient management, has shown an increase in business, in spite of the strained economic conditions and competition with smaller establishments that have cut prices to an alarming extent. The department is run in a smooth, businesslike way, waste of both time and materials has been reduced to a minimum and the attention given to each patron by the courteous and experienced operators has built up a small but appreciative clientele. The Salon was redecorated, additional ventilation installed and some new equipment has recently been purchased. This department gets the smallest percentage of support from the members of any department in the Club, depending for much of its business on outside patronage.

The year has witnessed many new features in the Swimming Pool department. A consistent effort has been made to make the membership better acquainted with their pool through extensive use of the magazine, through the institution of Volunteer Service and of Guest Night. The first step was to put an executive in charge of the department, and with this and volunteer service in the office accomplished facts, emphasis was placed on the formation of Red Cross Life Saving classes in order to build up a corps of trained members certificated by the Red Cross, from whom in time the department expects to be able to draw volunteers to guard the pool. Among the activities of the pool for the past year the most interesting and novel has been the Friday Guest Night. This was initiated in the fall, first as Family Night, and later the privilege was extended to include any man guest accompanied by a member. A large number of members have taken advantage of this, both members and guests having unanimously expressed their appreciation. The plan of the dressing-rooms, stairways and showers has assisted in making most satisfactory arrangements for Guest Night. Four parties were given in the pool during the year: the Fun Meet for adults in connection with the Talent Festival, the Children's Hallowe'en Party, a Christmas Tree Party during the holidays and a Valentine Party. After the Hallowe'en, Christmas and Valentine Parties, there were special luncheons for the children. Among new features of the department last year were the rubber animals purchased to amuse the little children in the water. Two "Learn to Swim" weeks were scheduled, one in January and one in February, when free instruction was given in classes, with the idea of interesting both beginners and advanced swimmers in taking lessons. From February 1 to May 15 many regular swimmers are swimming in the "Ring Toss Marathon," so named because the game of ring toss is played by the contestants before entering the water to determine the number of lengths of pool they are to swim. A record is kept and the two having the greatest number of lengths to their credit will receive prizes.

The League Shop, like every other merchandising establishment, is going through the usual business readjustment. New stock, bought at advantageous prices, is selling well. Old stock is moving slowly, but steadily. Under careful management the accounts of the shop are unusually well kept. The inventory for the year balances accurately. The Volunteer Service, given by the shop, is an essential part of the business. Not only do the volunteers give excellent publicity to the articles for sale, but they are some of our best customers, which proves that familiarity with the stocks leads to sales. There is a friendly rivalry among them to see which one can have the best sales day. There are two things we wish to stress. First the necessity for carrying articles in the shop which are in demand throughout the year. It is negotiating to carry a first-class line of hosiery as soon as possible. The other thing is the shop's willingness to get any article a customer may desire, even though it may not be able to carry it in stock regularly, due to limited capital.

During 1931 the library showed a decided step in building up a permanent library of real value to our members. Although the income from fines showed a slight increase over the previous year, not so many current books were purchased, because so much was spent for reference books. We now own a splendid up-to-the-minute altas; a new set of Encyc. Britannica and a 1931 Webster's International Dictionary. For circulation, 252 new books were purchased, one half of which were non-fiction; this figure does not include extra copies of popular books. Magazine subscriptions were cared for; necessary supplies bought, and 173 books rebound. The fines amounted to $818.75 and the interest from the Hilda R. Nuttall Fund, so generously donated by Mrs. Sarah Rosenstock, added $150.00 to our funds, which helped us tremendously, for the money has to be spread over a good deal of ground. In spite of the fact that we own between 3500 and 4000 books, 2234 members in our files are constant borrowers, while many more are on the list of occasional borrowers, hence the gaps in our library shelves. We have installed the system of cataloging in general use in large libraries, thus making it possible to handle a circulation equal to or larger than the average branch public library.

The Vocational Guidance Bureau has a very definite place in the service program of the Club, and is doing an outstanding piece of work recognized throughout the country, but as is the case in all social service, much splendid service is rendered; but, because of its confidential nature, little can be told. The history of the fourteen years of the Bureau has this year justified the confidence placed in it as a *guidance bureau* by one and all of the local *placement bureaus.*

Few members realize the time, energy and effort that goes into the publication of a magazine. As you know, a magazine is carried by its advertisements and during a business depression fear grips the producer, and the first item stricken from the budget is advertising. Our Advertising Manager, with the help of a group of volunteers, has worked out a scheme of inexpensive advertising on a yearly or semi-yearly basis, to meet the needs of the smaller advertiser and at the same time help to solve our problem of advertising proportionate with the reading matter. The Women's City Club Magazine is the mouthpiece for the National League for Woman's Service and the medium of communication between the Club and the members, and letters of appreciation are received frequently, congratulating us on the editorial standard which has been attained. Members could help materially in making the magazine an asset if they would bring its advertising value (with a circulation of 8500) to the attention of the merchants with whom they deal.

Suggestions for the betterment of any and all departments will be gratefully received. They will be given careful consideration; and, if adaptable to our problem, will be used.

The Periodic Health Examinations, under the chairmanship of Dr. Adelaide Brown, have contributed a definite service to the Club twice a year for the past four years, when members have been given the opportunity of having complete medical examinations by a staff of well-known San Francisco women physicians. An average of forty women take the examinations each time they are offered.

During the year a number of interesting events have taken place in the Clubhouse, only a few of which I will mention. On May 15, the fifth anniversary of our occupancy of the Clubhouse was celebrated with a dinner in the auditorium; new members' teas on May 7 and December 15; the Collector's Exhibit on June 5 and 6; the Fire-

lighting on October 5; the Talent Festival, October 21 and 22; Hallowe'en Card Party, Thanksgiving Luncheon and Dinner in the Cafeteria on November 24, and the Thanksgiving Dinner on Thanksgiving Day. The Christmas holidays were ushered in on Sunday evening, December 20, with the singing of carols, by the choir of Trinity Episcopal Church. The decorations have been particularly attractive at all occasions, being unusually lovely, and the Library and Lounge made an impressive setting for the beautiful music. There was a Christmas tree for the children on the afternoon of December 23, each child brought a gift to the tree and these were sent the next day to be distributed by one of the charities. The Christmas luncheon and dinner in the Cafeteria was on December 22 and the Christmas breakfast-dinner on Christmas day. Just here I again want to express the appreciation of all the Club employees to the membership for the very generous Christmas bonus. On January 12 was the luncheon for past and present board members and the same afternoon a tea for the younger members. January 26 the Peddler's Parade, the Valentine Card Party on February 9 and the Fashion Show on February 11 and 12.

We have tried to cooperate with our tenants by permitting them the use of our Auditorium, Chinese and other rooms, for their special meetings, either at a very small rental or without charge, and with outside organizations, such as the Community Chest, issuing special passes to the campaign workers and letting them hold special meetings in our smaller rooms. The Latham Foundation had a poster exhibit in the Auditorium from April 17 to 28, and this year will have another one.

(Continued on Page 23)

Private Collectors' Exhibit at the Club This Month is the Spring's Most Attractive Offering

—MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON

● Our Private Collectors' Exhibit, April 13 and 14, gives promise of meeting our dreams for this second annual—with enthusiastic members offering all sorts of objects of historical, artistic, educational or sentimental value.

The setting will carry, as far as possible, a bi-centennial picture—but this does not mean that exhibits must all be of the Washington period.

Up-to-date laces, books, fans, old silver, old china, pewter, vases, lace wedding veils, shawls, rugs, daguerreotypes, steel engravings, portraits of ancestors, spinning wheels, cradles, furniture, drapes, wallpaper of the Colonial period, dresses of that time. Busts of Washington, copies of Washington paintings, etc., are coming more and more to the attention of the committee, which is composed of Miss Marian Burr, Mrs. Hans Lisser, Mrs. Charles Sawyer, Miss Edith Allyne, Miss Elsa Garritt, Mrs. A. B. Stephens, Miss D. C. Burtchaell, Mrs. J. E. Powrie, Mrs. Jessie Douglas Ashley, Miss Ethel Perkins and Mrs. Lulu Spencer.

It is expected that the two days of the Exhibit, Wednesday and Thursday, will be exceptionally gay about the Club, if last year's Exhibit may be taken as a precedent. At that time there were many luncheons and dinners and little groups of tea parties to add to the charm of the affair. And a gala dinner on Thursday night to conclude on a festive note.

A number of the exhibitors, in their pride of collectorship and ownership, have invited groups of friends for luncheon the opening day.

Miss Mackenzie is planning novel decorations, also following the Washington bicentennial motif, for table decorations.

Come and bring guests, for the exhibit promises to be exceedingly lovely.

To enumerate the exhibits or give a hint as to their character were to take off the edge of the surprises planned for your delectation, but be assured that for beauty and originality of setting the committee is preparing an exhibit more than comparable to last year's, which is one of the bright memories of 1931.

Decorations will be as lovely as a California springtime, with the choicest blooms of the countryside fresh both days.

Any member who wants to show her Club with its best foot forward will do well to bring guests either day, for both days will be "filled with music, and the cares that infest the day will dissipate into admiration for the loveliness about."

The dinner will be one dollar, and reservations already are being made.

President to Meet Younger Members

● Miss Leale will be "at home" on the second Thursday afternoon of each month in the Lounge to the younger members of the Club. She will meet the young women from 3:30 to 4:30 o'clock, the first of these affairs to be held April 14.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination beginning April 18, 1932, and continuing two weeks. Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Telephone Number*_____

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

• Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

• Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. A. M. Meads, Miss Emma Noonan, Ina M. Richter, M. D., Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

EDITORIAL

● "I didn't hear one single thing that I didn't already know." Thus spoke a City Club member at the close of the annual membership meeting and luncheon, March 14.

There was no shade of annoyance or asperity in the voice, but it seemed to one of her hearers, at least, that she was disappointed.

Whereupon that one said: "I think it a very fine thing, a commentary upon your awareness of Club affairs and the Club's business policies generally that there was 'nothing new to be revealed'."

By "new" the second speaker evidently meant a bit of information or set of facts that had been—or were being—withheld from members by the administration.

So the second speaker not only spoke wisely, but paid a profound and subtle compliment to the Club's management and the officials at its helm. Also—although she didn't intend it—the second speaker complimented the first. For by her very observation that she had heard nothing new, the first speaker gave evidence of being cognizant with the Club's *status quo*.

It is a salutary thing to be so conversant with one's own "assets and liabilities" that a director's meeting throws no new light upon them.

The annual membership meeting was not a director's meeting, but an assembling of any and all of the 8,000 members who chose to be present; to that assemblage were read all the reports of all the committees and statements by directors. They were summarized, to be sure, but facts are facts, whether stark naked or smothered in words.

Not only facts as spelled by numerals, but future plans as they have been made by the persons best qualified to make them, the women who first dreamed of the City Club and have been closely in touch with its policies since the beginning. They

"were dreamers, dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town;
. . . . . yearned beyond the skyline——
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead."

And so the story was told, as far as it is written. The next chapter will be read next year, at another membership meeting, which may be larger, but not more enthusiastic nor cordially co-operative in spirit.

Reciprocal Clubs

● Here are clubs in the United States and abroad which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Members of the San Francisco Club may present their membership cards and credentials to any of these clubs and have virtually the same privileges in any of them that they would have in their own club.

United States—

Akron, O., Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Mass., Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Ill., Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh St.
Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club, Tower Building, Ninth Floor.
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson St.
Cleveland, O., Women's City Club, 1826 East Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich., Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Woman's Club.
New York City, N. Y., Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo., The Town Club, 1120-22 Locust St.
St. Paul, Minn., Women's City Club, 345 Minnesota St.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 22 Jackson Place.

Abroad—

Berlin, Germany, American Woman's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club, Albert House, Albert St
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club, Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club, 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland, The Lady Artists' Club, 5 Blytheswood Square.
London, England, American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor St., W. I.
London, England, The Halcyon Club, 13-14 Cork St.
London, England, The Pioneer Club, 12 Cavendish Square, W. I.
Madrid, Spain, Lyceum Club, S. Marcos No. 4.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St. W.
Paris, France, The American Women's Club, 61 Rue Boissiere.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club, 77 King St.
Vienna, Austria, American Women's Club, Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, New Zealand, The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington

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Facts about the—

Private Collectors' Exhibit:

Time—Wednesday and Thursday, April 13 and 14.

Place—City Club Auditorium.

Chairman—Mrs. W. B. Hamilton.

Participants—All members of City Club and their friends.

Menaces to the Health of Women

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

Extracts from a paper opening the Second Health Series at the Oakland Forum January 8, 1932.

● With an increasing general intelligence as to matters of personal and public health, nothing makes for a clearer knowledge of health than the presentation and study of statistics.

We are fortunate in having the U. S. Census reports, the statistics of the large life insurance companies and those of some of our larger states to study. The basis for this paper is the statistics of the New York State Board of Health made in 1928, and based on the state population, excluding New York City.

You all understand the great popular campaign against tuberculosis. This disease is a state responsibility in California. Our state is well covered with sanitaria, supported by county money, subsidized and controlled in technique of care, diet, medical and nursing care by the state, and checked up continuously by the Bureau of Tuberculosis of the California State Department of Public Health. And yet, though the incidence of tuberculosis has fallen in every other decade of life, the cases in young women from 15 to 20 have increased all over the country. Why? How much has the starvation fad to do with it? How much is general resistance lowered by the desire for the boyish figure? Candy and desserts may be limited, but bread and butter and milk are dangerous omissions from the diet of a growing girl. The adolescent boy eats the calories he needs and *then some*. The girl who should carry 120 pounds at 16 with her height drops to 106 to 110 and takes cold easily; and by repeated and long-continued colds opens up the areas of tuberculosis of childhood, quiescent for years. She becomes listless and carries her cold and cough instead of throwing them off. An X-ray and temperature chart for several days uncover the cause, though the expectoration may not show the germs. This break, based on the reduction fad, dooms many girls of all classes to sanitarium care.

In 100 deaths *among women* from 15 to 45 years of age, tuberculosis claims 26 and is the largest cause of fatalities in this group. It is the leading cause from 15 to 40 and is superseded by cancer from 40 to 45.

The second cause of death between 15 and 20 is heart disease, dropping to third place from 20 to 40 years and returning to second from 40 to 45.

Accidents occupy third place from 15 to 20, but pass lower in the list thereafter: better sense and more caution of maturity prevent them.

From 15 to 20 all diseases connected with pregnancy occupy fourth place. This will surprise most readers. Pneumonia, bronchitis and typhoid loom up as severe diseases. By 20 and on to 40 the diseases of pregnancy rise to second place and drop to seventh after 40. And yet all women do not have this risk. If statistics could be collected, excluding from women between 15 and 45 those individuals who do not marry and those who have no children though married, this puerperal fatality group would assume larger proportions. All types of abortion risk sepsis. Toxemias leading to convulsions and puerperal sepsis at the time of childbirth are the great causes of these deaths. Better prenatal care and better care at the time of confinement reduce these childbirth fatalities, while an intelligent acceptance of birth-control is the only answer to the deaths from abortion.

As the span of life has lengthened to 58 years, an appreciation of the larger prevalence of cancer has come to us. But few realize that in 100 deaths of women between 25 and 45, seven will die of cancer, and that this disease rises from fifth to first place at 40 years of age and thereafter.

In addition to cancer of the general organs and tissue found in both sexes, cancer of the breast and of the reproductive organs is a severe menace to women's lives. Far more general intelligence could greatly lessen the *delayed diagnosis* that *jeopardizes the patient*. In a group of cases from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, an average of eighteen months with abnormal symptoms had existed before medical advice was sought. *Precious time was lost*. Early diagnosis and prompt surgery must still precede X-ray or radium therapy. *Putting off has serious consequences.*

Periodic Health Examination will take its place as the best health insurance the individual can avail herself of.

The wear and tear diseases of heart, kidneys and arteries, and diabetic cases profit most by a new method of living; while by a careful study, the lines of probable deterioration of vital processes can be foretold. Health guidance in the various zones of life is sure to assume greater importance as we value the conservation of human life as quite as profitable to the individual and the state as better crops or better domestic animals.

Periodic Health Examinations

● On page 15 will be found the "Health Examination Blank," which members may fill and send to the City Club if they wish to avail themselves of the privilege which the Club offers semi-annually—to members only—as a piece of work in behalf of the public health.

The Examinations this year will be held at the Club for the fortnight beginning April 18, under the personal supervision of Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman of the committee. The nurse at hand is by courtesy of the Visiting Nurses' Association.

The staff of physicians is:

Medical Examiners: Dr. Ethel Owen and Dr. Ina M. Richter.

Gynaecological Examiner: Dr. Alma Pennington and Dr. Gertrude Jones (alternate).

Laboratory Diagnosticians: Dr. Aghavani Shaghoian and Dr. Hilda Davis.

The examining physicians do not prescribe; they merely go over the body, from teeth to feet, and report the condition of health as they find it. From that point the person examined is advised to go to her family physician if symptoms are found. If not, she is given that priceless boon, a clean bill of health.

Many times a serious illness or costly operation may be avoided if symptoms are searched out and made known to the person examined. This has actually happened in instances of City Club members who have in the past availed themselves of this unusual service.

Your Husband Will Enjoy S. K. Ratcliffe's Lecture Next Week

● S. K. Ratcliffe, the London journalist and publicist, who will speak at the City Club on Monday evening, April 4, is now better known upon the American platform than any English lecturer on current affairs.

City Club members have opportunity in the Ratcliffe lectures of asking their husbands to be guests at something that cannot fail to enthrall them, for Ratcliffe is a real "man's man." Tickets are now on sale and are selling rapidly, for "England's Silent Revolution" is at the moment absorbing the interest of the world. Come and bring your men friends. Tickets are $1 and $1.50 and all seats are reserved.

He has been coming annually to the United States for fifteen years, addressing a great variety of audiences, especially in the universities and colleges.

He has appeared before the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University every winter since 1914. He spoke at the City Club two years ago to a capacity audience. During the season of 1928-1929 Mr. Ratcliffe addressed the League for Political Education, Town Hall, New York, on four occasions and each time that he spoke there was not only a capacity audience, but so many people that some were obliged to remain standing at the rear of the auditorium, even though stage seats were used.

The holder of editorial positions in England and in India, he has had unusual opportunities of knowing the men of the hour and of following the course of public movements and events. Since his last American visit he has been on the editorial staff of the *New Statesman*, now the most influential of the London weekly reviews.

He is a constant contributor to the *Observer*, the foremost of English Sunday papers, and one of the radio speakers on events of the day for the British Broadcasting Corporation, London. After a series of six radio talks last fall on "America Today," in the Adult Education Series, so many appreciations from listeners all over Great Britain were received that Mr. Ratcliffe's name was listed on the top level of broadcast speakers.

It is rare that such a scholar of history and current events possesses this gift of brilliant oratory.

Trained in the best English tradition of public speaking, it is an exceptional treat to hear Mr. Ratcliffe speak, whatever his topic.

George Bernard Shaw writes of S. K. Ratcliffe: "S. K. Ratcliffe is a very accomplished lecturer, and a very remarkable man, even by the standards of America, where every man is introduced as remarkable. He is a student of public movements; and he keeps in front of them all without ever letting himself be caught in a groove. He knows more about most of them than they do about themselves. He has been on the track of every leader of today from the telltale time when only a few obscure followers expected anything from them. He remembers everything that they have forgotten. He knows everybody worth knowing.

S. K. Ratcliffe, Who Lectures at Club Next Monday, April 4.

The Vale of Kashmir

To the lap of the waves, as the boats float along
The glorious view of the Vale of Kashmir.
The snow-covered mountains that border Dal Lake;
What memories the lotus and iris awake!
Ah, slow flowing Jhelum, how often I dream
Of the houseboats and gardens, that float on your stream.
And the beautiful gardens of fair Shalimar,
When you look at me darling, they vanish afar.
Speak softly, my sweetheart, speak low, for my ear
Is attuned to the sounds of the Vale of Kashmir.
Turn your eyes from me sweetheart, or ne'er will appear
And the deep throated note of the Bul bul's sweet song.
To the Kashmiri's chant, at the dusk, to the stars,
And the sigh of the breeze through the green deodars.
All the thousand soft notes of this land that enthralls,
The cadence of your voice to my hearing recalls.

— L'Envoi —

So if I would write of this beautiful land,
And I ask you to go. Would you then understand?

—Hugh Graham Moon.

City Club Committees For Coming Year's Work

Herewith is a partial list of committees for 1932. A complete list will be published in next month's magazine.

Book Reviews—Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.

Bridge—Miss Ida Lord.

Collectors' Exhibit—Mrs. William B. Hamilton.

Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

Decorations—Miss Katherine Donohoe.

Finance—Mrs. S. G. Chapman.

Hospitality — Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper.

House—Mrs. William B. Hamilton.

League Shop—Miss Marian Burr.

Library—Miss Elisa May Willard.

Membership—Miss Mabel Pierce.

Periodic Health Examinations—Dr. Adelaide Brown.

Programs—Mrs. Payson J. Treat.

Reciprocal Relations—Miss Esther Phillips.

Talent Festival—Miss Marion W. Leale.

Thursday Evening Programs—Mrs. A. P. Black.

Vocational Guidance—Mrs. Edward Rainey.

Volunteer Service — Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.

Delinquents May Prove Their Cases

● Members of the City Club whose annual dues are not paid by April 1 are automatically dropped from membership—unless it can be proved that postal delays or other causes outside of the member's jurisdiction were responsible for non-payment at the time specified.

The volunteers who have assisted in collecting the dues have made every effort, by telephone and tracing, to remind members at the last minute that there still is time. It seems a pity for a member to have to forfeit her affiliation with the Club simply because of change of address or incorrect addressing of the statement of dues, and for that reason every indulgence will be exercised for the next few days.

Private Collectors' Exhibit To Conclude with Dinner

● Don't forget the gala dinner party with which the Private Collectors' Exhibit will conclude on Thursday evening, April 14. Reservations are being made for parties, pairs, trios, foursomes and singles.

Gifts to City Club

● Friends of the City Club continue to make gifts from time to time as memorials, as birthday or other anniversary commemorations and on days of significance in the history of the Club itself.

Here are some of the articles recently presented:

Large metal bowl for flowers; Lalique vase; Indian shawl; large Chinese bowl and teak stand; cut-glass punch bowl with silver rim, ladle and glasses to match; four dozen plates, made in Carlsbad, value, $350; Japanese prints, value, $200; painting by Jules Page.

Volunteers Wanted for Surgical Dressings Group

● The Surgical Dressings Group of Volunteer Service, which has completed the making of bandages and surgical dressings for the Children's Hospital, is now making the same commodities for the University of California Hospital.

The group would be glad to have others join it, as there is plenty of work to be done. The workers meet every Friday, from 10 to 3 o'clock, in Room 208. Volunteers will be registered at the hotel desk in the main corridor or with Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., chairman of the Volunteer Service Committee.

Fountain by Ralph Stackpole on Roof Garden of City Club. Gift of Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, charter member of the Club and member of the present board of directors. See article on Stackpole on page 20.

Grand Duchess Marie Speeding to San Francisco

● Straight from Paris, where she went to attend the wedding of her son, Prince Lennart of Sweden, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia is speeding to keep her engagement to speak at the Women's City Club on Tuesday evening, April 26.

The committee in charge of the lecture announces that there are a few seats left, both in the Auditorium and in the Cafeteria, where the lecturer's words will be broadcast from the floor below.

The catering department of the Club has ruled that reservations for the supper following the lecture must be made twenty-four hours in advance. Tickets for the supper are $1; tickets for the lecture, $3.50, $2.50 and $1.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat is chairman of the Grand Duchess Marie Lecture Committee.

Mrs. Treat says that, owing to the circumstance of the lecture having been deferred from its original date, a number who purchased tickets then were obliged to turn them back because of other engagements on the subsequent date. These, therefore, are still available. The supper promises to be an extremely attractive event. Tickets for this are now on sale at the Club.

Rudolph Schaeffer To Lecture at Club

● Rudolph Schaeffer, of the Schaeffer School of Rhythmo-Chromatic Design, will give a course of six lectures on "Esthetic Appreciation" at the City Club in the Auditorium, one every Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, beginning April 21, when his subject will be "New Eyes for This World of Seeing."

Admission to the lectures will be free to members upon presentation of membership cards. Guests will be charged a fee of 50 cents. The lectures are being given under the auspices of the City Club's League Shop.

Rudolph Schaeffer is well known to the majority of members of the Women's City Club, especially through his supervision of the Decorative Arts Exhibition held in the Auditorium three years ago.

Subjects of subsequent lectures are:

April 28, Color Madness or Gladness.

May 5, Beauty and Simplicity.

May 12, Organizing a Plan for Beauty.

May 19, Everyman's Creative Expression.

May 26, The Decorative Idea.

Mrs. Mott Tells of War-Ridden China

(Mrs. Ernest J. Mott, member of the City Club, member of the San Francisco Board of Education, went to the Orient to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. David Clyde Berger (Marjorie Mott) and found herself on the frontier of war. Mr. Berger, member of the American consulate at Swatow, was transferred to Tsingtao, where he is consul, and Mrs. Mott's story tells of their journey through "war's alarums" to the new post.)

Peninsula Hotel,
Kowloon, Hong Kong,
February 3.

● What a scramble we had getting out of Swatow! On Monday, February 1, I went uptown to do an errand. I was in the consulate ricksha and I came back down Customs Road. All of a sudden I found myself in the midst of a panic—Chinese running in every direction to get under cover, and hundreds dashing for the temple.

Of course, I was terribly frightened. The ricksha coolie had perspiration running in streams off his face—he dashed all over the road. I shouted at him to stop. I jumped out and made for the British Presbyterian Mission compound, wondering how I was ever going to get down to the consulate along Kialat Road, from which direction Chinese kept running.

In a few minutes I realized that the best thing I could do was to make for the consulate, which I did.

The street, usually crowded to the limit, was deserted, the shops closed and the few faces I saw were so blanched it was pathetic.

For days the Chinese had been evacuating, simply frightened to death. All who could afford it left on steamers for Hong Kong, the others making for the small villages in the interior.

I never realized before what a desperate situation the Chinese are in in time of trouble. Most of the soldiers in South China are mere boys. Rumor has it that the Japanese are planning to shell the city.

We left Swatow after four or five hectic days. All humanity with its household goods and chattels was on the march, passing the consulate night and day. Needlessly so, but there have been dozens of similar occasions when disturbances and resultant rumors have sent the natives of the city scattering in all directions.

We were late in landing. We went over to Hong Kong for tiffin. Tickets had to be purchased for Shanghai and some warm clothing gotten for Tsingtao. We had tea later with the Kirbys, Standard Oil people, and our great friends, at the Hong Kong Hotel. After tea we ran over to the Queen's Theater to see Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in "Politics." I loved it. I laughed myself into hysterics over Marie Dressler, though she is quite as sincere in her pathos as in her humor. Politics are politics, whether it is East or West, United States or China, only different because Western and Eastern psychology is different, that's all.

My two young people left for Canton on the night boat, while I stayed here with my granddaughter Susan, Sue Toy, as her uncle, Edward Rainey, calls her. She is a darling baby with a disposition like a lamb—smiling and gurgling whenever she is awake. I was glad to be quiet for a time. We had a series of dinners and tiffins at Swatow before we left, to say nothing of getting everything organized for a month en route.

This is a beautiful harbor. Kowloon, under the control of Hong Kong, is on the China side of the bay, just five minutes by excellent ferry service. One can be out of doors all day, all year long, and enjoy the beautiful oriental setting of the city. Our rooms overlook the bay and Hong Kong. All sorts of writers, including poets, have written rhapsodies on the beauties of this place at night as well as day. I can only say that all they have written is true and no exaggeration. It is of course typically English in every particular, and I like it.

If things are too bad at Shanghai we may stay here until it is safe to move on.

I am glad I am here. I would be very worried if I were in the States now. We are planning to take the President Madison from here to Shanghai when we have assurances that travel is safe.

President Liners, American Mail Line,
Orient, Round the World, President Madison:

February 6,

Your various radios have reached us and we are now framing a reply to assure you we are safe, so far, and on our way. We left February 5—more worried over the indecision than anything else—but now that we have started for Shanghai there is no turning back; and we all feel relieved. Of course, there are many rumors, most of them unpleasant, but we shall continue on to Tsingtao as soon as possible. Just now we have 1400 troops in Shanghai that went up on the Houston, and the British and French have more; so the International Settlement is well protected. We hope to get either a British or Dutch boat on to Tsingtao, which is very quiet now, according to all reports. If it is not possible to dock at Shanghai this ship will probably go on to Kobe, but we do not anticipate such an emergency. The Dollar pier is opposite the International Settlement and is not in the fighting zone.

Japanese troops are landing in huge numbers with all kinds of equipment. So far the fighting has been confined to the Chapei district, and all buildings and ruins have been and are being shelled.

The Settlement in which we live seems to be perfectly safe. The roof of this hotel has British marines as lookouts and guards, and the entire Settlement is policed by hundreds of soldiers of various nationalities.

Yesterday we had a most delightful tiffin with Consul General and Mrs. Cunningham. Mr. Johnson, minister to China, is their house guest. We enjoyed it all immensely, and last night we went again to dine at the consulate with the Josslyns. Mrs. Josslyn has devoted most of her time to us since we came. She is president of the American Association of University Women, a most interesting woman with three young children. She calls with her car and chauffeur every day and takes us about most comfortably. My two young people have spent much time shopping, buying new outfits of clothes suitable for Tsingtao, a climate which differs greatly from Swatow, which, being in South China, is tropical. Tsingtao has a climate similar to that of New England, and is delightful in summer, having a marvelous beach and bathing. Many Shanghai people have beach cottages and spend the summer months there.

We are getting a little tired of the delay but my son-in-law finds work to do at the consulate and seems to be occupied every moment.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabin Chase at Tsingtao have been transferred to Mukden and are only awaiting our arrival to leave for their new post. They are giving a Washington birthday celebration and are anxious to have us present. We may reach there, but it looks doubtful. Today we had tiffin at the Rose and Leaf Club. The Syrian "drawnwork" representatives have a club where we had a Syrian luncheon, the food being most awfully good. We are also being entertained for tea at the home of one of the Syrians this afternoon.

Sunday evening Lieutenant Commander

MacGowan called and took us by launch down to the Houston, the admiral ship, for dinner, followed by a movie. We had to hurry back to reach the hotel by 10 o'clock curfew. We have seen many navy friends here that we met while at Swatow. The whole navy is here, I think—but are not allowed shore leave after 7 o'clock p. m.

It is bitter cold for our marines and soldiers. They came up here after three years at Manila with equipment for that climate, and are just frozen with the cold. I understand that they will be outfitted soon with suitable uniforms for Shanghai.

While I have had a marvelous time and everyone has been most attentive, I have no intention of remaining here. This is a place where if one does not have an interest there is absolutely nothing, no music, no theaters, nothing that is mentally stimulating. One can't walk and move about freely—one can, but one's progress is impeded every foot by four or five Chinese of various conditions of poverty, so it is never easy to walk, the sidewalks are so narrow, and with motor and ricksha travel in Shanghai besides trams and busses, it is hectic.

I have done some shopping here but of course the Chinese shops are closed to a great extent as a protest until Japanese troops leave the Hong Kong district.

I went to some Russian places on Bubbling Well Road, but found things fully as expensive as at home, and when one pays duty the prices are higher.

Later—February 17

This morning the guns bombarded the city so continuously and with such concussion, I began to think all foreigners would have to leave. The Japanese are still landing troops.

I am going out to the American school in a few minutes to call upon Bobby Stocker and her sister, who are there from Swatow. I am anxious to see the school and know of the work they do there. When I return I shall finish up my shopping, for we sail surely tomorrow at 10 a. m. We have had a most charming stay here despite the war. Curfew is in effect, so the night clubs are closed, but they have been having tea dances every day from 5 to 7:30 o'clock. We had tea at a beautiful home in French town yesterday and have been entertained constantly during our stay. I expect to return to Shanghai when I have seen my youngsters settled in a comfortable house in Tsingtao. I will sail March 18 for home on the President Coolidge, arriving in San Francisco April 5.

—MAUDE R. MOTT.

Ralph Stackpole

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN, DIRECTOR AT GALERIE BEAUX ARTS

● Ralph Stackpole is a happy example of an artist who grew out of the latter days of the academy, spanned the transitional period with a steady development, and has emerged through experience into a modern expression in sculpture. In his teens he came from Oregon to study art in San Francisco. The old Opera House at 8 Montgomery Avenue (now Columbus) was then used as a studio building. Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, and Gottardo Piazzoni, the painter, shared a studio where they taught and worked. Stackpole became an apprentice to Arthur Putnam, and at the same time studied drawing with Piazzoni. He was fortunate in his early associations. Intimates of the studio were men of vision like Willis Polk and Bruce Porter. In the summer, between periods of art study at the Mark Hopkins Institute, where he attended later and Arthur Mathews was then the director, Stackpole worked with a surveying party for the railroads in Oregon, in the gold mines of Arizona or in the lumber camps of Northern California.

Then came the earthquake, and he took a trip to Rome with Piazzoni. Futurism was at its height in Italy. There they met daily, the artists and poets of this movement. Modernism—cubism versus futurism, with all its surge of new ideas, and with the consequent contention—was stimulating the art world into new life. From Italy he went to Paris, where again he was associated with Putnam, when that animal sculptor was at the height of his creative work. While he attended the Escole des Beaux Arts, all his spare time was spent in the museums or in sketching in the parks and along the Seine.

The first period of real creative expression began for the young sculptor with his return to San Francisco. Commissions for portraits and decorations modelled in marble and bronze came from the intelligentsia. It was the thing for the art patrons of San Francisco to have portraits of their children executed by him; among his clients were the Sloss, Esberg and Howard families. That banal contention that modern distortion is lack of facility, in the case of Stackpole is forever refuted by the consummate draftsmanship of his drawings executed in this period.

In 1912 he left San Francisco for New York to study with Robert Henri, the painter, but very soon was recalled to execute sculptural decorations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The doorways of the Varied Industries Building, figures on the columns of the Educational Building and the kneeling figure in front of the Palace of Fine Arts were all the work of this young San Francisco artist, and brought his sculpture more than local recognition. These sculptural decorations for the Exposition buildings and their execution started Stackpole on the road to the tendency of his later development. Sculpture as an integral part of architecture became for him of first interest.

On his second trip to Italy with Piazzoni, during the months spent in Florence, Rome and Venice, he worked entirely with the medium of painting. He became deeply interested in the Italian primitive painters. There is no doubt that, at this time, the modern idea of sculpture, as entirely freed from modelling, was developing in his consciousness; consequently, when Stackpole was recalled to San Francisco to teach at the California School of Fine Arts and to execute the two fountains for the city of Sacramento, the second period of his creative development began. Stimulated by the new adventure into the material, stone, he designed all his work cutting directly. His stoneyard became the center of a lively group of young artists interested in the modern idea of sculpture. Many of these are now working in New York and other centers with success. He was one of the first to recognize the significance of the art being done in Mexico, and the initial showing of work by Diego Rivera in San Francisco was a collection of drawings brought to the Galerie Beaux Arts by Stackpole. In 1926 he made a trip to Mexico to see the frescoes of Diego Rivera, Orozco and others. The old Mexican sculptures in the museums confirmed him further in his convictions concerning the functional development of sculpture in stone.

To Ralph Stackpole of today, the great thrill lies in working in stone direct, striving to bring out the fullest possibilities of the material. For him the only hope for the artist of today or tomorrow lies in the union of painting and sculpture with architecture. As the artist becomes the integral worker on the building, his work a necessary part of the design of the architecture, the artist himself takes a definite, useful place in the scheme of modern living. No longer a being apart, he becomes a craftsman in the functional expression of our metropolitan life. His decorations for the fountain at the Women's City Club and the Girls' Club are both well known. In his decorations for the Stock Exchange, which are a part of a monumental architecture of the building, Stackpole reaches more fully the goal of his ideal.

During April, at the exhibit of black and white at the Galerie Beaux Arts, several drawings will be shown by the artist.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

GIFTS OF LIFE; *a Retrospect by Emil Ludwig;* reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

WATERLESS MOUNTAIN; *by Laura Adams Armer;* illustrated by Sidney Armer and Laura Adams Armer; Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y.

BEYOND SHANGHAI; *by Harold Speakman;* The Abingdon Press, N. Y.

STORMBURY: A STORY OF DEVON; *by Eden Phillpotts;* The Macmillan Co., N. Y. $2.00.

LARRY: THOUGHTS OF YOUTH; The John Day Co., N. Y.

● Gifts of Life; a retrospect by Emil Ludwig; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

It is very interesting to see what a man considers the most outstanding gifts life has given to him. The use he makes of the gifts is quite likely to be in proportion to his appreciation of them. Emil Ludwig's list of gifts includes his parents and his home. Of these he says, "My father was a restlessly active man, great as a doctor, greater still as a protector and preventer . . . who never let the skill of his hands lead to routine of the heart." His mother was beautiful and healthy. And he "grew up in the atmosphere of a happy marriage" in a household where "achievement was honored, not position, or rank, or money . . . what we lacked in religion at home was made good on the practical side by training in morals and on the mystical by training in music."

Among the gifts life gave to him outside of his home environment were education, early love affairs, an attempt to make a living in the "coal business" of a wealthy uncle, and his elopement and marriage to an English girl. His wife appears as one of his most priceless gifts; her solitary and esthetic nature was in perfect accord with Ludwig's own.

A further list includes people. Of these he says, "I have never met an uninteresting person, nor have I ever been bored by any one; I have always learnt something, and most of all from the so-called lower classes, even when I did no more than watch them." He lists also his life in Switzerland, where he and his wife came quite by accident after their elopement and where they stayed "on purpose;" the birth of his children, which brought him up against reality; and the World War. "I belong to the few from whom the war took nothing but money and demanded few sacrifices, but to whom, on the other hand, it taught much concerning politics and social conditions, nations and individuals, character and destiny."

These and many other gifts, when related to the process of Emil Ludwig's development, give one the perspective from which Ludwig the writer sees the people and things about which he writes his books.

"Retrospect" is, perhaps, not the most penetrating biography Ludwig has done. Identification with his subject has prevented his "intensely suggestible" mind from using the same technique of which he made use in his "Goethe." "I had to produce his errors side by side with his aspirations, swiftly, so as not to lose, in my years of study, the receptive, trustful, submissive spirit, the grateful upward-looking, listening, devoted mood of my own heart." His own biography fails to strike the chord of his own inner being so that it reverberates as does the tonal quality of those others about whom he writes. But the book is an intensely interesting human document portraying the use made of the gifts life gave one individual.

● Waterless Mountain; by Laura Adams Armer.

Some months ago I heard a desert lover talk about the sand-paintings of the Navaho Indians. That was Laura Adams Armer, whose intimate knowledge of the Indian mind has given us the lovely idealism of "Waterless Mountain."

It is the story of Younger Brother, a little Navaho boy, a dreamer, a mystic, whose uncle was a medicine man. For Younger Brother, all things "walked in beauty."

Oliver La Farge, riding with a friend into a Navaho village, was "informed that there was a lady-artist in the schoolhouse who had persuaded a Navaho medicine man to make a sacred sand-painting for her, and, contrary to the ceremonial laws, leave it undestroyed for people to look at. Incredulous, we went to see. She admitted us to her temporary studio, and there was the sand-painting, sure enough, complete even to the prayer-sticks around the edges, and many excellent pictures by herself to boot.

"Partly because of her paintings of the Navaho legends in which the Indians saw an unusual insight and an expression of many things which they did not expect white people to understand, partly because she has been guided in her contacts by one of the wisest and most sympathetic of all the Navahos' friends, and largely through her own personality, she has been able to come unusually close to these people in a very short time. Her knowledge of their real selves has enabled her to select a difficult theme for her book, the internal processes, the thoughts and feelings and growth of a Navaho boy who feels a vocation to become a medicine man.

"Many readers will question the high religious ideas, the constant talk of beauty, the mysticism, that she ascribes to Younger Brother and his priestly uncle; one can only say that, contrary to the general idea, many Indians are so."

But Mr. La Farge's foreword does not do justice to the beauty of the illustrations which Laura Armer and her husband have drawn of the Navaho country; nor to the poetic charm with which she has told the Indian legends and the child-life of the little Indian boy.

Younger Brother lived in his father's hogan, near Waterless Mountain, of which the Indians said, "We Navahos call it the Waterless Mountain, because on its top and on all of its sides there is not one spring; but no one knows what may be in its heart. There are six directions always—east, south, west, north, above and below. Below is the deep heart of things."

His friends were the Pack-rat of the secret cave, the Coyote, the Bumble Bee of the magical pollen, Yellowbeak the Eagle, the Big Man of the trading post, and the Deer People, of whom he sang:

"In the yellow sun they danced,
Slender Horns and Slender Feet.
Near their shadowed homes they danced,
Slender Horns and Slender Feet."

Many were his adventures and his dreams and his songs, in the desert land of the Waterless Mountain—the boys' initiation, in the dance of the holy Yays; the corn dance; the dance of the maidens, when the daughter of Hasteen Sani raced towards the dawn, and Elder Brother was the only one who could catch up with her; the dedication of Elder Brother's hogan for his bride; the finding of the jars with the masks of the Ancients in the Pack-rat's hidden cave; and the supreme adventure, when Younger Brother wandered away

(Over)

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

● It is not too early to plan the next season's schooling. The May and succeeding issues of the Magazine will bring to you information about the:

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For Boys 5-12. Sixth Season

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For Catalogue and further information address the Principal

MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

Swimming Pool Being Repaired

● The Swimming Pool will be closed for repairs Monday, Tuesday and half of Wednesday, April 4, 5 and 6.

with his pinto pony, to find the wide waters of the west, where dwelt the Turquoise Woman who walked the rainbow bridge.

But it was his loveliest adventure when he climbed to the mesa-top, to find the deep hidden pool, whose beauty "only winged creatures who look down from above can know;" and where he asked the woodpecker and the hawk, "How do you fly, brother? I want to know." "No one could answer him. Always there were questions, questions, which no one could answer." Then came the Big Man with the Giant Dragon-fly.

"When they were on top of the cliffs he saw the great wings of the plane. They shone like the wings of Tanilai the dragon-fly. Younger Brother knew he was dreaming. He walked close to the Big Man. When they reached the dragon-fly, they both climbed into the body of the fly, and the strange man climbed in, back of them. The fly began to buzz, louder and louder.

Younger Brother grasped the Big Man's sleeve, and hid his head on his friend's shoulder.

"Look, look, Grandchild, we fly."

He looked, and there were mesas, mountains and trees running away. Everything was running away except a big, fluffy, white cloud in the east. That stood still, and the dragon-fly buzzed nearer and nearer to it. Then before Younger Brother knew what was happening, they were on the cloud.

Then he realized that his wish had been granted. His feet were off the earth, and his head was in the clouds. He was so excited and happy he sang the song of the Holy Young Man who sought the gods and found them. On the summits of the clouds he sought the gods and found them.

The Big Man was just as happy as the little boy, and he sang the song with him.

"On the summits of the clouds
He sought the gods and found them.
With a prayer within his heart
He sought the gods and found them.
Somebody doubts it, so I have heard."

"We do not doubt it, do we, Grandchild?" said the Big Man as he put his arm around the little Navaho boy whose wishes always came true. There are always doubters, but what of it, so long as there are those who believe and dream?"

Waterless Mountain is called a book for children, but it is lovely for children of any age—those who "believe and dream."

● Beyond Shanghai; by Harold Speakman.

"Beyond Shanghai" is the territory on which the eyes of all the world have been focused. Harold Speakman is an artist who wandered up and down the waterways of China, making permanent for us with his brush the lovely temples and shrines and bridges that he saw in his wander-year. His pen paints pictures, too—pictures of a land far different from the country which is "beyond Shanghai" today. But the tale is so vividly told with pencil and brush that it makes the district real to us. It is ten years since Mr. Speakman "went native in Chinese inns and house-boats." But more than any more recent book it has served to bring close to me that country which is being destroyed by airplane and machine-gun.

● Stormbury: a Story of Devon; by Eden Phillpotts.

"Stormbury" is a tale of Devonshire and its countryfolk. Those who enjoyed Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Susan Spray" and her wanderings in Surrey and Sussex are sure to like Eden Phillpotts' newest character, Martha Verhard. He is a master hand at character drawing, and this latest book of his is like a restful sojourn in rural England.

● Larry: Thoughts of Youth.

"Larry" is the book that one chooses to give to a boy. From China, an older boy wrote to ask that this book be bought as a gift for his younger brother. "Larry" was what we all want our boys to be! "Larry" was what older men look back to, and wish that they might have been. The book contains the letters of Larry Foster, the clean young knight who was all boy. Letters about school and college, and "The Girl," and a summer vacation on a ranch in Arizona. And a last ride, when Larry waved goodbye and rode into the sunset—and did not come back.

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● My dear Jane:

Well, here we are with another month behind us, and I find that I have such a lot of things to say to you about our Club I hardly know where to begin.

That being the case, I am going right at the first one in my mind, which is of a more serious nature than usual, and tell you what we have been doing on our Social Service side of the Club.

You have been gone so long that you are, of course, out of touch with things and conditions here, and perhaps do not realize that what we call, for lack of a better name, depression, has hit California pretty badly, and we have become during the winter very conscious of the fact that the unemployment situation is of a most serious nature. And our Club has come to the fore, with its usual spirit of helpful willingness, to aid those who have been hit by these difficult times.

In fact, all women's clubs have become an intangible factor in the present unemployment situation. There is no question of that fact. We are a more or less silent force in the working out of the present-day problem, and to how great an extent this is true, few people, I think, realize.

Women everywhere, all over the country, are giving their time, their energies, and their money, individually and in small groups, to help those in distress. Women come to the fore always in any national crisis, or in fact in any crisis, but today there is a huge and powerful force, or movement, an organized body of workers, who are daily and hourly giving their thoughts and time to the immediate problem of caring for the unemployed.

In our Club alone, there is a motor corps of over a hundred women who make daily visits to the needy; who check up on the families who need aid; who carry supplies and take cheer and comfort into the homes of thousands. There are corps of women who are giving their time sewing, making over old garments into something that can be used, and this is an organized workshop which would equal for efficiency any first-class tailoring establishment. There are employment bureaus in many clubs where the committees in charge have the opportunity of placing both men and women in positions which have in many cases been the means of preserving not only their health but their sanity.

The women's clubs all over the country are headquarters for this work of relief, and our Club, of course, has no backward place in this work. Then, too, it is being done so quietly, so efficiently and so quickly that our committees report in many cases almost instant relief.

Our members are working as they have never worked since the old days at Kearny Street, and well do you know how marvelously everyone rallied to the cause in those days. And it is wonderful to realize that that old spirit is still alive; in fact, I sometimes think it is more alive than ever. Perhaps it is because we have so many more members now, and have become such an outstanding group in the life of our city. Anyway, the fact remains that everywhere you go in the clubhouse you will find earnest groups talking together, discussing plans, laying out campaigns for the help and betterment of those who are unfortunate, and through no fault of their own are out of employment.

The women of today, and our Club members in particular, realize as never before that it is their work to get close to this situation, and in spite of the fact that we women are never supposed to be silent, yet we have become a "silent force," inasmuch as there is no blare of trumpets, no hue and cry about this work for relief, but a steadily growing power and efficiency.

Many people think of a women's club as a frivolous place. I know it was quite a time before I realized that our Club was anything but a delightful place wherein I met my friends, played a game of bridge, had a swim or ate a good luncheon or dinner; in fact, it was a playground. But I can truly say that the women's clubs of today have graduated from that phase; they are a vital, living factor in the world's work. Even those clubs who do not come under the category of service clubs are doing their bit to help in this emergency.

Did you realize that we have been fortunate enough to have Miss Leale reelected as president for her fourth term? I wonder how many of the inactive members appreciate what a bit of luck that is for us all. That our president, who has carried on so faithfully, so efficiently, so marvelously for three years, is willing and eager to go on with her work in this particularly critical time is, I feel, a most wonderful break for us. And the board of directors behind her! Did you read your Club Magazine last month? But of course you did, so I won't go further into that part of it, but I know you must feel as I do—that we have a banner year ahead of us with such leaders.

And now I have something in a lighter vein to tell you about, before my letter gets beyond all reason in length and I bore you to tears.

I do want to tell you about Miss MacKenzie and her special luncheons and dinner parties. You know, she is an artist in her line, and we are most fortunate in having a woman of her caliber and experience at the head of our dining room. She is always most eager and willing to make a special effort for a private luncheon or dinner, and some of the creations she turns out (I can call them nothing else) are things of beauty and a joy forever. As you know, food holds little interest for me, but I am always fussy about how it is presented, and Miss MacKenzie is surely an artist at presentation. I remember a Valentine party which I attended, and I have never seen a more beautifully artistic table in my life; the food was served in such a manner that while it whetted your appetite, yet it seemed a pity to spoil the picture it made.

She tells me that she eagerly looks forward to each festive day, and has all sorts of tricks up her sleeve which she is anxious to work out for the enjoyment of those who desire a charming luncheon.

St. Patrick's Day! I wish I had space to tell you of the charming ideas she worked out for decoration and food for those special luncheons. Our group had a luncheon that day, and how I wish you might have been here to join us!

Well, when you do come back I shall remember that a going-away party is a nice thing to have, but a "Welcome Home" party is even nicer, and we will plan a day and turn Miss MacKenzie loose on

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the decorations and food, and see if you will have anything better to offer, by way of comparison, on all your trip.

I seem to have covered a lot of space and said not a whole lot this month; but I still miss you, my dear, as do many of your fellow Club members. We shall be happy to see your smiling face among us once more.

Meantime, I shall carry on, and keep you posted as to what is most interesting underneath our Club rooftree.

Affectionately,

KATH——

Supper Guests Must Be Lecture Patrons

● Tickets for the supper which is to follow the lecture of Grand Duchess Marie of Russia Tuesday evening, April 26, will be sold only to persons attending the lecture. Whether the lecture patron sits in the Auditorium or in the Cafeteria (to which the Grand Duchess' speech will be broadcast), she or he is entitled to the privilege of attending the supper at one dollar per service. No others will have that privilege.

Clubhouse Departments

(Continued from Page 14)

In concluding, I would like first of all to express my appreciation to our President for her patience and sympathy in helping us with our problems; to the volunteers for their very real co-operation during the past year, and last (but not least to me), to the employees for their loyalty to the Club and enthusiasm in their work.

In conclusion I would like to express my appreciation to our president for her patience and understanding of our problems in management, to the volunteers for their very real co-operation during the past year and to the employees for their loyalty to the Club and their enthusiasm in their work.

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF

DO SOMETHING FOR YOU LET YOUR SPRING HATS

FIRST—They must be worn correctly—that makes them fit your head and face.

SECOND—The color does the rest. The new models are very uplifting —which is what everyone wants. This is a good time to bring in your last season's straws to be remodeled.

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF

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Directors to Meet With Club Members

● At noon every day of the third week of each month there will be several tables in the Cafeteria presided over by memebrs of the Board of Directors, where members may meet informally with them and discuss questions germane to the Club. At these tables will be disseminated the mid-monthly news of the Club. The Magazine, of course, gives the first-of-the-month news and announcements.

Activities Committee

(Continued from Page 11)

Ceeil Hollis Stone; "Radio—A New Profession for Women," Mrs. Josephine Bartlett; "Small San Francisco Gardens," Mrs. Helen Van Pelt.

MRS. T. A. STODDARD, Chairman.

Russia—a Lecture Course.—"Life in Soviet Russia, as Seen Through the Eyes of Soviet Writers," was the general heading of a series of four lectures given by Mrs. Olga Ilyin, on the second and fourth Monday afternoons in October and November. The titles of these notable talks were: "The Bulk of the Russian People"; "The Building of the World's Communism"; "Dreamers Without Dreams"; "The Crucified."

Mrs. Ilyin's sources of material were the books of the Soviet writers and her own personal experiences. Her audiences were excellent and were very enthusiastic about her clear and unusually fluent presentation.

Waiting List Becomes Shorter

● Due to the annual April "turnover" in the membership roll the waiting list of the City Club is now at as low an ebb as it will be at any time of the year.

Prospective applicants, therefore, will find this a propitious time to file their desire to join the Club. Members who wish to propose friends are advised that now is the time.

Plants in the Home

—MARION RAMON WILSON

● We look about the modern apartment. Futuristic bric-a-brac, tiled floors and glowing Turkish rugs melt into a picture of perfect harmony. All is in perfection, so we think, until suddenly we feel its emptiness, its lifelessness. Ah! at last we see what we had before only felt—there are no growing plants.

The modern apartment-house dweller has the same desire to see some plant grow as the owner of a house with a garden, but unfortunately the window-box, while affording an opportunity to grow many kinds of small plants, has to be watered, and often discolors the space below the window, causing the ire of one's landlord to decend on one's head; or, if zinc-lined, confines the earth too closely and causes decay at the roots.

To have something growing in the room on a table was next thought of, and the desert bowl—a bowl of sand planted with small succulents—became very popular. The redwood burl with its green shoots also was an ornament to many rooms. Another was the Japanese miniature garden, a zinc-lined box with small patches for planting diminutive plants, surrounded by water and ornamented by tiny bridges and china houses. This gave scope to individual design and desire.

To one of our sisters in the East came the inspiration of the "terrarum," a fish bowl with a glass top making a very desirable hot-house to grow small woody plants. In such a bowl is first placed some woods earth mixed with five cents' worth of loam, purchased from a florist. The soil is mixed carefully and then dampened slightly, after which it is placed in the bowl to the depth of two inches. Plants such as tiny ferns, lichens, walking ferns and pipsissewa may be used and then moss packed on top to conceal the earth.

A colored stone here and there gives a picturesque touch. Partridge berries add color. Sprinkle lightly, put the top on, and watch the plants grow. Do not water unless the soil becomes dry; if it is too moist, open the lid for a few hours at a time.

If you live in the country where small feathered folk look to you to help them out when their food gets scarce, there is the "terravium"—"a diminutive wild garden or rocky glen built within a glass case." The name is derived from the two Latin words, terra, earth, and avis, a bird.

This "terravium" is a glass box fitted in the window, and held snugly in place by the wondow-frame with the front or outside open.

The "terravium" may be planted in much the manner of a terrarium, and invites the same sort of ingenuity of idea in regard to design and selection of ma-

terial. The plants, however, must be of a kind that do not require heat, which eliminates most of those that may be raised indoors. Mosses, lichens, seedling evergreens, dwarf ferns and hardy woodland ground covers can be employed with charming effect.

The question of keeping the whole plan in scale is of paramount importance in the terravium, as it is in the terrarium, and always there must be kept in mind the practical object of attracting birds. Once the scheme and the planting are decided upon, provision must be made for receptacles for food and water.

The terravium I have in mind has a wooden frame painted white, and the top is wood with little hooks upon which bits of suet may be hung. It is skillfully arranged to suggest a bit of rocky woodland. The soil is thickly mixed with peat-moss and the plants include a dwarf evergreen, creeping saxifrage, Christmas ferns and partridge berries, the tallest accents being seedling biotas.

A terra-cotta figurine representing St. Francis, sprays of holly and the shallow pottery bowls for bird food and water add to the interest of the composition.

Freedom from Drudgery, Not Cosmetics, Make American Women Beautiful

● Back of the lipstick, shingled hair and natty dresses, the real reason for the beauty of American womanhood is that she has been relieved from household drudgery, asserted the speaker at a recent New York meeting.

Thirty or forty years ago American girls on entering their teens had to wash dishes, bend over washtubs and sometimes chop wood and carry coal. Even now, in Europe, the girls do not have the easy life of the girls of this country. Today, the average girl does not see a washtub until she is married, and even then most women send their family washing to the laundry. All sorts of labor-saving appliances have been created by modern ingenuity to conserve American womanhood. The washing machine and the vacuum cleaner have been followed by the electric refrigerator and the automatic oil burner. In the modern home, the last phase of drudgery is now being rapidly vanquished—that of shoveling coal and ashes and caring for the furnace. Close to one million homes in the United States now have automatic oil heating, which has eliminated the dust and drudgery of furnace care from the home.

"And so why should American women not be the best groomed and the most charming in the world?" asked the speaker. "Freed from the drudgery that in past generations brought crows' feet to a woman's face early in life, and given more time to preen herself, why should not American womanhood achieve new heights of personal artistry? The powder, the lipstick and the hair waves are merely accessories. The real reason that American womanhood is charming is because she does not work one-half as hard as did her grandmother."

Have You Made Reservations for the Gala Dinner Which Concludes the Collectors' Exhibit?

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BETTER DRESS SHOP, HALE'S THIRD FLOOR

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Easter and its beautiful promise of renewed life was commemorated in March this year, which brings us to another month, that of April with its many changes. It's like the world of today—sunshine and shadows, storms and calms. But with it comes a richer understanding. With curtailed incomes, when costly pleasures are prohibited and even necessities are restricted, we are finding that Nature's gifts of exquisite blue skies, glorious days of sunshine and a wealth of lovely flowers are real compensations.

But best of all is the sincere co-operation found among mankind. The strong are lending helping hands to lighten the burdens placed upon weakened shoulders. Women who spent hours at the bridge tables are busy driving social service workers, as they make their daily rounds. Others are taking wee crippled children from their homes to the hospitals, where they are assisted on to the path of good health. Some are doing their own housework, and yet out of their limited funds they are giving shelter to girls who are unable to secure clerical positions for which they are fitted—for they are permitting them to live in their former household staff's quarters, free of rent and with a cheering breakfast to start the day right. Truly, we are more conscious of our fellow-women today than ever before.

In keeping with this spirit, which is the motivating force of the National League for Woman's Service, expressed so clearly and feelingly by Miss Marian Leale, our president, in her recent talk when the annual reports were given, the Home Economics Department of the magazine inaugurates with the April issue a "Members' Recipe Column."

We hope that each one of you will take an active interest in the department and share your favorite recipes, as well as offering menu suggestions for special occasions. With this in mind, won't you help us plan a May Day breakfast? Real breakfast dishes as well as those for luncheon—as the meal may be served at any hour up to noon and be the simple fruit and coffee before a round of golf or more elaborate concoctions reserved for the midday service. From the contributions the department will make a few selections, and asks that all directions be explicit as to the ingredients and preparations, as the recipes will carry the endorsement of the donors, but will not be tested by the editor.

As April holds no special significance this year, the following recipes have been chosen as dinner courses — the spaghetti mixture serving as a one-dish meal, or may be accompanied by fresh peas and creamed potatoes if the family is large. The round-steak patties are equally delicious with these vegetables. String beans cooked with bacon strips are nice with meat loaves and any preferred salad—just lettuce and French dressing, or perhaps sliced tomatoes, or you may wish to try the Mexican dish offered by a member. This month's contributions are to supplement the cook book published for the Talent Festival, and they were either received too late or were duplicates of those already in print; that is, all but the lemon pie, which has just come in response to a verbal request.

Spaghetti Marina.—Miss Julie Brun.

1 package spaghetti
1 package pimiento cheese
½ pound round steak, ground
1 can tomato hot sauce
2 onions
1 clove garlic
Chopped parsley, olive oil, pepper, salt

Cut onion and garlic fine and fry in three tablespoons of olive oil. Then add the tomato sauce. Boil and drain the spaghetti and put in tomato and onion. Next put four tablespoons of olive oil in a fry pan and heat the meat quickly in this. Put into spaghetti mixture. Then add the cheese and parsley.

Round-Steak Patties.—Mrs. Henry K. Shaw.

1 pound round steak, ground
2 onions, chopped fine
3 tablespoons canned cream
1 teaspoon flour or cracker crumbs

Work together to form flat patties. Fry in fat or butter to a rich brown. Salt after first turning. A little hot water poured into the pan after removing the patties makes sufficient gravy. The onions may be omitted if desired.

Veal Loaf with Mushrooms.—Mrs. C. A. S. Frost.

3 lbs. lean veal
½ lb. fat salt pork
6 or 8 soda crackers, rolled fine
4 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon pepper
Few drops of onion juice

Mix well, pack in bread pan (greased); smooth, then brush with white of egg. Bake two hours in slow oven. Baste with ¼ cup pork or bacon drippings. Prick loaf to let fat through.

Wash, peel, cut stems, etc., of one pound or more of mushrooms. Add butter and steam in the oven.

Hominy Bread.—Miss Laura S. McKinistry.

1 cup cooked hominy
1 tablespoon butter
1 saltspoon salt
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 cup milk
½ cup yellow corn meal
2 egg whites, well beaten

To the hot hominy add the butter, salt, egg yolks and corn meal. Add the milk slowly and beat all together well, adding the whites last. Bake in a well-buttered flat tin from 20 to 30 minutes in a hot oven.

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Aguacamole (Mexican) Salad.—Dorothy Woods.

1 cup mashed avocados
½ cup chopped, strained tomatoes
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 pod green chili, chopped
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon minced parsley
Salt and pepper to suit taste

Mix ingredients together and serve on lettuce and minced cooked chicken.

Cold Chocolate Pudding.—Mrs. Milton H. Epstein.

½ cup milk
½ cup ground sweet chocolate
½ cup sugar
3 eggs
1½ tablespoons granulated gelatine
1 cup cold water

Cook milk and chocolate together a few minutes until thick and smooth. Set aside to cool. Next soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes and dissolve by standing cup in pan of boiling water. Set aside to cool. Beat egg yolks, add sugar and beat again, then add the cooled chocolate mixture and strained gelatine (at blood heat) and lastly fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into mold or glasses and set away to cool and set. Serves eight. Better if made the day before serving.

Lemon Pie.—Ida May Zeile.

1½ cups of water
3 lemons, juice of
2 lemons, grated rind only
Pinch of salt

Place in double boiler.

Next stir:

1 level tablespoon cornstarch
1 level tablespoon flour into
1 cup of sugar

Separate four eggs. Place three whites in refrigerator. Cream the four egg yolks. To this add the sugar mixture. Then add the combined mixture to the boiling lemon water. As soon as it thickens it is done. Then add one tablespoon of butter. Remove from fire and add the well-beaten white of one egg.

For the meringue: beat the whites of the three eggs very dry. Add three tablespoons granulated sugar. When meringue is ready pour lemon mixture into the baked pastry shell, spread meringue on top, place in oven at once and bake for a few moments until brown. Watch carefully! Serve cold same day as it is baked.

Pie Dough (2 crusts).—Ida May Zeile.

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder

Sift together two or three times. Rub in ⅓ cup shortening until flour crumbles. Then add two tablespoons cold water. Handle very little when rolling out.

New Operator

● For women blessed with naturally curly hair, the French finger wave is not only a better method of grooming their tresses, but a time-saver as well, because it does away with the necessity of curling lotion on the hair and the warmth of the large dryers.

It is done simply by shaping the waves with the hands and drying with a small hand dryer. Due to the setting of the hair in this manner, the air is constantly circulating through the hair and naturally speeds its drying.

Catherine Giberson, who is now on the staff of our Beauty Salon, has been doing this style of waving for over a period of five years, having been formerly associated with H. Liebes & Co., the St. Francis and Fairmont Hotel Beauty Shops.

Visit our Salon and let Mrs. Giberson explain it more thoroughly.

French finger wave, including shampoo, $2; plain finger wave, including shampoo, $1.25; special for the month of April.

We dye hair, any shade, back to its natural color; if your hair is turning gray come in and see us.

Women Physicians to Lunch at City Club

● The Women Physicians' Club of San Francisco has arranged to meet every Tuesday at luncheon in the Cafeteria, where a table will be reserved. Those who are not members of the City Club will be guests of fellow members of the Physicians' Club who are also members of the City Club. Dr. Elizabeth Arthurs is president of the Women's Physicians' Club.

Come and Get Your Synthetic Sunburn

● The Beauty Salon now possesses an ultra violet ray Lamp with which City Club members may be "treated" at 50 cents an "exposure."

Appointments may be made at the Beauty Salon desk for any other service in the Salon.

Efficacy of treatments by this "lamp" or "machine" is recommended by Dr. Adelaide Brown, health editor of this magazine, and by the Medical Department of Stanford University. The lamp is regulated and controlled by a competent operator in the Beauty Salon.

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American Women's Clubs in Europe

● A Federation of American Women's Clubs in Europe has been suggested.

The idea seems to have been most spontaneously taken up by the group of Clubs in the Netherlands, perhaps because, owing to their geographical situation, they are not as far away from each other as most of the others. Soon afterward the Amsterdam Club gave a luncheon party at which representatives from The Hague and Antwerp were present, and The Hague reciprocated by arranging a big Anniversary Luncheon, at which Mrs. Curtis Brown, president of the American Women's Club of London, was the guest of honour. At this luncheon Mrs. Curtis Brown, at the request of The Hague members, who have been particularly enthusiastic over the Federation idea, spoke on how it might work for peace and other international issues.

While in The Hague, Mrs. Curtis Brown was able to pay a short visit to Amsterdam, where again she found an interested company, alert as to the possibilities of a Federation, and working for its aims, but not yet seeing their way to join, as they have not achieved a definite organization of their own.

Copies of the Disarmament Petition, drawn up by the International Relations Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, were circulated to all the Clubs in Europe, and a number of names were obtained from Berlin, Amsterdam, Antwerp, The Hague, London, Rome, and Zurich. As the signatories are all citizens of the United States of America, the Petition forms have been returned to Mrs. Ben Hooper, Chairman of the International Relations Committee, to swell the total of over a million American women in favour of Disarmament aimed at by the General Federation.

For the time being, and until the Federation has actually come into existence, London is temporary Headquarters, and a draft constitution is now being drawn up for consideration by the various Clubs concerned. This will be circulated for amendment and correction.

A brief abstract from letters received from the various Clubs is given below:

ANTWERP. — The American Women's Club in Antwerp is very much interested in a Federation of American Women's Clubs in Europe, which would have for its aims: working for peace; for a better understanding of international affairs; and to bring into closer relationship the various groups of American women residing abroad.

AMSTERDAM feels that owing to its smallness and its informal constitution, the Current Events Club of Amsterdam is at present unsuited to Federation on the lines suggested at the London Conference. Is nevertheless very anxious to keep in touch with the other American Women's Clubs in Europe, and would be very much interested in affiliation which was established for the purpose of promoting such contact. Supports heartily the idea (while not in favour of the Federation on the lines proposed at the London Conference) that American Women's Clubs in Europe should take a collective stand on the question of disarmament, and suggests that when the replies of the other Clubs in regard to Federation have been collected a letter should be submitted to the coming Disarmament Conference in Geneva embodying such opinions favourable to the progress of disarmament as are expressed in the replies.

BERLIN, as a result of the Conference, has formed a Committee on International Relationships, which has some of their most efficient members on it. The Federation idea has been taken up for study and report.

THE HAGUE has unanimously voted to join the Federation of American Women's Clubs when formed. Favours with enthusiasm the idea of another Conference in the near future. Groups for the study of Dutch history and Current Events have been formed, and a certain amount of relief work is under way.

ROME. — Most interested in the idea, and looking forward to the possibility of fuller co-operation in the future.

VIENNA.—The Club is in principle in favour of joining a Federation of American Women's Clubs in Europe and awaits with interest any further developments of the scheme. Has benefited by the suggestion of committees on "Current Events" and has inaugurated a series of lectures on topical subjects.

ZURICH is heartily in favour of a future Federation, and is definitely working towards that end. Has appointed a Committee on International Relationships which will include Current Events, and is also doing local work among illegitimate children.

Shanghai, although not in Europe, and too far away to co-operate effectively, is very much interested in the whole idea, and sends best wishes for the success of the Federation.

—From AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB MAGAZINE, *London*.

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Attractive gifts for the spring garden. Gaily painted Hose Poles, English Trug Baskets, Bird Houses and Garden Sticks.

Mexican importations of bottles molded in the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, Cigarette Lighters in metal framework, colorful Loom-woven Bags for veranda or vacation trips.

Bright Spanish Tule Seat Chairs.

THE
LEAGUE SHOP

Employment Aid For Women

Three birds with one shot! What could be more attractive in these days of economy?

This is the opportunity which the Employment Aid offers to the men and women of San Francisco:

First—Help yourself (for that is sound economics, of course). Give yourself a lift over some especially hard and taxing duty —dish-washing, or housecleaning, or cooking, or care of those lively youngsters, or perhaps a bit of typing or office work. That's one "bird."

Second — Help the other fellow—the fellow that needs a job, no matter how small a one. That's the second "bird."

Third—Help your city—surely we all want to do that—in this time of great extremity, when the problem of unemployment is pressing so heavily.

There you are—three birds with one stone.

And the stone is "The Employment Aid," 406 Sutter Street; Douglas 1300.

Schneider Brothers, Furriers, New Tenants at City Club

● Schneider Brothers, furriers, now occupy the City Club premises, 455 Post Street, where decorators and stock men have been busy for weeks transforming the rooms into one of the most attractive sales places in San Francisco.

Oyster white walls and *tete de negre* rugs in the late Directoire period are an enchanting background for the array of fine furs—coats, scarfs, muffs and jackets —which are the Schneider stock.

Schneider Brothers formerly were located at 379 Geary Street, and bring to their new location a large clientele.

San Francisco Center Arranges Bridge Tournament

● The technique of bridge hands rather than the perfection of laws will engross members of the San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters and their friends on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 26, when they will sponsor a bridge tournament at the Hotel St. Francis.

In large eastern cities bridge tournaments have been very popular and interest in the Center tournament is already widespread around the Bay region. Mrs. Joseph Oeschger, who is a very well-known teacher of the Culbertson system, will manage the tournament.

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(Lower Main Floor)

Women's City Club

The Latham Foundation Poster Exhibit

● Members of the Women's City Club will be interested in the collection of Latham Foundation posters that are to be placed on view April 30 in the Club's large Auditorium.

These posters are those entered in the Latham Foundation's yearly poster contest, which is conducted with the purpose of encouraging the higher principles of humaneness and to foster a deeper understanding of, and sympathy with, man's relations—the animals—who cannot speak for themselves.

This year thousands of posters have been received from nearly every state in the Union and from artists all the way from kindergarten to professionals well along in years.

The display this year will be the best that has even been shown, since the posters sent in for the 1932 contest are of an exceptionally high order of merit. It is hoped that some posters from foreign countries will also be displayed, since several of these countries have promised to send entries.

Educational and governmental departments in many foreign countries have expressed the deepest interest and desire to co operate in the Latham campaign to foster international good-will. They are developing plans whereby the children and students in their countries will send in posters each year. Arrangements are also being made whereby the American posters will be sent to foreign countries for display.

It is interesting to note that many of the children's posters sent in have as a model the child's pet dog or rabbit. Oftentimes he induces a girl or boy playmate to pose as part of his picture.

As part of the poster display, the Foundation is giving a special program on Saturday evening, April 30, at 8 o'clock. This will be held in the Auditorium, and promises to be a most interesting one.

The Latham Foundation is conducting a campaign whereby animals throughout America will be decorated for outstanding acts of courage. It is hoped that one or more dogs who have won medals for heroism in the past year will be displayed.

In addition there will be a number of interesting speakers, among them Dr. Benjamin Black of San Francisco. A special feature of the program will be a chalk talk by a young artist, Michael Angelo of Mountain View. Michael sketches rapidly with colored chalks on large sheets of paper as he tells interesting incidents that go with his drawings.

Hikers and Golfers Sup at Club on Sundays

● Golfers and hikers of the City Club are invited to avail themselves of the Sunday night buffet suppers at the City Club at 75 cents per service.

The suppers are informal and if hikers and golfers in habiliments of the outdoors want to come to supper "as is" they will find many others in the same garb. If they want privacy they will find the supper served in the National Defenders' room as well as the larger room. With the return of clement weather, whole units of hikers and golfers have arranged to have supper at the Club.

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels, Aprons, etc. *furnished to* Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

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OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed. 9:30—7:30
Thurs., Fri. - - - 9:30—9:00
Sat. - - - - - - 9:00—5:00

PRIVATE LESSONS

Ticket entitles to six ½-hour or twelve ¼-hour lessons within 3 months.

Admission to Pool Extra

Members, also children of members under 18 years..... $4.50
Guests $6.00

SHOWERS

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Includes Towel and Sheet

Steel Lockers for Rent

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25c per mo.; $1.25 6 mos.
Medium—
35c per mo.; $2.00 6 mos.
Large—
50c per mo.; $2.75 6 mos.

Members giving splash parties of over ten persons are asked to arrange in advance with the swimming office.

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

A guest card, giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person.

Swimming-Pool Notes

● The Swimming Pool is now opening at 9:30 o'clock a. m. except Saturday, when it opens at 9 o'clock.

A new life-saving class is just starting at 12 noon on Tuesday. This class will train for volunteer guard service on the pool. There is no fee for instruction and the class is open to members and guests.

Collectors' Exhibit Open Day and Evening

● The Private Collectors' Exhibit on Wednesday and Thursday, April 13 and 14, will open day and evening; from 10 in the morning to 10 in the evening, to be explicit. And if one is having a happy time at 10:10 no one will object.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, for April 1, 1932.
State of California, } ss.
County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club of San Francisco, San Francisco; Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco; Managing editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco; Business Manager, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Women's City Club, which is a non-profit corporation; address, 465 Post Street, San Francisco.
President, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, San Francisco, California.
Secretary, Miss Georgia Fenwick, San Francisco, California.
Treasurer, Miss Emma Noonan, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 8700. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1932.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1934.)

Note.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.)

Beauty Salon...

OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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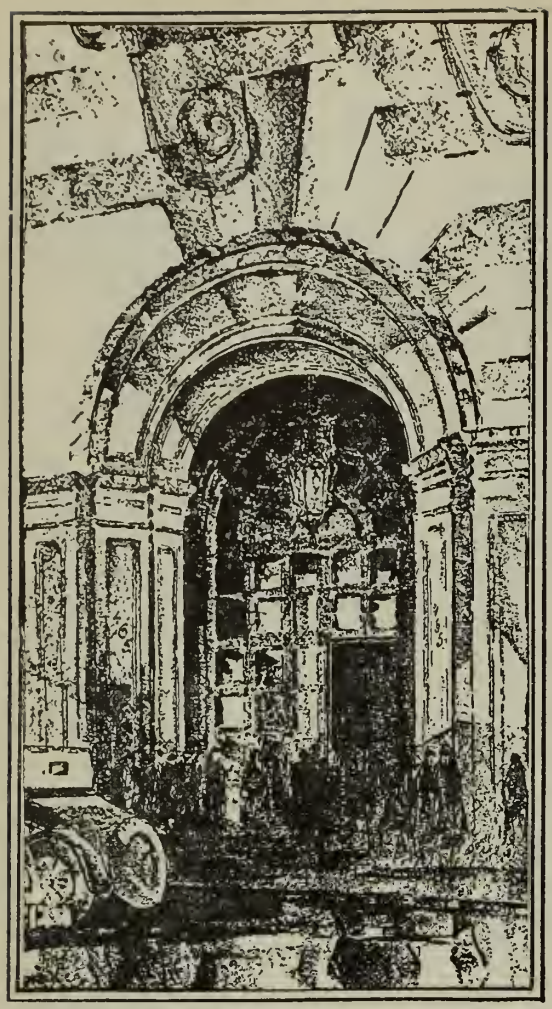

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

May, 1933 • Vol. VI - No. 4
Price 15 cents a Copy

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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irritations that are unnecessary, trying to decide the merits of one firm against another . . . take our word for it, it's best to take the service or merchandise that is recommended and advertised . . . those within the City Club Magazine are worthy of your patronage . . . and the Guide to Shops and Services can be of untold use to you . .

---

the matter of butter . . . not every grocer handles Isleton Butter but if you ask they'll get it for you . . . it's used exclusively in the Club dining rooms for the reason it is always sweet and uniformly so . . .

---

our chiropodist has made a move . . . look at his new address and phone numbers . . . for peninsula residents his hours at San Mateo will be found convenient . . . and we can highly recommend Dr. Henri after being at the Club these many months . . . you'll find him anxious to please . . .

---

did you ask your grocer for Mary Elinor's Salad Dressing, as we suggested? . . . you'd better, while you remember, make a note now. . . .

---

last month we ran out of space to tell about The New Fillmore so we're going to add a few lines more this time . . . this grocery at Fillmore and Washington is different . . . prices low enough to suit everybody . . . but . . . the merchandise, that's what we might rave about . . . but we'll spare you the ravings . . . run in there for a visit of inspection . . . there's not a grocery item of consequence you'll fail to find . . . and a department of imported beverages, tinned foods, and condiments . . . we saw bottles of essences and cocktail bases that we'd only heard of before . . . you'll not regret a tour of inspection . . . and they've a phone order service second to none . . .

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now, please make a note of this Shopping Guide and use it through the month . . . there are many things you need every day that it will pay you to secure from these concerns. . . .

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Women's City Club, it's up to you to use this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy, that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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Byington electric service . . . that's complete service for radio, household equipment, wiring, lighting and cooking . . . . . we've known "By" lo! these many years and when it's service in a hurry . . . you can count on him every time.

Nore has some new millinery for the vacationists . . . and some late arrivals in street hats . . . and many women are taking last season hats in to be made over for second best . . . that's an idea in economy . . . you'll like her place on Hyde Street . . .

don't forget the rug cleaner . . . Chino-Persian . . . and they do domestics too . . . but with Oriental floor coverings they have no equal . . .

don't let the week pass without seeing new flowers in every corner of your home . . . they'll take the damp atmosphere out of spirits . . . give Serveau or Podesta and Baldocchi a ring . . . and if you live in the Sunset or Richmond Districts there is Pinelli's Flowerland . . .

from the far lands of mystery, lure and romance come the precious jewels that our advertisers develop into wearable adornment . . . the two concerns in this service section are careful, original craftsmen . . . there is the skill of the individual artist in their work . . . and that's something in this machine age . . .

and we'll be with you again next month.

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We invite you to call and inspect the new designs and patterns for
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MAY 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of this month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section twice a month, on the first and third Wednesdays. Following her lectures there will be a continued discussion at a large table in the Cafeteria. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.
Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.
Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.
Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON
Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

RUDOLPH SCHAEFFER—
Will give a course of lectures in the Auditorium every Thursday morning at 11 o'clock during the month of May. Mr. Schaeffer will lecture on color and arrangement in Home Surroundings. Members will be admitted upon presentation of membership cards. Guests will pay an admission fee of 50 cents.

LATHAM FOUNDATION POSTER EXHIBIT—
Will be held in the Auditorium of the clubhouse during the first two weeks of May every day from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m.

May

2—Young Members' Luncheon, Cafeteria Service - - - - *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.
(Young members are invited to join this luncheon group which will meet the first Monday in every month.)

4—Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry - - - - - *Card Room* 12:00 NOON

5—Rudolph Schaeffer will lecture on "Beauty and Simplicity in Home Surroundings" - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Book Review Dinner - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Subject: Brothers, by L. A. G. Strong
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: H. C. Cutting.
Subject: Is Continued Prosperity Possible?

10—Lecture by Mr. Wilfred H. Hemingway - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Subject: The Coming Century—America's
Tickets—reserved, 50 cents and 75 cents

11—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

12—Miss Leale will meet with younger members at tea in the Lounge. 3:30 P.M.

Rudolph Schaeffer will lecture on "Organizing a Plan for Beauty" - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Herbert E. Bolton
Subject: San Francisco—Outpost of Empire

16—Fifteenth Anniversary of Founding of the National League for Woman's Service of California. Dinner: $1.00 a plate - - *Main Dining Room* 7:00 P.M.

Program. (Reserved seats for members holding dinner tickets.) - *Auditorium* 8:30 P.M.

18—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

19—Rudolph Schaeffer will lecture on "The Decorative Idea" - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Musical program by Junior Musical Club of San Francisco
Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, Director

26—Rudolph Schaeffer will lecture on "Every Man's Creative Expression" *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Harold A. Lamb
Subject: The Crusaders

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 POST STREET — *Telephone* GARFIELD 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879
SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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MRS. BEATRICE JUDD RYAN — MRS. R. W. MADISON

VOLUME VI — MAY, 1932 — NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

City Club Calendar 4
Frontispiece 6
President's Message 7
Anniversary Dinner 8
A Soldier's Religion 9
Mrs. Edward Rainey
"Lombard Street" Days 9
Mrs. M. C. Sloss
Marin County in Line 9
Mrs. Orrin Wolfe
Early Leaders Lauded 10
Mrs. Willis Polk
Salvaging Men and Furniture 10
Mrs. Payson J. Treat
Too Busy to Be Heroine 10
Jean Henry Large
War-Time Wedding 10
Mrs. Perry Eyre
"Extracts from My Diary" 11
Mrs. James G. Sharpe
"Ideals Never Weary" 11
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Berkeley Women Mobilize 12
Mrs. S. M. Marks
Wide Horizons Glimpsed 12
Mrs. Frederick Faulkner
Thursday Evenings 13
Mrs. A. P. Black
Kath Recalls Motor Corps Days 14
Monadnock Times 15
Mrs. William B. Hamilton
Hospitality 16
Mrs. Charles M. Cooper
Tribute to Presidents 16
Mrs. Marcus Koshland
Editorial 17
Mrs. Steinhart's Death Mourned 17
Collectors' Exhibit 18
Hemingway to Lecture 20
Grand Duchess Marie at Club 20
I Have Been Reading 21
Eleanor Preston Watkins
Home Economics 24
Christina Madison
"Palma de Mallorca" 26
Elizabeth M. Graham

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Mrs. Colston La Boyteaux observes a corner of the Collectors' Exhibit (held at the City Club April 13 and 14), where is shown an old etching on silk.

Mrs. H. R. Oliver and Mrs. A. E. MacMahon are comparing their "Volunteer Service" uniforms and dresses of President Lincoln's time.

Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., chairman of Volunteer Service, and Mrs. C. J. Goodell, snapped in the corner where the spinning wheel and a calico quilt were displayed. Note the "samplers" in the background.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

HE FIVE YEAR PLAN"! We have heard this phrase many times and oft since 1928. Watching today the Soviet scheme win to itself more and more supporters as the tangible evidences of increasing success emerge to meet the eye of the unvisioning, one is made conscious that the plan had two assets—leaders who foresaw and worked to a scheme and followers who obeyed this leadership and worked together under it (we are not saying, in this particular case, willingly or unwillingly). Each group was imperative to success—visionary, self-effacing leadership and unjealous, unselfish workers. Mr. Ratcliffe, in his thought-provoking lecture in our clubhouse last month, used the term "cracking up," as expressive of what might have happened at any time in this period of Russian history, and said that this will have been the only alternative possible to the successful working out of the entire scheme. There can be no middle way.

Lest I be misunderstood as holding a brief for the Soviet party, let me say that I cite them here merely as an excellent example of the principle we are discussing. Leaders who succeed cannot at any time catch at straws, else the project they promote "cracks up." Our present national economic morass cannot be solved without the same two component factors which Russia is using—vision of leadership and followers working together. Britain's "muddling through," as it is often termed, is another case in point.

As we approach, then, the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the National League for Woman's Service in California, we see why success has followed us. Fifteen years ago there was a program! Strangely enough, its links were five-year periods; five years of war service, five years at 333 Kearny Street testing a need for peace-time service, and five years in permanent headquarters preparing for an organized community service.

Success requires patience—a platitude, of course, but one which the world needs to repeat these days as tense nerves test morale with months, prolonged to years, of fear-producing bewilderment. The purpose of our own organization is now justified as never before. The need for trained emergency service which the founders foresaw is upon us. Each call we answer, as the hours of Volunteer Service pile up, is tribute to the first Board of Directors who in 1917 caught the spark of enthusiasm brought to California by Alice McKay Kelley and Grace Parker, and adopted a national organization plan to meet Western particular needs. The war-service (which was by its very nature emotional) was developed with definite policy and so met no pitfalls; the peace-service (its need and its operation) has been tested by emergency and has survived.

This month's message pays tribute to the groups of thirty-one directors who through the years have with continuity developed policies which have brought the National League for Woman's Service to its present place of respect in the community. On May 16 we celebrate together in appreciation of a small group who met in the St. Francis Hotel fifteen years ago to organize officially the National League for Woman's Service of California. Mrs. McDuffie was there elected President, and the program for the training and service of women was outlined by Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Edson. The list of those twenty women of vision, who saw a need and how to meet it, appears elsewhere in this magazine. Let us honor them on May 16 by dining together in the clubhouse which their vision has made possible for us to enjoy. In these days of pessimism it is especially valuable for us to seize an oasis such as this occasion will provide, for refreshment of soul and of spirit. Let us, who have inherited a program of usefulness, tested and approved, set aside for a night our serious purpose of being and play with those whose acquaintanceship, and later friendship, began as we met in a common service under the banner of the National League for Woman's Service of California.

We'll Be Tenting That Night on the Old Camp Ground

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

● On Monday evening, May 16, the City Club will celebrate "Fifteen Years After" with a dinner party and jubilee program.

The dinner will take place on the fourth floor and the program will be given in the Auditorium on the first floor.

Fifteen Years After what?

Need anybody familiar with the City Club's history ask?

Fifteen years ago this summer this country was at war and the National League for Woman's Service had been organized.

The dinner of May 16 will commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of that entrance of women into war work.

But what has war work to do with the City Club? It is not probable that many are uninformed upon the relation of war work and the splendid building at 465 Post Street, San Francisco. But it is possible, in the case of younger members, perhaps, or women who have recently come to San Francisco.

For them it is enough to say that the City Club is the projection of the canteens of war time into the present. That after the peace, when canteens were no longer needed, the Minute Women of the War conceived the idea of converting the Clubs for Soldiers and Sailors into a Club for Women, with Volunteer Service continuing in the newer field as it had established itself in the original.

After a temporary residence at 333 Kearny Street, where the idea proved itself by proving the mettle of the Womenhood behind it, the property at 465 Post Street was bought and the building erected.

We have passed through fifteen years. Life goes on, changeless and ever changing. The War had been a profound tragedy, but nevertheless it had taught its lessons and stressed tremendous verities.

There was an irresistible onrush through all strata of society of a desire to remedy the destruction and waste that had devastated the world. The City Club is one of the expressions of that impulsion.

In the following pages will be found comments by some of the women who took part in the drama of war work and its subsequent pageants of reconstruction.

There was a historic meeting held in the earliest weeks of the War, when patriotism was at high pitch, but above that, flowering like a lily of compassion, was the Womanhood of America serving humanity.

It was an epic meeting, one that was to reach through fifteen years and leave its imprint upon the community, materializing in a building appraised in cold cash at more than a million dollars and in human equations at incalculable millions.

It was a Call to Arms and the call was answered from every side. Others came by hundreds, and hundreds more have joined the processional along the years. But the original group remains a distinguished unit in the annals of the National League for Woman's Service. Here are the names of the little band of women who met that day at the Hotel St. Francis and consecrated themselves to "whatsoever may come":

Dr. Adelaide Brown
Mrs. Frank Deering
Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson
Mrs. William B. Hamilton
Mrs. Alice McKay Kelley
Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal
Mrs. Duncan McDuffie
Mrs. J. K. R. Nuttall
Mrs. Henry Sahlein
Mrs. George Sperry
Mrs. Kathleen De Young Thieriot
Mrs. James Ellis Tucker
Dr. Sperry
Miss Eda Beronio
Miss Marion Delany
Miss Julia George
Miss Gail Laughlin
Miss Marion W. Leale
Mrs. Ashton Potter

Other meetings were held and finally the Vision took shape and vitality. Mrs. Duncan McDuffie was chosen as president. It was a unanimous choice and one that reflected graciously upon the womanhood of the west. Mrs. McDuffie had executive ability and characteristics which, combined with her charm and beauty, made her a universal favorite and a leader whom National League members were proud to acknowledge.

How the "League" served in the War, how Volunteer Service came about and has since flourished, how the canteens were "honorably discharged" and "333 Kearny" substituted, with women as the beneficiaries instead of soldiers and sailors, how at "333" the idea of the City Club possessed the consciousness of the National League—has been told many times and is familiar to most of us.

It is a story that has many facets, and the comments and reminiscences which follow this preamble are but sidelights upon the great picture, the scene that is too comprehensive to be contained upon one canvas. It will probably never be painted in its entirety, its grandeur, its sweeping panorama.

So that is what we celebrate on May 16. It has been announced that we are to be gay and happy, that reminiscence is to be in major key and on a dominant note.

Of course we shall be sad. There are vacant places along the "serried ranks," and there will be evidences of the passing of the years. But we learned to smile through our tears fifteen years ago, and if a twinge tugs at the heartstrings we are to laugh and be merrier than ever.

That's War and it is also Peace. So here's to May 16 and here's to the Dinner and the Party afterwards.

A Soldier Recites His Articles of Faith

—MRS. EDWARD RAINEY

● What the Defenders League meant to soldiers and sailors during the time they were stationed here is illustrated by a little story that went the rounds at the time. Mrs. George Sperry, of beloved memory, who was Chairman of the Defenders League in the Monadnock Building, was cleaning up the center table one day when she got into conversation with a surly chap who had been observing all activities with a critical eye—which was not only critical but seemed to have a malicious quality as well.

No one in the whole organization knew so well how to approach young people with tact and an understanding of humankind as did Mrs. Sperry.

The surly soldier was difficult, but she succeeded almost against his better judgment in convincing him that no one in the organization was being paid; that all were working for a common cause; that the women in uniform were one with the army and navy—were standing by to do their bit for their country.

For the six weeks the soldier stayed in San Francisco, every spare moment was spent at the Defenders Club and no job was too hard or too long for his willing hands.

When not occupied, he sat hour by hour near Mrs. Sperry's desk to be ready to spring to do her bidding. Then came his orders to go overseas and the formality of identification papers and the usual official red tape had to be complied with.

When he was asked to fill in the question, "What is your religion?" he said:

"I haven't any."

"But," said the official, "you believe in something, don't you?"

"Yes," said the soldier, "I believe in the National League for Woman's Service; put that down."

It was accordingly written down.

Shall we wearing the uniform not carry on?

How a Hot Tamale Caused a Near Panic

—MRS. M. C. SLOSS

● To remember light and gay impressions of a time that was rather serious is today almost to create rather than to recapture a mood. The memory of the faithfulness and devotion of the three hundred-odd workers, and the single-minded, unselfish leadership of the National League for Woman's Service—that inspired leadership which has gone into making the Women's City Club the unique thing it is—will never need to be recreated or recaptured. It is permanent in us for all time.

The editor of this journal has asked that my contribution be a humorous one, and in compliance with that request, my space shall be filled with a description of but one episode. It literally *pops* into my memory. As a background to this little experience, "now it may be told" that the authorities at the Presidio sent inspectors to the Club before we were allowed to open it, to vise our Library and to make sure that no menaces to the enlisted men were on the premises; either physical or intellectual bombs. Therefore the consternation caused cannot be described when, on the third night of our existence, at about 9 o'clock in the evening, a report came from the kitchen which sounded as though the whole place were being blown up. The effect in this large clubroom must be imagined, as there is no space allotted to me for adequate or detailed description. We rushed to the kitchen to discover pandemonium. I looked about to see whether any arms or legs were scattered over the premises, or to see maimed and bleeding bodies, only to discover that all the commotion had been caused by the explosion of a canned tamale. A can had been placed in hot water without puncturing it, thus making it impossible for the steam to escape, hence the situation.

It is impossible to believe what that single tamale did to our new and immaculate kitchen. In the reaction from the imagined to the real situation, there developed several cases of hysteria. However, in the heart of the chairman of the Canteen there was a feeling of such relief that she became reckless and said, "Never mind the expense of doing over the kitchen"—an attitude of *laissez faire* which in those days of getting everything for nothing for the boys was an unusual debauch. The Decorating Committee promptly came to our aid and pretty soon Bertha Lumm, who in those days expressed her desire to serve by painting chairs, tables and other utilitarian articles, rescued us, and the ravages of our culinary T. N. T. promptly disappeared.

The canteens and the clubs are gone and we pray that there never will be another need for them. That service was fine, but thank God, has ended. We, who under the banner of the National League did our bit, pledge to the City Club the same loyalty and allegiance which we have maintained in our hearts, and re-dedicate ourselves to its ideals for the future.

Marin County Workers Recall Early Days

—MRS. ORRIN RAWSON WOLFE

● Fifteen years! As we go over in retrospect the events of the past years, what memories it brings of the sad, soul-stirring but interesting days of 1917-18! One thing stands out prominently to all of those women who were fortunate enough to have been associated with the National League for Woman's Service. That was the untiring, unselfish, kindly service that they gave to help others, and the spirit that was shown was a great demonstration of what womanhood can do in times of stress.

The Marin County Canteen, though small, was a perfect example of the spirit of co-operation and service in those days.

Our canteen grew from a vacant lot, kindly loaned to us for that purpose by Henry Cartan of Sausalito, to a long, low, rambling building, attractively furnished by things donated from the many homes throughout Marin County.

Due to the untiring interest and executive ability of our chairman, Mrs. F. B. Anderson of San Rafael, and Vice-Chairman Mrs. Alexander Lilley of San Rafael, our canteen became a live interest of the women of Marin County and a place with a real home atmosphere to the men in uniform, where a cheerful welcome was always awaiting them.

Our workers were drawn from San Rafael, Ross, San Anselmo, Mill Valley, Sausalito and other towns in the county, and never did the interest lag.

Miss Leale and her co-workers always came to our assistance when we needed their helping hand, and today it is with a feeling of loyalty and pleasure that we have her as President of the Women's City Club, which in my mind always stands as a tribute to that first organization, the National League for Woman's Service in 1917-18.

Mrs. McDuffie and Miss Leale on Honor Roll

—MRS. WILLIS POLK

● "Fifty Words More or Less?" Glancing through an old scrapbook of women's war work, your attention is held by the thrilling days of the work accomplished by the California branch of the National League for Woman's Service. In reading over these articles of fifteen years ago, we realize what the organization owed to its inspiring leader, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, and her very efficient executive secretary, Miss Marion Leale.

Palo Alto Workers Become Surgeons Extraordinary to Disabled Furniture at Camp Fremont

—MRS. PAYSON J. TREAT

● In those days there were attics and cellars. Just as the attics tumbled out furniture to make the Clubrooms homelike and comfortable, so did the cellars give forth billiard tables to provide recreation during the hours off duty.

Before most of that furniture could be endured, not to mention enjoyed, it had to be sent to the clinic and revived from the inside out. The sturdy oaken period of various shades and forms was passing into a quick decline. To synchronize the golden, the Flemish, the mission and the brown, adhesions of paint were applied with satisfying effect. Many vital springs needed to be operated upon and tied into place; missing or broken legs put into splints or artificial limbs applied. A grafting of cretonne, painful at times, over the former surfaces of plush or horsehair healed many wounds.

The two skillful surgeons, Mrs. Herbert Stark and Mrs. "Captain" Williams, performed these major and minor operations with a serenity and abandon that should encourage others to make incisions and decisions. Most of their patients are living today in comfort and beauty and greet us at the Palo Alto Community House, where they continue to give pleasure and rest to the weary.

Those billiard tables, too, did their bit. Arriving in various stages of decrepitude, they were soon convalescent with proper care—but *no* rest. The most opulent one, rich in its variety of equipment for all the games of chance, had to be returned to its donor, as one of our good chaplains diagnosed it as a contagious case.

Among the others, there was one particular pride and joy. It had been owned by one of the artillery units at Camp Fremont and when they left for France it was entrusted to our care to be enjoyed by many. Quite a legal paper was drawn up promising to return this gift to its owners if they should return as a unit.

After the Armistice, enlisted men who came to Stanford for the vocational training course inherited this charge for their clubroom.

Sister-in-Law of President Hoover Pays Tribute to a Girl Who Was Too Busy to Realize She Was a Heroine

—MRS. JEAN HENRY LARGE

● Troops were being moved as stealthily as possible across the continent. When no word came from their men at Camp Kearny for twenty-four hours, the women and children of their families began their quiet return to former homes or to ones provided by relatives or friends. One woman with her three babies journeyed to her father's village.

The father was a conservative man, managing a conservative bank. When his secretary went to war, a mite of a girl was engaged to fill the vacancy; soon his daughter took on the bookkeeper's work, while upon his wife was placed the responsibility of the care of the grandchildren. A teller left, and a woman with a number of years' experience was found to take his place. Then the assistant cashier joined the army, and the daughter was sent to the counter.

These women were doing responsible work in this little, conservative bank! And the mite of a girl was acknowledged the equal of any previous secretary and superior to all but one. Later, when asked what war work she had carried on, the daughter answered, "None." She had never had the time.

Menlo Park Worker Recalls War-time Wedding at Camp Fremont

—MRS. PERRY EYRE

● The warm California sunshine and the azure blue of the sky seemed a perfect setting for the culmination of a romance, of a soldier-boy from Georgia and his girlhood sweetheart.

Georgia and his plantation home were what this homesick boy saw duplicated in this setting—a home provided for him in the Menlo foothills, and for thousands like him, by the kindness and energy of the National Defenders.

The garden itself was a riot of color that spring of 1918, and the soft droning of the bees gave him the impression of the negroes singing in the cotton fields of his beloved Georgia.

As the guests began arriving and the band composed of men from the 319th Engineers began softly tuning their instruments, it was hard to believe that in another part of this calm and peaceful country a bitter struggle was raging between the great nations of the world.

As he, with the army chaplain, took his place at the improvised altar under the magnificent Judas tree, strains of Lohengrin were wafted to him by the summer breeze. His bride, a vision of loveliness, came toward him through an arbor of apple blossoms, looking like a flower herself, in the palest of pink organdie. She took her place by his side, and all was quiet as the chaplain in deep dulcet tones began the ceremony. "Until death do us part"—why did his lips falter so at those words, and how could it be that he was so sure he heard the distant roar of cannons shatter the silence of the peaceful afternoon?

[Note: It was a splendid service, indeed, given the boys at Camp Fremont, California, by the National Defenders Club of Menlo Park—a service far-reaching in its effect upon the morale of the soldier youth in training. This wedding was an actual occurrence and did take place in the lovely garden of the Club at the request of this boy, who came to the President and asked if he could marry the girl of his choice!]

Extracts from My Diary

—MRS. JAMES G. SHARP

● APRIL 3, 1918—Opened our National Defenders Club today. Town and Camp Fremont thronging the place all afternoon and evening. Miss J., an elderly nurse, asked me to look after an enlisted man—A. B., unattractive and uneducated. Her war job; thought she would make something of him—adopt him, maybe. Strange in all that crowd, he was the first enlisted man who spoke to me. Splendid program in evening: Mrs. Maddux, Miss Leale, General Morrison, Mayor, etc. An elderly gentleman wanted to present us with something from his two young children in honor of their uncle, one of our eminent generals, and to have it inscribed so. Told him we wanted a drinking fountain, but alas! we could not inscribe any gift, as a very poor old woman had given forty-five cents and that was not named. He was a good scout and gave us the fountain—sans inscription.

APRIL 20 — Council of city of Palo Alto decided to donate our water, heat, light and garbage—real city fathers and mothers!

APRIL 21—Had to return all pictures donated for furnishings; great generosity embarrassing. Limited ourselves to tinted walls and war posters.

Terrible rainy day. Soldier brought his sweetheart from early Los Angeles train and asked us to keep her until he could get permission from superior officer and welfare worker to marry her. Came back after supper and we drove them in a storm to minister's house, and a strange wedding it was, but had a happy ending.

MAY 18—French soldiers, long marooned in Siberia, rescued and returning home via San Francisco, came to visit Camp Fremont. All dined at camp except eighty women drivers. On a few hours' notice Mrs. Treat and those we could reach hurriedly gave the eighty lunch, and at 3:30 ice cream and cake to over 1000 enlisted men, French and American (chumming quickly), city officials, friends. Never saw so many school children, swarming streets around club and lining steps up to our reception, cheering the lost heroes.

JUNE—Two social workers from Camp Lewis called this afternoon, desired to see Camp Fremont, so in N. L. W. S. uniform and cap, drove them around. Called on Colonel ———, who invited us to drive to parade grounds where he, Festyn Davies and George Sterling were having a song drill of 10,000 men, Sterling having dedicated a song to this Artillery Division; sung to Welsh Battle Hymn, "Men of Harlech." The three stood on an old half wagon in center of the field, our car next to them; 10,000 men were singing before us in the late, warm, beautiful afternoon, the sun slowly setting. What a thrill!

JULY—Downtown main water pump broken; no water in club for two days. Jimmy, Helen and I have hauled in five and ten-gallon milk cans all water used in club from our garden ten blocks away. What a life! Lonesome letter from first soldier, A. B.

JULY—Song festival of 23,000 men was marvelous. Mme. Schumann-Heink and Festyn Davies great leaders—inspiring; even loved losers' pet song: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, What the Hell Do We Care!" At the Club, one thousand happy, hot, tired, thirsty boys devoured water, coffee, ham and eggs, strawberry shortcake, etc. Will we ever look another strawberry shortcake in the face!!

JULY — Family drove to Truckee, en route to Fallen Leaf, for short vacation. Expected to and did meet our first troop train from Camp Fremont to go overseas. Boys very happy to see us; kept calling, "Where's Doc?" Herbert Foster muchly embarrassed at having a cooking job that moment.

APRIL 3, 1919—Our birthday party of all N. L. W. S. workers—a grand reunion and farewell. Closed our N. D. C. with great resolutions to salvage our work of N. L. W. S. for the proposed Community House (which has been a noble experiment, too, and we have carried on).

Ideals Never Weary; They Renew Themselves Daily

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

● It is a mistaken idea for any ex-President or ex-service anybody to think that the National League for Woman's Service with its splendid City Club is going to slow down because they get tired. It is marvelous, the strength of the idea behind our organization—it marches on through prosperity, through hard times, through crises of work and service. I can remember so well the little box on the Library desk in the Lounge at 333 Kearny Street labeled "For the Building Fund," just above a most guardedly narrow slot in the lid! We put it there just to keep the idea of a real home for our work before the membership. None of us had very definite ideas about the how or the when of 465 Post Street. But "333" gave us just the needed stimulus. We were poor, and just as poor as we could be, and yet we dared to dream, at least—and that has been the history. We live as an organization because we have always had a dream of the next step, so big and so full of thrilling service that a strong unity comes and we march on.

So many have helped us on in so many ways. We have had those who laughed with us and not at us, and that has helped. I remember so well the night dear Annie Laurie had been giving us one of her stimulating talks full of laughter and tears. The Lounge was crowded, and as was our custom in those days, we used to insist upon crowding the one elevator to the capacity of four. We had placed Annie Laurie firmly in the center of the elevator and surrounded her tightly and affectionately. Suddenly between the third and fourth floors we stopped, we stuck, we hung there; and only the laughter of Annie Laurie kept us steady. She told more funny stories that night as we waited for police and fire departments to come than she has written for the press! We were extricated finally by the fire department, because they thought to bring a ladder and they knew how to pry off the top of the elevator! The police came just to keep up our courage, and found that they were not needed. Their remarks were drowned in the laughter coming from that dark elevator shaft.

Those were great days, but the days since then and the days to come have been and will be greater if we remain true to our dream. It is only those without a vision who perish.

Berkeley Women Mobilize for Peace

—MRS. S. M. MARKS

● On this, the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the National League for Woman's Service in California, I rejoice with the loyal San Francisco women who have shown to the world the true spirit of service.

Theirs has been the privilege of maintaining their program during all these years, and their faithful adherence to their ideals indeed wins the admiration of those other women who, when the great World War was ended, allowed the splendid work inaugurated during those troublous days to be put aside for other activities.

Let me not belittle the splendid part that our women of the National Defenders Clubs gave. Their service was a splendid contribution, and one remembers with gratitude the whole-hearted support given by them during those never-to-be-forgotten days.

May I not recall the situation which showed the necessity for a local club? The first great group of enlisted men to be trained and graduated aviators had poured into Berkeley, barracks were inadequate for their needs, and the women, realizing the necessity for helping in this crisis, appealed to the San Francisco Branch of the National League for the privilege of conducting a canteen following the rules regulating all canteens operating under the same general head.

Our request was granted, we were sent on our way towards organization, and within a few days we established the beautiful headquarters at 2168 Shattuck Avenue. Our ability to render service to thousands of men at all times has always been a source of satisfaction to the women who so faithfully gave unstinted service.

Not only did these headquarters cater to the purely recreational needs of our boys, but they were also a large factor in the successful carrying on of their training work, equipped as they were with numberless little study rooms which were constantly occupied and were the source of much friendly rivalry as to prior rights to possession.

Then came that first terrible scourge of influenza, with the barracks entirely inadequate for the sick lads. What to be done? That was the leading question. It was again answered quickly by the women, and within two days our beautiful clubhouse had been converted into an auxiliary unit.

Voluntary meal shifts were established, volunteer nurses came to us, orderlies from the University were at our command, the Red Cross supplied extra supplies and government doctors came twice daily to our fully equipped hospital. By an arrangement with Dr. Robert Sproul, then Comptroller of the University, we became a vital part of the head organization and our dear sick boys were given loving care during their convalescence.

The Club continued successfully until the War ended; and although pressure was brought to bear on us to continue during peace times, it seemed to our committee that we might conscientiously retire, because the organization formed by the splendid group of women who had mobilized for relief work during the War, and who had enlisted memberships which extended throughout our city, continued, and has since continued in ever-increasing importance to justify the utmost support of the citizens of Berkeley.

Its history is an outstanding story of what faith and adherence to an ideal can accomplish, and we need make no apology for having relinquished the activities of the National Defenders Club to the "Mobilized Women of Berkeley."

Strength in Unity Opens Wide Horizons

—MRS. FREDERICK FAULKNER (HAZEL PELDAR FAULKNER)

● Measured by city blocks, it is not such a great distance from 333 Kearny Street to the present location of the Women's City Club, the outgrowth of the National League for Woman's Service. Only a few brief moments of time separate the two spots so sacred in the history of our organization.

But gauged by the more exacting and inspiring rule of accomplishment, the fifteen years since our founding, which we now celebrate, seem hardly adequate as a measure for the distance we have travelled and the ground we have covered.

There was more than casual significance to the fact that in those early days the first club home was housed on the two top floors of a down-town office building. There, in surroundings commonplace in themselves, but adorned and warmed by countless labors of love, our membership, numbering less than one-half of its present figure, set out on its adventure in club democracy through service.

Under the able leadership of our first President, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, ably supported by untiring and loyal officers and directors, and with the inspiration and example of our present President, then Executive Secretary, our much-loved Marion Leale, San Francisco women united in a cause made imperative by the demands of a war-torn world.

America was learning the lesson of the need for rapid and efficient mobilization of all of her powers—not the least among which was her woman power. With characteristic vision and energy our early leaders set about to marshal that woman power which stood ready to be translated into woman service.

Those were glorious days, immediately the removal from Mr. McDuffie's generously loaned up-town office to the Kearny Street headquarters was completed. It was not enough just to be housed. With unfailing instinct, amid scenes colored by war's distractions, those first members recognized the need for a suitable home. From attics and garrets and boudoirs came cherished pieces of mahogany and walnut, extra books and cushions, lamps and vases which are woman's final touch in every home. The headquarters were complete.

And from the small rooms opening onto the long halls of 333 came the quiet, steady hum of work well done, work accomplished so effectively that the later task of transplanting that energy and service into the splendid new building which we love to call our home, followed as the night the day.

The women of San Francisco and hereabouts had gleaned more from that top-floor location on Kearny Street than perhaps they themselves realized. From those upper windows they had glimpsed the beauty and the breadth of wide horizons whose foregrounds were the sparkling blue waters of the bay and the gold of the Coast Range hills.

They had experienced those things not always seen with mortal eye—the strength which comes from unity, the joy of personal service, the glory of being women together, pressing forward to a higher and a nobler plane of living!

Thursday Evening Programs at 333 Kearny Street

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● In this month of May, 1932, our Club has reached the age of fifteen years, and it is quite fitting and natural that we should indulge, in this issue of our Magazine, in some reminiscences and in looking backward over the period of its existence. The Club events of recent years are well known and familiar to our membership, but occurrences of its early history when it carried on in the unpretentious quarters on Kearny Street may seem strange and therefore interesting.

Although I have been a director since the war time, my special service has been the arranging of a weekly evening entertainment.

The suggestion was made early in the 333 Kearny Street days that a Club evening at home with a short program would be agreeable to the membership and would provide some social opportunities for acquaintance among the women attending.

Monday was the evening selected, and Monday Evening Programs continued for some time until the desire was expressed for another evening of the week, as many women, particularly those in business who frequently spent the week-end out of town and found Monday a busy day, preferred a rest on that evening rather than an entertainment. So after considering the other evenings of the week, Thursday was selected as the Club program evening. At first we thought of short and simple programs, but our Club has always looked for the best and aimed at a high standard in all its work, so an effort was made to conform to this ideal. As a result many interesting men and women, important in special lines, became our speakers.

To a successful program, two features are essential—a good speaker and a good audience. The chairman has often looked at those old nondescript chairs in the lounge on Kearny Street and desired fervently to see them covered with a sufficient number of women to give some encouragement to the effort of the speaker. We did not claim 8500 members in those days, but even a small percentage of our membership would have more than occupied that lounge, and on some notable occasions it was filled to capacity with an overflow into the hall.

During twelve years of weekly programs many interesting and amusing incidents have occurred. However, this paper is concerned with early history and we will confine ourselves to one or two of that period. Even at that time, every returning traveler was prevailed upon to relate experiences and observations in foreign lands.

Miss Margaret Mary Morgan, after a journey to China, told us one evening about what she saw in Chinese cities where she was entertained. Shortly afterward we had the editor of a local Chinese newspaper for our speaker, and in introducing him I said, "We have recently heard about an American woman's impressions of China, and this evening a native of that country is to describe to us Chinese customs and ceremonials." Imagine my discomfort when my speaker said, "I was not born in China and have never been there." He was to all intents and purposes a Chinese, but he had been born in San Francisco.

On another occasion, Annie Laurie, feature writer on the Examiner, was our speaker. She had with her a lady friend, and as they were on their way to the street floor of the building, something went wrong with the old elevator and it stuck fast between two floors, which was most embarrassing to ourselves and our guests. We had to call the fire department with ladders to rescue them, and I am afraid that Annie Laurie might have asked some assurance about our elevators before entering the building again. However she felt, she bore the ordeal bravely, possibly for the reason that I heard her say once in regard to another matter that she was "a shock absorber."

We were having a high-caste Hindu lady as our speaker on the Thursday evening in 1923 when President Harding died at the Palace Hotel. We kept the news from our audience in order that there should be no confusion, dismissing them quietly to learn on their way home from the newsboys who announced in subdued tones that "the President is dead."

The Thursday evening programs still continue their weekly presentation. The chairman visits with the speaker at dinner, tries to introduce him or her, as the case may be, quite properly at 8 o'clock, and goes home well content after a successful evening, which means a good speaker and a good audience.

Tribute Paid to Mrs. Duncan McDuffie

—LAURA L. McKINSTRY

● Fifteen years ago! And the City Club prospers under the *original guidance* of the wonderful Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, with her great intelligence, charm and tact, and the work done by Miss Marion Leale, who carried on after Mrs. McDuffie.

Miss Leale has the affection and confidence of all the Club, especially those in personal contact with her. Long may she remain our leader and President.

When I consider all the presidents it is with a warmth in my heart for each and every one of them and their work, started, planned and organized by Mrs. McDuffie but carried on by Miss Leale and all of the presidents.

Wilfred H. Hemingway, Political Economist Who Will Speak at City Club May 10

Former President of City Club Looks Backward and Forward

—ELIZABETH HOGUE MOORE

● The National League for Woman's Service came into being because of great need during a time of national stress.

Since that organization laid the foundation for the Women's City Club our roots are deep and strong—so sturdy that we know we will be able to carry on through this present economic upheaval.

Because of the principles for which we stand the Women's City Club will be of definite value in reconstructing and readjusting our lives to new standards.

While we look backward with pride to our achievement of *yesterday*, we look forward with eagerness to the hazards of *tomorrow* with sure faith and courage.

"Kath" Recalls Motor Corps Happenings

● My dear Jane:

Spring at last, and how good it seems! I know that you are getting quite a thrill out of it, for after all there is no place more beautiful than New York in Spring. Even after my many years in California, I can think of an eastern Spring with all the joy in the world, for the transition from Winter is so gorgeous. I so hope you will be able to get over to New England, too, and see what it is that has made me rave about my native heath for so many years, and take back a few of the laughs you, as a Californian, have had on me when I told you of its beauties.

But I must hasten on to the business of the month, for I have lots to tell you of the goings-on in your beloved City Club. *En passant*, I must say that I was delighted when you wrote me last month after your visit to the New York City Club, that while you found it most charming, yet to you it lacked the something vital that makes our Club what it is. Of course, you know that our Club is OUR Club, and that nothing could quite take its place, no matter how much more gorgeous it might be in architecture, furnishings, and what have you. It's another phase of "There's no place like Home."

Answering your avid plea for news and more news, do you realize that we are about to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of the Woman's League for Service? Last year, you remember, we had our fifth birthday as a City Club, in our home building, and what fun we had at the birthday party! This year it is the fifteenth birthday of the Service, and there are great plans afoot for its celebration. A dinner, and all sorts of good speakers, and unique entertainment. You know when the brains of our organization get together to concoct an evening's pleasure you are sure to have something very worth while, and this will be even more so than usual, judging from the whisperings I hear around and about the clubhouse.

I wanted something worthwhile to write to you this month, and was seeking information from my friend, Eleanor Speyer, about the Motor Corps, and it was such fun to analyze what is going on now in that work and compare it with what happened fifteen years ago. You won't remember it, but during the War, the Service had a Motor Corps which was one of the most efficient in the city, and the girls in their uniforms made things hum then, just as the girls do now without any uniforms. We have now four corps from our Club workers, headed by Mrs. Speyer, Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Tight, who have their groups so well in hand that there are drivers always at service for any and all emergencies. They co-operate with the Red Cross, the Citizens Relief Committee and the Associated Charities, and take the visiting nurses and workers to their various locations, such as the Children's Hospital and other places where they are needed. For the Citizens Relief Committee, they place unemployed women with sick or dependent husbands, women with children, or women who are alone in the world and dependent on their own efforts for a living. They visit from ten to twelve cases a day, in comparison to the regular worker being able to visit only three or four a day if she were obliged to take the trips by street car, as formerly. They visit the unemployed families, find out conditions, and help them to jobs, to food, and to the other comforts and necessities of life. There are about twenty-five on each chairman's list, not counting those who are used for emergency cases. This particular line of work is very important, and is of course the outgrowth of the unemployment situation, and started with the Citizens Relief Committee. Of course our Club, being a service club, was of the first to be on hand to help. The girls tell me that it is most fascinating, and I have known many of them, when asked to parties or other festivities, who with a smile will say, "Oh, how nice of you to ask me, but I'm sorry I can't come. You see, I drive that afternoon for the Motor Corps." Now, is that service? I would think so. But after all, that's the spirit of our Club, isn't it?

I often wonder if the new members coming into the Club each year realize the vast importance of our Volunteer Service; if they appreciate what it means, and what joy they are going to get out of it when they sign up for work among us. We volunteers take our funny little jobs so seriously and get so excited over our work that we almost get to the point where we think they can't get along without us. I think if they all knew and realized what we are as an organization or group in the life of our Club, that there would be more volunteers than the different chairmen could use. It's not only what one gives in the Volunteer work, it's what one gets; and when I realize what that means, it rather makes me gasp. I know that I, personally, always regret that I have not the time to devote to three or four branches of the Volunteer Service; for instance, I'd like nothing better than to join the Library group. But that is what I get for being a country member—my time is so limited that I can't do half I want to. However, that's a break for some other Volunteer, isn't it, for if we all gave all the time we wanted, we'd be scrambling for the jobs.

I must tell you more about the Library, however, before I go any further. I get such a thrill every time I go into the room; its atmosphere of peace and quiet; its comfortable chairs; its magazine-lined tables; its shaded lamps, and above and around all, its books, and more books. How I love them, and how I long for more time to spend hours in there, just to browse around looking at them. It makes me think of an interesting incident that happened at a party recently. The host had his own pet room, called by the family "Dad's Den," but which is really a charming little library. Several people had left the gaiety and music of the larger room, and were sitting before the fire in the library, chatting. A young chap, whom I learned afterwards was a professor at Stanford, came in, and strolled around the room, picking up a book here and there, and turning to us said, "You know, this is my ideal of a room. I'd like to spend hours and hours in it." I said, "Yes, so would I; there are so many books here that I've always longed to read, I too could spend hours here." His reply came back quick and sharp: "Yes, that's it, hours and hours; why, I might even get time to read the titles." Maybe that won't strike you as it did me, but to me it was almost tragic—there are so many books in the world, so many that we really want to read, to know, and we don't even get time to read the titles!

Our Club Library is, as I've said before, such a charming place, and each and every Volunteer you find behind the desk to serve you is a fellow Club member, and how those girls do work! It looks like an easy job, but when I was in there the other day, getting some data, after sitting on half the chair behind the desk for about ten minutes, watching the Volunteer in charge, I realized that it was a real job. Miss Ingram keeps the Library up to date—the newest books are on the desk for your choosing, and she tells me that this month she has added an unusual number of new ones. I'll give you a short list, so you may have an idea what is in store for our members, as well as to give you a line for your own reading:

Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, by Frances Brett Young; Nonsuch, by William Beebe; Rich Tapestry, by Eleanor Mordaunt; Conquistador, by Archibald MacLeash; Thurso's Landing, by Robinson Jeffers; Adventures of a Novelist, by Gertrude Atherton; Phillip II of Spain, by David Loth; The Golden Years, by Phillips Gibbs; Forever and Ever, by Warren Spencer; The Devil Passes, by Ben Levy.

(Continued on Page 31)

"Monadnock" Pioneer Recalls Happy Times

—MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON

● Memories of the wartime canteen days of the National Defenders Club in the Monadnock Building are like a diamond of many facets, each reflecting its own peculiarly brilliant light.

When we opened, under the auspices of the National League for Woman's Service, my life-long pal, Georgea Sperry, was Chairman of the Club and the Misses Friedlander supreme in the canteen division. It was my privilege to be first lieutenant, until taps were sounded some eight months later for Mrs. Sperry, and I succeeded to the chairmanship—with a full appreciation of her ideals and ambitions and the longing in my heart to have them manifested.

It was her wish that there be *no rules* in the club for the men; that all government, when necessary, be by example and friendly understanding. This rule was rigidly adhered to during the two years, and never once in all that time was it necessary to reprove a soldier for breach of conduct or to put any one out of the Club. An occasional case of over-indulgence in liquor had to be met, and a cup of black coffee with a sleep in the library was our unfailing remedy.

One experience worth record was a soldier who came into the Club late one Saturday afternoon, strolled up to the canteen and immediately began exhibiting and boasting to some twenty or more onlookers that he had one hundred and forty dollars. The officer of the day immediately sensed the situation, strolled up and engaged him in conversation, leading him to talk of himself and any sentimental ties he might have, finally asking if he didn't carry a picture with him. He immediately handed her his wallet containing the picture, also the money. While keeping him busy talking of the "wonderful girl," she slipped the wallet into her own pocket without his missing it, and then induced him to have a cup of black coffee and a nap before going out on the streets.

On awaking from the nap, he discovered his wallet and money missing. In a rage he tore into bits a five-dollar bill he had in another pocket and declared he had been robbed—but his mind was not clear enough to remember when or where.

The officer of the day heard the commotion and immediately announced that she had been the thief, that the money was locked in the safe where she meant to have it remain until the next afternoon; in the meantime she would lend him five dollars and give him a receipt for the balance.

A shame-faced but happy man appeared promptly the next day and had to have the whole story repeated to him. He then announced that his lucky day was when he found the "Mothers of the N. D. C."

For three years after the War was over that "officer of the day" received a bunch of red roses, "wishing you and all the wonderful Mothers of the N. D. C. happy returns of the day" and signed "lovingly, $140 Sourdough"—but never an address!

Of historical color was our first free turkey Christmas dinner, and Mr. Timothy Hopkins, the capitalist, carved for us the baked turkeys which were contributed by Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Mark Gerette, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Harry Dilliar and others—some forty or fifty in all.

My scrap book carries amusing and at the same time tear-compelling photographs of these men standing beside or back of Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Lucius Solomons, each with a drumstick, second joint, wing or wishbone, and smiling his broadest, self-satisfied smile. A soldier's appetite is something that does not admit of diagnosis; lemon pie was a common demand the first thing in the morning, and memory accords a day when 130 of them was the day's record. Ice cream ran lemon pie a close second and eighty gallons had been the demand of one day.

Mother Hahmann was a specially loved character among the boys; she was ever ready with needles, thread and button bag to mend, and it was no unusual sight to see a long-legged sailor lad lying face down on a couch and Mother H. mending the seat of his trousers.

"Aunt Sallie" Davenport filled a place "none other ever will"; Miss Fleeta Brennan was "Pat"; Mrs. Frederick Henshaw was "Pinkie"; the secretaries were "Maw" and "Pollyanna."

This retrospective review touches many, many chords. Those two years sounded taps for several of our number: Georgea Sperry, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Stella Cannon, Miss Edith White and Miss Myra Treat. They are immortal, for our memory of service association with them is still green—and memory dreams must not wander too far afield.

Jane Berlandina

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● Jane Berlandina has recently come to California to live, bringing with her an added note of individuality and color to the art world of San Francisco. A French woman by birth and education, she has developed naturally with French movement in painting, associated with L'Ecole de Paris, her viewpoint may be likened more to that of Matisse, Duffy, Derain, Dunoyer de Segonzac than of those that make up the Sur-realist group. In other words, she is influenced by the plastic tradition as developed in turn by the Impressionists, the Fauves, the Cubists, rather than by the intellectual side which developed through the teaching of Freud has assumed such importance in the work of Coctean and Chirico. For a long period this talented artist was interested in cubism, and she feels that her study and development in this manner have greatly enriched and stabilized her painting, adding to it an unerring sense of composition.

For three years Jane Berlandina exhibited in the Spring Salon in Paris, and just before coming to America she had a joint exhibition with Marie Laurencin and Hermine David at the Galerie Nouvelle Essor. She studied fresco under the well-known painter Boudoin, and executed frescos in Nice. Her designs for tapestries have been developed by some of the French manufacturers.

In 1929 she came to New York and exhibited at the Brummer Gallery and the Museum of Modern Art. The year following she showed at the Passedoit Gallerie; and in this month she was invited by the Museum of Modern Art in New York to exhibit a composition for mural decoration, along with Diego Rivera, Benson and others. This mural sketch she painted in tempera on masonite and sent it from California to the exhibition.

Whether her medium is oil, watercolor, tempera or fresco, throughout her work one recognizes an individual charm of approach to her content, be it a portrait study, a landscape, a decorative composition or fresco.

In private life Jane Berlandina is the wife of Henry Howard, the architect, and she numbers the seventh artist in the House of Howard.

An exhibition of Jane Berlandina will open at the Galerie Beaux Arts on the fifth day of May.

Camp Fremont Hospitality Began in Canteens

—MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER

● Although the work of the Hospitality Committee does not belong strictly to the pioneering days of the National League for Woman's Service, having found its true place in the activities of the Women's City Club after it had moved into the new building, yet even in the beginning the spirit of hospitality was present and many interesting people were entertained in the simple quarters at 333 Kearny Street.

In building our new clubhouse we sought in part to secure a suitable housing for this spirit of hospitality, just as the gardener seeks for a plant the environment which favors its growth and blossoming.

Now we are fulfilling the thing we hoped for, and since entering the new clubhouse we have had a succession of delightful entertainments at which we have been privileged to extend our hospitality to a large list of individuals who have attained distinction in their chosen fields of activity. Many of these, we have been happy to learn, have gone their way telling of the warm and appreciative welcome they were accorded in this, our San Francisco home.

But your committee is in a larger sense only a convenient medium through which the members of our Club express themselves. In other words, each member is a hostess and when she attends a luncheon or a tea with the spirit of hospitality in her heart, she herself is extending a welcome to the guest of honor. We as a body are responsible for the happiness of our guests while they are with us. We gather to greet them and it is our duty first to show our interest in them and then to receive what they may bring to us with warm appreciation.

During these past two years of difficulty and struggle our President has felt it necessary to stress many times the individual responsibility which each member must assume if our Club is going to be a continued success. We are apt to consider that this applies only to the part each must necessarily play in helping to maintain our financial status by using the clubhouse as frequently as possible. This, indeed, is our tangible contribution toward those much-discussed "gross receipts," but we must give something more — something very precious, something not made with hands; these "intangibles" are the ideals through which the National League for Woman's Service was brought into being. When these are kept fresh and ever flowing they constitute a sort of "fairy treasury" which, like the purse of Fortunatus, will never be found empty. And if we continue to cherish these intangibles they will compel us in turn to do our share in taking care of the tangibles.

One word in conclusion: Our entertainments are often hurriedly arranged and it is only posible to invite the members through the bulletin board and the daily papers. May we, then, ask you all to look for those announcements and to lend us on such occasions your gracious and hospitable presence?

They Builded Better Than They Knew

—MRS. MARCUS S. KOSHLAND

● When Alice McKay Kelley asked me in 1917 to give her a small subscription to help start the National League for Woman's Service, little did she or any one of the original members of that organization dream that some day we would have a palatial home of our own, for palatial it is, but only in size, as one finds therein an atmosphere of home, good comradship, helpfulness and hospitality. This I am sure was the underlying thought of all those who were interested in what was begun as a war project. Our President, Marion Leale, has helped steer our ship from the very beginning and it is dear to her and all the other presidents, and I speak advisedly as I have served under each one of them, Mrs. McDuffie, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Black, that we can show the world what women can do during the time of war and peace.

Club Offers Surroundings of Beauty and Comfort

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● With a large group of self-supporting women who enter clerical and professional ranks and live mostly where chances for entertaining are limited, it seems to me that nothing is more conducive to an expression of social life and acquaintanceship outside of the ranks of clerical and professional contacts than a membership in the Women's City Club. Every possible comfort, lovely surroundings, a cordial attitude on the part of the officials connected with the Club must give a glow of friendship to the heart of any stranger among the membership.

As I have watched my best friends come out from home life and become brilliant executives in the Club realize that to the woman of the home the contact with large groups of her own kind is stimulating. Personally I have never asked a friend to join the Club without getting all sorts of thanks for the privilege extended to her. Women get a great deal of criticism for lack of solidarity in movements of the world and I wonder if our brothers realize for one instant the solidarity that is right here in San Francisco, based on our loyalty, affiliation and service work and services in the Women's City Club.

Mrs. Chapman's Genius for Finance Serves "Post Street Investment Company"

● Space limitation in this month's issue of the Magazine prevents inclusion of recollections and reminiscences of many others who bulked large on the horizon of the National League for Woman's Service. But they are inscribed in the annals of the Club and their names will always be revered.

Mrs. Parker Simmons Maddux, who died this year, was one of the devoted workers at 465 Post Street, the present site, and at 333 Kearny Street.

Mrs. William French, who had charge of the information booth at the foot of California Street during the War and after, did a fine piece of work, and Miss Gail Sheridan as chairman of the Business Women's War Service contributed largely. It was this same Business Women's War Service which brought Mrs. S. G. Chapman into the National League, where she soon became known for her business acumen and wizardry in the realm known as "finance." When, in the course of acquiring a permanent club for women, Mrs. Chapman's genius for finance stood the

(Continued on Page 31)

EDITORIAL

● Four events of outstanding significance have this month occupied the attention of City Club members:

First, there was the lecture of S. K. Ratcliffe, celebrated British commentator and observer of world affairs, on the evening of April 4. It was noted that a preponderance of men were present, and this fact is especially pleasing to Club officials, who would like, more and more, for husbands and brothers and sons to feel that there is, indeed, a place for them in the "Women's" City Club.

Secondly, there was the Private Collectors' Exhibit, successful from every point of view.

Third, the lecture by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, which brought out a large audience and occasioned much interest in things Russian.

Then there was the semi-annual Health Examination, which the Club offers free to members. The examinations are still being given, the time extending a few days into May because of having begun after the middle of April.

One might also say that the initiation of the Sunday Night Suppers for hikers is worthy of special mention, for April is the beginning of the weekly exodus of hikers who leave town Sunday mornings fine and fit—to return in the evenings tired and hungry. Then it is that the tables of the City Club with their steaming casseroles and bounteous platters of salads, cold meats, condiments, with percolators of coffee, hot as hot, appeal.

Mrs. Hamilton received many congratulations and enthusiatic comment upon the Collectors' Exhibit and members and their friends apparently enjoyed it, for the attendance was notable.

The visit of the Grand Duchess April 26 was under the general supervision of Mrs. Payson J. Treat as chairman of the Programs Committee responsible for the lecture, and Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, who with the Hospitality Committee had charge of the supper which followed the lecture. Both chairmen received congratulations upon the success of the affair.

Thus does leadership reveal itself and its achievements benefit Club and membership alike.

I am only **one,**
But I **am** one;
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
I ought to do what I can,—
With God's help I **will!**

This Collect was suggested to Mrs. Ruth Benjamin Reed by a distinguished cleric who recently visited the City Club while in San Francisco and was signally impressed by the system of Volunteer Service.

Mrs. Jesse Steinhart's Death is Mourned by Club

● The death of Mrs. Jesse Steinhart this month has removed from the circle of City Club pioneers one of its beloved members and one whose work was distinguished for its constructiveness and human feeling.

Mrs. Steinhart was one of the vice-presidents of the first administration of the National League for Woman's Service and at that time also, with Miss Leale and Mrs. Willis Polk, served as member of an executive committee which administered the affairs of the organization of the president, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, who for ten months was in Washington, D. C., where her husband was one of the "dollar-a-year" men.

Mrs. Steinhart's civic consciousness was expressed also through the medium of other organizations, but it was to the City Club and more especially in the National League (out of which the City Club evolved) that she bestowed her enthusiasm and idealism.

She was a devoted wife and mother who believed that the home is the nucleus of a wider work of similar, if less personal, nature—that of building human beings to their greatest use to themselves and the community. Her friends, her city and the City Club share the sorrow of her family at her death.

Mrs. Steinhart's mother, Mrs. Sussman, has also been an earnest worker in the City Club since the beginning, and to her and Mr. Steinhart and his son and daughter the sympathy of the City Club is extended.

It's the Second and Third Wednesdays of This Month

● Mrs. Lucas will not hold her Current Events Section on the first Wednesday in May, as she will be out of the city, but will have it instead on the second and third Wednesdays.

Robert Browning

(Born May 7, 1812)

A giant oak rooted in English soil,
But branching high as Heaven, wide as the world.
In him the inarticulate found voice
And understanding of the human way.
Princes and peasants, humble folk and great,
He sensed their sorrows, as he did their joys,
And set them in immortal words of song
That echo down the years that lie between,
And will live on 'til time shall be no more.

Tribute we pay, on this his natal day,
To Browning, the man, the poet and the seer.

MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN
(Mrs. Frederick W. Vaughan).

Collectors' Exhibit Mementoes of Many Periods

● Why does one person collect old porcelains and another laces? Why does John Smith's fancy lightly turn to pewter spoons of the Benjamin Franklin era and his wife's to woolly samplers of 1860?

As well ask why John's eyes are blue and his wife's brown. They are just made that way.

The passion for collecting is a deep-seated urge that manifests itself in various ways, as was demonstrated at the second Private Collectors' Exhibit, held at the City Club April 13 and 14 and viewed by many hundreds of visitors.

The rules and conditions were better understood than at the first exhibit last year and the result was a wider range of exhibits.

Lovely old relics of a more gracious age, newspapers telling of epic events in history—the death of Washington, the funeral of Lincoln, the marriage of kings and queens—bits of sculpture from ancient tombs, dresses worn by famous persons, even a lock of hair from the head of Robert E. Lee, were displayed.

From the balconies of the Auditorium, where the Exhibit was held, hung quilts of exquisite handwork made when there were neither movies, automobiles nor radio to while away the long hours, when the stitches were made by candle light if done at night.

Tapestries from frames now crumbled into dust also hung there, and laces yellow with age and fragile as gossamer.

In the center of the great gallery, dominating all with her beauty, was a manikin bride in white satin and orange blossoms. Her gown was of the mode, but the lace which finished the long court train was the very same lace which had adorned the wedding gown of Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper's mother and had more recently been worn by younger brides of the family. It was lace of sheerest web, embossed on the satin train like on the crest of a curling white breaker.

Hard by were brasses and coppers. On the walls hung old etchings and old daguerrotypes.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton, chairman of the Exhibit Committee, had stated that the display would, in observance of the Washington bi-centennial, so far as possible pivot upon the Washington era. To that extent only was the exhibit stylized. There was a deal of early Americana, all extremely interesting from the historical standpoint as well as because of its novelty and beauty.

To segregate for special mention any one display were violation of the spirit of the annual Collectors' Exhibit, apparently now a permanent institution of the City Club's springtime program.

A partial list of the exhibits and their sponsors is given below:

And the Way They Were Arranged Enhanced Their Attractiveness

● Herewith is given a partial list of some of the most interesting items shown in the Private Collectors' Exhibit at the Club, April 13 and 14:

Mrs. Marcus Koshland—Display of Jewish sacramentals, Sabbath lamp, vestments, an illuminated volume of the Book of Psalms in Hebrew (this book attracted a great deal of attention). Some old world "ear cups" and etchings.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper's wedding veil of rose point lace, worn by four brides.

Miss Marion Leale—"George Washington's rubbings."

Mrs. W. G. Tibbits—Silhouettes of Class of 1825, Bowdin College, and one catalogue. Longfellow and Hawthorne in the class.

Mrs. Robert Johnstone—Newspaper of December 30, 1799, containing an account of George Washington's death.

Mrs. Jessie Ashley—De Medici poison ring. Capi de Monte urn made in the time of Napoleon I. Hungarian wedding apron worn by men; over 100 years old.

Mrs. Gilbert Gurney—A fan handed down through four generations.

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas—Cup and saucer 250 years old.

Mrs. A. L. Hilgers—Plate of 1830, in the center of which is a picture of the Philadephia water works.

Mrs. S. A. Wood—Interesting collection of satin shoes.

Miss Elizabeth Mackintosh—Five-clawed dragon mandarin coat worn by Emperor of China.

Mrs. Alma H. Janapolus—Windsor chair of Colonial days (replica). A copy of Governor Carver's chair, the original now in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

Mrs. E. L. Simpson—Silk etching made with a needle, about 1840 (really a museum piece).

Mrs. Charles Sawyer—Colonial spinning wheel, in family since 1761. Collection of interesting guns.

Mrs. D. A. Hannah—Tapestry chair covers made by herself at the age of 72 years.

Mrs. E. C. Vandever—Three Swedish carved figures.

Miss Alice Burr—A wool winder.

Mrs. James Dillon—Carved board about 3 inches wide by 12 inches long, used as a corset to hold one upright.

Miss M. Meinecke—Large collection of laces from all countries.

Mrs. Haldimand P. Young—Fine collection of Philippine curios.

Mrs. Emily Ambrose—Collection of Javanese curios.

E. B. and A. O. Comba—Fine collection of old English silver.

Mrs. Laura Goodwin, centenarian, sent a very old and interesting quilt.

Other pieces of silver from Mrs. Isaac Burke, Mrs. L. B. Morton, Miss Esther Phillips, Miss Mariam Eisner, Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn and others.

Many members sent in beautiful daguerrotypes, tintypes and miniatures.

A very fine collection of Washington relics by several members.

Many beautiful shawls and quilts.

"Samplers" from a number of members.

S. K. Ratcliffe Looks into England's Future "Far as Human Eye Can See"

● S. K. Ratcliffe, who spoke at the City Club Monday evening, April 4, gave his audience more than the perfunctory subject matter of his lecture title, "England's Silent Revolution."

He brought drama and humor, enlightenment and entertainment. Ratcliffe, one of the most distinguished publicists of Britain, had the difficult job of compressing two turbulent years of English history into less than two hours' narrative. He not only achieved that feat, but succeeded in presenting the mass of facts so earnestly that the audience was aware of the vitality and significance of each episode as it unfolded and therefore realized the prescience of the prophesy with which the speaker summarized his lecture.

Mr. Ratcliffe recounted the incidents which led to Ramsay MacDonald's unparalleled position in history, a leader who was forced, by an unprecedented circumstance, of choosing between his party and his country. As the world knows, he chose to put party adherence behind him, and in that decision became the target of bitter denunciation and extravagant eulogy.

Ratcliffe was not partisan, but there was no doubt of his great admiration of Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's erstwhile Labor leader. He ventured to suggest, as personal opinion only, that MacDonald may be made an earl or British ambassador to the United States.

Mr. Ratcliffe's forecast of the labor situation in Britain was, he said, undefined because of many conditions which at this time of world depression are subject to incalculable and problematic influences. It is possible, he said, that Lloyd George may be Labor's leader. He does not, he avowed, see survival of the party system nor immediate end of the depression.

His explanation of the so-called "dole" was extremely illuminating. As a matter of fact, the dole in Britain, as Mr. Ratcliffe explained, is not charity issuing from the government, but "unemployment insurance" paid by the state to unemployed workers from funds which they, themselves, have paid during the time of their employment. The word "dole," he said, resulted from the fact the newspaper headlines required short words and expressions and that "unemployment insurance" was an unwieldy term.

"England's solution of the unemployment situation is no more a 'dole' than your charitable and relief measures," he stated

"As for the future, almost anything may happen," he concluded. "Britain may eventually be ruled by a national emergency government which will resolve itself into a small national executive cabinet, a Fascist system modified and restricted by the British political genius.

"Labor will reshape its policies and train new leaders. The apparent defeat of Labor and the Ramsay MacDonald regime implies a tendency toward public ownership and governmental control of great industries and foreign trade. The radio in England is under governmental control now.

"Pauperism must be treated in such a self-respecting way that the bottomless pit of poverty and the morasses of destitution will be removed. When there is not a breadline in England we shall see the working of a new social conscience that will cut away abuses now inevitable. We may not even then balance the budget but we shall see the restoration of England's financial structure."

Mr. Ratcliffe was introduced by Mrs. Payson J. Treat, chairman of the Committee of Programs and Special Events.

Edward H. Hamilton's Death Recalls Famous Toast

● Edward H. (Pop) Hamilton, distinguished San Francisco journalist, who died March 25 last, at his home, whose wife is a member of the City Club, was brother-in-law of Mrs. William B. Hamilton, one of the pioneers of the Club, and through her often expressed his interest in and admiration for the canons upon which the Club is built.

He was famous as a post-prandial speaker, and herewith is given a toast which he voiced at the Family Farm, May 30, 1919. He was introduced to the assembled Family Club members by Haig Patigian, noted sculptor, with the following words:

"Children, there is a venerable toast that never has been proposed in this club, and I am going to call on 'Pop' Hamilton to respond to it. The toast is, 'The Ladies.' "

Hamilton arose and in the voice that his friends aver was sheer music, delivered the following response:

"Mr. Toastmaster, gentlemen of the World: It is a subject on which I will not utter one idle or one vagrant word. For the love of woman, the adoration of woman, the veneration for woman are at the base and corner of our American development; and if we ever shall be neglectful in that love, that adoration, that veneration, the scheme and fabric of our policy will falter and stumble into dust like the image of Dagon on the Altars at Ashdod.

"So, to you, my little lady of the wide, sweet eyes; those eyes that look out upon the world in sympathy, in trustfulness, in peace. To you whose toddling feet are beside the still waters. To you who so more than know that age will perform every promise of your rainbow youth; I bend in admiration above your hand—that little hand so like a flower—and I *ask that you teach me how to meet the truth!*

"And to you, milady of the cradle song: To you whose smile and courage lift the laggard oar when the wind is chill and the tide is running against the bow. To you, closer than any comrade, truer yet than friend. To you who have torn from your heart its holiest offering and placed it, uncomplaining, upon the burning altar of your land. To you who have made the name 'Mother' the dearest word upon the tongue of men; I bend in adoration above your brow, and *I ask that you will teach me how to meet the world.*

"And to you, milady of the silvered hair: To you whose worn, true eyes look out across that sea that seems to have no shore. I know from the halo that golden hope was woven in your hair; I know from the look that simple faith has hallowed in your eyes—that beyond that sea you have seen a shore and that on that shore there is a cross, a sanctuary, home. And so, milady, I huddle in veneration at your knee, and *I ask in childhood's confidence, that you will teach me how to meet my God.*

"Gentlemen of the World—the Ladies!"

"The Coming Century—America's Opportunity"

(Lecture by Wilfred H. Hemingway, British Economist, Who Will Speak at the City Club May 10)

● In view of the changes among the nations of recent years, just what is likely to be the position of the United States in world affairs is a subject of absorbing interest. From time immemorial nations have grown, flourished and died. Rome, Carthage, Spain and a score of others bear witness to this remarkable fact. The Great War threw a score of nations into the melting pot. Monarchies were abolished. Republics came into being. National boundaries were altered. Relationships were entirely changed. Yet probably no greater change has been effected than in the case of America, which, from long being a debtor nation, has in a short space of time arrived at the point where she is the greatest creditor nation in the world. She has become the Power to which all other nations look for guidance and progress.

How will America wear this mantle which has fallen on her shoulders? Will she go the way of Great Britain or France or Spain?

It is the answer to these questions that Wilfred H. Hemingway will give in his lecture to men and women at the City Club on Tuesday evening, May 10. There are probably few more able to discuss these matters than Hemingway, economist, lecturer and author of international reputation. For many years a student of international affairs and a keen observer of current events, he brings to bear a unique experience as a lecturer, enriched by his travels in some forty different countries.

For years he was on the staff of Auckland University, New Zealand, and this after studying economics and kindred subjects at the London School of Economics and Political Science, one of the affiliated schools of the University of London. During the last eighteen months he has again travelled extensively in Europe and, also, conducted a seminar at Columbia University.

He has a brilliant reputation as a speaker whose earnestness, as well as deep and practical knowledge of his subject, quickly impresses itself on his audience.

We anticipate a record house to hear this gifted lecturer on May 10—the only time he is booked to speak in this city. Tickets are 75 cents and 50 cents. Don't fail to make early reservation for yourself and friends.

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia Presented at Lecture by City Club

● The lecture by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia at the Club Tuesday evening, April 16, was one of the gala events of the year and reflected credit upon the Programs Committee, Mrs. Payson J. Treat, chairman, which managed it.

The distinguished guest addressed two concourses at the same time, one in the Auditorium, where she talked "in person," and the other in the Cafeteria, where she appeared for a few minutes and then went to the Auditorium, whence her address was "broadcast" to the third floor. Mechanically the arrangement was a marvel of ingenuity.

She entered the building through the fur shop of Schneider Brothers', new tenants of the Club, and thus avoided the crowds assembled in the corridors.

After the lecture there was a supper in the Lounge on the fourth floor, where the floral decorations were especially lovely. The Grand Duchess and the receiving party stood in the American Room.

Also guests of the Club at the supper in honor of the Grand Duchess were the following:

Dr. Alonzo Taylor
Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Eacret
Mr. and Mrs. Earl F. Treadwell
Professor and Mrs. Jerome Landfield
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Johnstone
Baron A. P. Budberg
Reverend and Mrs. Charles P. Deems
Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Charlton
Mr. and Mrs. Leland Cutler

The exceptionally beautiful decorations were arranged under the personal supervision of Miss Katherine Donohoe and Miss Isabel Worn, as their Volunteer Service.

The story and the personality of the Grand Duchess Marie are filled with the glamour and romance that always surrounds characters of nobility and distinction.

The revolution that robbed her of the prerogatives of royalty set her free. She attacked her personal problem with vigor and intelligence. Her misfortune was her opportunity. Out of it she has made for herself a name and a fortune not dependent upon the whim of a people or a class. She has proven herself in the hard world of business and won her battle for economic independence and personal freedom

She told her story in a direct manner, which by its very directness made for drama.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

RICH TAPESTRY; *by Elinor Mordaunt;* reviewed by Daisy F. Reed; Farrar and Rinehart.

NONSUCH: LAND OF WATER; *by William Beebe;* Brewer, Warren and Putnam, N. Y. $3.50.

BENEATH TROPIC SEAS: A RECORD OF DIVING AMONG THE CORAL REEFS OF HAITI; *by William Beebe;* Blue Ribbon Press, N. Y. $1.00.

ONE NIGHT IN SANTA ANA; *by Thomas Washington-Metcalf;* the Macmillan Co., N. Y. $2.00.

THE SEVEN STARS; *by Andre Malvil;* translated by Elizabeth Lucas; the Macmillan Co., N. Y.

● Rich Tapestry; by Elinor Mordaunt; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

One of the most charming travel books I have found in a long time is Elinor Mordaunt's "Rich Tapestry." Its charm seems to be due largely to the fact that the book was written to please herself and not to instruct anyone. "It is the remembering that matters . . . the imperishable memories with which one may cover over all the remains of the cold walls of life." It is these imperishable memories which Mrs. Mordaunt calls her "arras."

The fabrics of her "Tapestries" are marvels of color: "Many, many peoples—coming—going: swiftly changing, like a thrown shuttle flashing its brilliant thread through the glowing fabric of my dreams—a changing web which I must forever see in terms of color; of purple and petunia, crimson and scarlet, and plum-red; of green and white, black and tawny; in terms of perfume too. . . . In the sound of names also —names which swim through my mind like fruits in wine, names with curving lines in them like the break of a wave . . . flowing names, Assyrian and Persian, Hindu and Median."

The crimsons and scarlets, the perfumes of cloves and frangipani, the flowing lines of names, all woven into her arras of Havana, Guatemala, and out-of-the-way places in Central America, of Florida and the Rio Grande, of Zanzibar and more out-of-the-way places in Africa, of the Malay country, of Ceylon, and of Somaliland. "And all the while it is the little things that I shall remember and love; not at all the great and many-roofed buildings, the fairy-tale buildings of the Royal Palaces."

Woven into her tapestries are pictures of "unforgettable people whom she met for a day," of the lost cities of Angkor and Anurudhapura, where it is the "marriage of the woods with the ruins" which stands out most clearly. Of the weariness and discomfort of travel she speaks very little; this little is as a mere joke on herself that she should be caught in such a situation, for travel to her is "not so much a matter of the body as of the mind."

Mrs. Mordaunt is an artist with pencil and camera as well as with words. Her sketches and photographs add greatly to the charm of the book. And above all one finds in "Rich Tapestry" the richer personality and penetrating awareness of Elinor Mordaunt herself.

● Nonsuch; and Beneath Tropic Seas; by William Beebe.

Jules Verne was an early writer of what we now call the literature of escape. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," devoured by the adventure-hungry, sounded like the fancies of a disordered mind. But in this ill-balanced world of today, with its strain of tumbling stock markets and unemployment and what-is-going-to-happen-next-year? — there is need of escape. Witness the tired business man turning to the adventure stories of the pulp magazines. But, for years, William Beebe has been offering us a fascinating avenue of escape from ourselves. And he has an advantage over Jules Verne in that his fairy-tales are true.

Not that Mr. Beebe hasn't other advantages over that early spinner of fairy-tales! He has so many advantages over the most of us ordinary every-day folk that it is difficult to list them. Primarily, accuracy, and a sense of beauty which is as different from the usual seeing eye as the colors of the spectroscope are gayer than the plain white light as seen by the average man. Imagination. Fearlessness. Scientific knowledge and training. Urge to adventure. A knowledge of what he most desires to do or see, and an untiring persistence in its accomplishment, that have taken him through all the elements, over mountain peaks, crawling through jungles, in the air, under the earth, under the sea. A whimsical sense of humor; the mind of a poet; and a gift for the inevitable, beautiful word which must be a joy to him as it is to those who have the adventure of reading what he chooses to write. And not the least of all his advantages is the youthful sense of *thrill in beauty,* and adventure, and achievement, which he has never lost, will never lose.

That sounds enthusiastic. When I wax enthusiastic, my youngest son says, "Mother, don't rave." But when a writer has given joy, there is an urge to pass it on, and to say thank you. William Beebe's books have been giving joy to us since the big sons were very small, and we used to sit in a circle on the sands of Baker's Beach and read aloud the high adventures of "Pheasant Jungles" and "Jungle Peace." So, when he talked here in San Francisco the other day, we put the beloved books under our arms, and took ourselves down to the Scottish Rite Auditorium and "back-stage," where we achieved the coveted autograph, inscribed beneath the ever-thrilling story of the ocellated argus pheasant of the Malay jungle. I am sure that, among the many schoolboys who sat in the gallery that night, there was one who was equally thrilled by the stories and pictures of Mr. Beebe's under-sea adventures at the Island of Nonsuch—thrilled to the point of imitation. For I read in the paper, a few days later, of a San Francisco boy-inventor who had succeeded in making for himself a diving-helmet, and, with the help of a boy friend to pump air through the hose and in spite of maternal fears, had walked about in the under-water world! I am sure that he had been reading Mr. Beebe's description of the exploration of "Almost Island"; "My apparatus is, of course, our old story—the same double-action pump, a forty-foot metal ladder, two generous lengths of hose, and the metal helmet with four weights, which I have used for years in the Galapagos and West Indies"; or the first chapter of "Beneath Tropic Seas" about the "Brothering Fish": "You are standing on a metal ladder in water up to your neck. Something round and heavy is slipped gently over your head, and a metal helmet rests upon your shoulders. Thus were the knights of old

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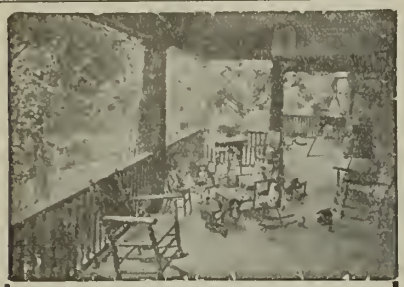

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MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

helmeted by their squires for the grim business of war. You wave goodbye to your grinning friend at the pump, and slowly descend, climbing down step by step. Then the world changes. There is no more harsh sunlight, but delicate blue-greens with a fluttering of shadows everywhere. Huge pink and orange growths rise on all sides —you know that they are living corals, just as you know that the perfect clouds in the sky visible in the earliest light of dawn from Darjeeling are not clouds, but the snow-peaks of the distant Himalayas. The first little people of this strange realm greet you—a quartet of swimming rainbows—four gorgeously tinted fish who rush up and peer in at you. Their absurd mouths forever open and close and if you are a good lip reader you cannot fail to decipher the syllables which seem to issue in watery waves. They say, 'Oh! Oh! Brother! Brother! Oh! Oh!' And you answer them in kind, speaking from the safe, dry, airy room of your helmet.

"All I ask of each reader is this: Don't die without having borrowed, stolen, purchased or made a helmet of sorts, to glimpse for yourself this new world—this unsuspected realm of gorgeous life and color existing with us today on the self-same planet Earth."

Mr. Beebe calls himself and his fellow-adventurers "the more fortunate ones, who have endured heat, suffered cold, fought through hail and snow on high Himalayas, wagered and won heavy odds with a dozen yards of undertow; who in night and fog have prayed from an airplane for at least soft branches, have risked everything on a few mouthfuls of rain falling not too late; and in addition, what is equally important, have marvelled at each sunrise and sunset, and secretly uncovered at every miracle rainbow."

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In another place, among his fish and "feathered tourists" and crabs and seahorses, he writes of the high spots of attainment: "When you look for things and hope for things and greatly desire things year after year, and train your senses to continue their concentration after the less important parts of you are sleeping or eating or playing or merely talking, then sooner or later, very special things happen within sight or hearing, smell or touch, radius. I have been lucky, for a queen termite once began her miraculous city at the very moment I was crossing my compound; giant fruit-bats have crossed the surface of the moon just as I focused glasses on it; a Sclater's impeyan pheasant reached the summit of a bamboo hill in northern Burma as I crept up the opposite slope!"

He reached another high moment, I know, when he watched a bird—a "greater yellow-legs"—fight a stiff breeze five hundred feet above the sea. "My heart ached, for he was headed due south, and I knew that no land this side of Cuba or Haiti would give him rest, and yet here he was using up vitality and strength only a few hundred miles off Nonsuch. Suddenly he seemed to give up and swung around and back in a great circle overhead, then the frantic pressing forward began again. Three times he circled and three times he lost all he had gained, and then, as so often in my life, I realized that my pity was needless, my sympathy was engendered only by my human conceit, for my eyes suddenly sensed that from the moment I

first saw the bird he had been *gaining altitude*—at first so gradually that my brain refused to record the diminution—and now more swiftly. But before he passed wholly and forever beyond my view, I saw the last spiral straighten out, and with elemental directness, high above the stratum of head wind, he sped straight out to sea! It was 'a spiral' which, in my ignorance, I had called a circle. I chalked up another very special event which made life on Earth supremely satisfying."

● The two novels, "One Night in Santa Ana," by Thomas Washington-Metcalfe, and "The Seven Stars," by Andre Malvil, are very different in type, but each in its own way stands out above the level of the common ruck. The South American seaport of Santa Ana is a dramatic backdrop for a play, and there is in the novel's setting and action much of the rococo melodrama which would make it acceptable to Hollywood—revolutionists, yachts, Andean haciendas too beautiful to be true, prisons, brothels, plots and counterplots, kidnaping, and the crescendo of pursuit by auto and plane to the climactic end. But the English of the author's descriptions is good, and his characters are real people, particularly O'Callghan, fat, rich, kindly, self-made millionaire, maker of cities and careers, and Strongbow, captain of the yacht and hero of the story.

"The Seven Stars" will shine for a different and more thoughtful group of readers. It is the autobiography of a worldly Frenchman, a man of fashion whose life was made over by the love of one woman, and who through her death conquered for himself the fear of death, and, more, the fear of old age, "that sudden terrifying shadow on the wall." The story is told with the very beautiful simplicity of which some French writers are masters, and it has been well translated. It is to be commended to those thoughtful ones who would find the secret of the light which sometimes comes into dying eyes.

Nepenthe

I've fussed about financial cracks,
I've wailed because of Goldman Sachs.
I'm worried by the newest tax.
But not today—and why?
A friend has sent me lilacs.

I'm sore because of Fortune's whacks,
I soon will have to live in shacks,
I've even thought of making tracks.
But not today—and why?
A friend has sent me lilacs.

H. H. S.

Mills College to Have Summer School of Music

● Many City Club members are interested in the Summer Course in Music to be given at Mills College, beginning June 20 and extending to July 30.

The Pro Arte String Quartet of Brussels will present a series of twelve concerts on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday evenings, beginning June 19, concluding July 27. The members will also teach a limited number of pupils. The quartet includes: A. Onnou, first violin; L. Halleux, second violin; G. Prevost, viola; R. Maas, violoncello. The quartet is now on its fourth American tour. Its appearance at Mills College is due in large measure to the suggestion of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Noticeable in the performance of the players are their perfect finish and their ideal unanimity of interpretation. Since their school days and long before the actual organization of the quartet, these men were associated in ensemble playing. In 1918 they founded the quartet and then spent three years in Italy in constant practice before they made their concert debut in Brussels in 1921. There has been no change in their personnel, although Messrs. Onnou and Halleux alternate as first violin, the former leading in modern works and the latter in the classics.

Harold Bauer, "master pianist," will give a course of ten lectures and demonstrations of three hours' length. Mr. Bauer's lofty musical ideals, his unfailing sympathy for, and his steadfast energy in, upbuilding the musical life of his adopted land make his presence on the campus an exceptional event in the musical life of the west. It is interesting to recall that in his youth he attracted wide attention because of his violin playing, and that a violinist's career was uppermost in his mind until Paderewski persuaded him that his greater talent was for the piano.

Professor Domenico Brescia will offer courses in Harmony and Counterpoint. Olin Downes, critic for the *New York Times*, will give six lectures. Among the other members of the faculty are Luther B. Marchant, dean of the School of Music; Miss Ada Clement, associate director of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music; Albert Elkus, lecturer and pianist; Miss Ruby Ann Lorence, instructor in Education in Music; and Associate Professor Marian Stebbins, convenor of the School of Fine Arts.

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Anniversaries are always dear to feminine hearts, so we can easily understand—those of us who were not a part of this organization during the canteen days—just how much the fifteenth birthday of the National League for Woman's Service means to the little group of women who faced untold odds to create our present-day club. May 16 is indeed a red-letter day and it is to be fittingly celebrated.

We owe much to the founders. It was they who had the spirit to "carry on" when the drums were no longer beating and the joy and glamour of war days were gone —for there was joy in spite of the heartaches, as there is always happiness in the forgetting of self when doing for others; and that made the canteen days happy for those splendid workers.

Just as they made a "home" out of the canteen by the spirit of good-fellowship—the cheery smile that was given with the coffee and doughnuts—so have they made out of the building that now houses the Women's City Club a real home for the National League for Woman's Service. To knit together the interests of women from every walk in life—those who had plenty as well as those who earned their daily bread—was a heroic task. But the same undaunted spirit that enabled them to send their boys overseas with a smile on their lips and a comforting warmth in their hearts took the founders of our Club over all obstacles—lack of funds and the hundred and one things necessary in building —which brought about the transformation of a simple canteen into a smart, up-to-date clubhouse.

Many of us who through the fortunes of war were not in the city during this trying period joined the pioneers later and have done our small bits to help establish the organization. Today we have many new members, but they are a vital part, for the chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and we want them to forge theirs with the warmth of friendship and understanding that is within our walls, so that in the years yet to come the "spirit" will go on and on.

Let's help to celebrate our Club's birthday, May 16. There is to be a delightful dinner and program and it is not half as much fun at any affair unless the entire "family" attends.

Most of us are inclined to put off until tomorrow things that should be done today. Perhaps it is our fault in not being more explicit in last month's article about the "members' recipe column," for at that time we asked for suggestions for May Day breakfasts and recipes for making the dishes; but we did not tell you that all material for the magazine had to be prepared in advance, and so now we must go to press without *your* contribution. Many delightfully sounding concoctions have been promised, but where are they? Won't you sit down today and copy your very best recipe and send it to this department in care of Miss Osborn? We do want you to become an active part of the Magazine, and this is a very good opportunity.

Perhaps some of our new members—the young brides—would like suggestions or household hints or special directions for cooking. If so, do not hesitate to send in your requests. Then, too, did you know about the Club cook book, published last fall for the Talent Festival, which contained the members' choice recipes? If not and you would like a copy, they sell for fifty cents in the League Shop in the Lobby.

Menus for May Day breakfasts usually have strawberries for the first course. They should always be washed well before hulling, then rinsed afterwards and sugared in advance, as it takes time for the sweetness to penetrate the fruit. Left whole and only the largest berries selected, they are delicious and attractive if just dipped into powdered sugar and arranged on green glass plates. Do not remove stems for this service, but wash well. They are always nice when served with thick cream, and on this occasion are more attractive *au naturel* than in cups or cocktails.

One-half cup of grated cheese or a generous sprinkling of nuts adds a zest to waffles. Or perhaps you would prefer chopped broiled bacon. One may add almost any chopped mixture that is free from liquid to plain waffle batter, and this may be mixed at home or the prepared flours, which are very good, may be used instead. Hot breads of some kind, waffles, hot wheatcakes or buckwheat cakes, popovers, rolls or biscuits will supply the main course, and with syrup, jam or marmalade and coffee to supplement the berries, would be enough for a simple breakfast.

Eggs may be served in a hundred ways, but the hostess who is also maid had best choose an omelet, souffle or scramble them if there are more than four to serve, as the fried or boiled eggs will over-cook or become cold too quickly. Little pig sausages served as a garnish for scrambled eggs with toast points offer an easy method for the busy homemaker, as the dish can be kept hot for a short time in a warm oven which permits her to enjoy the fruit course with her guests.

These standard recipes may assist in making your party a success:

Plain Waffles: 1¾ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt; mix well and sift together into a bowl. Next beat 2 egg yolks and mix with 1 cup of milk and add to dry ingredients, beating until batter is light. Then fold in 4 tablespoons of melted shortening (half butter and half fat); lastly, fold in the egg whites, stiffly whipped. Bake on a hot griddle for about three minutes. (It is best to test the batter by cooking a small amount, as sometimes more liquid is needed.)

Delicious Baking-Powder Biscuits: Mix and sift 2 cups of flour with 1 teaspoon of salt and 3 teaspoons of double-acting baking powder or 5 teaspoons of cream of tartar type. Sift flour before measuring and after mixing. Then add 4 tablespoons of shortening and work with a pie mixer or finger tips until thoroughly blended. Then add milk, about ¾ cup, and make into a soft dough. Roll or pat out to one-

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half inch thickness, cut and arrange on greased baking sheet. Place in the refrigerator until needed, or bake at once. If kept in ice box for longer than thirty minutes, place tin on top of oven while it is preheating. Brush tops with milk for a brown crust. Bake between 12 and 15 minutes in hot oven (425 degrees).

Cheese Omelet: Beat 6 eggs lightly, just enough to blend the yolks and whites. Add ⅓ cup of milk and ¾ teaspoon of salt and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper. Then put 1½ tablespoons of butter in a frying pan, pour in the egg mixture and cook slowly. Prick with a fork until it thickens, then sprinkle with ½ cup of grated cheese and place the pan in a very hot oven (475 degrees) until cheese melts. Fold over and serve at once.

Spanish Omelet: Melt 2 tablespoons of butter or fat, in it cook 3 tablespoons each of chopped green pepper and minced onion. Fry slowly until soft. Next add 1 large, fresh tomato, peeled and cut into small pieces, 3 tablespoons of chopped celery, ¼ cup of chopped mushrooms, ¾ teaspoon of salt and pepper and cayenne to suit taste—just a few grains. Cook over a slow fire until tomato is tender. Spread over a plain or puffy omelet before folding.

California Conference of Social Work in Annual Meeting at Riverside

● Reflecting existing welfare problems, the California Conference of Social Work has chosen as the theme for its twenty-fourth annual meeting "Social Values in an Economic Crisis." The meeting will be held at Riverside, May 1 to 5.

Speakers of national prominence in social welfare work will appear on the program, which promises to prove a laboratory of research effort. In addition to the eight sections of the conference, covering the entire range of social service activities, delegates to the meeting will have the added advantage of some two-score kindred group meetings attracted to Riverside by the conference of this state body.

An Editor Looks Over Her Shoulder

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

● Fifteen years are so short when viewed in retrospect. And so long in prospect.

We could not have foreseen our City Club when first we met to do our part in meeting the emergency of fifteen years ago. I was a newspaper woman then, as now, and it was my job to be "observer." Now, recalling the time and all that has happened since, we realize that but a small slice of history has passed over our consciousness.

Looking back it seems that the world was full of soldiers and sailors. And what to do with them before they sailed? How to make them comfortable and show them that the women of America cared for their welfare?

I am carried back to the busy days and nights at canteen under the Monadnock Building, where Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, our first president, and her staff worked as earnestly as any field officer and his aides.

She and Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. William B. Hamilton and Miss Leale were always at hand, it seemed, when a regiment was to be sent to the front, or a ship was sailing, and always there were just the things needful — everything planned and ready.

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Palma De Mallorca

—ELIZABETH M. GRAHAM

(Miss Graham is a member of the Club, and has been abroad since January 28, 1931. She taught in the Mission High School and was Principal of the former James Lick Grammar School.)

The little city of Palma is quaint and charming, the island most attractive, and the people simple, dignified, honest and kind, just as Irving pictured the Spaniards in his "Alhambra," written so long ago. Everything needful is abundant and cheap, and there is no exploitation of the stranger.

The people are part Spanish, part Moorish, and speak a language called Mallorquin, which seems to be a mixture of Spanish and French. Except for the fact that the women wear thin black veils instead of hats, they dress as we do. There seems to be no poverty on the island.

Surely nowhere else in the world can one live so well for so little. For room and pension in the Grand Hotel which has been modernized and has every comfort including a table overflowing (Spanish fashion, as early Californians know) with delicious food, we paid 18 pesetas a day, plus, of course, 10 per cent for service, and a small sojourn tax. As the value of the peseta is now only 8 American cents, our hotel expenses were only $1.75 a day. Besides, we had the privilege of lunching or dining at the Hotel Victoria, succursale or branch of the Grand, delightfully located on the seashore at Terreno.

There are no amusements at Palma except the cinema, so we spent our time strolling through the city or motoring over the island. We enjoyed wandering through the narrow streets, climbing the broad, shallow steps to the heights above, resting in the plazas or loitering on the rambla or promenade. The cathedral, one of the finest in Europe, we visited many times, also the Lonja or former exchange, a Gothic structure of very pure style as to exterior, and with slender spiral columns and palm-like groining, Moorish type, within. The houses with tiled roofs, verandahs, square bays, latticed windows, and patios all show the Moorish influence. Many have gardens and hen-houses on the roof. It is amusing, if not annoying, to hear a cock just outside one window call up all the other cocks in Palma every hour during the night. As church bells ring all day long, the air is "filled with music" during the twenty-four hours of each day.

Strange to say, the oldest and finest palaces are all on the narrowest streets. The municipality issues a map which indicates these and the most beautiful patios in Palma. Day after day we followed the suggested route, admiring the escutcheons over doorways, the carved window frames, the graceful stairways, the columns, the arches, the exquisite wrought-iron framework over wells. Many of the inner doors had handsome metal knockers and name plates such as we had in San Francisco long ago.

When we motored to other parts of the island, we found many other interesting little villages. Naturally, being a native Californian, the one that appealed to me most was Petra, where our Fra Junipero Serra was born. His statue adorns the little plaza, and the house in which he lived is being restored to its original state by the Rotary Club. The padre at the village church has a register which all California visitors may sign.

Mallorca, with its mountains, seacoast, almond groves, olive and orange trees, and vineyards, reminds one of California. Many of the olive trees, gnarled and knotted and centuries old, were planted during the Moorish occupation. When I saw the oranges and realized that the Balearic Islands are on the route to Gibraltar and the Pillars of Hercules, I wondered if they could be the ancient Hesperides where grew the golden apples.

Some of the most interesting excursions were those to the Monastery of Lluch, high in the mountains, a delightful ride; to the caves of Arta and of Drach, vast corridors and chambers filled with stalagmites and stalactites; and to Valedemosa (lovely name), where Chopin and George Sand spent a winter. From their suite of rooms and terrace in the deserted monastery, they had a superb view of deep gorge and tiny village with terraced mountains on either side, and in the distance through a pass, the blue Mediterranean. The location is unsurpassed for beauty.

During my stay in Palma, I met four San Francisco women, three of whom (perhaps the fourth one, also) are members of the Women's City Club—Mrs. Morbio, Mrs. H. Durbrow, Miss Cook and Miss Catherine Wheeler. They were still there and enjoying their stay when I left for Algiers.

Someone has written a book called "Mallorca the Magnificent," giving the impression that the island is tropical. To my mind it is neither magnificent nor tropical. It is just a pleasant little island with a temperate climate, a fertile soil, mountains, pretty little bays, an interesting and quaint city, and a charming people who take no advantage of the traveler who visits their country. But I am a Californian. Nature must be most wonderful to be "magnificent" to us.

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A Reprint from the San Francisco Examiner of April 14

—CHOLLY FRANCISCO

● Gowns in society during the early nineties were an interesting part of the second annual private Collectors' Exhibit which commenced yesterday morning at the Women's City Club, to which a number of the old families here have loaned their choice heirlooms.

A tea gown of the early nineties, when high teas first became the vogue, is being shown by Mrs. E. P. Jones. It was made and embroidered in Japan after, then, the latest Paris fashion, and was worn in the receiving line at a high tea in San Francisco during that period.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper has loaned for the occasion an elaborate evening gown, and a silk dress and lace shawl worn at the inauguration of President Lincoln is being shown by Mrs. S. D. Strickland.

Old English cups and saucers, a cake plate and a very old English tea cup, with an unusual Chinese decoration, are the property of Mrs. A. P. Black.

From her collection of antiques, Mrs. I. R. Davis Grubb is exhibiting a Peking filigree necklace, a rare French buckle, elaborately enameled, and a Parisian fan.

A silver desk set of intricate cut work is being shown by Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas has placed some plates, cups and saucers, 100 and 250 years old.

Many interesting museum pieces are loaned by Miss Lucy Allyne, including an Indian embroidery, and some rare editions, the Psalms of David and a Lord's Prayer book.

An old hand-made bedspread is contributed by Mrs. H. S. Tittle, and Mrs. William F. Fitzhugh has there several rare old prints of historic nature.

Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland has on exhibition an interesting old Jewish gown of embroidered linen and an unusual silver spice holder.

A long cabin quilt, which was made by Mrs. Katy Clayburgh in 1878, when she and her family, now Mrs. Ira Kahn, Mr. Leo Clayburgh and Mr. Herbert Clayburgh, lived in Alameda, has been loaned by Mrs. Kahn for the occasion.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding has placed a group of daguerreotypes and Mrs. John Sibley is showing a number of rare Chinese antiques, a beaded bag made in Vermont in 1815 and a miniature painted on ivory in the early eighteenth century.

As her contribution, Mrs. D. L. Ghirardelli has a Rose Canton tea pot 250 years old and Mrs. C. M. Richter is showing an old Scotch snuff box of silver.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper has placed a museum piece in the exhibition, a wedding veil of rare old rosepoint lace and tulle which is an heirloom in her family.

▲

Guests at the "Fifteen Years After" Dinner ($1.00 per plate) may have reserved seats at the Jubilee Program to be given after dinner in the Auditorium. Other seats will be available for "non-diners."

▼

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BEAUTY SALON

Chinese Artists and Their Ideals

—ALMA H. JANAPOLUS

● It has been said that the art of China and Japan is too subtle for our comprehension. That may have been true of Occidentals before this age of enlightenment and travel. There are few persons of culture who have not some interest in Oriental art or learning in some form. The desire for deeper knowledge than has heretofore been available is shown in the increasing number of books by acknowledged authorities.

For Westerners to appreciate the real worth of all Eastern art they must first realize the goal set by the Asian artists, and, forgetting European standards, look with sympathy and understanding.

When Hsieh Ho offered the Six Canons of Painting to the other artists of his time (479-501), he set the foundations upon which critics have based their valuations of Chinese and Japanese art ever since. These rules were:

One, rythmic vitality; 2, anatomical structure; 3, conformity to nature; 4, appropriate coloring; 5, perspective; 6, transmission of classic models.

These canons have been translated in various ways, but the inner meaning remains the same. The first has been called the Life Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things. It is the most important. The fifth, that of perspective, varies greatly from ours but is not more arbitrary. Receding lines never meet and yet we make them appear to do so. The Asian painted for no definite eye-line; his work could be viewed from any angle; it could be hung on a wall or laid on a table. The rhythm and balance of his composition permitted it to be cut into several separate pictures, each perfect in itself. Vast distances were suggested by the Chinese artist and his use of space was part of his skill in composition, not just unpainted canvas.

The sixth rule is explained by the fact that great artists were copied by their followers in any of three ways. A tracing of the work could be made; a free-hand reproduction, line for line; or a freely painted "interpretation," which was no slavish copy but adhered to the master's style in every way. There were forgeries made in those days, but it is not these we are now discussing.

The Oriental artist seeks to draw attention to the subject itself. With that end always in view he does not deem it necessary to fill the canvas with details or colors that detract from the presentment of the central idea. He knows that a suggestion is all that is needed to convey his thought. "He painted what he felt rather than what he saw," but, as Mr. Bowie tells us, "he first saw very distinctly." (With line, especially as done in Chinese ink or Japanese sumi, each stroke must be made to stay—no erasure is possible.)

That which is unsaid is most important. To understand Asian art, which deals so much in symbols, one should become familiar with those most commonly used. The subjects chosen by the Chinese and Japanese artists are largely colored by tradition and by the three so-called religions of China.

"It is in the relation of man to Nature that the painting of China and Japan has sought and found its most characteristic success," Binyon tells us, and points out the great differences in the manner in which flowers and pastoral scenes were painted by Europeans and by Asians. "The winds of the air have become his desires, and the clouds his wandering thoughts; the mountain peaks are his lonely aspirations, and the torrents his liberated energies. Flowers, opening their secret hearts to the light and trembling to the breeze's touch, seem to be unfolding the mystery of his own human heart."

Modern science has dethroned European man from the lofty pinnacle upon which he had placed himself ages ago. The Asian has always recognized himself as but an insignificant part of the cosmic whole—it was part of his philosophy and his religion. "He recognized the kinship between his own life and the life of the birds and trees and plants. And so he approached all life with reverence, giving each existence its due value."

The imagined superiority of Christian man, who thought himself fashioned in the image of his God, indirectly caused figure-painting to be the highest point towards which Occidental artists strove. At first there was a "spiritual significance of the human form," but that was gradually lost and the undraped form, especially of woman, became the ideal of the Western painters. The Chinese artist did paint the human figure, but with a different end in view. The portraits of great men and women, by the Emperor's order, were placed in the Halls of Fame. The figures,

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always draped, were not always portraits of the subject as we understand them. These honorary portraits were more apt to be psychological, or character studies. They were painted from memory by the artist, who tried to show the inner mould of the man or woman he portrayed. Portraits were seldom made of a posed subject, nor were backgrounds used. The "ancestral portrait" made for the family was an exact likeness, usually done by an artesan, not an artist.

During the T'ang era arose the two great schools of painting—the North and the South. Race and geography, says Binyon, caused the greatest difference in the schools. North China was vast and sublime, with great mountain ranges and immense plains. Southern China was romantic and picturesque, with tall pinnacles and waterfalls. The Northern school flourished in the valley of the Hwang Ho, or Yellow River, and demanded finished technique. The Southern school, in the valley of the Yangtze and its tributaries, developed more independence and inspiration. Wang Wei and his pupils found romance and delicate refinement in their surroundings, in contrast to the sublimity and color of the North. The Northern artists, more rugged and virile, did not display the emotional reactions of the Southern artists with their long-established native culture.

The technical difference in the two schools was most marked in the manner of treating mountain "wrinkles." There were (and are still) in use sixteen strokes, all founded upon strict observance of geological science, used for various formations of hills and peaks. These strokes have descriptive names, such as hemp-fiber, ravelled-rope, lotus-leaf, eddying-water and so on. These and many more were used by the Southern school, and the ax-cuts, small and large, alum-crystal and others equally rugged, by the Northern. The Japanese accentuated these differences to a much greater degree in their Tosa and Kano schools later on.

The whole structure of any picture painted by a Chinese or a Japanese artist is based upon the law of contrast, known as the law of Yin and Yang in China and In and Yo in Japan. "Yin and Yang originated in the earliest doctrines of Chinese philosophy and has always existed in the art language of the Orient," writes Bowie. Consciously or unconsciously, this law of balance is constantly observed by the artist, in fact is never lost sight of. If there are two birds, one will have the mouth open, the other closed; of two dragons, one may be ascending, one descending. The emblem is found repeated again and again in Oriental art represented by the broken and unbroken line or the two-comma forms.

The relation of tones to each other, "notan" in Japanese, is an intensive study with Asian artists. Cast shadows were not used but the fine relation of light to dark in a picture was the painter's chief concern. There is no exact word in our language for this "light and dark beauty," as Fennellosa calls it. Line with the Oriental is not a fine, thin line, but a swelling, supple one that suggests modelling; and as Dick remarks to the critics who lament chiaroscuro in Oriental art, "if all that can be said has been expressed by line, why add light and shade?" Several years ago Henry R. Poore predicted that "the painting of the future would make line much more out of the great capacity which line contains," and he seems to have been correct, for Occidental artists are doing more with line than ever before. Real Chinese art is new to us, but it is wielding great influence, an influence that such men as Elie Faure, Clive Bell and others see very clearly.

Books recommended: Flight of the Dragon (Binyon); Wisdom of the East series; Painting in the Far East (Binyon); Introduction to the History of Chinese Pictorial Art (Giles).

Next article: "What the Chinese Painted, Why and How."

Emily Post Pays Tribute To Girl Scouts

● Emily Post, authority on etiquette, in a recent article on "Girl Scouting" starts a discussion by acrid comments on present-day manners.

"The Great American Rudeness" is what Mrs. Post calls the "discourtesy of the hostess who serves herself before a woman guest at her table is served." This particular custom is quite the vogue now, so that Mrs. Post's emphatic statement is bound to become a burning issue among women who entertain.

"The very first law of courtesy is that of the hostess to the guest who breaks bread at her table," says this noted expert on manners. "Although this is instilled in each of us from early childhood, there are few circles outside of those of high social distinction that have not been affected by the baneful influence of this Great American Rudeness. If the food is likely to be poisoned, if it be so spoiled that the hostess must first remove the more unsightly pieces to her own plate and re-arrange the dish to make it presentable, or if those at her table are so unversed in the ordinary use of the spoon and fork that she must instruct them in this elementary usage, under these conditions alone is it perhaps courteous that she help herself first. Otherwise, to despoil the fresh perfection of an untouched dish and then

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expect a woman guest to tranquilly take her leavings, is to prove that the first elements of courtesy are unknown in her house.

"This behavior in no way differs from hurrying to sit down on the one comfortable chair in a room," Mrs. Post continues, "or from opening a fresh box of candy and picking out her favorite pieces and then handing the remainder to a visitor. One wonders if the same unthinking hostess, when conducting a house guest to her room, would jump into the bed and then, having thoroughly rumpled the sheets and pillows, leave the result for her guest."

Courtesy and good taste are the underlying ideals incorporated in the Girl Scout laws, says Mrs. Post.

"Very much as most people think of etiquette as a lot of fuss about fork-choosing and olive-eating, many think of the Girl Scout as one who perpetually goes on hikes with the sole object of collecting badges with which to adorn her uniform. Therefore, it may be well to explain that, just as the principles of ethics and good taste no less than the art of beautiful living, must ever underlie the precepts of etiquette, these same principles exactly underlie the ultimate ideals of Girl Scouting. In company with hundreds of thousands of other girls banded strongly together in a world-wide sisterhood, Girl Scouts can bring about almost any results they please."

In her interpretation of the ten Girl Scout laws, Mrs. Post selects the fifth law, "A Girl Scout Is Courteous," to emphasize her point.

"It is easy enough to define courtesy as unfailing consideration for the rights and feelings of others," she holds, "but the difficulty is in knowing and appreciating what the rights and feelings of each person encountered may be. This is a difficulty that increases as situations widen. There are, however, a few general rules of safety which, like a well-built little canoe, should carry one through the average waterways of life. The first of these rules is to be sincere and natural and simple. The very first exaction of a real lady or gentleman is to be *real*. Thoroughbred people *are* real people. Beautiful manners are real manners. Beautiful speech must first of all be without effort. The moment you feel that a person is impressed with his own refinement you can pretty safely label that person imitation. The Girl Scout laws are attributes of character that speak for themselves. A 'Girl Scout is a friend to all' does not mean free-for-all fellowship, but rather a kindness and friendly cheerfulness in every contact in life. That seems to me to be the outstanding characteristic of Girl Scouting."

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OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

•

CLOSED MEMORIAL DAY

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed. 9:30—7:30
Thurs., Fri. - - - 9:30—9:00
Sat. - - - - - - 9:00—5:00

●

PRIVATE LESSONS

Ticket entitles purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. All tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser.

Members, daughters under 18 and sons under 8 ..... $4.50
Guests 6.00
Boys up to 8 admitted to the pool at any time

●

GUEST NIGHT

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim every Friday night from 5:30 to 9.

Members ..... $ .35
Sons under 8, daughters under 18 ..... .35
Boys over 8, men and women guests ..... .50

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

●

A guest card (25 cents), giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person.

Kath's Reminiscences

(Continued from Page 14)

Besides fiction, Miss Ingram keeps in line with all the new biographies, plays, travel books—anything and everything that is worth your while, so you feel when you go into our Library you are sure to come out with some rich treasure under your arm, with the feeling that you want to hurry home, and set yourself down to several hours of the enjoyment that only a good book can give.

I could run on and on, my dear, but after all, time is passing and I have so many other things to do. I must tell you, however, how happy I am for you that you are to be in New York this summer. When your handsome husband dined with us last week, and broke the news that he had been transferred to the New York office for the balance of the year, I was possessed of very mingled emotions—first, a selfish one that we would miss you so much, and then after that the glad feeling for you that you are to have the opportunity of seeing what the east is like in Summer as well as in Winter. Meantime, I am so happy that you are using the reciprocity service of our Club and finding the New York Club a temporary home, for you will meet so many charming people there, and be able to keep in touch with the Club life.

Do not, however, miss spending your vacation in New England, and your husband tells me that that is his intention. As he put it to me, "You know, Kath, I shall have to see for myself, and so will Jane, just how much you have been piling on about New England, all these years, and whether it comes up to what you remember about it." Well, I am not afraid, for New England in Summer is a garden spot of the world. Being a transplanted Californian is fun, for I can brag both ways.

All good things for you, dear, and I'll be with you again next month.

Affectionately,
KATH.

Mrs. Chapman's Genius for Finance

(Continued from Page 16)

National League in good stead, and her steady hand guided the "Post Street Investment Company" through several years until, eventually, she was President when the City Club was opened in April, 1926.

There were many others: Miss Henrietta Moffat, who was chairman of the furnishing committee; Mrs. Frank Anderson and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, whose Marin County organizing work is historic; Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Marian Delaney and others of a long roll of honor.

SOME COMMENTS ON OUR ADVERTISERS

•

Among the consistent users of the Women's City Club Magazine are numbered several who have been in its columns from its inception. Dr. Edith Hickey, a member of the club, has advertised her weight reduction massage and therapeutic treatments since she established herself in business several years ago. Dr. Hickey has used various media of advertising aside from the Club Magazine and she informs us that no advertising expenditure has proved as satisfactory in promoting a kindly interest in her practice.

It is the consistent, thoughtful advertiser who makes a success of advertising.

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

• • •

Cancellation of Reservations for Special Events Must be made 24 hours in Advance of Date or Charge Will be made

Monday Evening May 16

15th ANNIVERSARY NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

DINNER » » » » » THIRD FLOOR

PROGRAM » » » AUDITORIUM

◈ TICKETS $1.00 ◈

◈ ◈ MAKE RESERVATIONS AT EXECUTIVE OFFICE ◈ ◈

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

June, 1932 • Vol. VI • No. 5
Price 15 cents a Copy

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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INSIST ON
ISLETON BUTTER
"The Fat of the Land"
Your Grocer Can GET It for You
SHERRY BROS., INC.
SUtter 4747 » SUtter 4748

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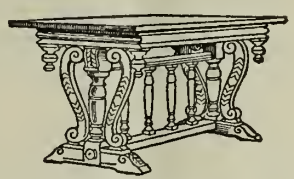
WEst 0586 WEst 0587

Every month sees new interest displayed by the Club membership in these columns —that, of course, is no surprise—but (and this is a revelation, both to readers and ourselves) there is comfort and satisfaction in knowing one can use any of these services with the deep, rich sense of security . . . and that's something, these days . . .

Mr. Lyon, who knows what a "short seller" is and can explain the term, is restraining the impulsive who would throw good bonds and securities overboard without investigating their soundness and the possibilities of refinancing the estate . . . that sounds a bit involved, but it simply means that common sense—plus the advice of a competent licensed counselor—can save many a diminishing fortune . . .



in this age of modernism . . . we heard of a man and woman who faced the problem of furnishing a modernistic home . . . they went to Sloane's . . . offhand that would surprise you just as it did us, for W. & J. Sloane deals in classical furniture of all ages . . . but—and this is where good judgment and fine taste made their entry together . . . Sloane supplied all of what are now the classical pieces of modern furniture . . . it's this way . . . in every period there are a really limited number of *good* pieces and the period of *modern* is sufficiently advanced now to make a selection possible . . .

Nore, milliner, urges you to hurry and have that hat for your San Francisco summer made, and if you would prefer something particularly suited to your individualism, let her show you some of those new, really very modest-priced models just received this week . . .

down at 422 Sutter Street the Art Rattan is showing some novelties suitable for the porch . . . and there's some new patterns in coverings for stick reed furniture . . . which reminds one that a comfortable chair should be in every *comfort*-lover's life; it makes life so worth while to loll with a book and a cool drink on a lazy day . . . one sort of overlooks depressions . . . and that's something, too . . .

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Women's City Club, it's up to you to use this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy, that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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GArfield 8092

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Shoes or Footwear
Quality Footwear and Hosiery for Women
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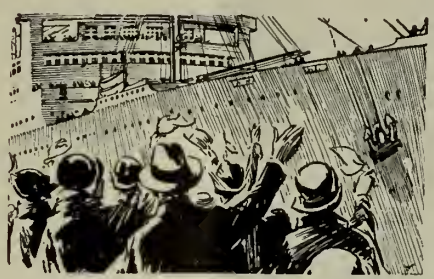
we're still raving about flowers . . . and so are you . . . please bear in mind that the three florists in this *shopping guide* are capable of making a magnificent display for you, just as they do in their shops . . . from a bouquet of roses to a mass display for a June wedding, they'll serve you . . .

remember the bottles last month? . . . fancy ones with essences . . . from the New Fillmore . . . we've had comment on those bottles . . . most people like a few rare shapes and forms of empties about for decorative purposes . . . the best way to get them is to know the contents of them—we've tried buying them that way and know whereof we speak . . . that's the reason we are again urging you to drop in at the New Fillmore and look into the matter . . . of bottles and fine groceries . . .



you'll be glad to know that Lundy Travel Bureau has moved into the retail shopping district, right next to Gump's on Post Street . . . that's a convenient place to seek information on a trip . . . makes no difference if it's an overnight junket or an extended journey to the four corners of the earth, Lundy has information and service for you without fees . . . Doctor Lundy leaves October 6 on a five-month world tour and is still able to handle another booking or two . . . while H. Buteau Lundy leaves the middle of this month with a personally conducted group for Europe . . . early August sees the start of a small party group for a first-class limousine trip through Europe . . . that's exciting, isn't it? . . .

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JUNE 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of every month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a large table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.

Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.

Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

LUNCHEON TABLE—During third week of each month - - - *Cafeteria* 12:30 P.M.

Members of Board of Directors will preside at luncheon table every day during third week of each month. Members are invited to join this table to hear mid-monthly announcements, discussions, etc.

June

1—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry - - - - *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.

2—Book Review Dinner - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Subject: "Magnolia Street," by Louis Golding
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. J. I. Del Valle
Subject: "Impressions of a Year in Chile and Peru"

3—Lecture by Renee Thornton (Duchess Fabio Carafa d'Andria) - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Subject: "The Art of Being Beautiful"
(Illustrated with artistic application of cosmetics.) Members and guests are invited.

6—Young Members' Luncheon—Cafeteria Service - - - - *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.

(Young members are invited to join this luncheon group which will meet the first Monday in every month.)

9—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. E. V. Weller
Subject: "A New John Keats"

Miss Leale will meet with younger members at tea in the Lounge 3:30 P.M.

15—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Paper Karnival (Dinner $1.00 a plate) 7:00 P.M.

(Members and guests must be in costume)

16—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. Gordon Dekker
Subject: "We Meet in Germany"

23—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Judge Jackson H. Ralston
Subject: "The Changing Principles of International Law"

30—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. R. W. Knight
Subject: "Modern Air Transportation"

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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VOLUME VI — JUNE, 1932 — NUMBER 5

CONTENTS

Frontispiece 6
President's Message 7
Fifteenth Anniversary Dinner 8
"Trees"; Poem 8
By Daisy F. Reed
Paper Karnival of June 16 9
"It's a Wise General" 10
By Mrs. Carroll Harris
Thursday Evening Programs 11
By Mrs. A. P. Black
"Traumerei" 12
By Marie Hicks Davidson
Kath to Jane 13
By ————
Curious Injustices Under New Charter 14
By Dr. Adelaide Brown
Filipino Art 14
By Katherine Ball
Editorial 15
"Self"; Poem 15
By Hugh Graham Moon
Shops and Shopping in Japan 16
By Cora A. May
Club Announcements 18
"High Tide" 19
By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
"Aspiration"; Poem 20
By Juliana Sesenna
"I Have Been Reading" 21
By Eleanor Preston Watkins
Home Economics 24
By Christina S. Madison
Colombia—Land of Magic Contrasts 26
Club Miscellany 27, 28, 29, 30, 31

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Glimpse of Floral Decorations in American Room on the Night of the Dinner and Lecture of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, April 26. Goldenrod, blue and yellow iris, marigolds and peonies were used in masses. Misses Isabella Worn, Katherine Donohoe and Jean Boyd arranged the decorations, which were so sumptuous that even the Duchess exclaimed at their beauty.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

"WHY FOR?" How many times have we been asked this direct question by childhood when we have demanded of it something which to us grown-ups has seemed a mere matter of course? A like experience has been mine the past month as I have been interrogated by the students both at Stanford and the University of California, with the direct analytical questioning so characteristic of modern youth. They have not the answers to the questions they ask, these thoughtful students. They are honest in the asking and they should not find us unprepared to satisfy their earnest search for definite information.

Two questions embrace all the others: "What does the future hold for us who are graduating, if we can't get jobs?" and "Does the Women's City Club of San Francisco promise anything for the future of a girl who has served and who wants 'a further stimulating program'?"

These questions set us thinking, for it is a very easy thing to become involved in the details of mere survival these days and lose the perspective that constructive work demands of us. It is easy to let our minds be flooded with ways and means of clubhouse use to the exclusion of the development of the National League for Woman's Service program. Fortunately for us, however, there is a group of women, as our birthday celebration proved, who are intelligently clinging to the ideal of the organization and who are keeping alive and growing this very ideal which is catching the imagination of younger members who are asking, "Why for the National League for Woman's Service?"

Here we have an organization which demands study and first-hand information before one can understand it. First impressions created by the Volunteer Service are subtle, and until one works shoulder to shoulder with other members it is impossible to understand fully just what the National League is. A chairman newly appointed is invariably surprised at the spirit of those she asks for help. It may be impossible for the member to respond, but if so, the negative is always given reluctantly and with a valid reason. It is inspiring to get beneath the surface of this organization and to see the solid foundation on which it is builded.

And so to our young friends who ask what the future holds if they can't get jobs, we answer, the opportunity of joining the service of the membership of the National League which trains for a larger world than the secluded walls of college and helps us all to understand other women of other eras and other backgrounds. The school of life is an interesting one and worthy of most studious effort. Only by active participation in such a program as ours can one read the pages of its textbooks.

To the second question of whether there is a stimulating future after the apprenticeship of service has been given. The National League for Woman's Service can answer as satisfactorily as any modern organization—perhaps even more satisfactorily. With divine wisdom the future is obscured from our vision. The service of the past has been our schoolroom. The present is our workshop. The future is infinite opportunity—its opportunity challenges our best efforts and is as big and as valuable as our ideals measure. This stimulating future will unfold in direct ratio to the vision of the leaders and of the membership. The program, service; the purpose, service—cannot be blamed if the next decade falls short of accomplishment.

The example of fifteen years of successful volunteer effort is a stimulus few groups have. We are fortunate indeed to have the answer to "why for" and to feel that the National League for Woman's Service is worthy of our best efforts.

Fifteen Years of Usefulness Celebrated with Dinner and Reunion

● The dinner and program of May 16, with which the National League for Woman's Service and its child, the Women's City Club of San Francisco, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the League, will long be remembered by the hundreds who participated.

The dinner was preceded by a reception in the American Room, where stood Miss Leale and seven of the original group which met in the early days of the war to organize the body which has since become famous as non-combatant, but none the less active army.

Decorations in the Cafeteria, where the dinner was held, were notably attractive, each table carrying its own motif in a wealth of California bloom.

After dinner, the great concourse moved without confusion or crowding to the Auditorium on the first floor, where a program was given.

There was no chairman or committee, but a kind of spontaneous coming together of members with ideas appropriate to the occasion. The result was a delightful entertainment. Miss Leale made a short address, explaining the reason for the brief interlude of "looking backward" and calling attention to the inspiration of the past as an incentive to the future.

In observance of the Washington bi-centennial, there was a tableau in which the first president, sitting in his home at Mount Vernon, told of an imaginary dream. In it he visioned the war of 1917-18 and the part played by the women of America, a composite of that woman power being represented by a figure of the National League for Woman's Service

The part of George Washington was taken by Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson; that of Martha Washington by Mrs. John P. Coghlan, and that of the Vision, the composite of the Minute Women of 1917-32, by Miss Alice Finch in the Volunteer Service uniform, as it is seen every day and evening at the City Club.

Harp duets were given by Mrs. Edward McGurrin and her daughter, Miss Mary Katherine McGurrin. The two presented an attractive picture as they sat at their harps on the flower-decked stage.

A Spanish dance and, later in the evening, a charming gypsy dance, were given by Miss Dorothy Wise, both in costume. Deenya Van Den Berg, dramatic soprano, sang a group of songs in beautiful voice. Her songs were "Widmung," by Schumann; "O Lovely Cheeks" and "Der Schmied," by Brahms, and "My Lover, He Comes on the Skee," by Clough Leighton. Mrs. Edward E. Young was accompanist on the piano.

Mrs. E. W. Newhall played the incidental music to the "Vision of George Washington," and Mrs. E. N. Kierulff was the herald.

The concluding number was a playlet by Maurice Baring, based upon an episode in the life of King Henry VIII of England and his sixth wife, Katherine Parr. The scene was a breakfast room in the castle and this, as well as the costumes, were entirely in period. Mrs. Edward Currier was Queen Katherine and Mrs. Frederick Meyer the King. Mrs. Otto Bergstrom was a page. The play was a delightful whimsy, excellently given.

And thus, the fifteenth anniversary became "one with yesterday," in the manner which is the City Club way of observing its milestones, with music and reminiscence, gracious words and eyes turned to the future.

TREES

BY DAISY F. REED

Trees that shade little cottages from the pitiless glare of the sun,
Trees that grow in beautiful English gardens,
Trees that lean above a stream, entwining their arms to make a cool tunnel for the path of the water,
Trees that clasp their roots about great boulders on a rugged mountain side,
Trees that grow tall like great pillars making a cathedral of the forest,
Trees bent and buffeted by the strength of mighty winds,
Trees that sway gracefully like lithe maidens dancing,
Trees that rear their flaming crests above the jungle growth,
Trees that spread crown-like to catch the sun and rain,
Trees that are hoary with age and deep rooted—
You need not grope man-like for your meaning,
You have no lessons to learn, no failures to change into triumphs;
The God who created you rooted you in His understanding.

Come to the Paper Karnival

● Comes now a Paper Poster Party.

The date is Wednesday, June 15, and, of course, there will be a dinner preceding.

Everybody will wear a paper costume. Bright colors and designs of all kinds are expected.

Animated packages done up in tissue paper, cellophane in brilliant hue, newspapers, the comic strips, colored or otherwise; crepe paper, posters of all kinds, with the characters running the gamut from the Katzenjammers to the Nell Brinkley Girl, will frolic that night.

Members may bring guests. And men, of course. The men need not wear paper costumes if they would rather be "observers."

Bring horns, bells, clappers, drums or cymbals—anything to make a joyful noise.

A prize for the most original.

A prize for the most attractive.

A prize for the most comic.

And so on, as the committee decrees.

There will be a grand march around the dinner tables, so that judges and spectators will have ample opportunity of picking the winners.

Mrs. E. N. Kierulff is chairman of the committee arranging the affair, which promises to be one of the high lights of the summer calendar of the Club.

The dinner will be one dollar per service and it has been found that if checks accompany reservations a great deal of expedition will be accomplished. Reservations must be made in advance. Already many parties are being arranged and costumes being planned. Many are preparing for groups in costume, as Mother Hubbard and her Brood, or Topsy and Eva, or Douglas Fairbanks and Mary, or the Barrymore family, Ethel and her brothers.

It will be great fun, and it is expected that the colored paper market will go soaring.

Salient Facts of the Paper Karnival of June 15 at Women's City Club

Committee

Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff, chairman.
Miss Edith Allyne.
Mrs. Alexander C. Bell.
Mrs. John P. Coghlan.
Mrs. Carlo Morbio.
Miss Emma Noonan.
Miss E. C. Rountree.
Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone.

Date: Wednesday, June 15, 1932.

Time: Dinner, 7 o'clock.

Price: $1.00 (including "substitute money" with which to play games).

Everyone attending must be in costume. Costumes of paper of any description, color or idea—posters, newspapers, magazine covers, tissue or crepe paper.

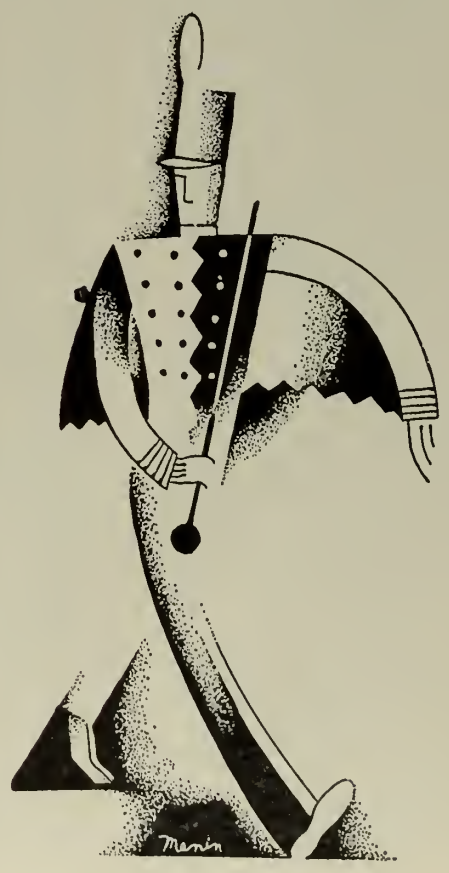
Monday and Tuesday evening, June 6 and 7, from 7:30 to 9:30 o'clock, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 8 and 9, from 10:00 in the morning to 4:00 in the afternoon, Miss Bernice Moore and Mrs. Julia Rossow will be in the Chinese Room to make suggestions without fee for costumes and show how to make them. Materials may be purchased in the League Shop.

Prizes for: Most Original, Most Beautiful and Most Comical Costumes; Program; Prizes for Games.

When making reservations, indicate whether you want to play games or contract.

The "Foolette" Wheel will be one of the main attractions, but probably the most exciting will be the "Ranforan Races." Henry VIII has entered his white horse and Katherine Parr has entered her black horse, and of course many of the women are counting on the black horse winning.

PAPER KARNIVAL — Wednesday Evening, June 15 — $1.00 Per Plate — Reservations are limited and will be filled in order received. Reservations must be made by noon, Tuesday, June 14, and **accompanied by check and self-addressed stamped envelope. Cancellations must be made 24 hours in advance or charge will be made.**



It's a Wise General Who Knows All His Guests

—MARIE ALEXANDRINE HARRIS (MRS. CARROLL HARRIS)

[Editor's Note: May 16 was a day of reminiscence for members of the Women's City Club and their guests. On that day the Club and its parent organization, the National League for Woman's Service, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the beginning of the work which eventuated in the building of the Club at 465 Post Street. Mrs. Carroll Harris, a new member of the Club, writes this interesting review of her war work, with Europe as the scene, instead of America, where the National League was busy taking care of soldiers and sailors before they started Europe-ward.

The following excerpts from Mrs. Harris' letters home are particularly appropriate at this time of reminiscence. She gives this foreword:

"In December, 1917, the Army called for girls speaking French and English to join the Signal Corps. I had been in America long enough to 'get by' with English, and as French was my native language, I was eligible for this work. We received our training as telephone operators, partly in San Francisco and later in Eastern cities. Upon our arrival in France we were assigned to various headquarters. I was one of the seven girls picked for the First Army Headquarters of the advance section."]

Souilly, France, November, 1918.

● The Armistice was signed; everyone was restless and wondering where we would be transferred next. We spoke of going into Germany with the army of occupation "on another experience," but many of us hoped we would be sent to Paris. The war was over and the glory of "marching to the Rhine" didn't appeal to us in the least. The Meuse and the Argonne sector had been a dark gray place—cold with penetrating fogs and lots of rain. Winter was coming on fast and the thought of Paris—a square meal, clean clothes and a real bath—made us forget about all past discomforts.

Every day the work was cut down, for the Headquarters was to be disbanded. Army officers who could obtain cars would drive us up to the last battlefields. We went to Stenay to meet the woman who had cooked four years for the Crown Prince. She referred to her experiences while cooking for the Germans. She had guards at her side and was made to taste all food she prepared to make sure her French sympathies had not influenced her in adding any uncalled-for "seasoning."

It seemed strange not to hear the rumbling of the guns and stranger still one day to hear that General D—— was planning a dance. It was to be quite a party. Wicker chairs, we were told, had been brought up for the affair (so far we never had anything to sit on except our suitcases, or a bank). What good would a comfortable chair be to us? We had been to an army dance before—we knew what to expect. Several hundreds of men anxious to dance and in all a dozen or less girls for dancing partners.

The dance was the talk of all Headquarters. We even discussed it among ourselves. We tried to figure out how seven or eight of us could possibly dance with all of these men. Some nurses from the nearby evacuation hospital were invited, but less than half a dozen could be relieved from duty. It was decided by our colonel that Mrs. H——, who didn't care to go, would take all responsibility at the Signal Corps office. The sergeant and wire chief would help her out. Six of us could attend the dance!

As the great day approached we were getting sorry for our feet; our shoes were big and heavy, the floor very rough, being stepped on by those trying to cut in, etc.; still we couldn't back out. We were in our barracks talking as only young girls can talk over an approaching social event. There was a call at the door. A young man was there, a private, with a roll of blankets on his shoulders. He said he was from aviation headquarters—could he come in? He was bringing us blankets, one for each of us. We thought he was a perfect hero to think of us when it was getting so cold. We asked him to be seated (on the suitcase). Where was he from? Alabama, he said, and Adams was his name. He was with the Lafayette Escadrille—liked it fairly well. Now they expected to be transferred any day. He must know all about the dance—he heard the officers discuss it. "*Quelques aviateurs*" were going: those officers who always wore spurs to a dance, to the chagrin of our ankles. Did we know any of them? How he wished he could go—he hadn't danced since he arrived in France. Why couldn't a private go to the general's dance? We told him that if it were our party we would invite him, but we couldn't take him to the general's dance. He was getting ready to leave, but re-seated himself and proposed that we dress him as a girl and take him along—he didn't mind having his feet stepped on. He could play the part, as he had worked in the movies as an extra and had taken the part of a *jeune fille*. We could introduce him as Miss Adams from Alabama. What a great idea it was, and what fun it would be, but he must give his word of honor never to mention it to anyone, for should we be found out it might mean court martial.

The day of the function had arrived. We took our cleanest uniforms out, sent to Bar le Duc for clean blouses, polished our shoes (and how they needed it!). We certainly looked our best; now it was up to us to walk carefully from our barraque to the dance, not skid in the mud and fall flat (it happened many times).

Private Adams arrived, asked for a uniform, blouse, shoes. We decided to hold a conference in French and figure out quickly how that man could be dressed. The resolution was passed that he must keep his uniform on, as a man's uniform couldn't be left at our quarters. Maybe he could take off his coat. Now he had to take off his leggings, as the stockings did not fit over breeches and leggings. Safety pins held the stockings to the breeches. He squeezed his feet into a pair of shoes which he admitted were slightly short. He hoped they would stretch. He rolled up his coat, wrapped it up to take with him. Now about the wig—it must look natural so no one would suspect him. He must wear an overseas cap to cover his head as much as possible. Rouge and lipstick were applied, his nose powdered. Miss Adams looks very well and we are proud of our art.

Ready to start. One of us was the *avaut guarde;* we must make sure that neither our chief nor the colonel was around. Mrs. H—— was on duty. Walking along, one of us discovered that the new Miss Adams' hands were too rough looking, even to pass for a Signal Corps girl's. That might give a clue. "She" must wear gloves, so back to the quarters one ran for gloves. Miss Adams' voice was hoarse—"she had a bad cold and was to speak in a low tone." We had over a mile to walk in the mud, and rehearsing was done until we reached the barraque. We begged him not to make any *faux pas,* nor to "kid" the officers too much, as he had told us that he would be the most popular girl at the dance that night. We also made him promise that if any officers dated him up he was to tell us everything.

We finally arrived. The lights were bright, large logs were burning in the open fireplace; the wicker chairs were much in evidence. The host and his guests greeted

us most cordially. Miss Adams was represented as the new Signal Corps operator—just arrived today. Miss Adams attracted attention right away. Who was she? Where was she from? Whom was she replacing? When did she arrive and why, when the work was over?

One or two remarked that the "new girl" was not a bit attractive and somewhat ordinary. We smiled politely but kept our mouths shut. We were all having a good time, happy to be together once more before going back to the United States. We had worked together during the different drives and we felt united like a large family. Still we noticed an aviator standing beside the fireplace who didn't dance and hardly spoke to anyone, but seemed to watch Miss Adams constantly. He was a tall fellow with red hair and a sarcastic air. Before the evening was over he asked Miss Adams if she had any relatives in the Aviation Corps. Yes, a twin brother. What a mistake it was!

The soiree was over. After thanking our host, we departed, escorted by our G 4 friends. (G 4 was the supply branch of the Army headquarters.) Here we were, and Private Adams lost. In our excitement we woke up Mrs. H——. We were scolded for disturbing the peace—what was all the excitement? We had to confess what we had done. We were called down for such actions and were told never to mention it and perhaps our escapade would not be discovered. We asked Private Adams to call the next day and review to us his evening. As he left he handed us several cards with notes, one from the general, one from the general's aid, two from captains, one from a major. When we asked him what they had told him he said, "It would not be fair to my sex to tell." Good night! It was one on us all right.

The next day, our work done, Private Adams called, much excited. The news was out. The red-headed lieutenant, suspicious, had left the dance early. He had gone to Adams' tent and found it vacant. This morning Adams was questioned, had partly admitted that he was the "girl." He didn't know what to do but hoped it would be taken as a joke, should the lieutenant tell. We were much worried. G 4 heard about the deception and was laughing. Much to our disgust, the news was spreading.

Several days went by and the colonel announced that a Signal Corps general was to spend the day at Souilly. No comments or reason given. This time we knew the news had reached Chaumont; the general was coming to investigate. We feared we were to be sent home. We had disgraced our families, how could we return home? At noon we had to see the general. He was eating at our mess. Was he going to tell us there? We tried to appear calm and poised, but we were not hungry that day. The general was nice—fatherly like—talked a lot, told us of the wonderful work we had done during the different drives, etc., etc. We went back to work and that evening, as everything was smooth as usual, we couldn't resist asking the colonel what was to be our fate. Much surprised, he asked the reason, and not able to hold our secret any longer, we confessed our crime. We always knew the colonel as a quiet man who said very little. Our confession over, he had a good laugh and thought it was a good joke on the general.

Thursday Evening Programs

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● All one needs for the pleasure, entertainment and benefit of our Thursday evening programs is just to be present. There is no fee or other condition to be met. These addresses afford the opportunity of hearing the personal observations of cultured and interesting people, or of their conclusions in matters of significant importance, and any member of the Club is very welcome on every occasion. In fact a good appreciative audience is the one inducement held out in the business of obtaining speakers. It is a satisfaction that that promise can now be made with confidence, though the stage of being overcrowded has not yet been reached.

A recent address this spring was made by Captain C. W. Fisher of the Construction Department of the United States Navy. Under the title of "Deep Sea Diving," Captain Fisher described the methods employed in the raising of sunken submarines. He told of the preparation and equipment of the men who are sent down into the depths of the ocean to recover and raise these under-water boats which constitute so important a part in a modern navy.

The following week, Dr. Aubrey Humphries, a dentist in San Francisco, but a native of New Zealand and a great traveler, gave an illustrated lecture on "A Trip to the South Seas," to which part of the world he has made nine journeys. Dr. Humphries kept his audience interested in his description of the places shown on the screen, and he said that he enjoyed telling about these distant islands of the Pacific of which he had such pleasant memories, and had become familiar by reason of frequent visits.

Shortly after that, Ethel Cotton of the "Ethel Cotton Studio of Expression" and author of "Keeping Mentally Alive," which just now is a "best seller," kept her audience alert and entertained by a well-delivered address on "Adventures in Conversation." No doubt her book will gain a wider circle of readers as a result of the suggestions which she gave for worthwhile conversation.

Another fascinating program was presented by Marzieh Nabil Carpenter under the title of "My Life in Persia." Mrs. Carpenter is a young woman of American and Persian parentage, college bred and cultured, who has spent some period of her short life in both countries. Her description of Persia had the poetic element of the Orient and showed the spiritual quality of the girl herself.

Arthur Powell Davis, a geologist and engineer of national reputation who was employed by the Russian government to put through an extensive irrigation project in Turkistan and who spent two years recently in Tashkend, a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, while employed in his undertaking, told of his observations of conditions in Russia. It was an outstanding address showing keen and intelligent insight, and was listened to with great interest.

On March 10 our program was arranged in honor and in memory of Ina Coolbrith, beloved San Francisco poet who died in February, 1928. It happened that we were celebrating her birthday, which was a fitting date on which to recall her writings and the incidents of her life. The address was made by her niece, Mrs. Finlay Cook, who being so closely related to Ina Coolbrith was prepared to give many intimate details. Mrs. Cook also read several poems and told the particulars of their being written. To add to the beauty of this program, Audrey Beer Sorel, one of our leading pianists and teachers, played with fine interpretation several solos before and after the reading.

Judge Fletcher A. Cutler, Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan and Arthur M. Brown, Jr., our new member of the Board of Supervisors, gave addresses fully up to the standard of excellence.

Any member who is at leisure on Thursday evenings and is interested or curious may come to hear them.

"Traumerei" (Dreams)

—MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

● For reasons sufficient to himself, Indian Johnny shot and killed his wife.

Then, with his violin, he took to the hills back of the town and prepared to evade the sheriff. For two days he managed very well and the violin, played ever so softly under the stars, helped him against panic.

Then the posse found him and an under-sheriff's aim, with one shot, picked off the "g" string and the nerve of Johnny's left hand. Another shot caught him in the hip —and the game was up.

The trial was short and justice was swift and sure. The Indian, tall and slim and extremely good-looking, put up no defense. No one knew why he killed the girl.

In three months from the day of the shooting he was in the condemned row awaiting execution. He gave little trouble to guards and attendants. His futile left hand lay limp in his lap and, toward the last, his young shoulders sagged. But he gave no sign that he wanted or expected other than a painless execution.

Perhaps even the possibility of discomfort at the end had not occurred to him. For are not Indians held to be stoics?

The warden had a birthday party three nights before the day set for the hanging. A group of cronies came over from the city to celebrate the occasion.

One of the party commented upon the impending event. Another asked, "Is he as good-looking as his pictures?"

"He has any movie star lashed to the mast. Best-looking fellow you'd want to see. Except, of course, for his impotent hand," the warden replied. "Quiet and gentlemanly, too. Can't understand how he came to be in the fix he's in."

Several drinks later Charlie Brennan tapped the warden on the arm and said, shyly, "It's your birthday, Tom. Can't you find it in your heart to ask that guy if there's any last thing we can do?"

"What guy?" Tom asked, knowing fully —for the impending execution was not setting well with him. He had about concluded that he had never been cut out for a warden.

"That poor son-of-a-gun of an Indian."

"Oh, Indian Johnny. Sure. . . . You and I will go over there and ask him. What do you say?"

"Fine."

"We'll be back in a little while, boys," said Tom as they started for Condemned Row. Carroll Peeke joined the party, making three. Carroll was an ex-newspaperman, with friends in high places and low.

They found the Indian sitting stiffly, just as the guards had left him in the afternoon.

"Is there anything we can do for you tonight, Johnny?" asked the warden.

The condemned man raised his great brown eyes, ineffably sad, to the gaze of his visitors.

"Yes, I should like my violin."

"You could have had it all along, Johnny, but we thought your hand had gone back on you," the kindly disposed warden replied.

"Until tonight, yes, my hand was useless. But when I lifted it to my face at sundown I found that the power had come back. I think I could play. I've felt it tingling for many days, but didn't guess the power was coming back," he said simply.

When a violin was brought to him he took it in his hands as a mother takes a baby. It was not his own, of course, but one belonging to the prison.

The sorrowful eyes became eager and his lips twitched. Lifting the instrument to place, he tuned it meticulously.

Then, as authoritatively as if it had played only yesterday, the hand that had been atrophied pressed the strings as the bow drew the first plaintive notes of Schumann's "Traumerei." In the silences of the night the music crept from cell to cell . . . and finally out into the yard, the *Via Crucis* which Indian Johnny would be walking in a few hours.

Eerie and ecstatic, bitter-sweet from the House of Lost Hope, the strains soared and sobbed.

The men stood abashed. When he had finished, the Indian's face was set and bloodless. Then he vouchsafed what could not be wrung from him at the trial, the actuating motive of the killing:

"She threw my violin at the dog. I caught it just before it hit the ground. But if I hadn't been young and quick I could not have saved it. Then she laughed and sneered. But I am sorry I did it. I went savage, I guess. You see, I had a little education, but not enough," he concluded with a wry smile.

He laid the violin to shoulder and again began bowing. The men stole out and left him. Schubert's "Ave Maria" flooded the court as they crossed to join the others. Then "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and Liszt's "Liebestraum."

Then he began the exquisitely beautiful series of modulations of the "Liebestod," resolving, after its tremulous crescendo, into a concord of almost intolerable longing, the most impassioned love song in the realm of music.

"I can't bear it," muttered Peeke.

"Funny—him volunteering to tell why he killed her. That's more than he said all through the trial. He sure was a puzzle to those fellows down there in Fresno. He had no money for attorneys and would not put up a defense for himself. So of course he had to take his medicine," the warden said.

"Well, even so," Brennan proffered, "he *is* guilty."

"Say, look here," the warden flared. "You started this, and now you say he got his deserts." The truth was that all were disturbed by the incident and saddened by the music.

"No, I *didn't* say he got his deserts. But never mind. What do you suppose loosened his tongue and restored his hand?"

"The hand possibly never had proper treatment and Old Mother Nature was slow in doing her stuff. And the music softened him, probably," Brennan suggested.

"I don't think that was it at all," mused Peeke. "I believe that, with his hand restored and his fiddle under his arm he suddenly realized that he had something to live for, after all. Until that moment life was not worth fighting for."

They fell silent. After the "Liebestod" nothing more came from the cell for a long time.

Then, softly, came faint reverberations. Old songs, things unknown to the listeners—Indian folksongs, perhaps—like echoes from a faraway orchestra, filled the night as the birthday party guests sat waiting for the boat to take them back to the city. Then, for the second time, "Traumerei." And that was all.

Two days later the warden received two telegrams—one from Carroll Peeke, which read:

"Couldn't get that Indian out of my mind, so went to see the Governor. Think he's going to make it life imprisonment."

The other was from the Governor: "Stay execution of prisoner known as Indian Johnny. Sentence changed to life imprisonment."

Jane Ought to Pay Subscription Rates

May 20, 1932.

● My dear Jane:

Such an exciting month as this has been! I have so many things to tell you that I know, just for sheer perversity, I will leave half of them out, but knowing your avidity for news and more news, I will try to get in as much as possible.

It warms my heart when I read your letters, and realize that in spite of the exciting time you are having and the many charming and different things you find to do in the East (and where is there more to do, in a day, than in New York City?) that still you are eager to know what is going on at home, under your own Club rooftree.

As I told you in my last letter, this is our fifteenth birthday month, i. e., the fifteenth birthday of the National League for Woman's Service, and our sixth year in our own Clubhouse. The birthday dinner last year was such fun; do you remember all the things we did that night? Our little crowd surely did miss you the night of the 16th, on this last birthday affair. It started out with a bang, as all of our Club affairs do, and went through with *eclat*, such as only our own particular committee chairmen know how to do. Did you ever stop to think that we have never had an affair of any kind in our Club that is what is commonly known as a "dud"? It's rather a record, isn't it, for after all, we can't be perfect all the time; but the Club seems somehow to make the grade, and I assure you this affair was no exception. I only wish you might have been there to have heard the speeches and joined in the fun. I surely shall be glad when this year is over and you are back in the fold once more.

Then there was the visit of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Think of our Club being smart enough to grab off her only appearance in San Francisco! It was a gala day, and the Clubhouse was packed with eager-faced, beautifully gowned women. You could never picture anything more gorgeous than our Clubhouse was for that occasion. Flowers! Well, as a blase Californian, of course you would expect the flowers to be perfection, but as a transplanted one, I never ceased to marvel at the beauty and quantity of the blossoms here that always are at one's disposal for an occasion. Every Club member must have denuded her garden for that day, and the Decorating Committee certainly did themselves proud. Such profusion, such beauty, such color and charm of arrangement: hawthorn in branches that were almost trees; lilies, iris—everything that could be used was used, and the halls, the foyer, the Library and the Lounging Room were bowers of beauty. I rather envied the Grand Duchess her first view of what California has to offer in the way of floral decorations, and I do know that she made many delighted comments on the decorations that were done in her honor.

Such a charming person: lovely to look at, sweetly gracious, a delightful conversationalist and, what is of course far more important, a fascinating lecturer. The place was crowded, of course, and, by the way, that is one of the things I adore about our Club, the fervid response of our members to all of the treats, intellectual and otherwise, that are offered them. The house was packed and the "radio seats" were all taken too; and it was fun to wander around afterwards and see the looks of joy and delight on each and every countenance. They had received, for a very moderate sum, a rare treat, and were most generous in their praise thereof. I do hope that the Grand Duchess got the reaction, and I feel that she must have, for the atmosphere was impregnated with it.

Did you see the last issue of our Magazine? But of course you did, and wasn't it fun to read all the chatty little articles about the days that have gone, and things that have been done? I loved it, filled as it was, not with lengthy dissertations but with tiny little excerpts from members whose interest has been so keen all these years in the Club and its doings. I think we are fortunate in having such an interesting "house organ" (as the business houses call their trade magazines), for it really is an "organ," expressing as it does the daily pulse of our Club.

I haven't much more time, my dear, for I do run on so when I get down to chatting with you; but I must tell you about the League Shop, for I remember it was one of our own and particular pet shopping places when you were home. It grows "bigger and better" every year and is the most charming spot you could want to find anywhere. Every time I go through the foyer I have to hold on to myself tight to keep from running in and gazing around; for well do I know that once I gaze, then I fall, and while I love to spend my money there, still there are times when a little self-discipline in the way of shopping is good for one (especially me, as you know).

In chatting with Mrs. Helen Martin, that most efficient member who runs the shop, just recently, I came away with my brain reeling with all the marvelous things she had to tell me that they are offering. I think one of the cleverest and most original things they have acquired are those European travel posters. Did you see them before you went away? They are the most fascinating things! I promise myself I shall own at least half a dozen of them some day, but they are positively alluring, not only for their color and design but for what they represent. I declare, my "feet get itchy" every time I look at one of the things, and they have them for sale at most reasonable prices.

And then the array of things that have just come in for the June bride—such different things, such as you'd hunt the department store over for forever and not find, and there they are, right at your hand in our own shop. I wonder if every Club member realizes how many things she can purchase in the League Shop, at the same price always, and sometimes at less cost than she can get them for elsewhere. And, too, does she realize that in purchasing in the League Shop she is helping herself, for it is owned and operated by the Club and of course its profits are our benefits.

There was another marvelous exhibit. They are selling wallpaper — would you believe it? — and such wallpaper — such designs, such charming patterns and colors! Why, knowing as I do how badly certain rooms in this grey chateau of mine need renovating, I nearly lost my mind over the display. That's an innovation for you—the League Shop selling wallpaper! And the garden things they show you! your brain reels, wondering who was clever enough to think up such tricky, useful and delightful things. I advise everyone who has a garden to go in and see what the League Shop can offer you in the way of garden markers, bird sticks, witch balls for lily ponds, English baskets, etc. — and again, etc. I wanted the whole sweep for myself; but then I always do want everything I see, as you know.

And the kiddies! How you would love that, for if you were ever turned loose in that part of the shop, those nieces of yours on whom you squander at least two-thirds of your spending money, would surely be inundated with gifts, for they are the most wonderful dolls, doll clothes, etc., that I've ever seen. And as for bridge prizes—how stereotyped they become, we all know to our discomfort, but in the shop you can find all sorts of the newest of the new novelties, and really worthwhile gifts, and at such a reasonable cost.

But how I do run on and on; but I am sure that somewhere back in my ancestry was a blot on the family escutcheon, and some one of the old chaps kept a shop somewhere, for I do love a shop, and some day, when I get more time, I am going to (yes, I am going to) apply for Volunteer

(Continued on Page 31)

Curious Injustices Under the New Charter

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWNE

● Under the new charter, none except Civil Service appointees could be employed by the city after April 8, 1932. Though repeated requests have been made for special examinations for trained nurses with Public Health certificates, no examination was scheduled before April 8.

Meanwhile a Chinese Public Health nurse, Miss Fong by name, had been busily at work as school nurse in the Oriental school of 1200 pupils, going to take into the homes the ideas about diet, health, vaccination, cure of heart diseases for the cases found in the school, and assisting in the control of contagious diseases.

Miss Fong was a graduate of the San Francisco Hospital, then had taken the course in public health nursing at the University of California and was giving a service that could not be duplicated in its value to the health of our community. The Civil Service Commission met, read her height and weight as well as other credentials, and refused to let her take the examination to be a member of the Board of Health Public Health Nurses. She was *five feet one inch tall;* they require candidates to be *five feet two inches.*

I wonder whether an idea of racial averages ever entered the heads of this honorable body? Do they know that the yellow race averages inches shorter than we Anglo-Saxons? That the Filipinos are much lighter and shorter than the Chinese?

Why should the Chinese children and homes of San Francisco be deprived of the health education a Chinese nurse can give, to suit an arbitrary and poorly thought-out standard of the Civil Service Commission? Should not brains, training and acceptability to the department the candidate has worked for be criterions for appointment, and some knowledge of racial types be substituted for arbitrary measures in judging fitness?

In helping with the unemployed women, one's days are filled with a curious mixture in the cases that are referred to us for study. Do you remember the laundry worker who worked at the Good-Will Industries: "She loved laundry work because it was so nice and warm." Her pretty daughter found a husband, they made an allowance to the mother, and that and a soldier's twenty-dollar pension carried her. Yesterday the mother and daughter came in again. The son-in-law has lost his work, the baby comes in August, and the little mother is being guided in her prenatal care by the City Health Center. Because it is a first baby, she will be confined at the San Francisco Hospital; and the grandmother can go back to the Good-Will Industries, and the young father can work for Ford, and thus they meet sustaining life, caring for their young, and being happy to be helped to do it all with self-respect.

Humor comes in from time to time. A bright, alert woman of 72 came in for work. I asked her about applying for the old-age pension. She said hesitatingly, "You see, I cannot prove my age because I put my age fifteen years younger when I married the last time." You see, our vanities and fibs find us out after many a year.

Unemployment is not growing less. Wherever extra help in the house, housekeeper, nursing, companion, etc., is wanted, the Moulder School Employment Office is glad to be consulted. A home, a small wage and a job that can be met, and security, are what women long for. With all types of ability, they seek these places.

In this period of depression every effort helps, and the more people we make self-sustaining, the better life is for all of us.

Miss Ball Urges Steps to Promote Vigorous Filipino Art

● Miss Katherine Ball, former art supervisor in the public schools of San Francisco, member of the Women's City Club, recently addressed the Manila Rotary Club on the topic of "Art in the Orient."

Explaining that the shops and museums of San Francisco were the most wonderful art schools in the world and taking vivid exception to the practices and manners in western painting which are all attributable, according to her, to the traditions of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Miss Ball declared with refreshing enthusiasm that Oriental arts were at least 50 per cent superior to Occidental arts if judged *en masse,* and that China in particular had attained an artistic Parnassus to which no mere western could pretend. Thus says the Manila *Daily Bulletin,* quoting Miss Ball.

At the same time Miss Ball deplored the lack of healthy and vigorous Filipino art and urged that immediate steps be taken to remedy this deficiency. She believes, she says, that under the proper tutelage the Filipinos can develop a real native art and proposes that a campaign should be instituted to make the public artistic-minded. The first step suggested was the increase of the scope of art instruction in the public schools carrying instruction from the kindergarten through to a high-grade conservatory. This impulse should likewise be applied to the mechanical arts and expressed in manufacture, handicraft and commercial objects.

Co-ordinate with this movement in the schools there must be a general national program to remove the obstacles to artistic appreciation, to improve and beautify the surroundings of the growing citizenry and to promote instruction in art for all the people. To this end Miss Ball suggests the formation of a national art society composed of Filipinos and foreigners whose purpose shall be to formulate a plan of campaign to instill these artistic ideals. A board of beauty should be appointed, she says, to pass judgment upon some of the present eyesores, among which she mentioned specifically the "Little Theater" at the University of the Philippines, the average classroom with its rostrum and atrocities in the name of public buildings.

A meeting was called for the formation of such a society for Sunday, March 13, at the fine arts school of the university. Fostering native art is a matter of the most vital importance to Miss Ball, while the importation of western methods and standards is manifestly anathema.

Although praising the public instruction in the fine arts in the United States in lavish terms, stating that it had reached a point where it was second to none in the world, Miss Ball feels that the attempt to transfer Occidental points of view to the Orient is greatly to be deplored. She mentioned in this connection her horror at discovering West Kensington influences at work in Cairo, and spoke of a similar unfortunate condition in Calcutta, Bombay and Ceylon.

Java, however, she holds up as the apogee of native arts, urging Filipino art students to visit the neighboring country to see what is being done. Even the Dutch architecture in Java meets with her profound approval.

Oriental art in general she classifies as spiritual, while asserting that Occidental art is material. They are quite different in points of view and cannot be intermingled, but should, she says, be adjudged as two great artistic impulses working to a common goal.

The climate of the Philippines she believes should be conducive to the fine arts. The tropics are enervating and languorous, she stated, leading to idle dreaming and hence to creative imagination. For this reason she is hopeful of the future of Filipino art if the proper surrounding conditions can be created.

EDITORIAL

● There is a spirit in the City Club unique among women's organizations. That is the capacity for rallying to an event or project when the call is sounded.

Perhaps it is a sub-conscious remnant of wartime reaction to the call to arms. Our younger sisters would call it a "hangover." Whatever its terminology, it is a pleasant thing to observe and a grateful one to work with.

Is it the Fifteenth Birthday Anniversary of the National League?

Or a Talent Festival?

A Private Collector's Exhibit?

Watch the members "report on."

None says, "I'll play if I am permitted to do this or thus."

All say, invariably, "What may I do?" or "Command me."

This does not mean that individuality is discouraged or personal distinction discounted, but that there is a regimental consensus which takes for granted the expediency and effectiveness of whatever is suggested. It is recognition of the leadership of the Club in civic and social matters.

The member has joined voluntarily, with complete understanding of what she may expect of the Club and what the Club expects of her. The rest is simply compliance with the terms of the contract. She has a voice and suffrage in Club affairs and is cognizant of her privileges.

When a chairman is named for a certain piece of work she knows full well that she is backed up by Volunteer Service and the Club staff and may call upon eight thousand members to assist her.

There have been occasions when events have taken on city-wide importance with but a few days' notice.

Again, they have been "worked up" with gradations of infinite pains and foresight.

Either way, it seems to make little difference to the City Club. It appears to be ready for work or play with the same camaraderie and cooperation that characterized it when, as the National League for Woman's Service, it met requisitions imposed by war.

A call is made for floral decorations. Immediately truck loads arrive.

Volunteer Service announces that its personnel is decreased because of vacation or sickness or other cause. At once the members who have slackened their efforts for whatever reason, get their uniforms out of clothes presses and are on hand to pick up the torch of Volunteer Service. It appears to be a place where no one ever "lets down" anyone or any enterprise.

The remarkable thing about it is that this state of affairs goes on year after year with no apparent diminution of enthusiasm.

Paper Carnival

● There will be games of all kinds at the Paper Carnival to be held at the Club Wednesday evening, June 15. Mrs. Kierulff, chairman, has arranged for a number of diversions, and will welcome suggestions, with paper and posters as the motif.

Tissue paper, crepe paper, newspapers, wrapping paper —paper in any of its infinite varieties—will be utilized in planning the decorations and costumes.

There will be bridge after dinner for those who want to indulge in that pastime, and prizes for the games winners as well as for the costumes. Also there will be a program, the details of which are being kept as a surprise for the merrymakers.

SELF

We pass along, nor see the wealth unfold
Of Love and Beauty, skirting Life's Highway.
Eager to reach the distant hills that hold
Our Hopes, we scarcely dare our feet to stay.

And in our climb, we pass with sightless eyes
The bones of youthful dreams and hopes mature.
Blind in the self that o'er our spirit lies,
We stamp them down, to make our steps secure.

We near the top; the Goal we held so dear
Is almost won, but comes another trial.
At last we see the abyss of Death appear,
Crossed by the narrow bridge of self-denial.

Too late, the veil drops off, we see ahead
Those Deathless Realms, to reach which goal we save
Our fleeting strength, the narrow path to tread,
But fall, and stumble headlong to our Grave.

Ah! had we tarried near some beauteous spot
Beside the path; tended the travelers' needs,
Cared for their aching hearts, our own forgot,
Then were our sins atoned for by our deeds.

—*Hugh Graham Moon.*

Shops and Shopping in Japan

—CORA A. MAY

● I pricked up my ears, when, some years ago, I heard a most learned man, the head of one of our great universities, telling of the fascinations of the curio shops of Japan; for when a man says anything good of any shop whatsoever you may depend upon it that shop is something out of the ordinary and well worth a visit. So I naturally looked forward to the time when I might see for myself what these shops really were like and whether they justified his opinion. And when the happy day came and I found myself in that enchanting land, revelling in its attractions, I came to feel that the half had not been told me about the curio shops and not a hundredth part about the other attractions of Japan.

The curio shops are most attractive; they are different from those of any other land, principally because in them you find exclusively the products of the country itself, not things gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Then there are the hosts of other shops quite as interesting, though in a different way, and infinite in the range of stocks which they carry. There are those which are filled with costly and beautiful wares; again there are those which boast of nothing more than a showing of primitive little toys, some with "singing" frogs and a "line" of insects. Then there are the department stores, so full of novel features that you could spend days there finding at every turn something to interest and amuse you. These three, together with what I may call the "out of door" shops, are the four kinds where we found so much entertainment.

Until you go to Japan you never stop to think how many shops it takes to supply the demands of this country's upwards of fifty millions of people, but when you get there you find them on every hand. The limits of the shopping districts in the cities, towns and villages are the limits of the cities, towns and villages themselves! Everywhere are shops, shops, shops! As you look from some vantage ground, like the upper balcony of the Maple Tea House in Tokyo, for instance, over the vast sea of shining grey tiled roofs under which dwell its two millions of inhabitants, and reflect that the first floor in almost every one of them is given over to a shop, you can form some idea of how many there are. The first time you notice how omnipresent the shops are is usually shortly after your arrival, when you leave your hotel in a comfortable rubber-tired ricksha for a round of sight seeing. The smiling ricksha boy takes you down the narrow lanes to avoid the traffic of the crowded thoroughfares, and as if it wasn't enough fun to be riding along in one of the most satisfactory vehicles you have ever been in, through the streets of a strangely interesting city, you have your cup of pleasure filled almost to the brim by a close-up view of a multitude of the most fascinating shops you have ever beheld! There they are, the fan shops, the porcelain shops, the bag shops, the ivory, flower, sweetmeat, lacquer, bronze, silk, lantern, furniture shops, until your head swims as you try to see just a few of the things these little shops contain!

Many things have conspired to make Kyoto a wonderful place for shopping, and it was here that we found the curio shop in greater variety and in more alluring form and where its fascinations were more keenly felt. Here in its shops we found many things to tempt us whether the preference was for textiles, bronzes, prints, lacquers or porcelains. There were beautiful Genroku period kimonos; priests' robes with their mosaic of soft colors; squares of Kara Ori brocades, that old brocade which was used by the nobles for their "no dance" costumes and which the dealers all speak of in somewhat hushed tones as if of something sacred. Now and then we came across a rare old illustrated book by one of the masters of the Tosa or the Kano school of painting, and were so fortunate as to see a collection of all the belongings of a court lady of the olden times; the dainty fans, the combs, the "vanity cases" of that period and the pocketbooks. Then, too, there were always numbers of Samurai swords with their furniture, and now and then a print, although it was the frequently expressed opinion of the dealers that it was "too late, too late" to collect prints. At such an establishment the articles were brought in one at a time so that you could enjoy each one undistracted by the presence of other things.

It seems to me that there is not another country in the world where the shop-keepers take more satisfaction than they do in Japan, in making shopping a pleasure to their customers. How many dealers you will find here entering into the task of serving you with evident pleasure and as they bring things out for your inspection will tell you quaint stories about the different patterns shown in the textiles. They will tell you of the introduction into Japan from China of the art of weaving and of how Hideyoshi invented the slogan of "beat the Chinese" to spur them on to better work. They will point out certain colors which were introduced by this or that artist; of how one discovered a way of preparing the silver thread so that it would not tarnish; of how Kanaoka made the "tied and dyed" work and reproduced the deer spots, the small white spot with a tiny dark speck in the center, which is seen in large or small masses in almost every Japanese design! Of how Usen perfected his way of dyeing which gave his name to all the finely dyed crepes, silks and wools.

They told us bits of the history and development of costume and the laws which were enacted from time to time to curb the growing extravagance in dress of the common people, so that a curio shop of this kind seemed like a new and delightful kind of educational institution presenting a comprehensive course in the arts and crafts of Japan.

Many of the curio dealers when they learn what sort of things interest you will bring a number of them to your hotel for your inspection at your leisure. This was only one of the many pleasant phases of shopping in Japan. Many pleasant hours we spent in this way. A knock would come at our door just after we came up from dinner, and when we opened it we would find the merchant, bowing low, sliding his slender coffee-colored hands down to his knees, drawing in his breath and saying by way of salutation: "Thank you very much!" which was the invariable greeting of this particular dealer! Behind him, staggering under a bundle, bigger almost, than himself, would be one of his clerks; the bundle done up in one of those cloths which the Japanese use in place of wrapping paper and for which, prettily patterned as they usually are, you want to negotiate on the spot! The bundle was then brought into the room and the knots untied and then the fun began! The first time he came he brought priest's robes and it was most interesting to see how one so well versed in the art of salesmanship proceeded. He brought forth the pieces one at a time, and kneeling on the floor, threw back a corner, giving it a caressing stroke, before he unfolded the whole to our admiring gaze; giving us plenty of time to inspect it and take in all its beauty, watching us narrowly, but saying very little.

Oh subtle flattery! To show us in this way how unnecessary he knew it was to point out to such as we the peculiar excellency of any piece.

We on our side controlled ourselves and did not let it be seen too clearly how we were drinking in the beauty of the robes spread out before us. Now and then he would make a statement as to the probable date of a piece, or venture to say that old

priests' robes were getting very scarce and almost impossible to obtain. All the time he was showing the robes we knew he was working up slowly through the inferior ones to his climax and he knew that we knew it, but it was the only way to proceed and the most intriguing. By the time he had shown his chief treasure the tables and chairs were draped with the soft-toned robes, and he had sensed fairly clearly which ones had met with favor and was glad to leave them over night and even a day or two longer on a chance of their beauty becoming so apparent that a sale would be assured.

Early in our shopping experience we discovered that our pleasure was by no means measured by the amount of money we spent. We had, for instance, no end of a good time making a small collection of textiles and for a time we specialized on "scraps" —scraps of tapestry, scraps of brocade, velour, of crepe and cotton. We really began our collection one day when we had started to visit some of the eight hundred temples with which Kyoto is blessed and were going up Tea-pot Lane on our way there. The lane is narrow and rather steep and the ricksha boys go at a pace that allows of rather a complete survey of the small open shops as you pass. As we went by one we caught sight of a basket of scraps, the kind that are in demand by the weavers who use them as models and copy the patterns and weaves. We called out to the boys: "*Mate, mate, mate!*" and finally they stopped, turned around and let us out, when we went into the shop to make our selection. This shop keeper had some very pretty cottons, some of them very old, for which he asked very large prices, but many of the pretty ones were to be had for a song, and of these we bought a number. Soon after this we made a rich "haul" and spent a very pleasant afternoon while the rain was coming down steadily outside, in the shops of one of the larger dealers, who, when he found we were interested in odds and ends of textiles, obligingly brought out from the depths of his shop his "rag bag." And such a rag bag as it was! full of the most lovely bits of woven stuffs of all kinds, of all periods. The Japanese know better than to destroy anything of this nature, no matter how small the scrap may be. We were much amused at one shop where we asked them if they could by any chance show us a piece of the rare old "Inken" brocade. "Oh, yes," they said proudly, and returned presently with a wisp of paper which they unfolded to disclose a shred of black and gold which you could hardly see but which they displayed with much pride. After we had looked at it and tried to be properly impressed, it was, I suppose, returned to the *safe*. But to return to the rag bag; this particular one was nothing less than a good-sized telescope basket, and you can imagine what a lovely time we had pawing over the contents and finding examples of the things we were in search of. And after this the obliging dealer sent for his mother and she had quite a different range of things in her basket and we levied on that; then the young brother-in-law was sent for —the one who, on a former occasion, showed us his collection of historic dolls— and he brought his basket and we got some lovely things from that. So take it all in all we had a very pleasant and a very profitable afternoon and added not only to our collection of textiles, but to our store of information about them—information which is so hard to gather, inasmuch as it has been so little written about in English. After this we only made a few additions and then called our collection finished for the time being. The next step was to get a pretty brocade-covered scrap book, take it to the dealer of whom we had bought so many of our pieces, and he had them all neatly cut and pasted into the book for us. The larger pieces which we did not want to cut were reserved and later found a place in a portfolio covered with a piece of patchwork made of beautiful pieces of "*kinran,*" which we bought of a man in Sendai. Here, then, at a comparatively small outlay, we had a collection which could not fail to interest anyone with a fondness for Japanese pattern and color harmony.

The Japanese handbag is such a very quiet affair that it was some time before we took any notice of it at all, but one day we saw a pretty one and it led to our first visit to a bag shop. We had gone one warm afternoon in Kyoto in our rickshas down a leafy avenue known as Temple Street to a tea garden over in the region of Tea-pot Lane, and were sitting on one of the small tables sipping our tea when Ijin San spied this pretty bag in the hands of a Japanese lady who, with her husband and friend, were sitting cross-legged drinking their tea. I must digress a moment to say that Ijin San was the name I gave my friend with whom I went to Japan—bestowed upon her on the lovely day we took our first ricksha ride out along the countryside to Lake Biwa. "Ijin San" is the children's greeting to the "lady foreigner," and it came to us as we rode along from scores of little throats. All the little sisters and brothers, with smaller sisters and brothers on their backs, and every little toddlekins bringing up the rear of every detachment of the procession waved to us and called out in their shrill treble voices the greeting, "Ijin San, Ijin San, Ijin San!" in a long, drawn-out chorus that lasted until our return to Kyoto in the late afternoon. "Kirei" (pretty), said Ijin San to the lady of the bag, nodding and smiling, and pointing to the bag. This was, to be sure, before we had been to Koyasan, the old monastery on the mountain top, and had been taken in hand there by a youngster and given a thorough drilling in the pronunciation of the word. It was while we were eating our evening meal and were looking out over the lovely garden, that he rested his chin comfortably on the table, which, being of the height provided for foreigners, was just "chin high" for him, and repeated the word over and over again until he was satisfied with the way we trilled the "r" and gave the sound to the "ei." It sounded like "key ray," and by the way he drew in his breath and by other indications we knew he was satisfied with his efforts on our behalf. However faulty may have been Ijin San's pronunciation at this time, the lady of the bag understood, and showed the same pleasure that a woman does the world over at having her bag admired. She smiled back at Ijin San and then Yamaguchi, at our request, asked her if she would be so good as to tell us where she bought such a pretty bag. She replied most graciously that she had bought it in Theater Street and that there were many pretty bags to be had there, as well as charming materials out of which ladies could make their own bags, as many did. Fired with the desire to see what we could find, we thanked the lady and were soon off on our way to Theater Street, the boys padding down the avenue and across the bridge in quick time. Theater Street, in Kyoto, is called Kyogoku, after a prince, and it lies between Sanjo Dori and Shijo Dori, or in plain English, between Third Street and Fourth Street. The boys put us down at the corner of Sanjo Dori and were waiting for us at Shijo Dori when we had made the tour of the district. Vehicles are not allowed in the street, for this narrow way, so quiet on this summer afternoon, is at night turned into one blazing street with electric lights which illuminate a seething mass of human beings; men, women and children, which fills it from end to end, while from it rises a medley of the strangest sounds that have ever greeted an American ear! On our way to the bag shop we went past the jog which breaks the street half way down, and passed the pretty small house in its own enclosure where the children are brought to listen to the folk tales told by a professional story teller. A little further and to the right we came to the shop we were in search of. It was easy enough to find, for bags of all colors were fluttering from long strings which hung like fringe around the doorway. When we entered we found such a nice comfortable little shop pervaded by that cheerful atmosphere usual in a Japanese shop.

(Continued Next Month)

City Club Entertains Many Distinguished Guests

● Many interesting women pass under the lintel of the Women's City Club in the course of a year, many of whom are celebrities of world reputation.

The majority come with cards from friends in other cities, even from Europe and Asia. Others have cards from clubs with which the San Francisco City Club has reciprocal relations. In either case, the guests are accorded warm welcome, and if they desire privacy and solitude, they are left entirely to their own devices, as in any well-regulated hotel.

A few of the interesting guests in the Club during the past few weeks were:

Miss Ethel Simmons, Minneapolis.

Miss Harriet Armstrong, Portland, Oregon.

Mary Elizabeth Smith, Richmond, Indiana—guest of Miss Edna Kroll.

Miss Agnes L. Peterson, Washington, D. C.—Woman's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

Miss Helen Plumb, New York—formerly with Rockefeller Foundation, Industrial Arts; went to European countries and gathered together collections for exhibition purposes in East.

Miss Madeline Smyth, Bronxville, N. Y. —guest of Mrs. R. J. Davis; drove from New York. Left very good legal position to come out. Planning to locate in San Francisco.

Miss I. M. Thomas, Huntington, England —guest of Mrs. F. H. Gardiner.

Miss L. E. Oliphant, Locust Valley, N. Y.—member of New York Women's City Club; here on pleasure trip, en route to Seattle.

Miss Alice Weber, Zurich, Switzerland —guest of Miss Naomi Deutsch; graduate nurse, fellowship student in Nursing Service of Rockefeller Foundation; going to Orient before returning to Switzerland.

Miss Margaret Stewart, Ogden, Utah—national treasurer of Business and Professional Women's Club; principal speaker at their convention in Monterey.

Dr. Margaret Burns, Ogden, Utah—with Miss Stewart.

Miss Mary Ryan, Phillipsburg, Kansas—guest of Mrs. J. F. Resleure.

Miss Ida W. Gray, Seattle, Washington —guest of Dr. Emma Pope.

Miss Winnifred W. Arrington, New York — research worker of the National Commission for Mental Hygiene. Guest of Mrs. W. N. Allen.

Miss Ada Blake, Los Angeles—principal of Marlborough School, Los Angeles.

Mme. Xenia de Cantiene, Rome, Italy—artist; guest of Mrs. Clara Huntington.

Bridge Activities Take New Lease in Affairs

—IDA J. LORD, CHAIRMAN

● Every Tuesday members gather in our Card Room to enjoy a friendly game. Will you not come and join them? Arrange to visit the Club with that group of friends you have intended to entertain for a long time with a luncheon or dinner, bridge following. These are pleasant occasions which bring pleasure to our friends and to ourselves, and at the same time aid in the progress of our splendid organization. It has been said that "Service is the rent we pay for the space we occupy." So in our Bridge Section may we not emphasize this ideal of SERVICE?

We can make a purchase in our League Shop; arrange for a dinner or lunch when planning a bridge afternoon or evening; order afternoon tea, etc. By so doing we show loyalty and share in the efforts of progress for our Club. Then, too, it is possible that the friend we have invited many times to our pleasant rooms has not been asked to become a member. Cannot this be done and her name placed on our Waiting List of Membership?

The Committee hopes to see Bridge Activities take on new interest these coming months and we are anxious to know what can be done that will give added pleasure. Do you wish contract bridge lessons or lectures? Would you be interested in a bridge tournament? We shall be glad to hear from members in this connection, as by giving us your wishes we have a foundation on which to build for the greater development of our Bridge Section.

Do You Know That —

● We now have fresh water in the Swimming Pool?

Boys over eight may take lessons in the Pool on Friday evenings?

There are special June swimming rates?

Water toys, swimming rings, bathing-suit bags, sandals and belts may be purchased through the Swimming Office?

There is a Sunlamp in the Beauty Salon that takes the place of real sunshine? It will give you a good coat of tan or iron out the aches if you have any. Only 50 cents a half hour.

We have an operator in the Beauty Salon who gives a beautiful French wave that she guarantees will last longer than the machine-dried waves?

The Rest Room is now on second floor?

Our Sewing Committee could make excellent use of another electric sewing machine if any member has one to loan?

Our bedroom rates are: $2.50 and $3.00 per day; $14.00 and $17.50 per week; $40.00 to $80.00 per month (single); $125.00 to $130.00 per month (suites)?

What Everywoman Wants to Know

● Friday morning, June 3, at 11 o'clock, Miss Renee Thornton (in private life Duchess Fabio Carafa d'Andria) will lecture in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club. The Duchess is the former Miss Renee Thornton, opera and concert soprano. She has, however, forsaken music temporarily, and is now lecturing on "the art of being beautiful."

Miss Thornton recently lectured in Kansas City, and in her lectures made the statement "that there never had been a woman who, with the proper tutelage and the correct clothing, could not be a stunning creature." Beauty to her is a matter of unifying a dozen points: proper hat, the correct shade of dress, the correct mode of hairdress, the culture of the voice, use of the hands, and a myriad of other trifles, light as air, but highly important.

Miss Thornton will tell many secrets of youthful make-up. To really appreciate her art one must hear her.

Come Friday, June 3, at 11 o'clock, and see her, for she illustrates her talk with artistic application of cosmetics.

The Duchess Fabio Carafa d'Andria, whose husband, Duke Fabio Carafa d'Andria, is the eldest son of Duke Carlo Maria Carafa d'Andria and the nephew of the late Duke d'Andria and Casteldelmonto, was married to her husband three times.

At the first wedding last June, the ceremony was a civil performance. That alone was enough for the Duchess.

But not so the Duke. Willingly she accompanied him to the Italian consulate's home, where they were married again, that time in December.

Then in the latter part of January, the Duke insisted they be married again. The Duke explained:

"My forebears were largely members of the ecclesiastical body. And it would grieve my family and myself if I were not married in the church," he said.

The Duchess, the matter cleared, prepared for the third wedding ceremony within eight months.

New Schedule of Prices in Cafeteria and Dining Room

● The Cafeteria is now offering 35- and 40-cent luncheons.

In the dining room there are 50-cent and 85-cent luncheons, deliciously prepared and served.

Also in the dining room are 75-cent and one-dollar dinners.

The 75-cent dinner is a three-course meal, bounteous and tasty.

The dollar dinner is the regular dinner which has been so satisfactory in the past

High Tide

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

● The doors slammed everywhere, the awnings flapped and snapped, and the old house on the Point began to sing in all its weather-worn beams as the stiff wind blew in from the sea. You can't bear to shut that breeze out while the memory of the heat of the four o'clock train from town is still with you. Six of us had come down to "cool off" right in the middle of the week and not one of us had thought of coming until three forty-five! It was heavenly to be cool with a storm coming, "if I know the signs," said Jim as he caught and held the screen door open for me.

As Jim and I stepped out into the dark of the big veranda that faces the sea, Twin Island lights winked at us from beyond the Point as though chuckling over our revolt from town and enjoying the fact that Jim and I were to have an unexpected evening together. I was glad of the bridge table that would hold the others inside. I wanted Jim all to myself. I had not been a bit surprised when I found him on the train. I had thought of telephoning him to meet me there, but something I can't explain said, "Go along, he'll be there." That's all part of this story, the fact that things like that were always happening to me.

I love to talk with Jim. You can browse along through any subject without being argumentative or conclusive. Jim never demands that you know the "why" of anything. I sometimes feel his mind as I feel rooms I know, rooms filled with fine, simple, beautiful things, never crowded or cluttered up, and with great open windows letting in the light and air. You can't feel stuffy in such places, and although they demand nothing, you always find yourself wanting to bring your honest best into them. I suppose that's why I told Jim that night—that, and the storm—and the fact that I love him.

Yes, that part of our lives is all settled. Some day when Jim gets a little more on top of the burden he's had to carry since he came home from France, we're going to get married. I worry about Jim because he takes things hard. He's never been the same since the war ended, and his father died, and his mother lost her sight, and his young brother he adores is still a shell-shock case, and there isn't anything but Jim's salary to carry on with. He works too hard and I try to get him down to the shore, but Jim doesn't come down often any more, not since my brother died (they were pals). My brother and he used to get up before dawn and go out with the fishermen for an early catch. You can hear the snap of the motor dories leaving the old cove at the first faint touch of silver on the edge of the black horizon, when night looks through half-slit eyelids at the color dawn is bringing but which you cannot see. An old fisherman told me once that he went out early because "somebody must be wakin' up the day, Miss. He's a sleepy head with all that rockin' and singin' out yonder." I believe him. The sunrise always comes rushing to the cool gray land just after the dories disappear around the cape.

I used to envy my brother and Jim. But Jim doesn't go out to meet the day any more. When he comes he arrives after sunset and takes an early train back to town. I had had a feeling for a long time that he was thinking of something he could not speak of. Well, I had been doing that myself, so I couldn't feel hurt.

We felt for our chairs in the black dark of the veranda and I pulled mine to the outer edge near the railing. Jim followed me. "We'll get more wind here. This is a night to hug a wall," he said. I glanced through the open windows to the bridge table in the farther room. "I want to hear just the storm tonight." Jim said no more and we settled down to watch the lightning flash back at the winking channel lights and feel now and then the quick scud of the wind as it urged the reluctant storm in across the headlands.

"It's high tide," Jim said as he lighted his pipe. Our cove was still. You couldn't even hear the squdgy squeak of the old, discarded lobster pots rubbing against the piles under Fisherman's Wharf. Jim says he can always tell in his room here at night whether it's full or ebb tide by the swirl of the water around the rocks; that when it's high tide the water just floats in, deep and quiet, and you know the great bowl is brimful; that ebb tide is noisy and fussy like a distracted woman changing her mind over a bargain-counter purchase and rushing back to recapture her first choice. Jim said once he thought life was like that.

He sat quietly puffing his pipe and I watched the lights of a coastwise vessel prick through the thick blackness to the south and creep slowly past our point like lonesome eyes searching for an open door. Could I tell Jim? I couldn't go on in the dark, like that wistful little ship out there in the night.

"Do you remember the night we came in late and couldn't find the channel because only one light was working?"

I didn't say anything. I knew Jim was thinking of last summer and all the furiously daring sailing he and my brother had done up and down the coast. I know why Jim doesn't come down often. They had been friends as far back as prep school days.

It was getting blacker and blacker over the sea; the boom of the surf on the rocks away out beyond the Point made Jim's voice sound queer and detached:

"We made it all right because we both remembered the big light Mrs. Ben always keeps in her window when Ben's late getting in from Gloucester. It's strange how you never know when something you haven't cared specially about remembering may be just the thing you want."

That last sentence decided me. I was going to tell Jim and tell him quickly, and yet I must go slowly. You can't hurry over unknown roads in the dark, and I'd have to lead up to it, even with Jim.

"A night like this always makes me think of that night before our submarine fight," I said. "That was a night, I tell you. We'd have made Liverpool without any excitement if the storm had lasted. It was the first time I ever wanted the deep rolling and pitching of a ship to go on. But early in the morning I noticed that my clothes hung straight and quiet from the hooks and all the comforting creaks the storm made were still. There wasn't any luck for us."

Jim was refilling his pipe when he said, "What did you *really* do when you met the submarine?"

It is strange, the things you are afraid of in this world. They are never the things you expect. I was afraid of the thing I wanted to tell Jim, and suddenly I was afraid of Jim. Why did he say "really" like that? Did he know I had never told the whole truth of the experience to anyone? Jim was funny that way; he was always guessing ahead of the game, telling me my own thoughts before I knew I had them. Perhaps he knew now that fear was trying to balk me.

"Well, I had expected to die of fright if we met a submarine, but when it was all over, well——" Could I speak of my real fear to Jim? It seemed so foolish to tell the story, leaving out the main incident as I always had before; I moved my chair nearer to where his pipe was glowing.

"You see we knew we'd meet one and we really weren't in fighting trim—just that old American liner, the St. Louis,

painted to look like an armored cruiser with only three six-inch guns on our decks."

Jim leaned nearer me in the dark and said again, "Tell me what *really* happened." There was that insistent word again. Well, he wouldn't laugh, and even if he said nothing it would help the fumbled feeling I always had when I thought of it—and I think of it often. The dark made it easier, and the storm around us. Presently I knew I could. Jim loved me and I was not afraid.

"Jim, I didn't do anything. No one did, at least none of the twenty-three passengers. There wasn't anything we could do except to wait with as much control as civilization had given us. If a shell hit us we would be blown to bits. We had oil and ammunition for a cargo, and five hundred and eighty engineers to tempt a hungry submarine. The captain had told us three nights before that the reason we were not being assigned to lifeboats was because you can't launch a boat from a Vesuvius, that the only chance we had was to hold on to our life belts. I stood looking out an open port on the starboard deck—we weren't allowed outside—and I could see the submarine distinctly. I could see the flash from the two guns on her turret as they sent their shells at us. We learned later that she had wasted two torpedoes on us before she began to shell us; so she was in a nasty mood. I felt like an animal in a trap but with the added conviction that there was no use struggling. My ears seemed full of muffled sounds. There was a lot of noise and crashing of dishes down below every time our ship fired. You see we were not built for gun fire. Our men worked as fast as the guns would let them. Officers kept running past my port. The sea was as smooth as our cove here on a windless night.

"Then I saw a man I'd never noticed before." A flash of lightning showed Jim's face to me, a white spot in the blackness around us. Twin lights burned steadily beyond the Point. "He stood just by a lifeboat, and I could see the smoke from our guns drift above his head in a spire of whirling white. I thought he was probably one of the men from the kitchens, come up to see the fight. I wondered that someone didn't order him below out of that open space. He was all in white with his shirt open at the throat and his sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He looked kind of mad, I thought. Once or twice he looked up at the sky and stretched his arms out wide along the lifeboat and raised himself slowly up and down on his toes as though he were getting both air and exercise while he could. I wondered how he could stand there in open danger so casually, but I found it was steadying me just to watch him; I began to breathe from deeper down. The man never took his eyes off that little wasp while she pinged away at us, and when a shell shrieked through our rigging he never moved.

"It was forty minutes by the ship's clock before the first mate dashed by shouting, 'All's clear.' We had outdistanced the tiny monster. The man by the lifeboat turned more directly toward my port and leaned up against the boat as if suddenly needing to relax a bit. He smiled and I noticed for the first time how tired he looked. I thought I'd like to talk to him, to grip his hand and thank him for bracing me up as he had. I was so cowardly nervous and there had been no sign of fear in him. I pushed quickly out through the crowd on deck to where he stood, and—he wasn't there."

Jim did not move and I could not see him, only the little specks of fire from his pipe. I could hear the quiet between us, above all the roar of the storm.

"He wasn't there, Jim. I couldn't believe it. I walked all round the deck. I searched the kitchen galley. I asked the first mate if he knew the man, but that was just at first when I didn't find him by the lifeboat. I didn't say anything more to anyone. You hate to be a fool, Jim, but I *know* I saw him just that way on the deck. At first I didn't believe it, although I knew I saw him, if you know what I mean."

I couldn't say any more until Jim made some sign, and Jim was so still. What would he say? I could hear the far-away ringing of a life-buoy in the outer channel. I ought to have heeded the warning of my own fears; I was probably on the rocks with Jim now. He had always hated spooky ideas that bawled up people's thinking! Presently he leaned over and tapped his pipe against his heel. "Whom do you think he was?"

Who was he? The question seemed to leap from Jim's quiet figure and strike me in the darkness. The eager, straining quality in his voice was like an unexpected physical blow upon my heart. Did he believe my story? Would he believe the one thing more I knew I must tell him? Should I risk it? The darkness still held his voice for me, like an insistent crying thing searching through miles of space. I got up and put a chair against the screen door to stop the little squeaking chant it was singing to the wind. When I sat down again I knew I was going on with it.

"I don't know how to say it," I began. My own voice sounded so queer. "I have never spoken of it to anyone; it's so difficult, and it's so—and after all I haven't any proof. I just know I saw him—and, and, I have seen him or someone like him since, many times, in the crowds down town."

"Whom do you think he is?" Jim's voice was almost stern—no, it wasn't stern—— Suddenly I knew Jim wanted something. He was asking me for this thing I had kept shut up inside me all these years; he wanted me to speak.

"I am not thinking, Jim, I know."

Nothing happened; we sat on in the dark. The storm had suddenly ceased to be the wild, threatening thing that had roared around us. The wind was soughing off into the sea as though sorry for its part in the tumult. I could smell the cape roses on our rocks, and once more the earth seemed to be there under my feet. I wasn't afraid any more. I didn't really care what Jim might say. It was such a relief to have told it all to someone, and still feel sure. I didn't expect anyone, not even Jim, to believe what I had said. But even that didn't matter.

Finally Jim got up and stood looking out toward the channel lights. When he spoke his voice was no longer strained, it was the voice of my old Jim, young, eager, confident, happy. He said, "To think you have known all along! I suppose we're both going it some but it isn't likely we'd both be wrong. I've seen him, too."

I felt for his hands in the darkness and pulled myself up close to him. Then, although I felt the tears on his face, Jim laughed, his old boyish laugh—and someone called from the bridge table, "What's the joke?" and Jim shouted back, "Oh, nothing, and everything"—and suddenly I knew it was high tide on the rocks forever for Jim and me.

Aspiration

If I can sing a little song,
Limpid, tender and bright,
And make it hopeful as the dawn,
"To one who walks by night,"

If I can capture a fleeting thought
Of pure, pale gold,
To shape into a lofty dream
For a heart grown old,

If I can change words to sunbeams,
For a heart grown sad with pain,
To pierce the gloom surrounding . . .
I will not live in vain!

—*Juliana Sesenna.*

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST; *by Gertrude Atherton;* Liveright and Co., New York.

THE LAST AND FIRST MEN; *by W. Olaf Stapledon;* Jonathan Cape and Harrison, publishers; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS; *by André Maurois;* D. Appleton and Company; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST; *by Pearl S. Buck;* Friendship Press, New York.

Verse:

KINDRED; *by Abbie Findlay Potts;* Macmillan Company, New York.

STRAY LEAVES; *by Jane Campbell Higbie,* San Jose.

● Adventures of a Novelist; by Gertrude Atherton.

When I called San Francisco's biggest book store to ask for Gertrude Atherton's autobiography, about a week after the book came out, the answer came in dulcet and apologetic tones, "It's all sold out, but we shall have more in, very shortly." I couldn't wait for their second edition, so I left my order—and borrowed the book.

It is not surprising that the demand is great. Every San Franciscan who can cast back to the third or even the second generation by the beautiful bay will be interested in the pictures she has sketched of the old city and the peninsula. Possibly the adventures of this novelist have been awaited with some trepidation, for Mrs. Atherton has never feared to cast a bomb among the ranks of the conservative. She has acquired somewhat more of conservatism, as well as vivid English, since her early twenties, when her first book was published anonymously in the *Argonaut.* Today she writes with caustic humor of the splendid idle afternoons on the verandahs of lovely Atherton, and she still drags even her own skeletons from their closets, with a magnificent indifference to the rattle of their bones!

Now, where is there a David's sling to cast a stone in defense of Valparaiso Park? They were splendid days in that sunny olden time! Today goes rattling by in its Ford on the highway, on its way to its rodeos and hot-dog stands, but it casts a wistful eye at Atherton's leafy peace. The world will be sadder when all of unhurried space and sunshine has gone, and nothing is left to us but cleverness and haste. Today which seems just a grim jest with its tongue in its cheek, taking nothing seriously, not even itself, has lost something fine in that gracious life which still lingers for a little longer at Valparaiso Park.

But Gertrude Atherton's young, impatient wings were even then straining to be off and away for wider adventure. Adventures? Yes, and a wide and cultural experience. Mrs. Atherton has justly earned the title of "a woman of the world"—at least of its Eastern hemisphere, for I believe she has not yet adventured the Orient. But her trail of adventure has led her from California to New York, the Adirondacks, Montana, Munich, England, Spain, British West Indies, Ancient Greece, Tyre, Carthage! One would not be surprised if she should meet Sun-Yat-Sen or Chang-Tso-Lin in her next literary reincarnation. Or perhaps she will wander back twelve centuries into Chinese antiquity and recall the Lady Yang-Kuei-Fei, the Helen of China, of whom it is written, "She is still execrated, still adored. The historians and moralists of China condemn her as the woman whose beauty caused the apparent demoralization of one of China's greatest emperors. But poets worship her. In her small body were the seeds of dream as potent after as before its death. They blow still across the mountains and deserts of the East, as thistledown dreams of Helen still drift from the Western sea." Li Mu asked an old Chinese scholar, "What do you see in her, honorable Chuang?" "I see a woman with a gift greater than herself, the power to loosen dreams from their deep roots and set them afloat on any wind that touched her." I should like to see what Mrs. Atherton would make of that charming lady as a heroine!

But China is not a comfortable land to live in just now. And when the new idea for the next book descends upon Mrs. Atherton's mind out of space, she goes to the chosen land or city, and lives there for six months, for its local color, and reads seventy books about it, as she did in Greece, when she was re-creating Aspasia of "The Immortal Marriage." She is nothing if not thorough. And from the sparkles in the pages of her autobiography, it is to be inferred that she was not at all bored while she was doing it. Even in her earliest days, when the American critics would have none of her, and Mrs. Grundy found that her books broke all rules, she stuck a little pink tongue out at them, and went gaily off to gather literary laurels in England and Europe, and to bring them home with a satirical twinkle to her more-or-less repentant countrymen.

Herself a citizen of no mean city, Gertrude Atherton has been a looker-on and a participant in London, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Budapest—brilliant cities of two hemispheres. Welcomed in gay circles and creative, she could smile at young critics who would have none of her. Everywhere she found and took the grist for her mill. It is interesting to note that each book has a new theme, a new problem which has seized her interest, as if the crop she grew exhausted that soil, and she must on to a new field. The new absorbs and intrigues her, so that she is always ahead of her time. Themes that were debatable in her springtime become commonplace in the world of her maturity. But she likes the new, the discussion-provoking, the debatable. Perhaps there is a fillip of curiosity as to what will happen after she has thrown her bomb! She does not take it too seriously; nor should we.

It must be a comfortable hill-top to rest upon (if Gertrude Atherton's untiring industry has ever allowed her to rest!); and to look back upon thirty-seven books in forty years. Lionel Stevenson wrote of her in *The Bookman,* "To have written thirty-seven novels in forty years, and to have provoked violent controversy in every one of them, is a distinct achievement in itself. The holder of this record, unique in American literature, is Gertrude Atherton."

Mrs. Atherton has a Napoleonic impersonality in her disregard of everything which might have interfered with her one ambition. And she has achieved. Her autobiography has a more interesting heroine than any she has imagined in the thirty-seven novels. Through its pages laughs an impersonal—and impertinent—amusement at and with life, and sometimes at herself, which has carried her over every stumble and obstacle, and will carry her to the end.

However, I should like to offer one small amendment of my own. She recalls my austere husband as "a small fat boy running around in his father's high hat." Now that was his grandfather's high hat, the Commodore's, as the small fat boy recalls very well. But that is poetic license.

● The Last and First Men; by W. Olaf Stapledon; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

"Man is groping toward a new view of his office in the scheme of things, and toward a new and racial purpose. Unfortunately he may take too long to learn what it is that he really wants to do with himself. Before he can gain clear insight, he may lose himself in a vast desert of spiritual aridity, or even blunder into physical self-destruction. Nothing can save him but a new vision, and a consequent new order of sanity, or common sense."

With the foregoing as an introduction or *raison d'etre,* Mr. Stapledon proceeds to vision, from an authentic scientific point of view, a few of the possibilities for mankind. The possibilities he projects from our own day into an infinitely remote future. The picture he paints is not a pleasant one to behold. He sees man pursuing a tragic course, achieving only occasionally heights of grandeur, sinking sometimes to the level of the beast or again controlling and manipulating the creation of the individual in accordance with a given physical, intellectual or spiritual pattern.

One of the most interesting possibilities from a philosophical point of view is the influence of the development of mind on the physical universe. Great cosmic cataclysms may be brought about unwittingly by man's tampering or experimenting with the cosmic elements.

Perhaps the most significant possibility foreseen by Mr. Stapledon is that of man's ability to achieve conscious control of the part he must play in the eternal pattern. "In certain cases some feature of a past event may depend on an event in the far future. The past event would never have been as it actually was (and is, eternally), if there had not been going to be a certain future event, which, though not contemporaneous with the past event, influences it directly in the sphere of eternal being. . . . Though events have passage, they have also eternal being. And in certain rare cases mental events far separated in time determine one another directly by way of eternity. . . . There is no possibility that we should not choose to influence those past minds which are, as a matter of fact, dependent on our influence. For it is in the sphere of eternity (wherein alone we meet past minds), that we really make this free choice. . . . It is even conceivable that every creative advance that any mind has ever made involves unwitting co-operation with the cosmic mind. . . . We contribute to the past intuition of truth and of value, which, though easy to us from our point of vantage, would be impossible to the unaided past."

The book is well worth reading. Some of the ideas seem fantastic but in reality are no more extravagantly imagined than events which have actually taken place. Mr. Stapledon does foresee certain trends toward which our present-day course, along all lines of activity, may be drifting unless man makes a conscious choice of values for the future and deliberately directs his development along those lines.

● The Weigher of Souls; by Andre Maurois; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Based on the belief that the soul is energy "psychons" which escape in a measurable quantity from the body after death, Andre Maurois weaves a breath-taking tale of a laboratory experiment in which souls were captured under bell jars, weighed and finally combined with other souls.

In the end one discovers that the doctor has an ulterior motive in his research. Its real purpose was to enable him to capture and unite two definite souls to whom life had given too short a time together. The denouement, although not unexpected, is highly dramatic.

The book is not a long one, and although it has no great value, it is well worth reading.

● The Young Revolutionist; by Pearl S. Buck.

Out of her great success and fame as a Nobel prize winner, out of the popularity of "East Wind, West Wind" and "The Good Earth," Pearl Buck has taken time to write a book of Young China for the publishing house of her own church. "The Young Revolutionist" is a simply, beautifully told story of Ko-sen, the young peasant boy who was given to the priest of the temple, to serve all his life, as the price of his restoration from dire illness. Soon, he saw that the gods "see nothing and hear nothing, and understand nothing at all." "I do not fear those gods. Why, Sui-may, I have to wipe the dust off their faces as though they were children." And so he runs away and joins the young revolutionists, for whom there is no god but Sun-Yat-Sen, no creed but the redemption of their country. From what? For what? Ko-sen did not know. But he listened to the young captain and followed him; and found a friend, Fahli, among the young soldiers. Ko-sen was made a captain of ten, just boys, whom he drilled and led into battle. After the battle, all were scattered and dead—for what?—and Fahli was carried by the foreign doctor into the foreign hospital, with Ko-sen following and afraid. After Fahli dies, clinging to the strange doctor's hand and calling him "father," Ko-sen runs away again, away from the hospital, away from the war, away from the temples with the dead gods—home! As he goes, the teacher in the little Christian church gives him a coat and tells him that the picture of Sun-Yat-Sen is among the sacred pictures because "all good men from around the four seas are brothers, and there is always room for another good man." The old abbot at the temple gave him rice and shoes. "And when Ko-sen stared at the fingerless idols and the cracked Buddhas, the old man said simply, 'gods are not held within these earthen shapes, but they are free moving spirits, and these shapes are but to recall them to our childish earthly minds.' "

Once Ko-sen said to himself bitterly, "What am I now—my legs covered with my old revolutionary uniform, upon my back a Christian coat, and on my feet shoes given me by an old abbot in a temple? What I am no one would know, and I do not know myself." And so he walked on to his home.

But when he was working again in the fields with his father, it came to Ko-sen what he must do. "It came as effortlessly and as suddenly as though a bird flying past had lighted unexpectedly upon his shoulder." He would go back to the foreign hospital and the foreign doctor, taking his sister Sui-may with him. "Yes, he would go back, and he would say, 'I and my sister, we will take service under you for our country's sake. We are revolutionists, we two. Teach us how to save our people.'

" 'My son,' said Ko-sen's father gently, 'tell me what service this is of which you speak? Under whose name is it?'

"Ko-sen looked at his father out of his dream and collected himself. What service? He remembered suddenly that he did not even know the name of the hospital or of the doctors or anyone. He only knew that there was some spirit there, common to them all. What had that white-robed one told him? He knit his brows, remembering, and looking earnestly at his father, he said:

" 'The master there—I think they told me the master there is one named Jesus. It is under him that we would take service for our country.' "

Note: The Friendship Press is notable for the small, practical handbooks which it publishes for the use of clubwomen and churchwomen who work with groups of very young people. Such books are "Three Arrows," by Ryerson Young, for work among Indian tribes; and "Out in the Country," by Hazel Orton, for rural problems.

● *Verse:* "Kindred," by Abbie Findlay Potts, is interesting and original in its conception, and able in its mastery of verse forms. A New England woman, the writer has woven together the strands of her four lines of ancestry, the Findlays, "gaunt and fain"; the Pottses, "scholars, wise and sane"; the Wilsons, "with their mighty tools", and "the statetly Van der Poels," who

"Need more our second sight of what must be
Than we crave actual life for what we see."

Her themes have something of Frost's originality, and the salt of New England; gentler verse than his, and less powerful.

"Stray Leaves," by Jane Higbie, is a small first book by one of our San Jose writers. Her verse has a modesty and simplicity which Ruth Comfort Mitchell characterizes in her foreword:

"Here is no stately solemn muse
In classic raiment, chill, austere—
These pages hold a friendly bard,
A merry minstrel, near and dear,
Like a good neighbor, stepping in
With homely gifts to cheer and charm,
A sheaf of verses in her hand,
A bag of knitting on her arm!
Far from Olympus' frigid heights
She walks with us the common way,
Content to share—and glorify—
The sun and shade of every day."

We will quote Jane Higbie's "Worship" as characteristic:

"In wooded glen my shrine is set.
Not reared of wood or stone.
'Tis there I go, when cares beset,
To be alone.
The hills about—my temple walls.
Its roof—the clear blue sky.
My prayer ascends, with none to hear
But God, and the pines, and I."

Robert McClure Tells What Wives Really Want

—Author of "A Fable for Wives" Defends the American Husband

● In spite of the fact that women themselves are not supposed to know their own minds, there is one man who believes he knows what they want in this world. And he isn't afraid to speak out. In fact, he has written a novel in which he points out this fundamental truth. His name is Robert McClure and the book is "A Fable for Wives" (Doubleday, Doran), a story of married people, young and old, of the more prosperous classes in those mad years just before the depression, when money came easily and went fast in the eternal scramble for pleasure.

"What women want out of life," said Mr. McClure in a recent interview, "is what men want also but would get in a different way—a feeling of counting for something. It's that more than love, or rather, it's that expressed in terms of a woman's world, in which love must ever be of far more immediate and essential importance than it is to man.

"What women want out of life is what we all want—what Galesworthy once called 'that secret sense of self-importance without which none of us can bear to live.' Only most women want to count for something, to matter in a personal relation with individuals; for them the personal human factor takes precedence, as it doesn't with men, over any larger identification with the universe or the general scheme of things. Of course, there are the women with 'careers.' Yet they too want love in their lives.

"But it isn't enough to say that love means everything to a woman," continued the man whom Booth Tarkington has predicted will go far as a writer. "Women want love but they want something over and beyond love: the sense of mattering greatly to the life or lives of those most dear to them. It frequently happens, of course, that a woman doesn't recognize this fundamental need of her being. But let her once be made to feel that she counts greatly to him or to those whom she loves, and she calls this her happiness!

"And how can it be otherwise, when women must ever be the givers and the guardians of human life? Let them develop any other talent or capacity they will, they will still be biologically conditioned as primarily concerned with, and dependent upon, the personal relationships, the human element in life.

"Of course we American husbands and writers would be the last to deny that we live in Amazonia. We know all about that impression the foreign visitor receives; we know how he gets it. We've had American women (not that we would boast) make a bit of a fuss over us. We've been through all that but now we think—I for one certainly think—that the visiting European writer has had his say and it's high time someone stood up for the American husband."

The American husband, according to Mr. McClure, is not an object for either pity or sympathy. In his new book (which is recommended for husbands as well as wives) the author has depicted what he believes is a fairly typical young American husband, engaged in business and belonging to the more prosperous class, yet neither a Babbitt nor a money-grubbing worm.

"Yes, I'll defend the American husband," repeated Mr. McClure, "but not as an object for sympathy or pity. He doesn't get either from me. He's married to the American woman and she's one of the world's best wives—when her husband knows how to bring her out. Usually he does bring her out and she brings him out. He isn't the tail of a kite by any means. Nor is he less cultivated than his wife, though he reads less so-called 'serious' fiction. He simply prefers a different diet. Probably the American husband has less literary and artistic cultivation than Europeans, but that is only a way of saying that America is the land of mass education and the average man, and that our best-educated people are still less numerous and less well-educated than Europe's best. Anyhow, it's all rot about the role of the sexes being reversed in America—and if the American husband doesn't know how to be a lover to his wife, how did we ever come by that racial vitality which impresses Europe so much?"

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MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● Weddings and picnics vie for honors in June, yet bridge tops them all for every month in the year. So we will try this time to offer suggestions for all three, adding good wishes for happiness to the coming homemaker, hints for the al fresco service and recipes for luncheon dishes or refreshments after the game.

Regardless of age, there are few women who do not respond to the sweet strains of the wedding march. Some in anticipation of the great adventure, others because their own marriages were happy, while those in the sunset of life have forgotten all their trials and worries, remembering only the joys and pleasant happenings.

Space will not permit complete wedding procedure, as that would require a full article, yet for the home affair do have it simple, with just vases and baskets of blossoms of pastel shades. In suitable surroundings, when the furnishings harmonize, the blue tones that range from just a hint of color to the richer shades of purple offer unusual yet beautiful decorations.

Where a caterer's services may be employed the refreshments require no more than a selection of a menu, but in the home without regular help it will be necessary to plan the food so it may be prepared a day in advance and have hourly service only so long as needed. Chicken or ham mousse or a plain salad, served with thin bread and butter sandwiches, followed by molded ices and petits fours or cookies with coffee, would be quite enough. The frozen meat loaves could be made twenty-four hours in advance and the sandwiches at least the evening before, if they were well wrapped first in wax paper, then in a damp cloth and kept in the refrigerator. Unless one has a large freezing compartment in her refrigerator it would be advisable to order the ices, packed and ready to serve. For a dozen or less guests, a hot creamed dish, with tiny hot biscuits and coffee and an ice-box cake, could be managed nicely by the part-time maid.

Picnics are no longer just sandwiches, pickles and cup cakes with coffee. With the large thermos jugs, one may have a huge pot of pork and beans, chili con carne, stew or spaghetti. French bread, butter and an assortment of pickles and spiced fruits and coffee make this a meal in itself and do lessen the work for the homemaker. But if one has a grate and can find a sheltered spot to build a fire it is heaps of fun to take along individual steaks, and while broiling them and making fresh coffee, spread out on the cloth or table paper plates, inexpensive knives and forks with a big supply of paper napkins. With the steaks, or wieners, or even hamburg patties, it is nice to have potato chips, potato salad and hot baked beans. Fattening? Of course, but one must forget to diet on such occasions, and it all tastes so good! Desserts are not necessary, but if your family insist upon sweets try to get them to enjoy chilled canned fruit and cookies; or if not fruit in that form, you might take along a fruit gelatine mixture with a marshmallow sauce. Cream is apt to spoil unless you are fortunate enough to have two jugs, pack one with ice and in it tuck the cream and butter.

We have discussed bridge menus many times, so we will have just recipes this month, for I have some dandy ones sent in by Club members. Words can not express my deep appreciation of their co-operation, for I do want this department to be a Club activity. Be sure now, won't you, to send me your very best recipe for next month?

From Mrs. Ralph Judson Brenner comes this contribution—a dessert of which she says: "This may be made the day before it is to be served and is even better when it is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours":

Ice Box Cake: 1 quart milk, 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2½ tablespoons gelatin, 2 tablespoons vanilla, ½ pound ladyfingers. Put milk, unbeaten egg yolk, gelatin and one-half of the sugar in a pan, put on fire and stir until mixture boils up once. To this add the egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten and to which the other half of the sugar and the vanilla have been added. Next pour the entire mixture into a pan lined with ladyfingers (an angel-food pan is just the right size). When the cake is turned out of the mold, cover with whipped cream before serving. Serves 10. — Mrs. Ralph Judson Brenner.

Lamb Chops: On saratoga chops that have been filled with kidneys or sausage meat, place a slice of lemon, 1 tablespoon of tomato catsup and a dash of paprika. Put in pan about one-half inch of water and bake between 20 and 30 minutes.—Marian Bruck.

Luncheon Entree: Make an unsweetened

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custard in a loaf pan. Serve with creamed mushrooms and fried chicken livers.—Marian Bruck.

Crab Chops: Shred 1 crab and boil in a double boiler with the following until thick: ¾ cup of cream, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, paprika and chopped parsley. Let cool and form into chops, roll in cracker crumbs or cracker-meal and fry to a golden brown in butter. Use a 2-inch length of macaroni for the bone and decorate with a frill. Serve with the crab claws on a platter.—Edith M. Hickey, D. C.

Tomato Fritters: 3 ripe tomatoes chopped fine, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 beaten egg and ½ cup or more of flour. Mix and drop into deep fat. Fry until brown, then drain on brown paper.—Edith M. Hickey, D. C.

Crab en Casserole: 2 cups boiled rice, ½ lb. grated cheese, 2 eggs, well beaten, 1 lb. crab meat, salt, pepper and paprika, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley. Cover with milk and bake for 1 hour in a slow oven.—Edith M. Hickey, D. C.

Strawberry Mousse: 1 pint strawberries, 1 cup granulated sugar, 2 cups whipping cream, 2 egg whites, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Crush the berries, mix with the sugar and heat in a saucepan to boiling point. When just partially cooked, remove from fire and pass through a sieve. Let cool, then put in refrigerator to chill well. Whip the cream until stiff, add the lemon juice and fold into the berry mixture, adding lastly the egg whites, which have also been stiffly whipped with a pinch of salt. Turn into a tray or individual molds and freeze for three or more hours.—Mrs. Randolph Madison.

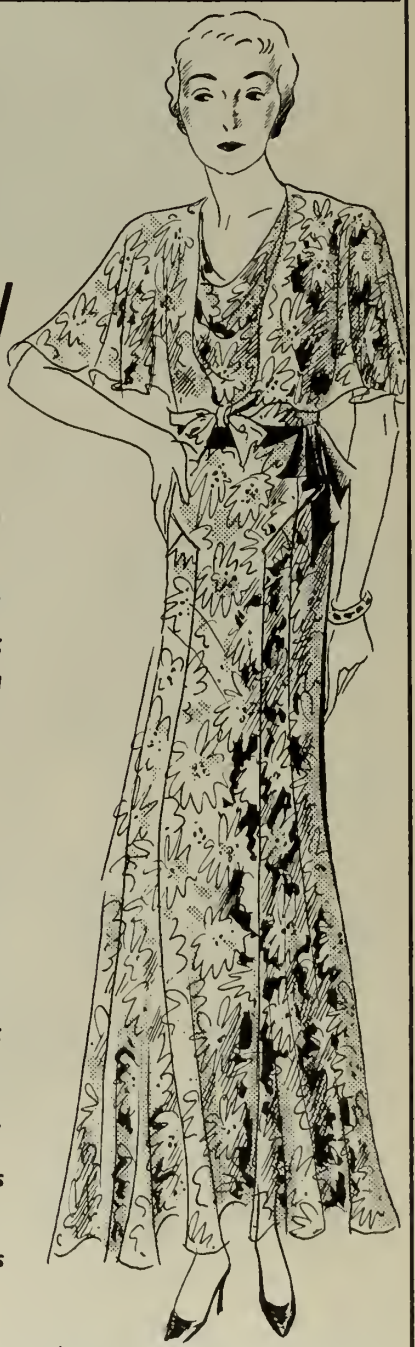
Bridge always brings up the question of prizes. Have you looked around the League Shop lately? They have a very convenient pad holder that fits under the telephone. Just press a button, and lo and behold! out pops the pad and pencil. And it only costs a dollar, too! And the singing kettle! Who would not like to be the proud possessor of that new household appliance? A dainty metal kettle that is unique in design, but like a truly happy homemaker, it sings away while it works. Another prize or gift for a dollar. It surely pays to browse around the Shop for gifts of all kinds; exquisite Holland glass in flower containers and tableware which would enhance your own appointments, but just perfect for prizes, as the prices vary to suit all purses. And if you do not own one of the Club's recipe booklets, don't forget they too are sold in the Shop. Fifty cents each. New members especially should become acquainted with the Shop, as it saves many weary shopping hours when one wishes "something different."

"Youth Will Be Served"

● Young members of the Club have met at luncheon the first Monday of each month, in order to become acquainted with one another and learn what particularly is being planned by fellow members in Club activities. The first of these meetings was held May 2 in the Mural Room, each member bringing her lunch from the cafeteria on a tray. There were about fifteen members present. These meetings will be held regularly each month. All younger members will be welcomed, and we hope that many will attend.

HALE BROS.

Carolyn Turns to *Printed Chiffon*



And presents a charming frock that makes size 40 look like 16!

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The tonal beauty of the print, the flattering quality of the cape jacket and soft neckline, the distinction of the hand finishing, make this a dress of unusual appeal to the woman who wears a size 38 to 42.

Black and white with touches of green

Brown and eggshell with touches of yellow

CAROLYN SHOP, HALE'S THIRD FLOOR

Colombia—Land of Magic Contrasts

● After passing through the Panama Canal on a Panama Mail Liner, the first port of call is Cartagena, in Colombia, South America. The Republic of Colombia is the one country of South America which has harbors on both the oceans, for, lying in the northwestern part of South America, it touches the Atlantic and the Pacific. It has an area of 476,916 square miles with a population closely approximating seven millions.

Colombia is a land of magic contrasts. Nowhere in Spanish America are there greater differences due to elevation than those shown in Colombia. The lowlands are near sea level, while Bogota, the capital, lies at a very much higher elevation. Between the extremes will be found every variety of climate and nearly all the vegetable products that can be grown in the world.

Variety in climate and in the matter of plant life is not greater than variety of mineral wealth produced by Colombia. Practically all of the minerals are found here, the ones of greatest export being platinum, gold and emeralds.

Colombia is probably better known for its production of emeralds than for any other product, for most of the emeralds of the world are found here, and certainly the very finest ones. Long before the time of the conquerors, the native tribes worked mines for the precious green stones. Tradition says that an Aztec gem appropriated by Cortez was valued at $40,000. Another wonderful stone, said to be as large as an ostrich egg, was worshipped by the Indians as the Goddess of Emeralds. The emerald mining country of Colombia is nearly inaccessible, one of the finest mines being in what seems to be the bowl of an extinct volcano. The emeralds are comparatively soft and fragile when first mined, but become hard upon exposure to the air.

As the Panama Mail vessels stay all day at Cartagena, one may spend a delightful day there, as it is unlike any other city of the American tropics. It is a city famous in history. Phillip II of Spain called it "the Noblest and Most Loyal City," but it was destined to show itself later on as loyal to the cause of independence, and Simon Bolivar, "the Liberator," gave it the title, "the Heroic City."

In addition to its historic associations, linking it with colonial times, it is reminiscent of the cities of old Spain. In common with other cities founded under similar conditions, it was surrounded by a wall as a protection against pirates and other enemies. More of this wall remains than can be found in connection with any other of these Spanish cities and it must be borne in mind that every stone used was carried down the mountains on the backs of negro slaves.

The picturesque Park of Independence (Parque del Centenario) is one of the most attractive in all the tropics. Many beautiful monuments adorn this park and the central one, erected in honor of the Martyrs of Independence, is particularly fine. The nearby cathedral is a splendid piece of architecture, one of the best of its style in the world. The Church of San Pedro Claver is also exceedingly interesting and is worthy of the part it took in the alleviation of human slavery. Even as La Casos was the Apostle of the Indians in the new world, so was Pedro Claver an untiring worker on behalf of the negro slaves. This church honors his memory and his bones are buried in it.

The Cartagena Club is one of the famed institutions in Colombia. It is the resort of the elite and is generously opened to travelers upon proper conditions. Hardly second in interest is the Club La Popa. This

Old Sentry Box—Part of a wall built about 400 years ago to guard against attacks of pirates roving the Caribbean Sea

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derives its name from a convent, which later became Popa Castle, defending the city against pirates.

Much of Cartagena seems to have been a survival of the days of the Spanish viceroys. The narrow streets and barred grills in front of the windows and the pronounced Spanish architecture tell the story of former days. This is particularly true of that part of the city inside the wall, which is now mainly given up to commercial purposes. Here will be found the old Government Palace and other buildings, public and private, that date from the sixteenth century. The Inquisition House is a gruesome reminder of evil practices of early days. Forts and castles abound and at the entrance of the harbor the Castle of Boca Chica stands on guard at the gateway of the city. Outside of the wall there are some recent additions with pretty modern homes, some of which are real American bungalows.

Puerto Colombia is the port of Barranquilla, for the last named lies 17 miles up the Magdalena River. It has well been termed the New Orleans of Colombia, as it is pre-eminently commercial. The port is one of the most important of all in the country and many industries are found here. The city is much more modern than Cartagena and is rapidly growing in wealth and influence. There is much manufacturing and plants for making textile fabrics, soaps, perfumery, flour, cigarettes and beer are among the many industries. On all sides are evidence of business activity and commercial expansion.

There are places of interest for the tourist in Barranquilla. La Paseo Colon is a splendid boulevard and the Parque de San Nicolas compares favorably with any of the tropical playgrounds. The ride from Puerto Colombia up to Barranquilla presents a scene of wild tropical beauty. The Cathedral of San Nicolo de Tolentino is an imposing structure with an exceedingly handsome facade. There is also a very modern, up-to-date hotel.

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What a City Club Guest Card Did

● Members who go east or abroad find that when they present their credentials at clubs which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco they are accorded signal courtesies and extended the same privileges as members of the club enjoy in their own locale.

Here is a letter received from a City Club member who found that her membership extended to a far horizon. She is Olive H. Palmer, who has recently returned from a visit to eastern cities:

My dear Miss Leale:

I thought you would like to know of my recent experience in Chicago. Knowing that I was to have several hours there alone, I took the privilege cards from your Club to three clubs in that city. I asked which club served dinner and was told the Chicago Women's Club, so made that my choice. It has a beautiful new club building at 72 East Eleventh Street near Michigan Avenue, and is much like your Clubhouse. Instead of a swimming pool and auditorium it has a little theater seating five hundred, from which they receive good rentals, and which they use themselves every Sunday from 4 to 6 o'clock in what they call "The Open Door Hour," having several hostesses, opening the first floor to the public, and giving a short lecture or musical program, thus attracting many desirable strangers in that city.

The management of the Club seemed economical but excellent, the meals very satisfactory, the atmosphere homelike, and altogether I am indebted to the Women's City Club for a great privilege. Whenever I go to Chicago again I shall ask for a courtesy card to the Chicago Women's Club, and I recommend it to your other members traveling there.

Hours Set Aside by Mrs. Rossow for Paper Costume Instruction

● Mrs. Julia Rossow, professional paper-costume designer, will be at the City Club Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 6 and 7, from 7:30 to 9:30 o'clock, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 8 and 9, from 10 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon.

Mrs. Rossow will give suggestions, help design and give instructions entirely without fee. No one need stay away from the Paper Costume Karnival of June 16 because of paucity of ideas or lack of instruction. Come and join the merrymakers, who are expecting to have as good a time getting ready as at the party itself.

PAPER
KARNIVAL

WEDNESDAY
EVENING,
JUNE 15

$1.00 Per Plate

Reservations are limited and will be filled in order received. Reservations must be made by noon, Tuesday, June 14, and accompanied by check and self-addressed stamped envelope. Cancellations must be made 24 hours in advance or charge will be made.

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Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

City Club Well Represented In "Who's Who"

● A casual glance through the latest issue of "*Who's Who*" revealed that a number of City Club members are included in the roster of distinction. Here are some of them:

Miss Marion Angelotti, San Francisco novelist and litterateur.

Miss Katherine Chandler (recently deceased), botanist.

Mrs. Katherine Farwell Edson, sociologist.

Mrs. Anita Day Hubbard, writer.

Mrs. Florence Prag Kahn, congresswoman.

Mrs. Bertha Lum, artist.

Miss Lillien J. Martin, psychologist.

Effie McFaddin.

Ella Mighels.

Maude Raymond.

American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing to Meet in San Francisco

● The Thirteenth Annual Conference of the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing will be held in San Francisco June 20 to 23. There are twenty leagues for the hard of hearing in California.

The National Convention will bring many individuals who are exceptionally qualified to speak upon deafness and its prevention. Dr. Wendell C. Phillips of New York City is the founder and honorary president of the Federation. Dr. Austin A. Hayden of Chicago, treasurer of the American Medical Association, is president of the Federation. Among prominent physicians who are connected with the Federation are Dr. Harold Hays of New York City, Dr. Gordon Berry of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Dr. Horace Newhart of Minneapolis. A luncheon to attending physicians will be given on the opening day of the convention. Dr. Cullen F. Welty of San Francisco is chairman of this meeting. Among the features on the program are a paper entitled "Normalizing Voice and Speech," introducing speak-o-phone records of children's voices. Mrs. Gene Watson will present this subject, which will be discussed by Mrs. Mabel Farrington Gifford, chief of the Bureau of Correction of Speech Defects, California State Department of Education.

Tuesday, June 21, will be devoted to the subject of social work. Dr. Olga L. Bridgman, professor of psychology at the University of California, will speak upon the nced of mental hygiene in the social worker's job. Miss Blanche Van Devier, special assistant supervisor of lip reading in the San Francisco public schools, will talk upon "The Job of Being a Mother to a Hard of-Hearing Child." Miss Marion W. Leale, president of the Women's City Club, San Francisco, will talk of "Volunteers in Social Work."

A scientific session will be held on Wednesday, June 22. Dr. Austin A. Hayden, president of the Federation, will talk upon "Willing Ears." His paper will be discussed by Dr. Harold A. Fletcher and Dr. Robert C. Martin of San Francisco. Dr. Isaac H. Jones of Los Angeles will give a paper entitled "Hearing Aids." "Research in Deafness" is the subject of a paper by Dr. Moritz Weber of the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research. His paper will be discussed by Dr. Karl F. Meyer, director of the Hooper Foundation, and Dr. Hermann Becks, assistant professor of dental pathology in the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research. Miss Coralie N. Kenfield of San Francisco is chairman of the Teachers' Council of the Federation, which will hold its session Wednesday afternoon, June 22. Elwood A. Stevenson, chief of the Bureau for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing of the State Department of Education and principal of the California School for the Deaf, will lead the discussions of the afternoon. Lilla B. McKenzie, instructor of speech in the San Francisco State Teachers' College and instructor in the Extension Division of the University of California, will talk upon the subject of "Speech and the Hard-of-Hearing Child."

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Court Jester More Important Than Queen in Ancient Days

● The lowly place held by ancient women is indicated by the fact that early forms of playing cards had no queens in them.

Archeologists explain this by pointing out that the face-cards a thousand years ago represented the court, and that women were then not half as important in court as the jester, or joker. For hundreds of years women were not considered of sufficient importance to be included in the card games played by the men. For many centuries cards were exclusively a man's game—women were too busy with their household duties to play cards. Now, of the millions of bridge players in the United States, it is estimated that more than half of them are women. Thus is the history of the progress of womanhood portrayed in playing cards.

Playing cards have had many shapes and forms during the centuries. Not until comparatively recent times have the various denominations of the cards been represented on them by numbers. The values of the cards were represented usually by trees or vines with two up to ten leaves, acorns or flowers. Instead of counting the spots, players counted the leaves or flowers.

The present American cards with their conventional designs are the result of evolution of centuries. Even now they are undergoing change. With the introduction of contract bridge, the necessity for quick and easy bidding has led to a new form of contract bridge playing cards in which the honor values and table of high-card tricks are printed on the margin of the ace and face-cards of each suit.

Duchess Carafa d'Andria To Speak on "Beauty"

● "The Art of Being Beautiful" is the subject of a lecture to be given at the City Club Auditorium at 11 o'clock June 3, by the Duchess Carafa d'Andria, whose business pseudonym is Renee Thornton.

The Duchess is said to be a clever speaker and one who has had signal success in spreading the gospel of beauty.

Swim During Vacation

● The "Ring-toss" Marathon in the Swimming Pool ended the middle of May. The first prize, a ten-swim ticket, was won by Mrs. L. E. Harvey, and the second, a five-swim ticket, by Miss M. Lane.

Children's hours in the swimming pool for the period of the school vacation will be announced on the bulletin boards. An instructor will be free at these hours to supervise games. Admission fee only will be charged.

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Boys up to 8 admitted to the pool at any time

GUEST NIGHT

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim every Friday night from 5:30 to 9.

Members .....$ .30
Sons under 8, daughters under 18 ..... .30
Boys over 8, men and women guests ..... .40

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

A guest card (25 cents), giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person.

Bermuda Women See Success of Fight for Vote

● Bermuda women are confident of securing equal suffrage this year. A monster petition has been presented to the assembly and an unofficial poll of its members indicates that the measure giving the vote to women will be passed at this session of the assembly. For close to a century the question of equal suffrage has been agitated in Bermuda, but not until this year has a strong body of opinion developed toward the movement. Colonel Mary Booth, Salvation Army leader, has been active in carrying on the drive for equal rights, addressing large public meetings in many parts of the colony. The equal suffrage bill will be presented this month by S. S. Spurling, leader of the House of Assembly, and its early passage is generally predicted.

Political and economic codes handed down for hundreds of years have created a unique franchise situation in Bermuda. Any man who possesses a freehold rated at $1,200 may be a candidate in any parish. To vote, a man must receive the profits of a freehold rated at $300. A person owning property in two or more parishes is entitled to two or more votes.

Ironically, under the present laws, a husband not owning property may register his wife's property in his own name for voting purposes, and thus cast a ballot on the strength of his wife's real estate, although his wife cannot yet vote.

The Bermudian legislators were surprised early this year at the determination and force of the suffrage leaders seeking to bring about political equality. The early attempts of some legislators to stifle the drive have been given up, and most of the die-hards have been won over to the cause. This month, it is expected, will mark the end of one of the most colorful movements for equal suffrage ever staged in the western hemisphere.

Kath to Jane

(Continued from Page 13)

Service in the shop, for I think it would be the most fun of any of the Volunteer work.

And so, my dear Jane, I come to a close for this month. I am thinking of your coming trip down Cape Cod, and shall be with you in spirit, and am so glad you are going to Boston on the boat, and through the funny little Cape Cod Canal; it's quite a unique experience, and when you head down the Cape, do not miss a thing, and tell me where you have seen anything more beautiful.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

July, 1932 • Vol. VI - No. 6
Price 15 cents a Copy

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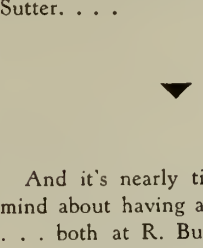

All of us count our pennies these days, and it's the users of the Guide to Shops and Services who profit most and save the most pennies. . . .

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JULY 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of every month . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a large table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.

Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.

Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON
Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

LUNCHEON TABLE—The Week Beginning Monday, July 18 - - *Cafeteria* 12:30 P.M.
Members of Board of Directors will preside at luncheon tables every day during third week of each month. Members are invited to join this table to hear mid-monthly announcements, discussions, etc.

July 7—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Clyde F. Armitage
Subject: Following the Flag in Porto Rico

Book Review Dinner - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Magnolia Street" by Louis Golding

14—"The Magic Harlequin" and His Troupe of Strolling Players - *Auditorium* 2:30 P.M.
(Reserved Seats: 25 cents and 50 cents)

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Katherine Fowler Richey
Subject: Historic Flags

21—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Lillian B. O'Neil
Reading of Play: "Art and Mrs. Bottle," a Comedy by Ben Levy

28—Fashion Show - - - - - - - - - - *Third Floor* 12:00 NOON
(Tables May Be Reserved in Advance)

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Frances Effinger Raymond
Subject: Preserving Morale in View of Known Problems

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

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VOLUME VI — JULY, 1932 — NUMBER 6

CONTENTS

Calendar 4
Frontispiece 6
The President's Message 7
Paper Karnival 8
Impressions of Last Talent Festival 9
By Lillie Parks Gunnell
Club News 10
Kath's Letter 11
What the City Club Offers 13
"Your Club" 14
By Emelyn S. Ensign
Editorial 15
"Brutons—3" 16
By Beatrice Judd Ryan
The Heart of a Rover 16
By Beatrice Judd Ryan
An Appreciation of Washington 17
By Robert McNutt McElroy
Outdoor Symphonies 20
By Louise E. Titus
"I Have Been Reading" 21
Eleanor Preston Watkins
"Pantheism" 23
By Hugh Graham Moon
Home Economics 24
By Christina S. Madison
"Shopping in Japan" 27
By Cora A. May
Russian Girl's Daring Escape 29
"Minor Poets" 30
By Edith Hecht

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Here's How Some of the Members Appeared at the Paper Karnival

Mrs. Marcus Koshland
Miss Marion Leale
Mrs. S. G. Chapman

"Fireman, Save My Child!"
Mrs. C. F. Witzel
Mrs. Horatio Stoll
Mrs. Arthur Castle

Miss Ruth Baldwin, at the Left, was a Newsy Newspaper, Headlines and All.

The Thursday Noon Group of "Volunteers" in the Cafeteria.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

WITH the July issue of the Magazine, we began definite plans for the 1932 Talent Festival. Members who participated in the first two festivals are meeting to develop ideas which many minds have brought for the expansion of the festival plan. For the benefit of those who may not have been able to attend these meetings, let us repeat.

The purpose of the Talent Festival each year is to give to the members of the National League for Woman's Service an opportunity to convert their talent into service, by making a gift of their own handiwork to the Club annually. These gifts are sold to fellow-members on the festival days and accrue to the benefit of the Clubhouse. Coincidentally members who have something of their own handiwork which they are willing to lend that others may enjoy are asked to bring it for the Loan Exhibit, where the rarer talent of our members will be displayed. Members who live afar and still long to serve are thus given an opportunity to do so once a year, as the gifts last year from abroad proved.

Beginning July 1st, the Committee will be in the Cafeteria, at the west end, to discuss personally with any member her share in the plans for 1932. Willing workers will be formed into groups to develop new ideas which members may bring to the Committee, and the range of opportunity is limited only by the creative talent in our organization. Judging by the talent which the Paper Karnival brought out, there is every reason to believe that this year's festival will move forward in originality, a trait characteristic of the National League for Woman's Service, which progresses as it learns by experience.

Especial emphasis this year will be laid on early giving, for in the past the jury has been handicapped by not knowing what the gifts themselves are to be. The pledge cards help, of course, but the description of the article may give very little idea of its real beauty. The jury would like, therefore, to have the time to study the exhibits and even to go over the pricing a second time. Members will help if they plan now to finish their gift or gifts, as the case may be, by September, if possible.

You who read your Magazine regularly (and signs point to the fact that more and more members are doing this) realize the constant appeal of the administration for personal membership responsibility. What immeasurable things could be accomplished if each of our 8,500 members was to respond once a month to the special activities planned with the definite purpose of "getting together." July brings the first call for the 1932 Talent Festival and the President's Message urges each member to meet the Committee at luncheon one of the Thursdays this month in the Clubhouse or on Thursday evening, July 7, from 5 to 9 o'clock to discuss her gift.

July, too, brings the Matinee Fantastique on the 14th with a most interesting program for children and adults which the most discriminating homes in the East have proclaimed an entertainment of joy for young and old. Then on July 28 comes a summer fashion show, lifting the curtain of the future and allowing a peek at the fall costumes and furs.

These two latter entertainments are planned for the many who this year are staying closer at home during the summer months, and will give opportunity to such, for entertainment of convention and personal friends.

There is nothing more ridiculous than to hear some one say of a program at the Club, "I wish I had known it was going to be as fine." The committees are discriminating to the nth degree. One has perhaps to be on the inside to realize how hundreds of programs are "turned down" and how only those survive which can give assurance of performance well done which will be of interest to our conservative and thinking membership. It is no accident that all the programs are worth while. Rather it is the result of careful and conscientious study by the Board of Directors and Committees. The members can be assured they take no risk when they invite their friends to share with them any programs announced.

July brings guests to San Francisco. Let us be generous in extending the privileges which we enjoy in a Clubhouse which is known far and wide as the home of an organization whose service program envelops more and more of the membership as they learn the fun of group co-operation.

Paper Karnival is Happy Interlude

● Bathing beauties, old-fashioned and modern, Nell Gwynnes, Weary Willies, flowers of all colors and varieties, comic strips, Roman soldiers, tamales, bonbons, firemen in red hats, pickaninnies, Night, Liberty, the Midnight Sun, even a "ticker" from a stockbroker's office, were some of the characters parading about the City Club June 15, the night of the Paper Karnival.

"Oh, do you remember that night in June?"——

It was a gay and motley pot-pourri of color, laughter, music and Club fellowship, all marshaled into chronological order by Mrs. E. N. Kierulff, who seemed to have as much fun as everybody else, her duties and responsibilities notwithstanding.

The party began with a dinner in the Cafeteria and ended with a Karnival in the Auditorium, where, at a miniature race track, a "foolette wheel" and other games of chance, many paper chips, white, blue and red, were lost and won. This "substitute money" was found at every plate at the dinner and was included in the price of the repast.

An accordion, piano and guitar trio enlivened the evening with jazz and accompaniments to the ballads and ditties which the revelers sang with gusto.

Mrs. Kierulff was a captivating pickaninny, her short ruffled skirt, all of paper, in bright tiers, flouncing here and there as she managed the concessions and the program at the same time.

Miss Harriet Reed was awarded the prize for the handsomest costume. She wore a pompadour flowered black and pink—all paper, of course—redingote dress, with a panel down the front of tiny pink ruffles. A black paper picture hat completed the ensemble.

Dr. Crete A. Crockett won the prize for the most comical costume. She was a "bindle-stiff"; that is, a "Weary Willie" in rags and tatters, with a bundle on a stick.

Marie Hicks Davidson was awarded the prize for the most "economical" costume, made entirely of covers of the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE.

The most original costume, as awarded by the judges, was a bonbon in blue wrappings. Miss Julia Barkhauf wore this charming costume.

Special mention went to Miss Elsa Garrett, who wore an old-fashioned bathing suit of red paper trimmed with white. Even her blond wig was of paper, and she carried a toy dog of papier mache.

Others who received special mention were the legion of Roman soldiers, the brigade of four firemen, Mrs. Kierulff, the tamales and Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer and her niece, Miss Mildred Schmitt, as Russian peasants.

The Roman soldiers were Mrs. Charles Clough (the noblest Roman of them all), Mrs. E. C. Rountree, Mrs. Arthur d'Ettel, Miss Adele Pierini, Mrs. E. M. Elledge, Mrs. Violet McCullum, Mrs. Helen Martin, Mrs. M. Pryor and Miss Virginia Chilton. Their corslets and helmets were of silver paper and the other parts of red.

The "firemen" were Mesdames Horatio Stoll, Mrs. Ross Calfee, Mrs. C. Witzel and Mrs. Arthur Castle. Mrs. Fred Grannis played the piano accompaniments for the Firemen's Chorus and the lusty topical ballads of the firemen.

The judges who picked the winners, and were much perturbed that they could not include many others in the winning lists, were Messrs. J. P. Rettenmayer and A. B. Stephens, Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Dr. Adelaide Brown and Miss Bernice Moore.

The program, aside from the accordion-and-guitar-accompanied Strolling Singers and the "firemen," was presented on the Auditorium stage by a group under the direction of Mrs. Carlo Morbio. There was a charming Dance of the Flowers, and stunts in character. In Mrs. Morbio's group were Miss Mary Katherine McGurrin, Miss Audry Kirkbride, Mrs. Frederick Nester and Mrs. Kintsher.

The handsome decorations upon the walls of the Cafeteria and in the Auditorium were the handiwork of Mrs. Rettenmayer, Miss Ethel Speyer and Mrs. Kierulff.

The "Thursday Group," which presides in the Cafeteria each week, the members of which have worked together for years, came as various viands and utensils. The twelve Volunteers, captained by Mrs. H. K. Shaw, caused much merriment as they entered the Cafeteria and again when they marched in a body for the consideration of the judges.

Some of the outstanding costumes were:

Mrs. William B. Hamilton as "Diana" in green bodice over white skirt, all paper, of course, with large green hat and bow and arrow.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., as a broker's "ticker," with yards and yards of ticker tape trailing from a waste basket which she carried. Quotations on the tape were last year's ratings. A cellophane cage arrangement over her head simulated the glass top over the real "ticker."

Miss Marion Leale, costume entirely of colored supplements and comic-strip pages of the four daily papers of San Francisco. Miss Edna Osborne, yellow cellophane dress with green paper decorations. Miss Lucille Ingram, Colonial costume of white ruffles with pink and flowered edges. Bouffant skirt and white wig. Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, ruffled dress of pink with gay parasol. Mrs. Breck, yellow ruffled dress with a cluster of yellow poppies at belt. Mrs. Jessie Ashley wore one of the most attractive and interesting costumes. She was a book de luxe, the skirt simulating an open book, the pages laid open in front with heavy binding at the back. Dr. Adelaide Brown was a "Martha Washington" with fichu and cap of white and purple dress. Miss Ida Isham and Miss Fannie Noon were in blue Colonial dress.

Impressions of the Last Talent Festival

—LILLIE PARKS GUNNELL

● In recording my reactions to last year's Talent Festival, I find the perspective afforded by the months between a distinct aid to the expression of clear-cut impressions.

Probably it was due to my personal acquaintance with so many of the Palo Alto Art Club exhibitors that the Loan Exhibit attracted me first. A few professionals from our Club were represented. Among others, for example, Elizabeth Norton, showed a lovely sculpture and some prints. Also there were several amateurs whose work was distinguished by a high degree of excellence.

Lest I be considered unduly partial to one small group, please bear in mind this is Palo Alto speaking.

The well-arranged collection, as a whole, covered a wide range. Such a showing of real talent along so many and such divergent lines was illuminating—and all of it the work of City Club members.

"This Talent Festival idea though still in its infancy is bound to develop into something vastly worth while," I prophesied to myself while reluctantly leaving the room.

Another department made its own appeal, with its clever setting, its numberless gay parrots, its bright lacquered fruits and beautiful flowers; to say nothing of the interesting and original novelties offered for sale at reasonable prices.

The general effect was heightened by the varied and attractive uniforms of the volunteer workers, going about quietly efficient, courteous and unfailingly helpful and patient.

I say patient advisedly, after having stood for some time as an observer on the rim of what frequently seemed a veritable maelstrom.

Afterward, I looked in at the tables covered with appetizing-looking foods of many kinds. I might say that the difficulty of conveying cooked foods down the peninsula, or a preference for spending available pennies on something more lasting, decided me against lingering there. But while there would be a grain of truth in either statement, it would not be the whole truth. No, far from it. It is a matter of years since I patronized food sales of any kind for something good to eat. People's tastes differ so greatly.

While dishes may look most attractive and appetizing—and they generally do come up to specifications—my inward mentor always shrieks reminders of past misadventures. No, food sales never tempt me any more—things aren't always what they seem. I prefer the output of my own kitchen, or laboratory, as I like to call it. There are probably few who agree with me.

At the same time in all fairness, I must admit, with my usual inconsistency, that I most certainly appreciated the great amount of work and the tempting display that was made, and really have no doubt at all that the tables were simply loaded down with deliciously good things.

It was the gifts for sale in the Fine Arts Department that gave me most food for thought. Twice, with lunch in the big dining room between, I made the circuit of walls and tables, noting the pictures with relation to their price tags, and at the same time doing a lot of thinking.

A good many years ago a talented young artist friend of mine, after thorough training in New York City, and afterward painting over Europe, took—with another young woman of similar attainments and training—a studio in New York. They promised themselves in the beginning neither to ask for nor to accept any assistance from their relatives. Sometimes they were a little hungry, and not infrequently they were very hungry indeed. At such times, in sheer desperation, they would gather together several pictures and make the rounds of the dealers, who sometimes offered them the munificent sum of five dollars for the job lot.

With the rent in the offing and the urgent necessity for a little something in the way of food, they were often forced to sell at the price offered.

On rare occasions they were able to sell at a good price as, for instance, when a man from Denver opened a full pocketbook and carried away with him a picture well worth the price he had paid. Its companion (in those days pictures were sometimes painted in pairs), though equally good went into one of the five-dollar job lots. It was not so very long, unfortunately, before their studio was once more to let.

Similar stories have come to my knowledge repeatedly. The story is only different, seemingly, when the artist through much tribulation has "arrived."

Remembering these things, I doubted whether many sales would be made according to the tags.

Do people buy many pictures? I doubt it, and even more do I doubt the powers of discrimination in the rank and file. So I wondered and kept on wondering after the shouting and tumult died. I more than suspected at the time that there would be many leftovers—so seldom does the man from Denver appear at the psychological moment.

I thought then and still think that artistic work—more or less artistic work, that is—offered above a certain low price is not a safe bet so far as salability is concerned. It occurs to me that the few sales made while I was in the room were mostly photographs, of which there were many charming ones on the table.

Of the programs and extra activities during the Talent Festival, I am not prepared to give any opinion whatever, having, unfortunately, not been able to take in any of them—but the comments that came to my ears were from favorable to enthusiastic.

The Talent Festival was a big undertaking, successfully—even triumphantly—put over. One can scarcely imagine how much time and hard work went into it; how many the discouragements and difficulties to overcome; how many the wrinkles to be ironed out. Fortunately it was proved in the end that the accomplishment more than justified the tremendous effort involved.

Most of all I was impressed by the friendly, helpful, beautiful spirit manifested by all our leaders and volunteer workers at all times, under all circumstances and in every detail.

The Women's City Club of San Francisco is an organization of which each one of its eight thousand members has a right to be proud. Let us promise ourselves to work for and to expect better and better things as time goes on.

The Russian Peasant Girls at the Paper Karnival: Miss Mildred Schmidt and Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer.

Renews Friendships At Birthday Party

—VIOLET WHITNEY

● I have been asked by our editor to write a few words for the Magazine. Three of us, members of the National League for Woman's Service in Oakland during the war, attended the birthday dinner.

It was a great pleasure to us to meet again the women with whom we had been in such close contact at that time and to be so cordially greeted by them.

That is the spirit one feels on entering the Club. I wish to congratulate our officers for the delightful and happy evening we spent. It was worth the trip from Oakland, and we are glad to have renewed some old friendships.

Who Plays the 'Cello?

● Mrs. Charles A. Ingram and Miss Helen Stidger, City Club members, are organizing a trio.

Mrs. Ingram is the pianist and Miss Stidger plays the violin.

Now they want another member who plays the 'cello to join them. Any member who is a 'cellist is asked to communicate with Mrs. Ingram, Graystone 0917, or with the Executive Office.

The trio, it is planned, will play occasionally at the tea hour in the Lounge, and whenever the Club gives a party or program.

Just to Remind You:

● The Matinee Fantastique, July 14, will be one of the delightful midsummer Club events for children and adults.

Fourteen-day books may be renewed either at the desk in the Library or by telephone.

Talent Festival meetings are being held each week in preparation for the third annual festival to be held in October.

● That a delicious fifty-cent luncheon is served in the main dining room.

That a thirty-five and forty-cent luncheon is served in the Cafeteria.

That the Sunday Night Buffet Supper is a rendezvous for hikers and autoists.

That a fifty-cent dinner is served in the Cafeteria.

That an eighty-five cent luncheon also is served in the main dining room.

"Matinee Fantastique" At Club July 14

● On the afternoon of Thursday, July 14, at 2:30 o'clock, there will be an entertainment in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, under the auspices of the Club. The committee in charge has engaged the services of The Zincali, a little troupe of strolling players who will present a charming and most alluring "Soiree Matinee." Here will be seen the sinister, but let us hasten to add, quite harmless, Scaramouche, black cloak and all; the Magic Harlequin, who will perform some startling marvels from the realms of magic, with the assistance of the so delightful and piquant Columbine.

Pierrot, himself, will sing of lovely things—as stars and clouds and ships and trees—while Woo Fong, a minstrel man from China, will render celestial songs of strange import from the haunting regions of the ancient Dragon Kingdom.

Then there will be Ah Sin and Chin Toy, two funny little people from Cathay, in the magic of the Orient. Among other never-to-be-forgotten things, they will present for your bewilderment the Enchanted Flame; the Jar of Ching Ling Foo; Chinese goldfish and the very marvelous and wholly fascinating mystery of the Jasmine tea chest. Here the tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments will literally come to life before your very eyes and you will be completely enthralled and enchanted with the witchery of this truly beautiful performance.

The Zincali have appeared at the famous little Toy Theatre in Boston, the Casino in Newport, the Colony Theatre in New York and at the homes of many socially prominent persons here and abroad. Ostensibly for young people, this charming entertainment appeals also to grown-ups.

Tickets will be 25 cents for children and 50 cents for adults. All seats are reserved and are now on sale at the front office, main floor.

Palo Alto Members Show Solid Front

● Palo Alto members of the City Club have a record of 100 per cent in the recent annual payment of dues. Not one member was delinquent and not one permitted her membership to lapse. In a list of two hundred and thirty-one this is remarkable, say persons who are accustomed to keeping statistics in such matters.

Talent Festival Reveals Hidden Capabilities

—JOSEPHINE BARTLETT

● Many a person has at times wondered if a nice jail sentence, for some not-too-dreadful offense, mightn't be turned into a period of intellectual profit. After all, "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in a debtors' prison! Anyway, one could catch up on her reading and review French verbs.

The twelve months behind us have, to a great extent, cut many of us off from many favorite diversions. But who knows, perhaps scores of us have used the time perfecting ourselves in some art or paying more assiduous attention to some hobby.

That's something that the coming Talent Festival should disclose. Nicely sandwiched in between the election and the opera season, it turns our attention to our "ain folk" for a period.

We'll see what this not-so-good year has done for us. The lean years are ones that challenge feminine ingenuity far more than those intervals when spending is done with a free hand. Popular magazines have teemed with stories of the prize-winning play written under the stress of having to save the old home from the clutches of a mortgage, but there is plenty of evidence to show that there is every bit as much truth as fiction in that situation.

This year's Talent Festival should be even more interesting than the preceding ones. Those timid souls who in the past have protested that they "couldn't do a *thing*" should be convinced by now that they can. Two thoroughly fascinating festivals, displaying talents that range all the way from patchwork to poetry, must have done their encouraging work.

And if, like the one who now addresses you, your greatest talent lies in spending, the Talent Festival affords you the shining opportunity of the year! Spend with us!

Correction

Dr. Brown writes:

N. B.—A typographical mistake in my last article should be corrected. The young man is doing the "work test" for *food* for his wife and self—five and one-half days' work gives three weeks' groceries. Ten thousand families are so supplied. Single women work three days for three weeks' food, and over five hundred are on the list of the unemployed, working at various centers in the city. The article read "Ford" instead of "food."

Would that these men were working for *Ford* not *food*. Our depression would cease at once. It is *real* jobs and *real* wages that will solve our problem. Meanwhile we are waiting for the Fords to employ more people and are tiding over the emergency with food relief.

Kath's Enthusiasm Never Flags Nor Succumbs to Depression

June 15, 1932.

● My dear Jane:

Another month has flown by! Where does the time go, I wonder? Of course, it's the old adage at work: "When you are busy, you're happy, and when you're happy, the time flies."

We certainly have been busy here this past month. In the City Club, if it's not one thing it's another, only as I have found out it is usually two or three others—never just one thing.

I must digress a moment, however, and tell you what fun we had the day recently when we went to see the new liner, the *Monterey*. We went all over her, and found her even more beautiful than the *Mariposa*, and you can remember how I raved about her—and why not? Did I not see her launched 'way back in Quincy, Massachusetts, just a year ago? And then I saw her coming majestically through the Golden Gate, and the *Monterey* gave me the same thrill. "Sister ships"—how I love that expression!

To go further, while I was aboard the *Monterey* I could not get the idea out of my head—our Club is very much like a ship. I adore ships, as you know. To me they represent everything that is fascinating, mysterious, beautiful. They always have that lure of far places; of unseen and unknown lands; of people and places one longs and hopes always to see, and even though the dream may never come true, yet the ship is the symbol of one's dream.

That beautiful, majestic ship, carrying herself so proudly! and well she may, for nothing finer ever sailed the Pacific waters! Our club *is* like a ship. You may laugh at my fancy all you wish, I still insist it *is*. And why? You ask me that? Well, I'll tell you. First of all, it represents something beautiful, something tangible, something that offers you allure. The floors are like the decks, which we can tread with sure feet, knowing that foundations will hold. Her rooms have enchantment; they represent surety and safety. You can always go into the dining room with the sure feeling, as aboard a ship, that you will be served with a delicious meal, step out on her roof garden and be surrounded with beauty. Oh! there are so many things comparable; but most of all our Club is like a ship because she has a capable captain, a perfectly trained crew and a load of delightful passengers. Again, and most important in some ways, she can carry you to far lands. There you may travel, while your feet do not stray; you can in your mind visit many far lands and see and hear many strange, interesting and fascinating things.

To carry out the simile, it is always a marvel to me to know the many and diverse ways there are of amusing oneself in our Club. Lectures of all kinds and descriptions; travel talks; pictures; talks on books and people; trips with others who have seen and heard and been to foreign lands, and who are ready and glad to share their vivid experiences with you. How do people get along without their Clubs? I am glad that I do not have to.

Not long ago it was the Grand Duchess Marie who told us of her life, and of Russia; another time it was that delightful person, John Galsworthy, and his charming wife who told us of books, and not only that, but of their life in England; again it was S. R. Ratcliffe, the English economist —oh, I could go on indefinitely, and you'd believe me, because you have been with me on many such occasions.

And then, too, as on board ship, there is always the new and interesting person to me, the new and amusing thing to do—a pageant, a party, a place to swim, a place to dance; everything you find on board a ship you find in our Club. When I wandered through the *Monterey*, through her spacious salons, her library, her little rooms for the comfort and ease and enjoyment of her passengers, I thought, "She has little, except her power of motion, that we have not, in our Club." And, am I not right?

Anyway, it is a firm resolve of mine that some day I am going to have one of those ducky staterooms, and sail away to Australia or New Zealand, the Orient—oh, just anywhere! And that resolve is just the same as the one that I have and know that some day I am going to find time to take in each and every lovely thing that comes along, in one month, at the Club. Believe it or not, skeptic—it is true.

And amusements! how I wish you could have been with us at the Paper Karnival. Who thinks up all these brilliant ideas that are constantly coming to life in our Club? Do you know? Well, after all, who cares, as long as we are smart enough to have someone do it? And that Paper Karnival! It was surely a stroke of genius. I had more fun than usual because I had a concession and dispensed things. Just what it was I shan't tell you here, because as you know this correspondence of ours is a deep dark secret (?) and someone might guess just who your correspondent is. But anyway, I had more fun that night than one usually gets in a week. The costumes! You could not imagine paper being so—may I say versatile? There were every kind, gorgeous, grotesque, funny, beautiful, silly, pretty—I could run through all the adjectives in Webster's and not find enough to fill the bill. Men say that a "bunch of women" can't have a good time without them. Well, let them dream on; only they should have seen us at the Club that night and they'd have changed their tune. And we will admit, won't we, that there is always

At the Paper Karnival: Miss Frances Friedel, Miss Louise Schmidt and Miss Edith Patch.

Miss Norma Dean in her Paper Karnival Costume.

a stack of fun at a party when there are men, but there are two stacks sometimes when there are no men. At least, I find it so whenever I go to the Club. My fond husband laughed at me that night when he left me at the clubhouse entrance, and made a jest about having a good time at my "hen party." Well, I took his advice, and I had a good time. My only regret was that you were not there to join in with me, as you have been so often.

I have been "jinksed" to death this last month, and was a bit *blase:* Every sort of a club or organization one belongs to winds up its season with what they call, for lack of a better name, a "jinks." All I can say is that I am glad they spell it with a "k" and not an "x," for it is no jinx. I was a bit chary about attending just one more of these affairs, for that's the way the Paper Karnival sounded to me. When our delightful chairman, Mrs. Kierluff, asked me to participate, I simply went into a sulk (ask her) and raised my hands and cried "Kamerad!" However, after listening to her "line" for fifteen minutes, I was converted, "and how." I won't go into the details of it here, for you will read it elsewhere in the Magazine, but I do assure you, my dear, that it was some night, and, if a "good time was not had by all," then it was "all's" fault, and not that of the committee

Enough of that, and let's talk about swimming. I was green with envy after reading your last letter in which you told me of your trip to Cape Cod, and you had to pile on more agony by adding that you had also been down to Bar Harbor. Fine! All I can say is that I am glad I was there last year and could visualize the places as I read your letter. The Pacific may be a fine ocean — I admit it — but when it comes to going in swimming I think you will agree with me that the good old Atlantic carries off the palm. Of course I love warmer water, and there it is never so cold; and when it comes to beaches, "Oo la! la!" California beaches don't know what a beach really is, do they? I was with you in spirit when you wrote me about going in swimming at Hyannis, and then when you skipped down the North Shore, through my own home town, on through to Maine and wound up at Bar Harbor—well, weak flesh could bear no more, and I was just plain envious, and swam most of the way with you (even if it is all I can do to swim the length of the Club Pool and back).

About the Pool: you will get a surprise when you get back if I don't tell you right here and now that we have fresh water instead of salt. I won't go into that, as the opinions are too varied; "Some like it hot, some like it cold," you know, and to go on, some like fresh water, and some salt. Well, the salt ones have had their day, now let the fresh ones have theirs. Be that as it may, the Pool is filled with clear, limpid, warm, fresh water, and I have to admit that I personally like it. So do a lot of others, judging from the number of people one sees there day after day.

You were a peach to send back those orders for articles from the League Shop. I think it should be quite a feather in our cap to realize that someone living in New York sent back to our own shop for articles not to be found in that huge metropolis. I won't say you could not have found them there, but why go hunting all over New York City for something you know you could get by a mail order to the Club?

There is another feature that will interest you, and that is the Beauty Salon. You remember that we were among the first volunteers at the desk down there, and so of course there's always sort of a proprietary interest for us in their goings and comings. They have all sorts of innovations now, like a new French wave that is guaranteed to last longer and look better than a marcel (I hope to try one some day—I like new ideas). Now they have also a sun lamp. You can go in for a swim and come out and have half an hour under that lamp; and it is equivalent, they tell me, to a day up the river, on the beach, for a sun tan.

Speaking of "up the river," do not forget to use that card of invitation you have received by now from the Newton Boat Club for the carnival night on the Charles River. You will see a sight such as you have never seen before. Thousands of canoes all lighted up and decorated, parading up and down the river, their paddles silently propelling them along; I got the thrill of a lifetime when I renewed my youth last year and got into one of those gaily decorated canoes and joined the parade. The music coming over the water; the colored lanterns; the lights reflected in the river's surface; the gay clothes; the spirit of fun and gaiety, and the windup at the clubhouse, where we danced until dawn—— Again, a club, you see; where can there be more fun than in a club?

And with that thought I must say goodbye, my dear, with the hope that your summer will be everything that is perfect; and while you are rambling the highways and byways of New York and New England, think of me in the High Sierras, or else perhaps just staying right here and using the Club to its utmost capacity—for who knows just where we will be a month from now?

Affectionately,

KATH.

Fashion Show Luncheon

● A Fashion Show Luncheon will be held at the Club July 28, when the very last word in early fall showing will be "modeled" by pretty young women strolling through the dining rooms. The dresses, accessories, hats and coats will be from Hale Brothers' Shop and the mannikins will be young women of the Club. Information and reservations may be had at the office desk on the first floor.

Mrs. Herman William Klein in Charming Paper Dress and Hat.

What the Women's City Club Offers Its Members

SWIMMING POOL *(Lower Main Floor)*

Open daily except Sundays and major holidays. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.; Thursday, Friday, 9:30 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Saturday, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Private or class lessons by appointment. Friday, 5:30 to 9, Guest Night; men, women and children guests.

BEAUTY SALON *(Lower Main Floor)*

Open every day except Sundays and major holidays. 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. or in evening by appointment. Expert operators. Sun lamp.

LEAGUE SHOP *(Main Floor)*

Gift Shop under management of Club. 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. daily except Sundays and holidays.

LIBRARY *(Fourth Floor)*

The Club Library, available to all members. Books may be taken out between the hours of 10 a. m. and 9 p. m., except Sundays and holidays.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND INFORMATION BUREAU *(Second Floor)*

All women, both members and non-members, are invited to consult the Bureau. Hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily; Saturdays, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. or by appointment. No fee.

BEDROOMS *(Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Floors)*

Ninety-eight bedrooms available for members and their guests. Prices $2.50 per day without bath and $3 with bath. Weekly and monthly rates upon request.

CLUB DINING ROOM

Breakfast, table d'hote and a la carte, 7 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. (Sundays and holidays, 7:30 to 2.) Table d'hote luncheon, 50 cents and 85 cents, and a la carte, 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. Dinner, 75 cents and $1, and a la carte, 5:30 to 8 p. m. Sundays and holidays, buffet supper, 75 cents, 5 to 8 p. m. Members making reservations for luncheons or dinners in dining room may have private rooms for cards without charge.

CAFETERIA

Open from 11:30 to 1:30 and from 5:30 to 7 p. m. daily except Sundays and holidays. Special luncheons, 35 cents and 40 cents; special dinners, 65 cents and 75 cents.

PROGRAMS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

WITHOUT FEE

Thursday Evening Programs

Every Thursday evening, 8 o'clock. Varied programs.

Book Review Dinners

Dinner ($1 per plate) at 6 o'clock precedes review. Those who do not wish to attend the dinner may listen to the review at 7 o'clock.

Current Events

First and third Wednesday mornings at 11 o'clock.

Appreciation of Art

Lectures first Wednesday at 1 o'clock, with frequent visits to local art exhibitions.

French Conversational Table

Second and fourth Wednesdays, 12 noon, in Cafeteria. Members and guests may join Mme. Olivier at her French Conversational Table.

WITH FEE

Classes

Classes will be formed in any subject if a sufficient number of members signify their interest.

French Classes

Theory and Conversational Classes. Hours and fees upon request.

Lecture Courses

Courses by foremost educators and lecturers. Announcements in Magazine and bulletin boards.

Special Lectures and Other Programs

By visiting lecturers. Announcements in Magazine, newspapers and on bulletin boards.

Teas in Honor of Distinguished Visitors

Members are invited to bring guests to these teas. Tea service, 35 cents. Teas are usually informal in character.

Private Dining Rooms

Seating from ten to four hundred guests, available for luncheons, teas, dinners and card parties.

Club Privileges

Reciprocal Relations

Cards entitling members to two weeks' guest privileges, to clubs in various parts of the world with which we have reciprocal relations, are issued upon request.

Guest Cards

Members may have cards issued to guests whose homes are fifty miles or more from San Francisco for a period of two weeks for 50 cents, or $1 for four weeks, $5 for three months.

Magazine

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is mailed to members each month without charge. This Magazine is the only medium of communication between the Club and its members. Extra copies, 15 cents.

Bridge

League bridge, for members and guests, every Tuesday afternoon and evening. No fee.

Card tables in the Board Room, fourth floor, may be reserved for fifty cents per table. Cards and scores included.

Private rooms for parties available. Information as to prices upon request.

Members making advance reservations for luncheon or dinner may have card tables without charge.

Periodic Health Examination

Thorough physical examination for limited number of members is given semi-annually (April and October), by women physicians of highest professional standing. Announcements as to details in Magazine before examinations.

What the Women's City Club of San Francisco Offers the Public

Beauty Salon.

League Shop.

Lecture courses with fee.

Offices and lecture rooms for rent on second floor.

Auditorium, seating 565, may be rented for lectures, concerts, dances, bridge parties, etc.

Vocational Guidance Bureau, with director in charge.

YOUR CLUB

By EMELYN S. ENSIGN

I am your Club, the embodiment of a flaming idea, once flashed into a mind of radiant far-seeing vision.

I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a wonderful influence women may become.

If you will it, I can become a luminant torch, a light-bringer to all the world.

I am whatever you make of me, nothing more.

I can be Faith, the thing which makes you believe in a Deity, and a hope of life beyond; the thing which makes you see me not as I am, but as you alone can make me.

I can be Love; Love which is our highest word, the dominant beauty of existence, an attribute of God. If you will but work together, hoping, trusting, believing the best, expressing the best, forgetting caste and creed, forgetting to criticize and condemn. For Love is understanding, and with understanding the fire of our spirit burns steadily on, warming and comforting the world.

I can be Tolerance, if you will but remember to recognize the rights of others, their rights to their own opinions, creeds, views and aims. I can be Sincerity, if you will but bring to me your very best, your honest self, with a conscience that will not let you shirk, or shift the burden of your responsibility upon some one else. I can be Loyalty: If you will bring me Allegiance, then, oh then, can you make of me what my creator really meant me to be.

I am your Club, and you are its Spirit, its vital Spark.

I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

EDITORIAL

● Already the City Club Talent Festival has taken shape. Meetings have been held and enthusiasm of the most inspiring kind manifested.

The festival will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 12 and 13. This is just after summer vacations have slipped into the past tense and just before the autumn's stress has become too emphatic. When the season begins to change, and all over again we are impressed with the graciousness of our Club and the spirit which inhabits it, the intangible thing built on Service, the Ideal which abides through seasons and administrations.

Meetings held in the last fortnight augur more enthusiasm than ever before, the groups being determined according to the kind of talent to be offered.

This will be the third Talent Festival, and no longer is there any doubt in any mind as to the quality of talent hidden in the City Club—under a bushel or elsewhere. It is there, more conscious now than ever before, because of the two festivals which have gone before.

There can be no doubt but that the Talent Festival as an annual "movable feast" of the Club has taken hold of the imagination as has no other event of the Club.

The eternal urge for artistic expression has fermented in the human mind since Adam first scratched a rude picture in the sands of the Garden of Eden and Eve stood by to commend. The same urge drives artists and poets from classicism to realism and back and fro in the endless scheme. That there should be some of that yeast among eight thousand members of the Club is indubitable.

How to bring it out?

How to show it to best advantage when ferreted out?

That was solved three years ago at the first Talent Festival, the original expedition into the fastness of undiscovered gifts.

Now the way is clear. She who was diffident is no longer shy. She knows that in "painting the thing as she sees it for the good of things as they are" she is following her natural bent and that it is a commendable thing.

Board and Committee to Meet Regularly with Talent Festival Exhibitors

● Beginning July 7 there will be a table in the western side of the Cafeteria set aside every Thursday noon to discussion of the Talent Festival. Members of the Talent Festival Committee will be present to confer with prospective exhibitors and others interested in the Festival. This will continue every Thursday until the Festival.

In addition, the third week of each month there will be one or more Board members present every day in the Cafeteria to discuss the Festival with members. That is to say, the third week of July, August and September there will be a board member every day of the week in the western end of the Cafeteria to act as an information committee concerning the Festival.

Fashion Show Luncheon, July 28

● On July 28 members of the Club will have an opportunity of seeing the very last word in fashion, modeled by members of the Club, in a review of early fall fashions, under the auspices of Hale Brothers.

If you are consumed by curiosity about fall styles, do not miss this event. You will see much that is new, much that is interesting.

No drastic changes in silhouette are to be expected, but a greater refinement, a more subtle interpretation, more luxury in fabric, a greater fineness in detail, more care in fit, better taste in the ensemble.

Fabrics that are actually rough in surface will be velvety in appearance. Sleeves become wider, more interesting, necklines higher, shoulders even broader, skirts even more simple and slender.

The wine tones and pansy shades, in which Fifth Avenue delights, will be seen in every tonal variety.

The smartest of fall fashions will be shown . . . including fall coats, fur trimmed and sports; new fur coats; new Carolyn dresses for street and afternoon; new evening gowns and wraps; new knit and fabric suits for sportswear . . . all from Hale Brothers' newly remodeled Fashion Floor.

Send Contributions to the City Club Almanac for Festival

● An old-fashioned almanac, the kind which used to be part of the current literature of every household, is to be compiled and offered for sale at the Talent Festival.

Jokes, recipes, miscellaneous information, formulae, choice bits of prose and poetry, each very brief of course, will be collated by a committee and the whole published in attractive form as "The City Club Almanac."

All the contents are to be selected from material sent to the Committee from City Club members. So if you have a choice quatrain, a favorite "collect," a rune or rhyme that seems to comfort in time of stress, a "golden rule" which you follow, send it along to the Talent Festival Committee.

Obviously, all cannot be used. They will be carefully culled, however, and every consideration given to each contribution. The material may be original or copied, old or new, but brevity will be the very soul of each. The material will be segregated, "set up" in characteristic almanac style, and undoubtedly will make an interesting and useful souvenir of the festival.

Last year we had the calendars, which sold satisfactorily and were much admired. This year a new idea is to be made substance.

Ask the Committee about the City Club Almanac.

Brutons —3

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

● In the old family home in Alameda, a stone's throw from the water's edge, on a street canopied by English elms and chestnuts, the three Brutons, Margaret, Helen and Esther, are working at present at fresco, pottery and prints. In an old-time home with a garden lying under the shade of oaks, where birds bathe in a basin, fashioned by Helen out of mosaics—an old-fashioned home, with a real wine cellar below, where Esther — well, she has designed amusing labels for home-brew — and an attic three flights up, now a studio, where Margaret has painted fresco on the plastered walls.

The Brutons three are modern in their viewpoint on art, and these three tawny-headed women of Celtic background have a wit, sparkle and zest for life and work, enough for a round half-dozen. Perhaps their adventurous spirit came from their grandfather, who left Dublin because his house became known as a meeting place for Sinn-Feiners and the contracts from the British government became scarce. Finally he settled in Brooklyn, New York, and came to live next door to a family named Duval, known for their bounteous hospitality. Guests from as far west as the romantic land of sunshine and gold (California) visited the Duvals, and one of these was James D. Phelan, father of Senator Phelan, who met his future wife, the beautiful Miss Kelly, in the Duval home. It was natural that the younger Bruton found a lure in the stories of the west, and later that he should bring his bride to California. The Bruton girls are native daughters.

Through the enthusiastic understanding of their mother the Brutons have been given the rich embroidery of their background in art experience. Monterey and Armin Hansen, New York Art League, and Robert Henri, Paris and Andre L'Hote, Italy, New Mexico, Tahiti—all these have been the patterns of their development. And a real development it is, with a serious intent. Margaret's expression in decoration and portraiture—Helen in her pottery and etching—Esther in her prints and decorative screens—all show the same fine, gay spirit, but quite differently expressed according to their separate individualities and mediums.

Besides exhibitions of their work held at the Galerie Beaux Arts from time to time, and with the San Francisco Art Association annually, they have exhibited in Los Angeles and Bullocks, Wilshire; and in New York at the Art Center. In three exhibits of the San Francisco Society of Etchers, a Bruton has received the prize.

Woodcut by Esther Bruton

The Heart of a Rover (On Leaving for Australia)

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

I'm off and away to a far countree,
Where the skies dip down to a turquoise sea,
With the Southern Cross on its canopy.
Where the wattles bloom and the ti-trees grow,
And breathed by Boronia the breezes blow.
As out and over the world I go,
Only the heart of a rover can know
The siren voices that are calling to me;
Sing Ho! for the heart of a Rover.

I'm off and away to a distant land,
Where the salt scrub covers the desert sand,
And the magpie's note is hushed in the heat,
For I hear the hum of her foreign band,
And I feel the clasp of a stranger's hand,
As out and away on the world's wide street,
Where only the heart of a rover can beat,
In rythmic tune to those unknown feet;
Sing Ho! for the heart of a Rover.

L'Envoi

If, like an ancient rover of the main,
I pirated the silver of your store,
The confidence of those who named me friend,
Requital this; those threads so loosely lain
I gathered up with care, and weaving send
In richer fabric back to you again.

An American at Oxford Gives Food for Thought on the Fourth of July and the Washington Bi-Centennial

—Robert McNutt McElroy, ph.d., ll.d., f.r.hist. soc. — Harmsworth Professor of American History in Oxford University and Sometime Edwards Professor of American History in Princeton University.

(An address delivered at the American Women's Club in London, on February 24, 1932, under the auspices of the Walter Hines Page Chapter of the D.A.R.)—Published in American Women's Club Magazine of London, June issue.

● We are celebrating the Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington, because his spirit still guides our nation. In 1789, when he entered upon the duties of President of the United States, there were many Americans who looked upon themselves as his rivals rather than as his followers. But today such an attitude on the part of any American would seem presumption. From ocean to ocean, and from fern to pine, Americans concede to him a place without a rival. Instead of growing less as the generations pass, his place in the world of men's thoughts grows ever larger. WHY?

Certainly not because he was a man of action in the "days that tried men's souls." Had that been all, his influence would have passed with the generation which he led in action. We follow him not even as a man of thought. In power of abstract reasoning, men like Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jas. Wilson, Franklin, and many other contemporaries were his superiors. And in the power of putting thought into words he was almost the least capable of his generation of leaders. When he first appeared, to receive the thanks of the Virginia Burgesses for heroism in the Braddock Campaign, he proved himself almost inarticulate. And when, in 1789, after eight years of supreme military command, he sought to deliver his Inaugural as President he proved that he had learned nothing in the art of public speaking. . . .

If we should make the mistake—too often made—of judging a leader by his powers of Oratory, we should place Washington near the bottom of the list—not the pinnacle.

His writings, furthermore (those done by himself), show no trace of a profound philosophy or rich store of learning. No! we do not accept him as a guide in the twentieth century for either of these reasons.

> The man of action passes!
> The man of thought grows out of date!
> But the man of character builds for Eternity!

Washington stands today enshrined in every heart as the Ideal Leader because of a combination of qualities, called character. "Men and times change, but principles never," wrote Grover Cleveland. And Washington believed that what was morally right in Roman days, on the shining shores of the Sea of Galilee, remained eternally right, and nothing else! We follow him today because we know that he leads always upward, never downward. We shall follow him so long as we, as a nation, desire to travel upward, and no longer! And, thank God, we follow him still. His continuing power to guide his fellow-countrymen, which no one will deny, is the more remarkable when we picture the difference between the life of the men and women who assembled to hail him President, and those who will assemble to hail Hoover's return in March, 1933. The messengers who summoned Washington to his inauguration in 1789 took five days to cover a distance now covered by railway trains in five or six hours, or by aeroplanes in far less. The credentials which they carried were written with quill pens, as steel pens had not been invented. They were blotted with sand, as blotting-paper was still unknown. The houses where they spent their nights contained few comforts not known to the servants of Rameses the Great. There were no matches, no kitchen ranges, no running water. Canned foods and canned music were alike unknown.

A Massachusetts farmer of the period has left behind a memorandum showing how his family's needs were supplied. They grew their own grain, ground it in their own mills, and baked all their own bread. Their shoes were made from skins produced, tanned, and sewed on the farm. Their woollen clothing was home woven from wool grown on the farm, and such linen as they used was also home grown and home manufactured. The memorandum estimates the total annual cost of all supplies purchased as about two dollars.

The complicated system of international co-operation represented in the most commonplace article of our era would have seemed almost miraculous to the contemporaries of Washington. Our linen usually grows in Ireland, or some other distant land, and its manufacture involves machinery of varied national origins and intricate mechanism. Our silks represent the toil of India, China, Japan, or Italy, with the added toil of the countries of their manufacture. Our clothing is likely to contain wool grown in Australia, combined with jute of India, and held together by buttons from France or the Islands of the Pacific. Our daily food is supplied by the agricultural labour of world-wide areas, combined with the intricate transportation systems of many nations.* How can a leader of Washington's narrow world remain a guide for our ever-widening one?

In my opinion the answer depends upon how far we are able to translate his advice, his guidance, into the terms of the twentieth century and its needs. The basic questions of America in his day were much the same, in essence, as are ours today. How to keep open an appeal from Law to Justice. How to wield the force needed to protect Liberty, without being militaristic. How to form a more perfect Union.

In each of these spheres, however, our aims are of necessity international, while his were concerned almost wholly with a single nation (to be). But when we translate the smaller into the larger terms his leadership, in terms of character, remains the same.

The simplest to translate is the first: How to keep open an appeal from Law to Justice. When the American Revolution began, the Colonies had surprisingly liberal Governments built up with the aid and good will of England. The very first English grant of Colonial possessions overseas declared that the Colonists "should have all the privileges of free-denizens and persons native of England, in such ample manner as if they were born and personally resident in our said realm of England." That meant, to quote the words of Alexander Hamilton, "That the best way to secure a permanent and happy union between Great Britain and her colonies is to permit the latter to be free as they desire." By degrees, first in Virginia, and then in all colonies, this idea was made effective in actual government. With English encouragement the Colonies became almost Dominions in their freedom.

As early as 1768 the *London Gazette and News Daily Advertiser* thus described that fact: "Great Britain, each of the chartered colonies and Ireland are so many distinct States, each State having its own

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* For elaboration, see Raymond Fosdick's *The Old Savage in the New Civilization.*

Great Councils, over each of which Great Councils one and the same Soverign power presides; that sovereign power is the King of Great Britain." And in 1775 Alexander Hamilton wrote: "I deny that we are dependent on the Legislature of Great Britain, and yet I maintain that we are part of the British Empire, but in this sense only, as being free-born subjects of His Britannic Majesty . . . when we say British Dominions, the most proper signification is Countries subject to the King of Great Britain. . . . For the future we may . . . call the colonies His Majesty's American Dominions." The idea that completely self-governing Dominions are something new in British history is not sound. The British Empire started with the idea of encouraging the Colonies to become self-governing. But in the Revolution of 1688, English Sovereignty was declared to be lodged in the House of Commons. Then and there the American Revolution became inevitable. If Parliament was sovereign, it had power to bind all the Empire. That was Law. But every Colony had come to think of its Legislature as its low-making body. That was Justice S. V. Benet, in his brilliant epic, "John Brown's Body," thus sums up the situation:

> They planted England with a stubborn trust;
> But the cleft dust was never England's dust.

In the older textbooks we were all misled about the issue. The cry, "No taxation without representation," was only a rallying-cry. There was no difference of opinion between England and America upon that principle. England had accepted that Union centuries before the Stamp Act. The issue was, What body can tax America by virtue of being composed of its representatives? The Stamp Act came as a test case, but its repeal did not settle the real issue. The Declaratory Act which accompanied that repeal boldly asserted that the Parliament of England had power to bind the Colonies in all respects whatsoever, and Lord Mansfield's decision silenced any reasonable question that this was the law. A Supreme Parliament has legal power to tax any part of the Empire, whether represented according to its peculiar definition or not; indeed, whether represented or not represented. Any impartial Court of Justice would have decided that question, for England as the Supreme Parliament and the Lord Chief Justice had decided it. Any impartial arbitration of that issue would have confirmed England's contention that she was legally competent to tax America. But Justice, as America had learned to interpret it, and as England had herself led her to interpret it, demands that those who have proved themselves capable of self-government shall be allowed to govern themselves. That principle has since become the very cornerstone of the British Commonwealth of self-governing States.

But the only machine then known for appeal from Law to Justice was the battle-axe. If England had been able to say to her Colonies then, as she now so freely says, "Step out of the ranks of dependent Colonies and into the ranks of self-governing Dominions," there need have been no revolution. America might have remained "His Majesty's American Dominions."

It was Washington's fate to lead that appeal from Law to Justice by arms. Reluctantly he accepted the task. Gloriously he accomplished it. But he never for one moment lost his sense of the proper relationship between the Military and the Civil Power. He never once cast longing eyes on permanent control. Himself a soldier of world renown, he extorts his fellow-countrymen to "Avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty . . . and particularly hostile to republican Liberty." But he saw unpreparedness as a wolf ready to devastate the sheep-fold, and urged "a respectable defensive posture." Militarists have made much of Washington's motto that "The best means of preserving Peace is to be prepared for War." But they fail to add the rest of the programme: Before using force, correct Injustices which drive men into war. The two together are as good today as in Washington's little world. The pendulum tends to swing from extreme militarism to extreme pacifism. As guide, Washington stands eternally between the two: and until the hope of the perfectionist is realized, wise men will re-echo his sentiments.

But the test of Washington's fitness to remain as a nation's guide on his two hundredth birthday lies in the question, How far do his mottos and methods apply to the problems of our larger world, our world of hourly international interactions? The important point is, How would he have had us handle, for example the situation which has produced the present Sino-Japanese crisis? Is there anything in his actual leadership of his own generation to indicate what would have been his method as guide in that most difficult problem?

I shall cite one of many such indications. When he saw America's great west being steadily drawn away from America and toward Spain, by economic interest aided by paid Spanish intrigue and propaganda, he set himself the task of building a system of canals which would overcome natural geography and defeat Spanish intrigue by connecting America's west with the nation to which by law it belonged. This object he pursued with energy, and when, in 1785, the Assembly of Virginia offered him a present of shares in the enterprise, he declined with the words, "I had no other motive for promoting it than the advantage . . . it would be . . . to the Union . . . by cementing the eastern and western territories together." And this project he continued to further to the end of his life. On April 22, 1793, he wrote to the Earl of Buchan: "We are at this moment deeply engaged and far advanced in extending the inland navigation of the River Potomac. . . . In ten years, if left undisturbed, we shall open communication by water with all the lakes northward and westward of us with which we have territorial connection." He had studied the problem, instead of attacking Spain at the mouth of the Mississippi. A similar method would have been to discover what economic forces were likely to drive Japan to military expansion; and to remove them by applying a peaceful solution in advance. No one familiar with the Far East has doubted that the attempt to confine seventy million Japanese, doubling every seventy years, to their present narrow area meant ultimate war. But no one has looked over the world and selected the best opening for them. No; we all closed our doors and cried, "Not here! Not here!" Can we wonder that they are there?

Mr. Sato, Japanese Representative at Geneva, pleaded just this, on February 19, 1932, when he said, in stating the Japanese case to the Council: "In the League of Nations, unfortunately, Japan had not been able to find effective support to safeguard its rights . . . that his country had practically no outlet for its population. Countries which had immense and sparsely populated territories refused admission to Japanese emigrants." There can be no doubt that this exclusion was within the law. But in consequence Japan is now without the law. She has appealed from Law to what she considers justice by the Sword. This is by no means equivalent to a declaration that Japan is right in her appeal. It is merely an argument to prove that the sanest pacifism is stoppage at the source: and that is also the sanest militarism.

As guide, Washington demands ever new adjustments to changing conditions, and adjustments made in advance of military contests, not by means of them. If justice cannot be secured by any means less costly, less irrational than war, there is nothing in his career to justify the suspicion that he would shun war. But as leader he always preferred the way of reason to the ways of force.

The third problem already referred to, how to form a more perfect union, is more difficult to translate. Washington faced it with reference to thirteen locally minded,

mutually jealous, self-conscious "sovereign" States: while to our generation it is a problem the elements of which are great self-governing nations called British Dominions, or widely scattered nations and vastly different sovereign nations seeking world unity. What guidance can this generation have from Washington in view of the extent and complexity of our problem? As we watch today the attempts to establish and make effective such world unions as England's World Commonwealth and the World's League of Nations, we again have Washington's words to encourage us. Speaking of the then problem of a Union of a few States, he said: "Is there a doubt whether a Common Government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment." And he solemnly warned them (and warns us) not to start an experiment in Union and then damn it before the experiment is fairly tried. I think, in view of present comment on Shanghai and the League of Nations, this warning, too, is applicable to our age, and worthy of a great guide in any age.

Another of his observations, too, seems startlingly appropriate: "It is obviously impossible . . . to secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all." "To me," he wrote to Warren, "it is a solecism in politics; indeed, it is one of the most extraordinary things in nature that we should confederate as a Nation, and yet be afraid to give the rulers of the Nation sufficient power to order and direct its affairs." And yet, is not that just what we have now done in the case of the League of Nations?

And there is another very specific note of leadership in Washington for the vast world of today. Tariff walls between the American States had caused ceaseless friction. Washington's vast influence helped to level them all. Thus came that vast national market of 3,000 miles without one tariff wall to stop the even flow of inland commerce. And with those tariff walls there passed away those petty strifes which at times had menaced the peace of the vast Continent. If we would follow Washington as guide, we should tear down the tariff walls which are the source of so much strife between nation and nation, and allow the commerce of the world such free play as it has had in inland commerce in America since internal tariff barriers were done away.

Perhaps the most widely quoted of all Washington's sayings is that related to alliances; nine times out of ten it is misquoted: "Peace, Commerce, and honest Friendship with all Nations, Entangling alliances with none," is Jefferson's phrase, not Washington's. Washington said: "Steer clear of Permanent Alliances." A temporary alliance enables a nation to combine with others to meet an existing emergency, the nature of which is measurably understood. A permanent alliance binds a nation's will for the exigencies of an unknown future; and it may, by unexpected changes, commit it to a partisanship contrary to its interests, its ethical judgments, or both combined. In a sense every treaty is an instrument designed to compel a nation to follow a certain course, after it has ceased to consider that course desirable. So long as the course is deemed desirable, no treaty compulsion is needed. "Steer clear of Permanent Alliances" is not a refusal to play a nation's part in the world. It is a maxim which, if understood, leaves every nation free to combine for any set of given purposes. But it warns each nation (not ours only) that permanent alliances commit the will before the conscience has had its chance to judge. It keeps no nation from espousing any holy cause, any righteous joint endeavour. It only advises that they do not pledge their sword to fight in any unknown cause, a principle as sound today as when President Washington uttered it.

But he goes even farther, and warns us against basing our international politics upon either love or hate. His words are: "Nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded: and that in place of them just and amicable feelings

(Continued on Page 30)

When Shadows Creep—Yosemite Valley
John Paul Edwards
(Courtesy of "Camera Craft")

Outdoor Symphonies

—LOUISE E. TITUS

(With the approaching enchantment of the Summer Symphonies planned for the Woodland Theatre in nearby San Mateo and especially in appreciation of the gift to San Francisco of the new park, Sigmund Stern Recreation Grove, where San Francisco will offer for the first time open-air symphony concerts, this discerning comparison of three outdoor music audiences is very timely.)

● We are so wont to think of music "on the air" in these radio-minded days that music "in the air," the blessed open air, played by real musicians, is a thing somewhat apart from our usual consciousness. Fortunately, a portion of the world still clings to the fancy that fresh, open air is the atmosphere for harmony, and a considerable attempt is being made to encourage Americans to listen to great music in God's great "out-of-doors."

I betook myself, one August evening, to the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City to observe this growing demand for music in the air and to note how great symphonies and tone-poems could be rendered in the heart of a crowded metropolis.

One of the first necessities for the musically minded is to have distractions excluded. The architects of this great stadium have shut out the teeming world of taxis, motors and street cars by a high, soundproof wall painted a soft, silvery gray which, in the evening light, becomes more or less nebulous, or at least neutral.

Although I reached the stadium an hour before the concert began, I was conscious of the crowds. Crowded buses threaded their way to 138th Street. Crowds swarmed up the hill to Amsterdam Avenue. Crowds stood in long lines waiting for tickets. Once inside the amphitheatre, crowds surged down the aisles; pressed together on the tiers of stone steps which formed the seats, and soon crowds blocked the aisles so that each entrant to a seat had to undergo a noisy resentment from the rouge-lipped mouths that seemed determined to fill the air with hub-bub and cigarette smoke.

As evening shadows faded into darkness, a glare of incandescent lights flooded the amphitheatre so that stars above paled into inconsequence and the half-full moon had no luminary chance whatsoever. Any music lover must have felt annoyance at the chatter, the raucous sounds of cold drink vendors, the unblinking hard white light, the constant movement of musicians seating themselves with chaff and banter on the stage. "What chance for the subtleties of a symphony," thought I. Then an attendant sounded three strokes upon the chimes and like magic all sound ceased.

Up to the director's box advanced Albert Coates, an Anglo-Russian, as his directing soon demonstrated. It was in Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" that one felt the leader's dual nationality. The clear, deliberate beat of his baton was English. The accurate, technical rendition of the andante prologue which builds up the two themes had all the intellectual restrain of a British musician. But when Scriabin breaks into his second subject, a *Lento* typifying human love, the Slavic shows itself in Coates' directing; and as the music grows in force, passing through moods and emotions of great stress, Coates' directing reveals a tenseness that conveys itself to the listening thousands and that snaps into a thunderous applause, as the Poeme de l'Extase finishes in a rugged epilogue of immense grandeur. Then the restless crowd begins again. Thin-faced European young women push to the wall which divides the stone seats from the chairs placed on the floor of the amphitheatre. Their bright, dark, eager eyes dart thither and yon seeking to recognize friends in the throng or to attract notice to themselves in their cheap modish costumes and their self-conscious attitudes.

The real music lover again resents the artificial crowd, wonders how genuine can be its appreciation when it can so rapidly dispel the glamour of glorious music. But with a changeableness of mood incomprehensible to an Anglo-Saxon, this varied European group, which so largely constitutes a New York summer audience, settles with the first tap on the chimes in listening intensity as the first notes of Tschaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony" fall on the evening air. Like a dream the music is finished; I am pushed and crowded into a bus where argument waxes hot in strange Slavic and Hebraic tongues and surging New York strives to blot out the exotic passages of Scriabin from my consciousness. "Well may New York take a page from Germany in listening to music," I thought.

Now there arose in my mind an outdoor concert in Baden-Baden. Merely living at certain hotels in this German Spa gives one a ticket to enter the Kur-haus garden where concerts are played morning, afternoon and evening. No crowds press, but people enter leisurely and select a chair or a bench under some shady tree or in some sunny nook. The housewives of the town bring their mending or knitting and settle themselves outside the fence for a peaceful afternoon. Presently the orchestra moves unostentatiously into the little band stand; there is no spectacular entrance of the director. With the first note of the symphony the soft murmur of conversation ceases and soon the lovely notes of Beethoven's "Fifth" melt into the cool shade or glisten on the long beams of late afternoon sun that fall in bright patches on the grass or the pink geranium borders along the walks.

When the symphony is over the musicians quietly tuck their instruments into their cases, the people linger in their chairs or move one or two at a time toward the gates or the Kur-haus. The spell of the music haunts one for hours after such a performance.

I call to mind another perfect "moment musicale." There is a town tucked between the foothills of the Sierra Madre range and the Pacific Ocean where music in the open has attained a simplicity of presentation that satisfies all great European directors. There internationally famous musicians make reverent pilgrimage. I refer to the Hollywood Bowl in Southern California.

Any summer twilight one may behold long lines of men and women trudging up a road which leads to a circular valley completely surrounded by rugged hills rising five to seven hundred feet above the rim of this natural bowl. An implacable rule forbids any motor vehicle to approach within one-half mile of the entrance to the Bowl, and so profound has the tradition for quiet become that people speak in hushed voices long before the actual musical performance begins. Perhaps the silence of twilight, melting in lovely cool blues over the tawny brown hills, has something of peace in it that one fears to disturb the last call of bird echoes from the mesquite and scrub oak that clothe the hillsides.

The people file into the rows upon rows of semi-circular wooden benches which rise only with the slight natural elevation of the Bowl. A mammoth cone-shaped sounding shell roofs the platform on which the orchestra sits. This only is lighted softly. The audience sits in the cool darkness; melts, rather, into the darkness, so that man and his puny concerns are blotted out and only masses of hill, vast starlit heavens and the faint chirrup of crickets vie for any attention with the music.

Fancy the strains of Shubert's "Unfinished Symphony" under these conditions! Those melting harmonies of the Andante Cantabile float skyward and the orchestra withdraws. People slip away when they please. Those who linger have no rude awakening by blatant motor horns or the sudden flooding of artificial lights. I think Shubert himself would have caught new melodies from hill and heaven had he viewed them in such setting.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE WEATHER-TREE; *by Maristan Chapman;* Viking Press.

STEPPING WESTWARD; *by Laura E. Richards;* D. Appleton and Company, New York.

LIVING ISSUES IN CHINA; *by Henry T. Hodgkin;* Friendship Press, New York.

● Lives there a woman with soul so dead that she wants to write book reviews in June—or read them in July? Then, if ever, come the perfect days, when the snow banks are still hiding under the firs and hemlocks, and the ground is all squshy underfoot with the little rills of their melting, and the fish are leaping in the lake, and the little snow mosquitoes are singing, and the little birds are nesting, and the tent platforms are broken with the weight of last winter's drifts—and who gives a darn if only one can GO?

No, I am not there, at all. But I *shall* be there, just as soon as the Head-of-the-House can be persuaded to make up his —our—mind.

In June and July books should be barred and magazines should declare a vacation. The other day I saw Hildegarde Hawthorne, just home from Europe, brown, trim, chic, on her toes, absolutely a new woman and bubbling with the joy of "six weeks at sea without even a wireless"! Think of it. Without even a wireless! Haven't you questioned, lately, the advisability of reading the morning newspaper, even to keep up to date? Yea, even Chester Rowell's inimitable column? What would happen, I wonder, if the whole world could take six weeks in the woods, with bacon and trout, and sourdough bread, and "not even a wireless"? When we all came back to our so-called civilization, perhaps the depression would be gone, and the problems not so insoluble.

Anyway, next summer, let's ask the editor for a moratorium on book reviews!

Still and all, a book is a handy thing under a tree. Maristan Chapman has the ripple of water and the rustle of leaves in her books, and "The Weather-Tree" is a good one to pack up in your kit-bag. It goes back again to the hill folk of the South, to Rashe and Barsha Lowe and Waitstill Lowe and their friends, whom we met in "The Happy Mountain." This is the story of Thelma Lane and her brothers, Chad and Sylvester ("Vester"), who lived "over above Red Hill easterly of Glen Hazard," and of Lynn Clayton who came down from the north with philanthropic dreams of reopening the workings of the old coal mine, and civilizing the people of Black Wolf Creek—who saw no need of being civilized. In Junetime, there's much to be said on their side!

No one, to my knowledge, has caught and transmitted so well the spirit and the language of the southern mountaineer as

has the author of "The Weather-Tree." She knows well the taciturn placidity with which the mountaineer watches the rushing hither and yon of the outlander—that placidity which can drive the man-in-a-hurry to madness. But there still live in those mountains women like Barsha Lowe, who can "pass to others her gift of special quiet; for her spirit, being free of tumult and heedless of passing time, was a promise that all would come right at last."

The story is told, almost, in the Elizabethan English which the southern mountaineer still speaks, and scattered through the pages are quaint, forgotten words which are reminiscent of old camping trips in that hill country, long ago. Bodacious, blinkey, feckless, fere (brotherly), glib, mirk (dark), snippet (chit), swarved (crowded), twitchet—there is a glossary provided at the end of the book scarcely more necessary to a southern reader than a dictionary of forgotten baby-talk!

The "weather-tree" was "Billy Whiteoak," "a kind of special tree among us," by whom the folk of Glen Hazard gauged their thunder clouds. When Lynn Clayton decided to clear the hill which he owned, and cut down the ancient trees which were his, the mountaineers rose in riot, and saved Billy Whiteoak from his non-comprehending ruthlessness. Barsh Lowe said, "If he didn't start in talking about where he's aiming to clear all of Red Hill! He aims to pointedly bare-naked it. They being *his* trees, to murder does it pleasure him!"

The contrast in the character-drawing is well handled: Lida Grant, the golden-haired outland woman; Foster, the town innocent; Uncle Shannon, old philosopher of the mountains; Preacher Howard, "with his winged white hair ruffling over his ears, and framing his stern, kindly face." The southern woods are full of such as these! A tale is told of the old quilt-pattern called "Tennessee Trouble": "There was the old quilt with that name spread on Chad's bed this minute. His grandmother had woven it, while the Civil War was going on. Soldiers stole it from her cabin. But Grandma Lane went to the Union camp, and commanded the captain that he leave her search for her quilt, Tennessee Trouble. A corner of it was burned in the camp fire, but she took the quilt home with her. The Lane women commonly took care of what belonged to them by right.'

Thelma Lane was one of the quiet hill women whose feet are set upon a rock, and Lynn Clayton's outland wooing could not lure her from her own place and her own people. When she knew this at last she said to him, "Go back to your city places, and you shall likely find enough and to spare of they who lack preaching, and many who will hear your fine-pretty words. Go to your own place, and build *that* new, ere you come proudly to tear down others' towns and houses." She was backed by the Weather-Tree that formerly he had failed of, and she was so one with the tree that she might that moment have come from the heart of it. With its strength she spoke, and there was not such another woman in the hill country for wiseness. She and the tree stood over against him, and defied him. "And when you are gone forth, recall you, it is not the people of the hill country who have done this thing, but your own self have done it by the lack you had, and your own faulting of the country and the people therein. None have wronged you; all have been peaceable toward you. Return you to your own race and to your own people."

And when he was gone, and her heart strayed, missing him, in "the long blue hour that ends the day," her brother Chad reminded her, "Leave time go on. Leave trouble go down the road. Such folk are only shadows on the moon."

And Thelma said, "The things that hurt us and go on are liken the sound of falling snow. There is no word quiet enough for it. Yet it is plain to the remembering ear."

● Stepping Westward; by Laura E. Richards.

This autobiography of Laura E. Richards, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is quite the happiest, sunniest book of personal history that has come my way for many a day. I prescribe it to cure that jaundiced disease, Depression. One would like to know an old lady of eighty years who looks back over the long days of her life and sees so much sunshine! Not that there are no tragedies in the book. There are. But they are passed over with such a light touch, with such a gallant ignoring

of the dark days, that one exclaims, as the last leaf turns, "What a happy life!" And yet, as the reader reflects, Laura Richards' married life met, in its early years, a depression so deep that her young husband had to abandon his profession and ambitions as an architect, leave their first home in Boston and go with their three little children to a new life and a new home in Maine, helping his brothers to carry on the ancestral paper mill. Another writer would have made a tragedy of the wrecking of a young ambition. But not Laura Richards! The happy story flows on like the ripple of a brook around a boulder. That was in 1876, five years after her marriage. More happy years went by, and again, in '93 the big pulp mill burned to the ground. For seven years the "paper-making business was changing in a changing world." And in 1900 the Richards mill finally closed. That meant facing the world again in middle age. But there were two sons and four daughters, educated at Groton and Harvard and Smith. The peak of their year had been the annual summer month in a camp on the shores of Lake Cobbosseecontee! Boys' camps were opening in neighboring states, but there were none in Maine. "Why not a camp for boys?" A strip of forest was bought on Belgrade Great Pond, and in 1900 Camp Merryweather was opened—to be named for the family in Laura Richards' series of "Hildegarde" and "Margaret" books, and to carry on till the golden days of their old age, in 1932, after their sixtieth wedding anniversary! She says, "The house was filled with flowers. Fiddles played 'Haste to the Wedding!' Another camp season, the thirty-second, has just closed, and we have drunk once more the draught of young life which always strengthens and heartens us."

Now, in other hands, this might have been a story of failure and loss and struggle. In hers, it is a tale of fun and happiness, of triumph over difficulties, of beauty and culture and personal success—and peace. We need to read books like this now more than ever—books to remind us where happiness lies—in outward-looking lives, based on a surer foundation than the accumulation of dollars and things.

The fame of Laura Richards is overshadowed by that of her mother, Julia Ward Howe, and the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," and of her father, Samuel Gridley Howe, doctor and philanthropist, of whom it was said that he "drove all the charities of the state abreast!" But many of us go back to nursery days, to "Captain January," and "Mrs. Tree," to "Miss Jimmy" and "The Joyous Story of Toto." For discouraged young writers, she broadcasts the information that "Captain January" has always been her best seller. And yet it "went to every reputable publisher in this country and to several in England. I asked Mr. Dana Estes to re-read it, several years after his reader had refused it. That was forty years ago, and Captain January still heads the list of my sales."

The early chapters of her childhood, in the Howes' first homes, "Green Peace" and "Lawton's Valley," with Julia Ward Howe singing nursery songs to her children in French and German and Italian, are as charming as any nursery story that Laura Richards ever wrote. Today, perhaps, it gives us a wistful feeling of *Heimweh* for a day that is gone. And yet surely they made their own happiness! Perhaps, when the non-essentials have been swept away, it may yet be possible to bring that simplicity and sincerity back again to a world homesick for them.

This is an autobiography, and a New England genealogy, too, with pictures of the life led by that group which included the Hawthornes and the Alcotts—as she says in her dedication, "To my husband and children yet again—and to all good Howes, Gridleys, Wards, Cutlers, Greenes, Marions, Gardiners and Richardses—this book is affectionately dedicated."

As Doctor Jordan in his "Days of a Man," she quotes Emerson's "Terminus" at the end:

"The god of bounds
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said, 'No more!'
Fancy departs; no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent."

And yet, "We have been young, and have seen visions; we are old, and have dreamed dreams; and the best of the dreams have come true."

● The Friendship Press has another small handbook for those who are interested in the problems of the Orient—"Living Issues in China." The author, Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin, was secretary of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association. During the war he was one of the group responsible for the organization of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in England and America. When the National Christian Council of China was organized in 1922, he was asked to be one of its secretaries, and for seven years he traveled the length and breadth of that war-torn country. He is now the director of "Pendle Hill," a graduate center for religious and social study which the Society of Friends opened in 1930 at Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

After reading a manuscript volume of the development of Communism in China, where the red spots seem almost to outnumber the white, it is good to find a note of steadfastness and hope in this little book. Courage and faith have not died out of the land of China.

New Washington Portrait

● A portrait of Washington by Colonel John Trumbull has been presented to the Women's City Club by Dr. Adelaide Brown, who gives its history herewith. It is in the Colonial Hallway at the Club.

"This picture was painted by Trumbull for the city of Charleston, South Carolina, commemorating Washington's visit in May, 1791. It was the second picture offered, the first being rejected, and by many students of art and history considered "the only true likeness" of Washington.

The Stuart picture in black velvet and powdered hair is the official likeness we all know well.

This picture represents Washington with his own hair, in the prime of strength—the soldier.

A bit of appreciation of civic loyalty is added to the story of this prized picture. Charleston was offered a handsome price by Mr. Morgan, who wanted the picture in New York. Though a tempting offer, with fine civic pride Charleston refused it. Then Mr. Morgan told them in what bad repair this and their other colonial portraits were and begged to be allowed to send an expert to do the work for their preservation.

This copy was presented to me by Major Thomas Stoney of Charleston, and I intended to give it to the new Washington High School. As that is still a dream, it is added to our gallery of portraits of Washington."

Dr. Adelaide Brown Honored by Mills College

● Dr. Adelaide Brown, member of the City Club board, one of the most prominent physicians in California and Health Editor of the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, was conferred the degree of "Doctor of Laws" by Mills College at its commencement this month.

It is now Adelaide Brown, LL. D., as well as Adelaide Brown, M. D.

This is the highest degree which may be given by a scholastic institution, and the City Club is deeply sensible of the distinction accorded Dr. Brown, who has been one of the most enthusiastic members of the Club since its beginning.

Dr. Brown originated and has been the moving spirit in the annual free health examinations which the Club extends to its members.

Dr. Brown is a graduate of Smith College and has been prominent in the civic life of San Francisco many years as well as in her profession of medicine.

(Next month the Magazine will carry a story of another member who has been honored beyond the confines of San Francisco, and from time to time will give accounts of accolades conferred upon City Club members).

Pantheism

—HUGH GRAHAM MOON

Oft at the star-set vault of heaven I gaze,
Lit by a myriad shimmering points. With awe
I ask what Laws the Universe obeys.
The stars flash back the answer—God is Law!

The line of battle wavers, hundreds shout,
"We're lost"; men tremble; who with fear can cope?
The panic spreads, some can their Maker doubt,
But Reason urges, "Forward"—God is Hope!

In Spring, by mountain, field and sheltered leas,
The bees play hide and seek, a pleasant duty.
O'er dale and hamlet, bending to the breeze,
The trees and flowers whisper—God is Beauty!

At last, by lifelong doubt's strong shackles bound,
Seeking life's destiny, in vain despair,
I shout my question, "Where can God be found?"
Comes back the answer—God is everywhere!

Held in thine arms, the hours pass swiftly by,
Dearest, my thoughts of thee all rise above.
Enthralled, enraptured, "What is God?" I cry.
Thine eyes so softly answer—God is Love!

● This is the last poem of Hugh Graham Moon, who died suddenly June 12. He frequently contributed to the *City Club Magazine* and other publications, his themes almost invariably being of philosophical or questing character.

He succumbed to heart failure after a particularly happy week-end, and friends and relatives take comfort in the thought that this is as he would have wished. From the lines above it would appear that Hugh Graham Moon had found the answer—satisfactory to himself, at least—before he died.

The Song of the Worlds

By Edith Hecht

Whirling,
Swirling,
Humming,
Spinning,
Without end,
Without beginning;
Circle Planets
'Round their Suns.

Sorrows,
Joys,
Go twirling,
Spinning,
Without end,
Without beginning;
Though the race
Is never done.

Heartaches,
Hopes,
Go hurling,
Spinning,
Without end,
Without beginning,
As we wonder why.

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MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● July brings us a joyous holiday, and this time an opportunity also to enjoy a delightful week-end. Not only that, but it is our first call for the Talent Festival!

"Why, that is not until October," I can hear some of you say. True, but it takes weeks of thought and definite planning to have every detail perfect as it must be on our third year. This time we can not afford to have our display of talent one degree less than perfect, for we have had two years of experience and surely we must have learned a lot during that time.

Better start in right now and visit the shops. Look at all the novelties, see if some of them are possible of duplication, either for your own contribution or as a model for group work. After you have decided upon the article, if it is handwork of some sort buy the material and take it along with you on your vacation. You will be surprised at the results, for idle hours spent on the beach or in the mountains will enable you to fashion one or maybe several gifts for our Club's annual exposition of feminine talents.

Those of you who were fortunate enough to have attended the lectures given by Mr. Rudolph Schaeffer on "Esthetic Appreciation" know how important color, size and shape are in the arrangement of a vase, screen or bouquet. Now that you have the visual consciousness of these phases, would it not be possible to express your ideas in something unique? Of course you can and will—but the point is, do not wait too long or the time will slip by before you realize it.

Your experiences in preparing for the Paper Karnival, too, must have given you dozens of suggestions for intriguing novelties. A roll or two of paper, gold, silver or rainbow hues, with a pair of sharp shears and a big paste pot, and there are lovely screens to be fashioned, from the tiny ones to serve as a background for an exquisite bit of glass or pottery to the large ones for drafts; or perhaps a set of mats for service under flower containers or for the bridge table or meals, when only doilies are used; or maybe a book cover. There are just dozens of things one may make at home that would be lovely for our Festival.

As this is the Home Economics Section, the majority of our members look upon it more or less as a strictly culinary feature. It is that, but it is also all that the name implies. It is the first aid in homemaking problems and that covers every phase of activities within the home. Requests have been made several times for contributions of recipes, as we want this part of the Magazine to belong to YOU—that is, every member of our organization. But only a few have responded—we still desire the recipes, but now we want to start collecting the very best, as some are to be used in the publication that will be issued as a part of the Talent Exhibit.

Please look over your files. When you find a recipe that sounds as though it would be different and delicious, won't you test it by following the directions very carefully, correcting any mistakes, then make a copy for us and send it to the Club in care of the editor of this department? We want suggestions too! And any odd bits of data that you may have obtained in the days gone by. Be sure to read the editorial this month—then whatever you have which you think belongs to this section, send it along, as we do want our huge scrapbook to contain something—a verse, recipe or short article, contributed by each member of the Club.

Now let's talk about the holiday. It will be heaps of fun to run away from home for a few days. Either to the hills or seashore. Maybe to camp out of doors or use the week-end cottage. Unless you go to a hotel where you need not think of cooking, plan simple meals—and this applies to the stay-at-homes, too. For the homemaker wants to enjoy a change also. Take a pencil and paper and list every meal from Friday's dinner to Sunday tea. Select main dishes to serve for two meals. Cook in advance as far as possible and do not hesitate to use canned or packaged foods, as they are delicious and require but little effort to serve.

A smoked or corned ham, or corned tongue are excellent for one hot meal and several cold services. Corned beef and tongue may be cooked together in one pot, serving one meat hot, and reserving the other for reheating or sliced cold—as a one-dish platter, or molded in gelatin or used as sandwich fillings.

If the corned beef and tongue are chosen they could be utilized nicely by serving the beef while hot—cooking carrots, onions, potatoes and cabbage in the same pot for a boiled one-piece dinner. The first two vegetables may be cooked with the meat, as they add to the flavor, but be sure to remove the tongue as soon as it is tender—draining,

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then dipping into cold water to remove the thick outer skin. The cabbage must be cooked in rapidly boiling water, so that should be added with the potatoes about thirty minutes before serving. The pot liquor—if the meat is not too salty—makes delicious soup if chopped celery and tomato puree are added for additional seasoning.

A cold platter offers another one-dish service. Slice the cold tongue very thin. Cover the platter with large lettuce leaves, forming a rose in the center, filling it with potato salad—hot or cold—then about the base arrange thick slices of tomatoes, and on each have a mound of seasoned cottage cheese, topped with mayonnaise and either a pimola or a bit of pimento, cut in stars. Next to this have a border of the cold meat and for the outer edge thinly sliced cheese, one or several kinds. Pickled beets or deviled eggs are also very good on this platter if a greater variety is desired, but they require more preparation. With a cup of clear or cream soup, toasted French bread and the beverage, the meal is complete without a dessert, but if one is required, berries with cookies or assorted fresh fruit would be preferable at this season.

For a holiday it is nice to reduce the labor of preparation, so why not plan to use prepared food products such as corned beef hash, cheese, cakes, mayonnaise, ground chocolate and tea such as we had as awards at the Paper Karnival? They are splendid for all occasions to combine with your regular meals, but as "first aids in homemaking," for unexpected guests, camping, or just picnicking for a day—they are the best ever!

Many of you have copies of the recipe booklets sent to us with these foods, but for the benefit of those who were unable to attend, some of them will be published now which we hope you will enjoy.

With the varieties to be had of the Borden Company brick cheese, some could be sliced for the cold platter; or used as fillings in sandwiches; or combined with other foods for hot entrees or as dressing toppings for salads.

Best Foods Mayonnaise may be utilized in any way one would use the homemade product—just as it comes from the jar as a mayonnaise, or mixed with chopped pickles or maybe chili sauce, olives or a mixture for a Thousand Island. The small jars such as we had are just right for the picnic hamper or small family.

Rice or Wheat Pops are mighty good for the quick breakfast dish. They add an attractive touch to cream soups when sprinkled over the top in place of the usual croutons. Then too, the candy and cookies are tasty—so one may use this grain for all three meals.

Riesener's ground chocolate is another all-purpose mixture. As a beverage for breakfast or luncheon, or with the midnight sandwiches, it is so good the homemaker will have to be ready to fill the extra cups. Added to cake, cookie, pudding, pies or frozen desserts, it pleases the most particular, and it is also fine for confections.

M. J. B. Company's Tree Tea need not be served just as a hot or cold beverage with the regular meals, as it is also a splendid base for punches. It needs no introduction to our members, as it is served in the Club.

Robert's Turkey Brand canned corned beef hash is a true labor-saver. Men like it plain or browned in butter with a poached or fried egg. It is fine for all meals too, and is very good for camping trips.

Langendorf's cakes with tea or coffee make excellent desserts. The big ones we had as special prizes at the party would serve a number of persons, but they bake others in different sizes with a variety of frostings and flavors.

A dandy household aid is Patrick's Brighten-up, for it cleans and polishes mirrors, windows and a host of other things. A bottle will not be amiss in the camp equipment to clean the windshield of the car.

A game like the "Ran for Ran" loaned by the Dollar Steamship Company would be lots of fun for the week-end party, as it would help to keep one's guests interested for part of the time.

Of course the Props loaned by the California Bottling Association can not be used in the home, but they offered new ideas to many who entertain at large affairs.

Now for the recipes! With so many

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wonderful dishes from which to choose one would have to close her eyes and just guess. As we are planning for a holiday week-end, cheese muffins will be fine, as they are so good for luncheon. Then we will have a harlequin shrimp salad, as that is another splendid luncheon or Sunday tea service, and corned beef hash in croquets, all taken from the booklets which accompanied the donations.

To Make Cheese Muffins: ½-lb. package Borden American cheese, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter. Allow cheese to stand at room temperature until softened. Force through a sieve. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Stir the cheese until all particles of cheese have been separated. Combine well-beaten egg and milk. Add to flour mixture gradually, beating only enough to blend ingredients. Fold in melted butter. Place in small greased muffin tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) for 20 minutes.

Harlequin Shrimp Salad: 2 cups shrimps, 1 cup chopped celery, 3 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1 cup tomato jelly cubes (or 3 medium tomatoes sliced thin), 1 bunch watercress, 1 head lettuce, 1 cup Best Foods Mayonnaise. Prepare the cooked shrimps, canned or fresh, remove black vein and let stand in ice water for 15 minutes. Drain and dry. Combine with the celery and green pepper and mix with the Gold Medal Salad Dressing. In the middle of each salad plate place a heaping tablespoon of the celery mixture on a lettuce leaf and garnish with a dash of paprika. Surround with a whole shrimp, place three or four small leaves of lettuce around the edge, garnish with the tomato (jelly cubes or slices) and place small sprays of cress between them. At three intervals equally spaced, and between the tomato cubes, put three rounded teaspoons of the salad dressing. (If sliced tomatoes are used, place the dressing in the center of the slices.) The shrimp and tomato may be eaten with the dressing and the colors are displayed better than when mixed.

Corned Beef Croquettes: 1 No. 2 can Turkey Brand Corned Beef Hash, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons frying compound, ⅛ cup cream, 1 egg, beaten slightly. Melt fat in sauce pan, add hash and cream and stir until well mixed and heated. Take from stove, add parsley and egg. Mix well and allow to cool. Form into croquettes. Dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, fry in deep, hot fat from 350 to 400 degrees F. Serve with poached egg on toast.

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF

I have the last
word from Paris

RHODA - ON - THE - ROOF
233 Post Street « DOuglas 8476

Do You Know That . . .

- A new shipment of imported costume jewelry has just arrived in the League Shop?

There are special vacation rates in the swimming pool for both admissions and lessons?

The fines on overdue books in the Library are used to buy new books?

There is going to be a delightful program for the children on Thursday, July 14, at 2:30 o'clock? Harlequin and his troupe of strolling players will come to the Club to entertain the children with their magic and music.

An interesting collection of antique brasses and useful gifts for the garden are to be had in the League Shop?

Lockers may be rented on the lower main floor for $1.25 for six months?

The Library hours are from 10 a. m. until 9 p. m., except Sundays and holidays, when it is closed?

If you are hunting for an acceptable gift for a man, that we have compact sets of tools, made of the best steel, in leather cases?

Members may take showers in the swimming department for 20 cents?

There is a 50-cent sandwich luncheon served in the Main Dining Room and a 35-cent and 40-cent luncheon in the Cafeteria?

Junior Summer Memberships for girls from 14 to 18 years of age cost only $3.00 and entitle them to the privileges of the Club for three months—June 15 to September 15.

Several types of flashlights—most useful for vacations—are on sale in the League Shop.

Junior Summer Members may swim in the Pool on Monday mornings without any charge whatsoever.

The speaker at the Thursday Evening Program on July 14, Katherine Fowler Richey, is a nationally known "flag-mender," and is going to tell all sorts of interesting things about historic flags.

Shopping in Japan

—CORA A. MAY

(Continued From Last Month)

● We were waited on so pleasantly, perhaps by the shopkeeper's wife or by his son or daughter. As we looked about we took notice, first of the quantities of flame-red bags, the kind the children have, here and there all over the shop, and with these gay notes of color in the upper register, all the way down the scale with the paste! shades representing the half tones, won derful rich harmony of color. Truly the Japanese dyers must be wizards to conjure up such a multiplicity of beautiful tones! There were many purples, rich blues, vivid oranges, brilliant reds, saffron yellows. turquoise blues and willow greens; and after we had gloried in the colors for a time we began to notice the fabrics; the soft corded silks, the heavy crepes, the fine cottons and woolens, and now and then a velour; next we became aware of the beautiful patterns and noticed how well adapted they always were to the fabric upon which they were used. Although the Japanese bag may vary in pattern, fabric or color, it is almost invariably made after the same "plan and specifications." It is just about square and it is drawn up with what "friend father" would call a "puckering string," a heavy cord drawn through a finer cord which is knotted into the edge of the bag; and such attention do they give to details that the color of this drawstring often supplies the needed accent. We bought several of the pretty things, some for the lovely color, some for the rich stuff of which they were made, and again some for the beauty of the design.

It was not until some weeks later when we went to a shop in Yokohama to buy a bag for Yamaguchi's wife that we realized what a serious matter it is to select a bag as a gift for a particular individual. On this occasion, we took into consultation the young salesman, but he in turn applied to one of the women who came to his assistance. We were quite taken aback when we found what an amount of data had to be forthcoming in order to approximate a fitting choice. And the bag they finally selected was so "grandmotherly" in color and the whole effect was so somber that I felt extremely doubtful whether, after all, we had bought just the right thing. Truly the selection we had made in the little bag shop, entirely without expert advice, must have been quite all wrong! Somewhere about this time it was borne upon us that the bag is the Japanese version of the "pocket" and the reason for there being so many bag shops was satisfactorily explained by the fact that the Japanese have just the same weakness for pockets as the men and women of any other country. In another little shop where they make a specialty of purses, cigarette cases and suchlike, we found them carried out in an infinite variety of materials, beginning with cottons, the silks and up through the beautiful and fine leathers to the most wonderful serpent skins; the mounting and lining of them all leaving nothing to be desired. I chose a number of the simpler ones—cigarette cases and purses—for use in my work basket, for never were there greater incentives to keeping a work basket in order than these same things used as small "containers" for hooks and eyes, buttons and odds and ends of various kinds. The shop that caught our eye as being the gayest of them all was the one where they sell the footwear. There, all set up on end and close together on the shelves, the finely plaited straw sandals, the gorgeous red lacquer clogs for the children and all the other varieties with the gayest and brightest of colored straps made a singularly attractive showing. The next prettiest, it seemed to me, were the shops where the ordinary porcelain was sold — what Yamaguchi always called "cheap stuff" — but which nevertheless was very pretty. Here, too, the wares were piled so closely on the shelves that as we surveyed the shop we wondered how they contrived to arrange all the different sized bowls, the tea bowls, the rice bowls, the soup bowls, the tea pots, the flower vases, so that the whole stock is in sight at once. Such charming paper lanterns as we bought in Kyoto, great white bubbles with the decoration sometimes on the inner bubble, which shines softly through when it is lighted. It was interesting to go to one of the shops where they sold the blue and white "kimono cloth." As the season advances all the somber kimonos which have been

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MAIN DINING ROOM
50c and 85c and a la Carte
CAFETERIA
35c and 40c and a la Carte

DINNER
MAIN DINING ROOM
75c and $1.00
CAFETERIA
50c

worn all winter disappear and Japan appears in blue and white or black and white. And to a shop like this we went. What a sight greeted our eyes as we entered! Rows and rows of tables running the full length of the large store piled high with lengths of this "kimono cloth."

We visited the big Mitsu koshi in Tokyo as being one of the best examples of the department store in Japan. We were greatly surprised, as I am sure all are, to find that every one of the fifteen thousand shoppers —the daily average—takes off his shoes as he enters! Of course we did the same and went like all the others, shuffling, or I had almost said, "pussyfooting," about in our stocking feet. Everything in the Mitsu koshi was attractively displayed and the stock was enormous. It seemed that where the doing up of packages was concerned, the Japanese are past masters. Especially were we struck with this in the department where they sold sweets and all manner of things dear to the Japanese palate. Such packages as we saw here, resplendent in gold lace paper, tied up with many colored ribbons with such cunningly devised knots as only Japanese fingers can tie and laid in boxes with wonderfully decorative inscriptions on them. Surely if the contents of the package even in a measure corresponds with the gorgeousness of its wrappings it must indeed be delicious. I have seen "bean paste" done up so attractively that it was some time before I asked myself why I was eating it.

It would take a volume to tell all the things which interest one about the shops of Japan. I should like to have given some advice about what to bring home to friends, and what not to. I had thought to say something about looking for things in out-of-the-way places, for instance in the shops in the little villages in rural Japan; I should like to have told about our visits to some of the "out-of-door" shops; of how near we came to buying a Japanese nightingale and how we *did* buy some insects. In fact when I consider the things I haven't touched on they seem almost more numerous than those I have; but within the limits of an ordinary article, how can one more than enter on such a very rich field as the shops and shopping in Japan?

An Appreciation

● Everyone had such a good time at the Paper Karnival. The dinner was greatly enjoyed, as were the games, which vied for honors with the delightful program which followed the feast.

Unusual decorations fashioned of paper were used in the Cafeteria and Auditorium, and the Committee is deeply grateful to all who assisted in creating such an attractive and happy atmosphere.

Words are too limited to express the appreciation of Mrs. Edgar Kierulff, general chairman, and Mrs. Randolph Madison, Home Economics editor of the Magazine, to the donors of the hundreds of prizes which were awarded at the booths throughout the evening. The co-operation of the food distributors and other firms through their representatives helped to make our party a tremendous success, and we wish to thank the following for their generous donations:

Borden Cheese Company for the four varieties of cheese and the beautifully illustrated booklets containing recipes. There was enough cheese to serve at dinner and for the prizes also.

Mr. Joseph Bransten of M. J. B. Company for tea, packed especially for the occasion.

Mr. Coffin of Coffin-Redington for the exquisite bridge score pads.

Dollar Steamship Company for the loan of the horses for the game, Ran for Ran.

Mr. George Franklyn of the California Bottling Association for the props for the bar.

Hickman Produce Company for the hundreds of jars of Best Foods Mayonnaise.

Mr. Stanley Langendorf of the Langendorf Baking Company for the lovely-looking and better-tasting special cakes.

Captain Frank E. Patrick of the Patrick Glass Polish Company for the many bottles of Brighten-Up.

Riesener Chocolate Company for the host of cans containing ground chocolate.

Mr. G. H. Robert for the cans of Turkey Brand corned beef hash.

Mr. Fred Young of the Foodtown Kitchens for rice and wheat pops.

Camera Man Also Helped

● Photographs of Paper Karnival characters as reproduced in this number of the Magazine, were made by the staff photographer of the San Francisco Examiner.

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Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Russian Girl's Daring Escape

Crosses Frontier River Under Hail of Bullets

(This true account was written in English by a Russian girl who is a graduate-at-law from Harbin University and sent to a member of the Women's City Club.)

● A Russian girl named Lydia Petina has just arrived in Harbin after a particularly daring escape across the Amur River, which divides Russia from the Chinese province of Heilung-chiang. Opposite the town of Blagovieschinsk, where she lived, divided from it only by the broad river, is the small Chinese town of Taheiho. For the citizens of the Soviet Republic the sight of foreign territory—so near and yet so far—is a continual temptation, for once over the river they are free men and women. But few have the courage to attempt the crossing.

Lydia Petina was one of those unfortunate persons who may be called the stepchildren of the proletarian republic. Her parents were rich people who had lost everything during the revolution, and their daughter was therefore "an enemy of the working class," according to official Soviet terminology. This group includes all those who formerly possessed money or property, priests, ex-officers of the Tsar's army, well-to-do peasants—in short everybody not of "proletarian origin." Those who belong to this class of society, the lowest of all in Soviet Russia, have no votes and cannot join any trade union, membership of which alone gives a right to work under the existing regime.

Under such conditions Lydia Petina had to make a living for herself as best she could year after year. There were no prospects of better things in the future, and at last the brave girl made up her mind to escape from her native country. The risks involved were terrible. On Trinity Sunday she decided she would make the attempt. Having put on a white dress, she prayed to God to help her and then went to the river bank. In order to hire a boat she had to show the passport of her servant, for only members of the proletariat are allowed to use boats on the frontier rivers. To lull the suspicions of the vigilant guards, she rowed slowly to and fro along the Soviet bank, as if enjoying the bright summer weather. Seconds and minutes passed till the girl's nerves could bear the strain of waiting no longer. She swiftly turned the boat towards the middle of the river. From the bank the Soviet guards were shouting, "Turn back or we will shoot!" She heard their cries vaguely through the throbbing of the blood in her head. "Turn back? Never! No return! Row hard and trust the rest to God!"

Lydia's brain was in a whirl, but she pulled with a will. Next minute she heard bullets whistling through the air and striking the water all around the boat like hail. Now she entered the sunlit, glittering middle of the river and here the bullets fell more and more often. The girl's heart was in her mouth, but she exerted herself to the utmost. The only chance for her was in that sunlit strip of glistening water, which might blind the eyes of the riflemen so that they could not make aim at her.

The noise of the firing drew the attention of Russians on one side of the river and of Chinese on the other. On both banks of the river people were watching intensely the brave girl's struggle for freedom at the risk of her life.

At last Lydia was within reach of safety. Only a few yards separated her now from the Chinese bank of the river. No more shots were fired, but suddenly she heard the sound of a motorboat rapidly approaching. Were the guards coming to seize her? Had they set off some seconds sooner, they would have succeeded, but now they were too late. Lydia scrambled up the bank and ran toward the Chinese sentinels, who greeted her heartily. Right after her, the Soviet guards disembarked and demanded that the Chinese officers deliver up the fugitive. This being refused, Lydia's fate

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BUILDING

was settled and she was free to proceed to Harbin, where she found friends.

When asked how she succeeded in escaping, Lydia said that God helped her, spoiling the aim of the guards by the bright sunlight on the water. Then the motorboat started too late to catch her, either because of some defect in its machinery or because the crew, sympathizing with her, delayed the start on purpose.

An American at Oxford

(Continued from Page 19)

towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave." The London *Observer* was Washingtonian when it said, on February 21, 1932, "There is no worse nuisance in the world's affairs than what we may call the anti-complex, whether it arises from warm sympathies or fixed hatreds. . . . Nothing in all human affairs is more mischievous in present effect nor more ruinous in tendency than the 'anti-Jap' complex. It is fundamentally irrational."

It is the fashion of our day to scoff at the idea of Idealism in International Affairs. If we join the scoffers, we must part with our guide; for the very keynote of Washington's leadership was a high international idealism: "To give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by Exalted Justice and Benevolence." What saner, safer, sounder leadership can any generation know than sounds in that one simple keynote of his life?

Minor Poets

By EDITH HECHT

We Sing our one brief lay
To Thee, Great Father, mine,
Or place one song, one play
Before Thy Footstool, Thine,
Great God of Gifts, to call
Thy Praise upon our day
So short, with output small.

Not we, full-throated birds
Pouring unstinted wealth
In flood unstemmed, to gird
Thy World with Beauty's strength:
But with hot blinding tears
Our dreams find slowly words
Thru inarticulate years.

Thus bring we, God on High,
Our toil-wrought thoughts, to pray
Before Thy Throne. We try
Our Verse, then fade away
To dim obscurity,
Ignoring feet of clay
In Hope's futurity.

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Member's swimming ticket, 10 admissions $2.75
Members' children's tickets, 10 admissions 2.50

Watch announcements on bulletin board for children's hours during vacation

Instructor will supervise games. Admission fee only

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed., 9:30—7:30 Thurs., Fri., 9:30—9:00
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Monday mornings, Junior Summer Members are invited to use the pool without charge from 9:30 to 12

Your Exercise in the Pool
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REDUCED RATES FOR

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Classes in elementary or advanced swimming or diving will be formed on request of five or more persons. An elementary class is scheduled to start early in July on Wednesday, at 5:30, and an advanced class on Tuesday at 5:30, if five swimmers leave their names at the swimming office. The fee for a course of six half-hour class lessons for a member is $2.75, for a guest $3.75.

Tickets for private lessons entitle the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. The tickets for members and their children (sons under 9, daughters under 18) are $4.00, and for guests are $5.00. These tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser.

●

Guest Night

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim every Friday night from 5:30 to 9.

Members ..... $ .30
Sons under 8, daughters under 18..... .30
Boys over 8, men and women guests..... .40

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

A guest card (25 cents), giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person

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ADULTS 50c ALL SEATS RESERVED CHILDREN 25c

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

August, 1932 ◆ Vol. VI - No. 7
Price 15 cents a Copy

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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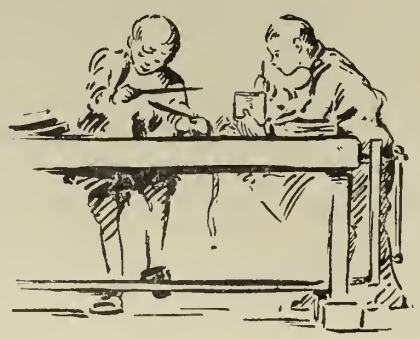
● "Sold to the highest bidder for cash!" sounds, for a moment, like the voice of the auctioneer, the last resort of the hard pressed, but it's not the auctioneer speaking. No, it is the voice of the merchant of this day and age.

And every word of the voice rings true, "Sold to the highest bidder for cash!"

Yet, stop for a moment and reflect on the fact that it is your buying power and your *buying ability* that makes the highest price. Right there is where a guide to shopping comes in handy; the point where one matches the pocket book to the merchandise or service desired.

And trading your dollars and cents for merchandise and service is no different than any other trading. We are always wary of the trickster and sharper; we'd rather do without than risk trading with an unknown person.

That is the reason the Club maintains this Guide to Shops and Services and other advertisers' messages in the Club Magazine. After all, the Club has an interest in the welfare and well-being of its membership and accordingly feels the value of speaking favorably of those traders (merchants and business people) who are worthy of endorsement.



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Not a person or firm represented in this magazine but deserves your attention and trade. Make it a matter of business to check over all the advertisements and cards herein just for the sake of knowing who these advertisers are. Perhaps you'll discover something you've long known — loyalty to those who co-operate is, after all, the only secure method of trading.

Jewelry is more than ever the vogue—we've seen so many new novelties and really necessary pieces recently. Bujannoff has some new items in hand-made jewelry, and the fine craftsmanship and application of individual study in each instance makes them just that—distinctive and individual.

Marie Sweeney, at 177 Post Street, is showing the latest arrivals in imported millinery for fall, not a bit too early to make a selection.

Take the husband along on a shopping trip some one of these fine days. Let him see what it means to use the Guide to Shops and Services. . . .

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

AUGUST 1, 1932

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of every month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.

Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.

Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

GUEST NIGHT IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday Night *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

LUNCHEON TABLE . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Members of Board of Directors will preside at luncheon tables every day during third week of each month. Members are invited to join this table to hear mid-monthly announcements, discussions, etc.

TALENT FESTIVAL LUNCHEON TABLE . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Every Thursday at noon there will be a group meeting of those interested in the Talent Festival at a table in the Cafeteria where plans will be discussed for the Talent Festival to be held on the 12th and 13th of October. Members are invited to bring their trays to this table.

August 1—Young People's Luncheon (Cafeteria Service) - - - - *Mural Room* 12:00 NOON

3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles Curry - - *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.

4—General Meeting of Volunteers - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 10:30 A.M.

General Meeting of Volunteers - - - - - - - *Chinese Room* 7:30 P.M.

Book Review Dinner - - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Subject: A group of four short unusual novels—the new summer fiction—will be reviewed

4—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Miss Paula Swarm
Subject: A Woman's Experiences While Living in the African Bush

10—Business Women's Dinner Meeting for Talent Festival - - *Mural Room* 6:30 P.M.

Members are invited to bring trays to this room

11—Young Members' Tea - - - - - - - - - - *Lounge* 3:30 P.M.

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. Frank H. Beckman
Subject: Keeping up with the Times

12—Talent Festival Meeting for Marin County Members - - - - - 3:00 P.M.

(To be held at the home of Mrs. Marshall Dill, Laurel Grove Avenue, Kentfield)

17—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

18—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Miss Katherine R. Maurer
Subject: Friendly Adventures

25—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mary Keegan Chase
Subject: "Wild Women." (The first struggle for Equal Suffrage in England.)

26—Talent Festival Meeting for Palo Alto Members - - - - - - 3:00 P.M.

(To be held at the home of Mrs. Beach Thompson, 445 Lowell Avenue, Palo Alto)

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT - - *To Be Held in Auditorium of Clubhouse*

Six meetings, Tuesday evenings, September 6 to October 18, inclusive (omitting October 11). Tables $2.00. On sale at Front Office. Prizes for Tournament will be distributed at the Hallowe'en Bridge Party on October 25

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VI — AUGUST, 1932 — NUMBER 7

CONTENTS

City Club Calendar 4
Frontispiece 6
The President's Message 7
Signal Honor for Miss Leale 8
By Mrs. William B. Hamilton
A Glimpse at the Past and Its Lessons for the Future 8
By Mrs. Will J. French
"Life Was Like That," Even a Century Ago 9
By Josephine Bartlett
"Hannibal" 10
By Isabel Stradley
City Club News 11
"I've Said Good-Bye to All That" . . . 12
Bridge Tournament 14
Editorial 15
Reciprocal Clubs 16
"Epilogue"—a poem 16
"They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait" 17
By Zora Combes
"I Have Been Reading" 18
By Eleanor Preston Watkins
Kath's Letter 20
What the Women's City Club Offers . . 21
"Alexandria" 23
By William E. Cameron
"Proposition" 24
Home Economics 26
By Christina Madison
Community Chest Drive 29
Poems 31

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

I DON'T KNOW much about that organization, but one thing I do know, it's *against* So-and-so." It was a street-car conductor and an ex-service man who were discussing a political candidate when overheard, and the conversation which continued for many blocks was all against So-and-so.

Listening to people as they talk these days, one is conscious of this negative spirit, this critical point of view with no alternative to offer in its stead. There is an irritability with life in general and a feeling that one is cheated; that something has been taken away. And yet I wonder—is this experience through which we are now passing the refining of our souls by fire?

During the days of the earthquake and fire we approached a millennium. In less than three days' time, material things had been swept ruthlessly aside. Soon sidewalk kitchens were shared with neighbors; simple pleasures arose which evoked a joyousness well-nigh incredible under the circumstances, and a phrase which soon became hackneyed owed its birth to the spirit of the people who in the conquering of a disaster found the true values of life.

In this same community it is small wonder then that our organization twenty-five years later adjusts itself to new and untoward conditions with patience and understanding. This general statement needs only a few examples to prove the point although more than the columns allotted to this message would be necessary to enumerate all that might be cited. Over four hundred members have foregathered in June and July to discuss the gift of their talents to the club, and dozens have written that vacation period prevented their attendance but that they "stand ready" to serve and will sign up in August and September. Pledges are arriving each Thursday as members meet in the Cafeteria to discuss their gifts and their loans. This is the members' attitude.

What of the staff? Many of the staff are members of the National League and Volunteer Service is so much a part of the program that one never thinks of the words "paid" or "volunteer." When, because of increased postage for the magazine, it became necessary to discuss the salaries of Advertising Manager and Editor, the understanding acceptance by these two members of the staff was characteristic of all. The one accepted a substantial cut in salary, the other became a Volunteer. And so Mrs. Davidson, the Editor-in-Chief of the Women's City Club Magazine since its origin, brings next month her talent as a volunteer offering to her Club. We accept it gratefully and appreciatively.

These two examples suffice to prove my point. Unlike the street-car conductor and the ex-service man, members and staff of the National League for Woman's Service of California are "for," not "against."

For the first time since we organized, opportunity is now ours for the bringing immediately into membership of personal friends. Let us gather unto ourselves only those who believe in our program and who will fit happily into a membership which is a harmonious whole. The waiting list will in another month or so be resumed, for many have asked to be placed on it for invitation next year. Anyone wishing to join at this time must therefore seize the opportunity before it is too late. Your talented friend who will serve can thus become a member before the Festival days in October.

Signal Honor Conferred Upon Miss Marion Leale

—MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON

● The very soul of the National League for Woman's Service stands revealed in the signal honor bestowed on a charter member, whose hand has never been off the plow nor ever a look backward: our loved president and comrade, Miss Marion Leale.

She has been made a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences in recognition of her notable achievement in the development of Volunteer Service as a successful instrument for the "betterment of mankind" in this social science field. They recognized that under her leadership democracy in its truest form has united and welded all religions, all kinds of inherited tendencies, all sorts of environment, all occupations, every taste, in a membership working side by side in friendly cooperation and mutual appreciation—not for what they could get out of the organization but for what they could give.

Under this National League for Woman's Service banner, Volunteer Service was, is and ever will be the dominant note of Miss Leale's life work and only because we have been so near and privileged to have a part in this "betterment of mankind" growth, were we in a measure unmindful that her leadership was attracting the notice of so outstanding an honor society as the National Institute of Social Sciences, having as President Hon. William C. Redfield of New York, and which lists as its Vice Presidents Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Irving Fisher, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Hon. John W. Davis, Hon. Elihu Root, Michael Pupin, Hon. Owen D. Young, Mrs. E. H. Harriman and others equally distinguished.

How happy we are that there are others who think, as we do, that Miss Leale has earned all honor.

● The National Institute of Social Sciences, in its Journal, gives this summary of its functions:

1. It provides for recognizing service to society or to any of its organized forms by admitting to a carefully selected membership those who have by such services made clear their right to membership.

2. It provides through its stated meetings and through the publication of its Annual Journal the means whereby the work of its members may be made known to its country-wide membership and to the country at large.

3. It assists in social service by attendance through representative delegates at gatherings of important organizations.

4. It confers the Gold Medal of the Institute upon men and women whose activities have been especially directed toward the betterman of man or who have rendered distinguished humanitarian or social service.

(The latter paragraph gives a clear idea of the honor which has been conferred upon Miss Leale, and of which Mrs. Hamilton writes. Her name stands upon the tablets of the Institute with some of the most distinguished in history. Jane Addams, Julia Lathrop, Lord Bryce, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Edward H. Sothern, Marcella Sembrich, Myron T. Herrick are representatives of the far-flung activities which the Institute recognizes.)

Library, City Club, San Francisco

A Glimpse at the Past and Its Lessons for the Future

—MRS. WILL J. FRENCH

● Fifteen years ago the National League for Woman's Service organized, realizing the need for practical volunteer service and trained leadership. It possessed and availed itself of opportunity for personal work in behalf of womanhood. The response from the public was beyond the most ardent dreams of the founders.

The committee formulated a definite program of work, followed by practical activities, resulting in a Volunteer Service still functioning and constantly revivifying the old and new members to a better quality of co-operation and leadership.

Many departments proved their need and practicability, the outstanding ones being the canteens, libraries, extension lectures, and the information booths. We worked singly and later collectively, developing in the larger groups fine friendships and lasting memories of helpfulness, especially during the period of the bubonic plague, when co-operation was necessary and at its best.

The following will recall to old friends and workers the activities and their supervisory functions in the city, state, and federal fields:

I. City: (1) For the San Francisco Red Cross we made and repaired masks for the men employed at the Union Iron Works.

II. State: (1) For the National Council of Defense we campaigned for the registration of nurses for the local hospitals; (2) For the University of California Extension Division we lectured on food conservation and Americanization.

III. Federal: (1) Under the War Camp Community Service, information bureaus were established for helping both the military and civilian population.

A record was kept and filed and weekly reports were made to each of these organizations and the League. Little did we anticipate that it was history in the making.

On such occasions as the "Birthday" dinner, fifteen years after, we take count of the tasks of these faithful and loyal workers, and of the present status of our fellow officials and club workers. Outstanding is our president, Miss Marion W. Leale, whose monthly letters in our Club Magazine constantly recall to our minds the spiritual values to be found in our volunteer co-operative efforts. Her hope, trust and affection for her ever-growing family in the new organization of the Women's City Club make the latter a vital asset to us all and to our state.

Today some of us have not the time to give to our Club that it deserves; others live out of town, with local community interests calling for aid, especially during these perplexing times in a constantly-changing world.

We are grateful to those who carry on the daily Club services which, after all, fit them for the larger community efforts for which both the League and the Club were founded, and upon which they still exist, for no one having participated in such an association can ever again become isolated.

That the Club, its leaders, and the work, may continue to grow and prosper, is the earnest wish of each one of us.

"Life Was Like That" Even a Century Ago

—JOSEPHINE BARTLETT

● Did we hear someone say that modern life was becoming too complicated?

After perusing The Female's Encyclopedia of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, Comprising Every Branch of Domestic Economy, we're ready to take issue with the statement.

The encyclopedia, published in 1832, was the work of one M. U. Sears, and when the author claims that she has covered "every branch of domestic economy" she has not understated her case.

Cookery, Domestic Medicine, Marketing, the Art of Carving, Employment of Time, a Study of the Comparative Condition of Women in Various Parts of the World, the Duties of Married Life, Female Biography, Proper Apparel, Female Occupations . . . there is no feminine activity which has not been touched upon in that manner of stilted sprightliness that seems to have been the particular literary curse of most women writers of a century ago.

But to return to this matter of the simpler life. How would Mrs. Spruce Street of today enjoy making her selection of meat for the day from twelve different animals, sixty-seven edible birds and fowl, and three varieties of turtle? Among the meats we find listed the rib-faced deer, the roebuck and domestic goat. The birds suitable for human food include such present-day curiosities as the black-backed gull, the red godwit, the long-legged plover and the no-kneed bustard.

Let's suppose it's Friday. In that case the housewife of 1832 debates between seventy-one varieties of fish such as the dorse, the pout, the oscellated blenny, the smear dab, the louch, the gudgeon and a swarm of lampreys, including the common, the greater and the lesser lamprey.

The "domestic memoranda" are numerous and varied. There is, for instance, a prescription for a "tincture to strengthen the gums and prevent the scurvy." The tincture is made by infusing an ounce of Peruvian bark in a half pint of brandy. This to be used as a gargle, night and morning, but the gargle is to be diluted with rosewater.

A recipe for a tincture to sweeten the breath contains the leaves of sage, angelica, wormwood, savory, fennel, mint, hyssop, balm, sweet-basil, rue, thyme, marjorum, rosemary, origanum, calamint and wild thyme. Four ounces of each of these is mixed with the same quantity of lavender flowers and one gallon of *good* brandy is poured over the whole mixture and then it is allowed to stand in a warm place for a week. "This tincture," we are assured, "is much superior to eastern aromatics whose very powerful scent only discovers what their use is intended to conceal."

And so, far, far into the realm of human activity, thought and behavior, M. U. Sears, in her answers to correspondents, attacked every question put to her with vigor and point. She was as willing to tell one correspondent *why* God made the world in six days as she was to tell another how the taste and odor of not-too-fresh fish might be happily disguised with salt and vinegar!

The Female's Encyclopedia, etc., though yellowed with age still retains its fine binding intact; the leather covers are in excellent condition, the gilt trimming far from faded. Would that a few of the ancient, homely virtues prescribed therein had been as beautifully preserved in the past hundred years!

Franc Pierce Hammon Memorial Window at City Club on Fourth Floor, "Looking Westward to the Sea."

"Hannibal"

—ISABEL STRADLEY

● To begin with, we wanted a Great Dane. At the time we were living in a four-room apartment; nevertheless we wanted him. He was to be thirty-two inches tall, weight approximately one hundred and forty pounds, brindle in color, and we would call him Hannibal.

So we haunted the shows. In all the hundreds and hundreds of dogs exhibited, we had eyes only for the Great Danes. We had Dane pamphlets from every kennel of importance in the country. At least we would know all about raising Hannibal when we finally found him! We knew the shape that his head should be, the length of his legs, the size of his chest. We learned his disposition and his character and his appetite. And even his appetite did not halt the search! While the hunt for him was on, we moved. At least we must have sufficent room for him.

And then, behold! We met up with Alcibiades, the Second, known to his friends and intimates as Sandy—not a Great Dane, but an English setter. I was vaguely familiar with the breed, but I always thought of woods and fields and streams whenever I saw them, visualizing them forever tearing across country after birds.

But be warned! Never permit yourself to become friendly with an English setter unless you are prepared to take him to your heart and hearth. Otherwise when you meet up with him, look him in the eye with a firm unyielding glance and pass on. Do not pause a moment, else he may extend a paw. If you accept it and stop to chat even for a moment, you are lost. He will give you a look of melting sweetness, and doubtless gulp wistfully while you twig his ears.

Well, we were dog hungry, of course, and this was Sandy's opening—do you see? Once given the opening, he proceeded to undermine our defences. Slowly, drop by drop, he distilled the honey of his wheedling ways into our lives until he came to live with us. Gradually he was to blot out the picture of Hannibal, at least for the time. His appealing great brown eyes, so honest, so intelligent, gazed at us steadfastly whenever we thought of Hannibal, and allowed no forgetting. He beguiled the heart right out of us and would be content with nothing else.

Alcibiades, the Second—Sandy to his friends — came from a line of mighty hunters, not to speak of an aristocracy in the field trials that is a Blue Book in itself. But his story has been set down elsewhere. Suffice for this record to say that while he lived, Hannibal faded down the hills and valleys of memory. Nor were there any regrets.

An accident caused Sandy's untimely end. It was long before we recovered, but we did in time, and faintly now the outline of Hannibal appeared on the far horizon. But before we had time even to organize the search, Jock arrived—a gift. Hannibal disappeared into the shadows. Jock was a wire-haired fox terrier.

He was said to be a watchdog. If barking all day and sleeping by night was the way he was trained to watch, well and good. But I used to wonder! I do not mean to belittle this very charming breed when I say that Jock was the most intelligent looking dumb creature I have ever known!

To train and rear him nearly cost us our reason, and our home! Over and over again he would be punished for various things; he would look at you with those bright eyes in such an understanding way, only to turn around perhaps the very moment the punishment was over and repeat the offense. There was one thing he did fluently, and with no training. He fought. He was death on cats, and he would tackle any dog, big or little. He went after a tiny puppy with the same zest that he mixed it with a St. Bernard! The mention of his name in our neighborhood to any cat or dog brought shudders, not to speak of his reputation with janitors, hallboys, doormen, elevator boys, tradespeople.

He had one charming trait, however—his fondness for very little children. He had a lovely way of standing perfectly still, head lowered, tail wiggling wildly, when a small toddler wanted to caress him. In his extreme youth, his love for babies was so intense he would climb, if possible, fairly into the baby buggies in the parks and salute the delighted occupant by licking its face amidst its gurgles of joy and the horrified shrieks of the attendant.

But the day Jock got into a dispute with a coal black chow in the lobby of our apartment house, we decided to send him to the country. This chow we had avoided consistently, expecting it to make mincemeat of Jock if they ever met; but Jock won the battle, gory though it was, and the chow was badly hurt. They were only separated by the intervention of many doormen, janitors, chauffeurs and what not. Mostly what not. It had ceased to be cute. So Jock was banished to the country, and it was a relief for a time to be dogless. And so pleasant to be able to answer the telephone without hearing that a murder had been done!

Weeks passed, then months. Unexpectedly a few weeks since we moved to a charming old house with a large garden and grounds. Dimly then the thought of Hannibal began to tease our minds. At last we had a royal place to keep him!

But alas! No sooner were we settled than we were presented with Zahra, the Second, an aristocrat of the old Russia. She is a Samoyede, perhaps the oldest of domesticated dogs, used for centuries for herding reindeer by the Samoyede people, a nomadic tribe of Finnic origin inhabiting the Yalmal or Samoyede Peninsula. The breed has come down for nearly three thousand years without cross-breeding with any other variety. They have been used repeatedly by explorers in Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, notably by Nansen, Shackleton, and favored by them because of their great gentleness, unusual intelligence and hardiness. The dogs were introduced into England in the late eighties and there are but five or six hundred of them in America, all descended from that group.

I could not help but be impressed by Zahra's beauty and distinction. Her family tree is quite overwhelming. She has two grandparents who are champions, one of the finest dogs bred in England, and a great grandfather, the celebrated Tobolsk, said to be the best of this breed ever developed. She is pure white, eyes deep and velvet black set in white eyelashes, a black-rimmed mouth, tapering foreface, ears not too long, set wide apart. Breeding, intelligence, beauty and a gay, warm little heart that expresses itself in all sorts of winning ways. What more could one ask?

Well, we have burned up all our Great Dane pamphlets. Sometimes I remember the noble Hannibal, but he has faded deeper and deeper into the shadows. It is hard to see him any longer.

Unlimited Number of Guest Cards Issued for One Dollar

● "The payment of $1.00 entitles a member to guest cards for an unlimited number of guests in a fiscal year. (March 1 to March 1)."

The ruling was passed by the City Club Board of Directors, July 18. With so many visitors in San Francisco, drawn here by conventions and the matchless summer climate, the members will welcome the new ruling entitling them to issue an unlimited number of guest cards to friends and relatives. The new proviso permits a member to extend the hospitality of the Club to one or fifty, if she likes, all for the moderate fee of one dollar.

A single card is fifty cents, but if a member now pays one dollar her name is registered at the Front Office and she may have privileges extended to her friends as frequently as she wishes up to the following March. The rule governing guest cards remains the same—that is, a guest has a two weeks' privilege with an extension of two weeks.

The "Three Months" card ($5.00) entitling a guest to the privileges of the Club for three consecutive months in a period of twelve months, will still be issued.

So many members want to invite out of town guests to use the Club, but when there are many in a year the fifty-cent pieces count up. In the two weeks since this rule became effective, many have taken advantage of it and seem overjoyed at the opportunity it will give them to extend typical San Francisco hospitality.

"Is there any Club on earth which really *serves* its members as does the Women's City Club of San Francisco?

"I don't see how you think of so many excellent things."

This, in a letter written by a member living in La Jolla who had asked that a guest card be issued to a friend visiting in San Francisco, and had been told of this new privilege.

Miss Garrett Heads Candy Committee

● Miss Elsa Garrett is again to be chairman of the Candy Department of the Talent Festival, and already has made arrangements for attractive "containers" and delectable candy to be sold in various quantities at the Talent Festival.

In fact, all of the committees have made remarkable progress, considering that the Festival is still two months in the future.

Conventions Bring Many Guests to Club

● The Club has had the pleasure during the past month of extending hospitality to a number of guests from different parts of the country who have been attending conventions in San Francisco. Among them were:

Mrs. Gardner S. Allis, Rochester, N. Y.
Miss Elizabeth Rankin, Des Moines, Iowa.
Miss Virginia Williams, San Jose.
Miss Beatrice Ralston, Carmel.
Miss O'Sullivan, Carmel.
Mrs. Frances McKeen, Northampton, Mass.
Miss Lillie Earll, Chico, Cal.
Miss J. B. Timberlake, Washington, D.C.
Miss Frances H. Downes, Washington, D. C.
Miss Katherine Madden, Washington, D. C.
Miss Florence S. Berryman, Washington, D. C.
Miss Margaret R. Barrett, Genesee, N.Y.
Mrs. Bruce Scott, Evanston, Ill.
Miss B. N. Leonard, Northampton, Mass.
Mrs. B. C. Bradford, St. Paul, Minn.
Lucy Ella Case, Los Angeles
Genevieve Dale.
Miss Helen Plumb, New York.
Miss Naomi B. Ream, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Eugene Henely, Grinnell, Iowa
Miss Housner, Chicago.

California Writers Will Exhibit Work

● California writers who have had their works published will have a section at the forthcoming Talent Festival.

They are asked to bring their published works, which will be displayed on a "Californiana" table. This applies to magazine articles, music and newspaper "stories" as well as books, but they must have been published in bona fide media.

Distinguished Visitor From China at Club

● Among the interesting guests at the City Club this month was Mrs. Edwin S. Cunningham, wife of the American consul at Shanghai.

Mrs. Cunningham was enthusiastically interested in the regime of "Volunteer Service" at the Club, which, she said, was unique in her experience.

Do You Know That —

● If you have money, jewelry or other valuables you wish the Club to keep for you, safe deposit envelopes in which to keep them may be obtained at the Front Office.

Bedroom rates at the Club range from $35.00 to $125.00.

If a library book is lost the borrower must pay the price of a new copy.

The younger members meet at luncheon in the Mural Room the first Monday each month. If you have not already met with them you are invited to do so.

One of our members living in San Salvadore sends us, from time to time, books and magazines written in Spanish, which will form the nucleus of a Spanish library. We also have an excellent collection of French books.

Hundreds of members are already working on their "talents" for the Festival to be held October 12 and 13. Have you planned yours?

There is a delicious fifty-cent luncheon served daily in the main dining room.

Children four and five years of age are learning to swim and dive in our Pool.

Seven and ten-day library books cannot be renewed.

You are invited to join the volunteers who make surgical dressings for the hospitals each Friday. They meet in Room 208.

The "Hannah Mammy Chicken" with corn fritters on the menu every Thursday night is one of the most popular dishes in the Dining Room.

Every Thursday night (unless Thursday falls on a holiday) there is a program in the Auditorium at eight o'clock to which all members and their guests are invited. There is no admission fee.

The payment of one dollar entitles a member to guest cards for an unlimited number of guests in a fiscal year (March 1 to March 1).

Scrip books in amounts from one to ten dollars may be purchased which can be used in any department of the Club.

Bedrooms without bath may be rented by the hour, or a fraction thereof, for thirty-five cents, with bath for seventy-five cents the first hour and fifty cents each succeeding hour or fraction thereof.

Layettes Being Received at Club

● Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson, member of the City Club, president of the Needlework Guild, is head of a committee which is receiving gifts of layettes at the Club. They may be left at the Front Office on the first floor.

I've Said Good-bye to All That

—ANONYMOUS

● So far as I am concerned, from this time on social life is going to mean something real. There must be in it the particular tingle I want to get out of existence, or I don't belong to it. That means that where two or three are gathered together — or a dozen — and I am one of them, we are gathered because this is in the midst of us. This electric spark. Something mental or spiritual. (Oh—a few refreshments, of course, and always a cup of coffee.) If people come to my house, and find things stale, it is time for them to go home. It is not my business to cut crepe paper into bits to entertain them. If we have nothing in common, nothing to say to each other, then why, in heaven's name, should they come? and why, in the name of anything else, should they stay, or come again?

This is the decision I came to a few years ago, in a city of twenty thousand where I am an inconspicuous college professor.

Of course, in the first place, I am never lonesome nor bored. But I am not the only person of that type. I have a great many friends who find each year too full of exciting things that must yet be done, for it to pall on them. Or, possibly, they find life hard, difficult, complex. But it is always interesting. They are not bored, not even those who pretend to be, along with other sophisticated modern pretenses. But I know that there are many of the opposite type.

When we had worse movies than we have now, and I could not endure them, a colleague said, "But what do you do evenings?" There are some, in all walks of life, who do things merely "to pass the time." But I am not of that sort, and my friends are not. People like that excite my pity, an emotion which for me precludes friendship. Then, since I can have a good time by myself, and they could evidently have a better time without me, why should people who come to my door stay any longer than they have something to say, or something to listen to which they wish to hear?

Don't tell me that I am needed in society. I have looked about me and figured that out. Society does not need those who can get along without it. One place I am not needed is at the bridge table. The Lord has already provided. The women who have sacrificed themselves on that altar are sufficient. I have come to the place now where I can say with perfect equanimity to any lady bridge tycoon, "Thank you so much, but I can't play." I have grown callous to the look of astonishment that this remark brings forth. But I can enjoy her type of amazement. It has quality!

I was brought up in a home that disapproved of cards. I have been ashamed to admit that, for my own ideas on what used to be "questionable amusements" are so free as to periodically endanger my tenure of office. But I have found that many whose ideas are labeled radical have been reared as water-drinkers, and I now am shameless. Almost every winter of the present card-mad era I have had this question to settle over again. (Before it, I tried to learn, but lacked something — brains or interest). Someone telephones me. "A few of us who can't play well are going to meet one evening a week and learn. Won't you join us?"

The last time this happened, I settled it for good and all. And that crowd looked almost too inviting to turn down. They were the Mindens, the Pratts, the Swarths —families I enjoy more than others of our twenty thousand. They buy books because they like books; they know what is going on in the world; they go in to the city frequently for plays and concerts. They enjoy *things*, but they like *ideas* better. When a world luminary comes to town, they are asked to meet him. If I am ever to be improved, no better setting could be found. Somehow in that group I can't quite see a hot and hostile pursuit of the bridge prize. Wouldn't they be as amused and detached as I am, thinking how God must laugh at us ants laboring so earnestly to have a good time? During and after refreshments (and that is a crowd that does extract marvels of whipped cream and cold chicken from ice boxes) there would be minutes that would stretch out into hours because of a mental excitement that would be worth all the evening of pretended enjoyment at cards. (Do you suppose I still think their recent desire for improvement is a compromise?) I tell you, with that invitation I was almost saved. But not quite. This marred salvation. I footed up the probable cost. One evening a week would mean at least—deducting those that circumstance would addle—ten evenings.

And horrors, think of what will happen should I find after all that I *can* learn to play well. "Won't you come over and play cards this evening? Mrs. Penney is sick and can't come. Please be good natured and take her place."

Now, playing second fiddle has never bothered me in the least. Even third is satisfactory, if the company is agreeable and the dinner good. I can't ask everybody and neither can they. I am invited to many more things than I want to go to, and of course others are too. Ah, but here's the rub. That will mean ten more evenings. Do I want to spend twenty evenings this winter playing cards? I do not. . . . And so I can still say, when invited, "No, thank you so much. I don't play. Can't follow the plot."

But there are others. Debarred by scruples or ability from cards, we must have our social gatherings somehow. (And fashion says that games are *in* again.) So we arrange for entertaining our friends by giving examinations. We pass out sheets of paper, just as teachers do. After the set-to, someone gets a prize. I know no more pathetic sight than a roomful of people who have come together for social life, cudgelling their brains over examination tasks, chewing pencils, trying to beat the other pupils. With brains that could be set going to an interplay of exciting ideas!

Perhaps we choose groups, and meet in various corners of the room. That way things are "kept going" and there are no awful silent moments. No one needs to think. Or we have a banquet, and during most of the courses and after all of them, a modern marvel arises and gingers up the pep of the crowd with snappy singing—songs that have been originated, mimeographed and passed around. If a shy but brilliant man sits at your right, just as you have him relating an unusual phase of his career that might stimulate you for a week, the saxophonic caterwaul begins, his voice is dimmed, and by the time you may listen again, the spark is gone, the fire is out. It would take a whole diamond match factory to get another blaze.

These things, then, these substitutes for silence, I can give up. Of course, once in a while I get caught. There is to be a banquet at which an internationally minded celebrity has promised to speak. I go because I want to hear him. I endure the pep, as I suppose the man who is to speak is enduring it. Imagine what those people at the banquet head, near the honored guest, are missing and not knowing it! All those golden hours, when they could be hearing things from him that would far surpass the prepared speech he will give when it is his time to perform. All lost because we have lost social courage! We fear that our brains will not provide speech, and so we must provide songs and yells and whoopee, lest there be a moment of silence.

Yes, we have lost courage. We have become so accustomed to press a button and be carried to the office, press a button and have the house cleaned, press a button and find the toast browned, the washing done, the streets paved, that we have lost confidence in our grey matter. We are afraid

that people won't talk. Most hostesses provide cards and games because they are afraid to trust the minds of their friends. They fear that silent moment that might stand out embarrassingly. They hear its momentous approach. They grow cold with fright as it comes near. They can't stand it. The card table comes out. Ah, here is a clean and shining deck. All the tingle gone, that was about to arise had one had the courage to wait until someone said something that he wanted to say. I'll tell you, what we need is the conviction of the old Quakers. Let people sit until they have a message.

Possibly you think I do not have any social life. Oh, but I have! And when I have a luncheon or a dinner or an evening party, I get together people I want and who, I am fairly sure, want to come. I put together enough listeners and talkers to make the momentum of the evening. There are men and women who shine by listening, just as there are those who shine by talking. They know when to ask a question, how to bring out the silent wife of an intellectual man, or the silent husband of one's best woman friend, so that no one shall go away from an evening spent in "just talk" without feeling the thrill of having contributed something.

There are several women—and one man—among my friends, who have exquisite gifts in this direction. They know just when to look across a crowd and say, "Mrs. Brown, tell them about that time you missed the train in Paris, and ran into the French writer who had missed it too!" Mrs. Brown can go to Paris when the rest of us can't, but she can't step into the limelight and tell about it unless someone rings a bell, as it were, to offer her the cue. But with the anecdotes vouched for by this woman whose approval is court favor, she comes along wonderfully, and goes home feeling that her taper has added to the glow of a shining evening.

And if you chance to think that I miss the casual social life that occurs without invitation, you are mistaken again. Many new and unusual connections were made as soon as I had the courage to provide the vacuum. They have increased with the new method! Only too many times (for accomplishing what I want to accomplish) the telephone rings. "Are you busy?" "Yes, I am! Rather. Who is this?" I have learned to say it in that order. And then I can add, with a better grace, "Oh, it's you? Do come!" But sometimes I have to say, "Now it's this way. I have all I possibly can do this week-end. But I have to shell nuts for the Monday night sandwiches. Why couldn't you drop in for three-quarters of an hour while I do that?" And that person comes. I put the clock where she can see it and ask her to please watch the time, for I'll forget all about it myself, and I must have the rest of the day. You'd think they wouldn't come again. But you remember what Emerson said about coming to a finer understanding with people, had we the courage to tell them the absolute truth.

I feel better now. Life is richer. I like the tang of it. How thankful I am that I have escaped from it, that I am not caught in the whirlpool.

Not long ago I was asked to speak on a club program. There was an unusually fine lecture on period music. The musician came accompanied by her mother. She had to come in just in time for her place on the program, for she gave music lessons the rest of the afternoon and had to rearrange her schedule to permit this performance. A woman from New York, leader in girl scout work, gave a charming talk. She could stay only long enough to make it. I stayed through. I could afford to, for I have given up everything the others still attend. The president of the club was there because she had to preside. A secretary had to be present. There were twelve others in attendance. All that to-do for twelve people, and each person on the program, in getting her part ready, thought she would appear before a large audience. Each one running off from the next on the program, because life was so crowded

A great many things happen just like that. Arrant nonsense! arrant nonsense! my grandmother used to say.

For my part, I am going to find a way to lead my own life. And as fast as any portion of my social life does not contain the thrill I demand, I shall throw it away. My home brew must have a kick or out it goes.

Summer at Lake Tahoe, California

Here's Your Opportunity for Grand Slams and "Honors"

● A Contract Bridge Tournament for the months of September and October has been arranged, which will be a friendly gathering for the playing of twenty-five rubbers. No auction bridge will be played in the tournament, but all members will be welcome to the usual Tuesday bridge.

The entrance will be in groups of four and the fee will be 50 cents per person, or $2 per table, for the entire tournament, which will be played on the evenings of September 6, 13, 20, 27, and October 4 and 18. There will be no bridge the evening of October 11 on account of the Talent Festival which will be held that week. It is particularly desired that we have as many gentlemen as possible participating; members will please bear this in mind when making up their tables.

The chairman will be Miss Evelyn Larkin. Tickets are on sale at the desk in the Entrance Lobby, and when purchasing please register all the names of the players at your table.

RULES.—There will be no set hands, but the play will be in accordance with the cards dealt at each table.

There is to be no doubling. Otherwise the game will be played according to standard rules of contract bridge.

There will be no progressing, but the players will pivot at their own tables after each rubber.

Each "foursome" will have a captain who will report the scores of each player at their table to Miss Larkin, who will announce the result the following Tuesday.

PRIZES. — Three prizes consisting of merchandise orders on the League Shop will be given, as follows: $10 for the highest score, $5 for the second highest score, and $3 for the third highest score.

The prizes will be awarded at the Hallowe'en Party, Tuesday evening, October 25.

All Club members and their friends are very cordially invited to play in this tournament and the committee is hoping for a large and enthusiastic number when the tournament starts Tuesday evening, September 6, at 7:30 o'clock

BRIDGE COMMITTEE: Harriet Adams, Evelyn Larkin, I. E. Banz, Mrs. Nettie Metzger, Mrs. P. A. Coxon, Ida J. Lord.

COURTESY OF CAMERA CRAFT.

A Noble Ruin: San Juan Capistrano (H. P. Webb)

Talent Festival Meetings

● Mrs. Marshall Dill, member of our Board of Directors, has offered her lovely home in Kentfield on Friday, August 12, for a meeting of the Marin County members of the Club, at which time Miss Leale will explain the progress already made toward the third Annual Talent Festival.

A similar meeting will be held on Friday, August 26, at the home of Mrs. Beach Thompson in Palo Alto, when members residing between Redwood City and Los Gatos will congregate for the same purpose. Those who attended the stimulating meeting last year in Mrs. Thompson's garden and tennis court will look forward to a repetition of the pleasure. There are about three hundred members living near Palo Alto and the meeting promises to be a large one.

Meetings are being arranged for Sacramento, Stockton and Carmel early in September, notices of which will appear in the next Magazine.

All members living in these communities are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

EDITORIAL

● Every man and woman serves God in a different way. That is, every conscientious man and woman.

Wittingly or unwittingly, we like to think that every adult wants to be helpful. Many go beyond that and want to be useful.

Each in her own way, every member of the City Club wants to be worthy of that membership, for she was made cognizant before admission or that there *is* a responsibility.

It may be as a "booster" (horrid word!) that she can help. Or just by being a gracious person who pleasantly contacts every other person. And that is a pretty big order, when it is analyzed in all its meaning.

It may be actual work.

Standing behind the steam tables ladling soup, for instance.

Or by leadership.

Or "followship" and fellowship.

To follow a trusted leader with implicit confidence were no mean job. And so we come to the Talent Festival. There are as many talents in the scheme of things as there are individuals.

But to make them tangible and visible is another matter.

One of the purposes of the Thursday luncheons being held in the Cafeteria, where members of the Festival Committee confer with the enthusiastic ones who are seething with so many ideas that they don't know where to begin, is to give instructions and shape and direct the tide of willingness.

It has been said that one of the beneficent results of the depression has been a sending of the consciousness to its well-springs of self. That is, finding that extraneous things are not so plentiful or so near at hand, we have turned toward self for entertainment, employment, mental and spiritual occupation.

What is to come out of it all is, of course, on the knees of the gods. Some great poem? A saga of human affairs that shall give manna to the future? An invention? A key with which to unlock the unknown?

One may as well ask, by the same token, what is to to eventuate from the City Club Talent Festivals?

For, after all, they are seeking the talents or, rather, are designed and, maybe, destined, to unearth great talents.

And if not great ones then lesser ones, small ones. For nothing is despised in the economy of things.

The Talent Festival was first an inspiration; then an improvisation.

It affords opportunity for the expression of the member's individual bent. This "outward and visible sign" of her ability or genius is presented to the Club, which offers it for sale, and the profits to accrue to the Club.

Thus the Club, in addition to all its other functions, becomes, once a year, literally a clearing-house.

Besides the Thursday luncheons in the Cafeteria there are other meetings. The third week of each month—and but two more months remain, August and September—there will be Board members present every day in the Cafeteria to assist with suggestions and advice.

The various "crews" in charge of the several departments are meeting daily, and from present indications, two months before the fact, the Talent Festival will exceed the two previous annual events in every way.

Articles for sale will be displayed in the Auditorium and loan exhibits will be shown on the Fourth Floor. There will be a gala dinner on the concuding night, on the Third Floor, and this will be followed by a program on the stage of the Auditorium.

Even the program will be "Talent" contributed by gifted members of the Club.

Send Your Contributions to the Almanac

● The official souvenir of the Third Annual Talent Festival, October 12 and 13, will be the City Club Almanac—just as the calendars were the souvenirs of the Second Festival and the Historical Number of the Magazine was the memento of the First Festival.

Send your favorite joke, recipe, rhyme, rule of conduct—any conceit which you believe would find a place in the Almanac. All may not be accepted—because of lack of space—but the Committee would like a wide choice from which to cull.

A Group of Last Year's Talent Festival Enthusiasts—Still on the Job.

Reciprocal Clubs

● Here are clubs in the United States and abroad which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Members of the San Francisco Club may present their membership cards and credentials to any of these clubs and have virtually the same privileges in any of them that they would have in their own club.

United States—

Akron, O., Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Mass., Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Ill., Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh St.
Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club, Tower Building, Ninth Floor.
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson St.
Cleveland, O., Women's City Club, 826 East Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich., Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Woman's Club.
New York City, N. Y., Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo., The Town Club, 1120-22 Locust St.
St. Paul, Minn., Women's City Club, Cor. St. Peter and Third.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 22 Jackson Place.

Abroad—

Berlin, Germany, American Woman's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club, Albert House, Albert St.
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club, Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club, 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland, The Lady Artists' Club, 5 Blytheswood Square.
London, England, American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor St., W. I.
London, England, The Halcyon Club, 13-14 Cork St.
London, England, The Pioneer Club, 12 Cavendish Square, W. I.
Madrid, Spain, Lyceum Club, S. Marcos No. 24.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St. W.
Paris, France, The American Women's Club, 61 Rue Boissiere.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club, 77 King St.
Vienna, Austria, American Women's Club, Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, New Zealand, The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

Epilogue

Eleven years after the fall of Troy,
We, the old men—some of us nearly forty—
Met and talked on the sunny rampart
Over our wine, while the lizards scuttled
In dusty grass, and the crickets chirped.

Some bared their wounds;
Some spoke of the thirst, dry in the throat,
And the heart-beat, in the din of battle;
Some spoke of the intolerable sufferings,
The brightness gone from their eyes
And the grey already thick in their hair.

And I sat a little apart
From the garrulous talk and old memories,
And I heard a boy of twenty
Say petulantly to a girl, seizing her arm:
"Oh, come away, why do you stand there
Listening open-mouthed to the talk of old men?
Haven't you heard enough of Troy and Achilles?
Why should they bore us forever
With an old quarrel and the names of dead men
We never knew, and dull forgotten battles?"

And he drew her away,
And she looked back and laughed
As he spoke more contempt of us,
Being now out of hearing.

And I thought of the graves by desolate Troy
And the beauty of many young men now dust,
And the long agony, and how useless it all was.
And the talk still clashed about me
Like the meeting of blade and blade.

And as they two moved farther away
He put an arm about her, and kissed her;
And afterwards I heard their gay distant laughter.

And I looked at the hollow cheeks
And the weary eyes and the grey-streaked heads
Of the old men—nearly forty—about me;
And I too walked away
In an agony of helpless grief and pity.

Epilogue to Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero"

How a Prospective Member Feels While on the Waiting List

—ZORA COMBES

● The pasture on the other side of the fence always looks mighty good. Perhaps my not being a member of the Women's City Club of San Francisco has made me particularly cognizant of the wonder of it on the occasions when I have enjoyed its hospitality as a guest. (My name is on the membership waiting list.) However, I must say that the members go about serving and enjoying their Club activities in such a buoyant manner as to signify, to my mind at least, that they are not unappreciative of its many beauties.

There is something fine in the way these women work shoulder to shoulder for the common cause. Many of them have lived lives of service for large families. They have reared children and fitted them for careers of their own and would be at a loss for something to do with unaccustomed leisure were it not for the work at the City Club. No woman who has brought up a family is a successful "loafer"; it takes training to enjoy idleness.

The visitor is invariably conscious of a warmth, a kind of friendly intimacy, about this club of eight thousand members. There is no question in my mind that the Volunteer Service of the members makes it possible to conduct such an organization and is responsible for this feeling. Here we see women entertaining friends, their children and an occasional husband in a manner quite comparable to entertaining in their homes. Have you ever been there when a children's luncheon is in full swing? That alone justifies the Club's existence, making for poise and ease of manner for these fortunate youngsters.

The Women's City Club members are proud of their organization, and they have every reason to be. Comparatively young, it abounds in tradition. It was a "war baby," having been born during those troublous days of confusion when we were all burning to be of service. The work of the National League for Woman's Service was outstanding in the chaos of aimless, misguided efforts on every hand. Remember those knitted sweaters and socks that would fit nothing human? The work during this period cemented these women into an association that was loth to break up when the need for war service was ended, and that, as I understand it, was the beginning of this permanent Women's City Club. However, growing pains do not prove fatal and the members who have been with it from its birth must be proud indeed of the result of their labors.

I have heard local business men discussing the Women's City Club. They invariably express surprise and wonder at the business-like manner in which it was launched, the inspiration that has kept it going, the ability shown in financing it and the way the interest in its welfare has not lagged. I think that if I were a husband, I would insist on my wife belonging to such a club. Its democracy and its many opportunities for broadening one's vision are distinct advantages for any woman; and then, if my wife were busy at her Club there would be less chance of her regaling me when I arrived home at night, with a long, tiresome story of how hard she had worked maintaining my household all day. These men have to admit the success of this Club of San Francisco women although it may hurt them because they have felt themselves supreme in the club line for so many years. Haven't you noticed the gentle tolerance with which women are treated when they venture into a man's club on "Ladies' Day"?

Men and women of distinction who are too busy to accept hospitality from individual hostesses can almost always find time for tea or luncheon at the Club where, in a short time, they may meet in a charming setting an interesting and representative cross section of San Francisco citizenry.

I remember the day Jane Cowl came there for tea in the American Room. I was fortunate enough to be in the lobby when she arrived. I had had a vague idea that a successful actress always swept in with a small dog under one arm and a lofty here-I-am-in-all-my-glory sort of manner. Miss Cowl was dressed in a dark blue silk dress and wore a fur and a small dark hat, not nearly as elegant as many of the club members. She came up to where I was trying not to stare and asked where the tea was being given for Miss Cowl. I tagged along to see when she would start acting like an actress and I'll never forget how thrilled I was at her naturalness and the way she told us she appreciated our party and loved being in San Francisco. We all knew she meant it—she said it that way; and then everyone loves "the City."

The Women's City Club is a big thing. Much bigger than you who have watched it grow and who have been so close to it through voluntary service may realize. When a group of thinking women put their minds to any movement, their efforts are worth considering. It is indeed a National League for Woman's Service. I don't mean that the Club is a political organization; what I mean is that these women are alive to what is going on and they do not sit back for someone else to take the initiative.

The willingness of Club members to do appointed work for the Club has always interested me. Now, serving in the Cafeteria would, no doubt, be intriguing once or twice; but to keep it up week after week would get mighty tiresome to women less interested in the welfare of the Club itself. The same is true of addressing and wrapping the Magazine each month. Yet no one who has chanced by the room where a chattering, laughing group was wrapping magazines can doubt its interest and enjoyment of working for the Club.

An activity that was enjoyed by a large group of Club members was the Current Events Class begun by the late Mrs. Maddux, now led by Mrs. Lucas.

Then there are the Thursday evening programs Mrs. Black started and still carries on. Mrs. Black secures the services (without pay) of celebrities for those evenings of hers, and everyone knows how reluctant those people are to give their time and talents unless there is some remuneration. High pressure salesmen might take lessons from her—she must sell her idea by being so sweet and nice.

To me the thought of the Women's City Club brings visions of many friendly faces of women I do not know, of that pretty Mrs. Hamilton with her jingling jade jewelry that is the envy of all of us; of Miss Leale, who is a picture in her blue smock; of the Club Library, which is a favorite spot for so many who like its silent elegance and its comfortable chairs and friendly books; of the Cafeteria, where good cheer and informality rule (have you ever closed your eyes during the noon hour there and just listened?); of little Mrs. Hume, the cashier; of the men in the elevators; of the stewards and the telephone operators, who always flatter me by recognizing my voice when I call in there; of the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the League Shop where every country in represented by some knick-knack or another; of cheese, tomato and bacon sandwiches; of the Sunday night recitals.

Yes, the Women's City Club is a big thing—big in its friendliness and in the way it goes quietly about the business of making San Francisco a happier place for the thousands that come within its encircling arm. I, for one, am very glad for the contact I have had with it and am looking forward to the time when I shall become a member of the National League for Woman's Service.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE MOTHER; *by Yusuke Tsurumi;* Fairview Press, Fairview, N. J.

RED BREAD; *by Maurice Hindus;* Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York.

LIMITS AND RENEWALS; *by Rudyard Kipling;* Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York.

EX LIBRIS CARISSIMIS; *by Christopher Morley;* University of Pennsylvania Press.

● The Mother; by Yusuke Tsumuri.

An unusual book is "The Mother" by Yusuke Tsurumi, translated from the Japanese by the author. This is the first modern Japanese novel to be published in the United States. One calls it modern for the year of its publication, 1932; but in its glorification of self-forgetting motherhood, and in the beauty of family affection, it throws upon the screen a picture of one of the finest traits of the old Japan.

In the Prefatory Note, Charles Beard, who knows his Japan, says: "None can deny the importance of closer connections between the mentalities of the West and the East, and for this reason every translation from Japanese into English, whether in the domain of letters or public economy, is to be welcomed."

Yusuke Tsurumi, like most Japanese of the political world, studied at the Imperial University at Tokyo. He passed the civil service examination, and served his government in the colonial office, and then in the department of railways. Ten times he was sent abroad to attend international conferences. From 1924 to 1931 he lectured repeatedly at the Williamstown Institute of Politics as the representative of Japan, at Columbia University, at Chicago University, and made two successful lecture tours of the United States. "As a result of his extraordinary experiences at home and abroad, his interest soon widened beyond the circle of public administration —to politics in its larger aspects, social questions, and the literature which gives expression to the fermenting life of the modern age."

Surrendering his administrative post, he was elected to the Japanese House of Representatives in 1928, where he organized a Liberal party which for a time held the balance of power. He took the lead in forming the League of New Liberals of Japan, publishing a monthly called *The New Liberalism,* and he was on the staff of *The Asahi,* one of the most powerful newspapers of the empire. His interest in international affairs caused him to become one of the original members of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and to attend its conferences.

Mr. Tsurumi's name is often signed to articles of international importance in *Asia, Foreign Affairs, The Saturday Evening Post,* and he has twenty-three books to his credit, on such provocative topics as "The Reawakening of the Orient," "Present-Day Japan," "Interpretations of American Foreign Policy," "Essays in New Liberalism," "Contemporary America," "The Iconoclastic China." His "Awaiting Heroes to Arrive" appealed for a new leadership in Japanese democracy, and it sold half-a-million copies in its first year.

Turning to the novel and short story for a wider audience, his first novel of book length was "The Mother," published in Japan in 1929. It met with instant success, selling a quarter of a million copies in its first year, and achieving such popularity on the stage and the silver screen that it was sometimes shown at two different theatres at the same time in the same city.

The story recites the struggle of Asako Okawa to raise her fatherless children, and to preserve for them their ancestral traditions. No analysis of the book can be more complete than to say "It is Japanese." Written by a distinguished Japanese for Japanese readers, it is free from formalism and propaganda. Turning the last page, the reader has been for a little while in Japan —as vividly in thought-processes as in the lovely pictures which have made Atami and Tokyo and Karinozoma and Enoshima live in word-colors. For a little while one has stepped behind the courteous mask of the Japanese face, the subtle tact of Japanese speech, into the Japanese mind, the Japanese life. That is a good thing to do, even for a moment, in today's shifting tides of Eastern and Western thought.

Yesterday a young American lecturer and a young Japanese student dined with us, en route to Japan, "to find out what Japan is really thinking." Blessings on their idealistic heads! Each one of us who sincerely tries to think the Oriental's thought after him brings us a little nearer to the solution of the international problem.

● Red Bread; by Maurice Hindus. "Red Bread" is not a new book, having been published in 1931, but it is another of the handbooks in the understanding of a psychology alien to the American mind, and so not to be missed in this time of storm and stress. Maurice Hindus, author of "The Russian Peasant and the Revolution," "Broken Earth" and "Humanity Uprooted," was born in a Russian peasant village, and in his frequent returns to Russia has spent most of his time in the study of the village peasant. Perhaps no other writer in English has seen so much of the cataclysmic changes which have come into the life of the Russian peasant since the Revolution, no other is so well qualified to interpret it to us from the Russian point of view.

This book is the result of six months spent in his own village, where many of the men and women had been the playmates of his boyhood, and therefore took him into their confidence as they would never have dared to do with a stranger. Therefore it merits our serious attention, presenting evidence as real and vivid as first-hand conversations with real people. For these *are* real people of whom he writes, and the tragedy and problem of the peasant stir our sympathy here as no abstract and heated discussion of the Red Revolution could do.

In presenting the old conditions and the present facts of his native village, Maurice Hindus draws no more definite conclusion than the rest of the world has been able to do. But he gives a clear and moving picture of the good and bad in the amazing developments in the last years of Russian peasant life.

His theme is collectivization in Russian farming, its difficulties, its agricultural and economic advantages, and the individual tragedies of the Russian peasant over whom its Juggernaut car has rolled.

The book opens with a letter from an enthusiastic organizer of *kolhozy* (collective or socialistic farms)—a girl dedicated to what is to her a crusade. "I am off in villages with a group of other brigadiers organizing *kolhozy.* It is a tremendous job, but we are making tremendous progress. It would do you worlds of good to be with us, and watch us draw the stubborn peasant into collectivization. Contrary to all your affirmations and prophecies, our *muzhik* is yielding to persuasion. He is

joining the *kolhozy*, and I am confident that in time not a peasant will remain on his own land. We shall yet smash the last vestiges of capitalism, and forever rid ourselves of exploitation. Come, join us; see with your own eyes how we are rebuilding the Russian villages. The very air is afire with a new spirit and energy.—Nadya."

And Maurice Hindus went to see for himself. He tells the story for us with a tolerant understanding of the young crusaders, "youths all, journeying from village to village in peasant carts, on horseback, on foot in mud and snow, calling mass meetings, making speeches, engaging in volcanic discussions and forming *kolhozy*—passionately striving in every act to push Russia closer and closer to their ideal of an earthly paradise. It occurred to me that Nadya and those others who shared her faith and enthusiasm were supremely happy people. Is man ever so exalted as when he is crusading for a cause?" He goes on with a poignant understanding of the groping, puzzled peasant mind, faced with new things after centuries of sameness; of the tragedy of the *koolack* or prosperous little farmer when he sees the fruit of his toil wrenched from him and he and his old wife transported to some barren spot far from the soil where his life is rooted—all as the penalty for accumulating more than just enough to hold the breath in his body, for employing a peasant boy to help with the work for which he has become too old!

He writes with sympathy and understanding of the *batushka*, the "little father" of the village, an ignorant priest, but kindly, and groping in the overturning of all that he has known, asking questions, too. "The other day I heard some one say that a meteor had fallen somewhere in the wilderness of Siberia, and blasted up by the roots miles of big timber. In Siberia, in the wilderness, where nobody was made to feel His power and His will. Do you see? Why did it not fall somewhere else, say over the Kremlin? Why does He not emerge and assert Himself as He did in days of old? Why doesn't He reveal Himself to someone worthy of His trust? I am sure there are such people left yet. Once in a discussion with a Communist, when I told him the things I am telling you, he laughed and said, 'Little father, when you die you will be only a piece of carrion, nothing else, fit for crows to fatten on.' I was so shocked I could hardly speak calmly to the man. To think of such a nasty notion getting rooted in human minds! Then what does all life mean? What is this world for? What are this earth and sky and stars and trees and grass and you and I and Lenin and Stalin and America, and everything, what is the purpose of it all?"

Thinking, thinking, struggling, suffering, questioning! Maurice Hindus does not attempt to answer any of the questions. Over against the economic gain resulting from the absorption into collective farms of the narrow peasant strips of land, outlined only by weed-grown furrows which contaminate the tilled soil, he places the inertia of the peasant mind, robbed of the stimulus to personal ambition. He leaves the answers to time.

"The disappearance of individual ownership of land, the coming of large-scale industrialized farming, the collapse of the village, the growing sophistication of the peasant women and its effect on the nation's birth-rate, the collapse of religion, and the transformation of the individualistic family — these are the unmistakable guide-posts of the approaching civilization in the Russian village. Time alone can answer the question whether the *kolhoz* means an end to the incessant warfare between city and village, peasant and proletarian, or only the beginning of a fresh conflict, the most formidable that the Soviets have yet encountered.

"Meanwhile the *kolhoz* with all its turmoil, all its agony, all its romance, and all its promise, rolls on and on."

● Limits and Renewals; by Rudyard Kipling.

The first book of new stories by Rudyard Kipling in six years. We had scarcely hoped for another. And there is a sad feeling that this latest book has not added to the glory of the sixty titles on the fly-leaf of the book. "Limits"—yes, but one finds no renewal. There are the old familiar words, the Kipling phraseology, but no longer the gorgeous fun of the Soldiers Three, the inimitable sweetness of Wee Willie Winkie, the haunting mysticism of "They" and The Brushwood Boy. The "god of bounds" came to him on his fatal rounds, and said, "No more!" We close the book, and read no more. But we take down from the shelf the Tauchnitz edition of "Plain Tales from the Hills," just to handle it, and find the reassurance that the old Kipling whom we loved will never die.

● Ex Libris Carissimis; by Christopher Morley; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

"Ex Libris Carissimis" is made up of five lectures, which Christopher Morley calls his "conversations" or "public soliloquies," delivered in 1931 at the University of Pennsylvania, under the Rosenback Foundation in Bibliography. The style of the book is charmingly conversational and lacks none of the rich awareness of Mr. Morley's most finished writing.

The speaker divides bibliography into two classes—pure and applied. Scientific bibliography whose field is the "accurate description and identification" of books is not the subject of the lectures. It is rather to the "amateurish or applied" class by which the "findings and intuitions of the scientific bibliographer are made use of only in so far as they help in understanding and enjoying what the author may have had in mind" that these lectures have application.

The first "conversation" is entitled "Bibliography as a Hobby." Its theme is "the actual impact of a book upon the mind. . . . Books are intended to be read and to bring their noble ecstasies and anxieties to the mind. . . .Unopened copies over which many collectors go into ecstasies are to me something that has not yet been born. A book isn't born until some one reads it."

The remaining lectures are the "spiritual geneology" of the books that the author loves best. The associational values of these best-loved books are a marvelous reflection of the mind of the man. The quality of intake and the moods created by his experiencing of his books in all their richness is Christopher Morley's great contribution in "Ex Libris Carissimis."

The delightfully personal things associated with Walt Whitman's prose, Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp," George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," Stevenson and Conrad among many others, are an enormous "enlargement of those rather meager escapes into print which are all that the official view of literature is likely to let us have." For the "escapes into print" are only a "part of a larger reality behind; a reality of living in which exemplars of all kinds have their part and where the austere Mathew Arnold and the dissipated Boswell may be equal purveyors of truth."

At the end of the book are "85 Golden Florins" which the author gives as his spiritual legacy to the reader — "Books reaching out to books" all "embedded in life."

What fun it would be for each book lover to explore his own interlacing associations and to trace the spiritual geneology of his own best-loved books. For this exploring one might well use as his ideal of practice Emerson's theory of the scholar's office: "It is not all books which it behooves him to know, least of all to be a book-worshipper, but he must be able to read in all books that which alone gives value to books—in all to read one, the one incorruptible text of truth. That alone of their style is intelligible, acceptable to him."

The essence of "Ex Libris Carissimis" is given by Mr. Morley in these words: "Literature is imbedded in life and can't be put into text books and analyzed and discussed as though it were a laboratory process."

Kath "Sells" the Talent Festival to Jane by Remote Control

July 15, 1932.

My Dear Jane:

Heigh-ho for the summer, and all the fun it brings! Your last letter made me wriggle all over with joy and bliss, for well do I know what a summer on the Atlantic Coast means. What fun that you could go into Maine; I am thinking of you every day.

But do not get it into your head that you are any better off than we are, for California has at last come into its own for the summer of 1932, and we are having glorious vacation weather. I raved unduly, perhaps, in my last letter, about the beaches back there, but after a trip to the mountains I throw up my hands and admit that never in New England or New York could one find "the glory that is ours" in our mountains! Superb and wonderful, they stand apart; and to me the Sierras will always mean peace and quiet, and all that makes one realize that "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world."

It was fine to get back to the Club. The good old place exhuded welcome—not particularly for me, for probably no one knew that I'd been away, but the fact remains that the good old place always has its own particular and pet smile for all its members when they return to its fold after any absence.

I found that so much had been going on and so much planned, I hardly know just where to begin to tell you about it. Each day I realize more and more what forces and brain power and progressiveness are back of our Club, and I am thankful that I can be numbered among those fortunates who have the good luck to be members of a Club like ours.

I was in our Cafeteria the other day, and much to my surprise I found that they are featuring something new (as usual) in the way of a forty-cent lunch and a fifty-cent table d'hote dinner. I wish you might see the array of delicious foods that Miss MacKenzie puts on display ever day, and twice a day, for one's choice, at those small prices. Again we keep up with the times and meet every need the members may have.

And speaking of the Cafeteria, on July 28, should you go in there for lunch (or into the Dining Room, you would get more than your money's worth, for not only would you have a good lunch at a reasonable price, but—now get this—you will be treated to a full-fledged Fall Fashion Show—think of that! Each season we feature this particular event, and it is well worth seeing, I assure you, for while you are enjoying your food, you can also have the pleasure of viewing the very latest in fall clothes, modeled by City Club members, and if the fall one comes up to the one last spring, then we will all be rebudgeting to get enough to cover the cost of several of the new and entrancing gowns that are displayed.

I heard of another good thing the other day, too, and this will be of interest to you another summer, for your family. The Club is offering a Junior membership for the summer months, to girls between fourteen and eighteen years. Isn't that an idea? All they need is three dollars and to be sponsored by three members. I thing that is just great. It will give those girls who are fortunate enough to come in, an opportunity to join in all the Club activities and festivities, from swimming on up to the lectures and parties, for the tiny little sum of three dollars. These are of course special summer rates, but it surely is a marvelous thing for them.

There is to be such an interesting program given by Katherine Fowler Richey on Historical Flags. I'd like to hear that, it should be fascinating.

You will get a thrill out of this too, and I'm sure it's the first thing you'll sign up for when you get back—Conversaional French Classes—a course in real conversational French, the class meeting in luncheon groups and what not. Won't that be fun? I'll promise to go with you when you return; we'll see if we can learn to *parlez-vous* enough to ask for the butter or the cream, and do it correctly. Great idea!

The Board of Directors (bless 'em) presides at a Luncheon table the third week of each month, and every member is invited and urged to join the party and get acquainted. I think that is just fine, for it is much more to belong to a Club where you know who is bossing the show and can learn what is going on at first hand. I saw a table the other day, but didn't have time to stop, and they were having the greatest time. That's another date I've made with myself, to join in some day soon.

The "creme de la creme" of this month's activities, though, I have yet to tell you of. It is for Children's Day and is called a Matinee Fantastique — especially arranged for children and given by the Zincali Troupe of strolling players. It is to be preceded by a special swimming party in the Pool, for the children, then luncheon at which one can reserve tables in advance, and then the show. What a treat for the kiddies! A whole day of fun and frivolity at the Club, and at such low prices I wish I were rich so I could take a whole troop along and give them a day they'd remember.

It's a sort of "Chauve Souris" setting, and has a Magic Harlequin, songs and drama, dancing, sleight-of-hand and all sorts of entertainment dear to the hearts of children. It sounds charming and I know is going to be just marvelous. The same troupe has been all over the country, and has shown at Bar Harbor, Newport, Boston, Washington, etc. It is sponsored and backed by such noted women as Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, Mrs. Vanderbilt and so on. Again I say, where will you find a Club smarter than ours in bringing to its members the best, the most unique and the most charming of everything. Lucky we, to belong.

What have you been reading? For I know you well enough to realize that no matter how much you may be gadding or how many other things you are doing, you will always find time to get in your reading.

I have a few suggestions to offer, in case they may have slipped your notice. Have you had "The Fountain" by Charles Morgan? Such delight—one of the things you'll always remember. Then there's that new one "Ballerina," by Lady Eleanor Smith, who wrote "Flamenco," which you remember we enjoyed so much. Well, this new one is the most delightful thing—a story of a little girl who became a famous ballet dancer—and told in Lady Smith's inimitable style, with the story woven around by all sorts of delightful information.

Do get the dramatic version of "Of Thee I Sing," Kaufmann's new comedy. You will laugh as never before—it's light, airy and most charming. Another title that intrigued me, and I was not happy until I'd found out what it was all about, is "The American Jitters," by Edmund Wilson. Well, I've had 'em often enough, from different causes, so I was anxious to know what someone had to write about it. I won't spoil it for you; get it and read it yourself—you'll have a fine time, I assure you.

And by no means neglect "The Way of a Lancer," a translation from the Polish by Helen Woodward. Such a marvelous book! You will be shocked, appalled, charmed, and delighted all in one. It's not a novel, but well worth your time. Have you by any chance run across that funny Dorothy Parker's "Death and Taxes," a tiny little thin volume that you'd almost miss if you didn't happen to be a devotee of her delightful humor? If you want to pass a delightful half hour and have a lot of chuckles all to yourself, do not miss it.

You asked about the League Shop, and what it is offering. My dear, they are

(Continued on Page 30)

What the Women's City Club Offers Its Members

SWIMMING POOL *(Lower Main Floor)*

Open daily except Sundays and major holidays. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.; Thursday, Friday, 9:30 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Saturday, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Private or class lessons by appointment. Friday, 5:30 to 9, Men's Guest Night; men, women and children guests.

BEAUTY SALON *(Lower Main Floor)*

Open every day except Sundays and major holidays. 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Expert operators. Sun lamp.

LEAGUE SHOP *(Main Floor)*

Gift Shop under management of Club. 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. daily except Sundays and holidays.

LIBRARY *(Fourth Floor)*

The Club Library, available to all members. Books may be taken out between the hours of 10 a. m. and 9 p. m., except Sundays and holidays.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND INFORMATION BUREAU *(Second Floor)*

All women, both members and non-members, are invited to consult the Bureau. Hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily; Saturdays, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. or by appointment. No fee.

BEDROOMS *(Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Floors)*

Ninety-eight bedrooms available for members and their guests. Prices $2.50 per day without bath and $3 with bath. Weekly and monthly rates upon request.

CLUB DINING ROOM

Breakfast, table d'hote and a la carte, 7 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. (Sundays and holidays, 7:30 to 11 a. m.) Table d'hote luncheon, 50 cents and 85 cents, and a la carte, 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. Dinner, 75 cents and $1, and a la carte, 5:30 to 8 p. m. Sundays and holidays, buffet supper, 75 cents, 5 to 8 p. m. Members making reservations for luncheons or dinners in dining room may have private rooms for cards without charge.

CAFETERIA

Open from 11:30 to 1:30 and from 5:30 to 7 p. m. daily except Saturday nights, Sundays and holidays. Special luncheons, 35 and 40 cents; special dinners, 50 cents.

PROGRAMS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

WITHOUT FEE

Thursday Evening Programs

Every Thursday evening, 8 o'clock. Varied programs.

Book Review Dinners

Dinner (85 cents per plate) at 6 o'clock precedes review. Those who do not wish to attend the dinner may listen to the review at 7 o'clock.

Current Events

First and third Wednesday mornings at 11 o'clock in Auditorium. Following lecture, there is continued discussion at table in National Defenders' Room. All members and guests are invited.

Appreciation of Art

Lectures first Wednesday at 1 o'clock, with frequent visits to local art exhibitions.

French Conversational Table

Second and fourth Wednesdays, 12 noon, in Cafeteria. Members and guests may join Mme. Olivier at her French Conversational Table.

WITH FEE

Classes

Classes will be formed in any subject if a sufficient number of members signify their interest.

French Classes

Theory and Conversational Classes. Hours and fees upon request.

Lecture Courses

Courses by foremost educators and lecturers. Announcements in Magazine and bulletin boards.

Special Lectures and Other Programs

By visiting lecturers. Announcements in Magazine, newspapers and on bulletin boards.

Teas in Honor of Distinguished Visitors

Members are invited to bring guests to these teas. Tea service, 35 cents. Teas are usually informal in character.

Private Dining Rooms

Seating from ten to four hundred guests, available for luncheons, teas, dinners and card parties.

Periodic Health Examination

Thorough physical examination for limited number of members is given semi-annually (April and October), by women physicians of highest professional standing. Fee, $10.00. Announcements as to details in Magazine before examinations.

Club Privileges

Reciprocal Relations

Cards entitling members to two weeks' guest privileges, to clubs in various parts of the world with which we have reciprocal relations, are issued upon request.

Guest Cards

Members may have cards issued to guests whose homes are fifty miles or more from San Francisco for a period of two weeks. These cards may be renewed once. The payment of $1.00 entitles members to an unlimited number of guest cards in a fiscal year. A three months' guest card may be issued to a guest upon payment of $5.00.

Magazine

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is mailed to members each month without charge. This Magazine is the only medium of communication between the Club and its members. Extra copies, 15 cents.

Bridge

League bridge, for members and guests, every Tuesday afternoon and evening. No fee.

No charge for tables in Card Room; 50 cents each for tables in Board Room, reserved in advance. Cards and scores included.

Private rooms for parties available. Prices upon request.

Members making advance reservations for luncheon or dinner in dining room may have card rooms without charge.

What the Women's City Club of San Francisco Offers the Public

Beauty Salon.

League Shop.

Lecture courses with fee.

Offices and lecture rooms for rent on second floor.

Auditorium, seating 565, may be rented for lectures, concerts, dances, bridge parties, etc.

Vocational Guidance Bureau, with director in charge.

The American Room—One of the Spots on the Fourth Floor of the City Club where the Loan Exhibits of the Talent Festival, October 12 and 13, Will Be Displayed.

Genuine
STONE RINGS $5.00

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Porto Rico Shown in Pictures at City Club

● Interesting pictures of Porto Rico, the "least known part of the United States," were shown at the Women's City Club of San Francisco Thursday night, July 7, by Clyde F. Armitage of Washington, D. C., who is assisting Governor James R. Beverley of Porto Rico with his work for the hungry children there.

The beauty of the island was a surprise to many who saw the pictures. Economic conditions and business possibilities were explained and the speaker mentioned the serious needs of Porto Rico at the present time, due to over-population, lack of industries, slump in the prices of sugar, coffee and other major products, the recent hurricane and the present financial depression.

A sound reconstruction program is under way, he says: Government co-operation in road building, agriculture and schools; a public health program with the co-operation of the American Child Health Association and other organizations, and the feeding of the children, for which the Porto Rico Child Feeding Committee is raising funds in the States, are the factors of the program.

Porto Rico is said to have the most hopeful future of any of the West Indies islands because it is a part of America; because it has better schools than other islands; because religious work is better organized and more effective; because it has a larger percentage of white population than any of the others..

But at present economic conditions are such that over two hundred thousand children of school age are in danger of starvation, according to President Hoover's survey. He is sponsoring an appeal made by Governor Beverley to save these children by giving as many as possible a daily meal at the schools. Ten dollars saves a child through the year.

FOOD SPECIALTIES
PREPARED TO ORDER
IN THE KITCHEN
OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

ASSORTED CANAPES
$2.00 Doz.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS
POTATO MUFFINS
40c Doz.

FRESH RASPBERRY, BLACKBERRY AND LOGANBERRY PIES
75c

GREEN APPLE PIES
60c

Bridge Prizes at League Shop

● Thoughtful hostesses who wish inexpensive articles that are different for bridge prizes should browse about the League Shop. They would like the lovely paper things. A portfolio covered in print paper that one expects to find filled with stationery contains four dozen napkins, white, yellow, green and pink—all pastel tones and just the thing to have on hand for the impromptu party. There is a wide assortment of cocktail napkins too! Some of material of linen texture, daintily fringed and in a variety of colors that just belong to the ultra-smart table. Then again, if one wishes to have the unusual, she may have her own monogram printed upon the plain paper napkins of different sizes, or perhaps a cut of the summer home or the favorite hobby that marks it as an individual accessory.

There are so many odd little trinkets that one may have at a small cost. Have you seen the tricky little garden markers, with their saucy birds perched on top of slender sticks? Or maybe the metal type with glass tops that preserve from the weather the card that marks the name of the bulb or plant. Flower lovers would be charmed with such a prize, for it is so easy to forget which is which, and during the long winter months bulbs and seeds have a bad habit of getting mixed and in the spring there are many disappointments.

Most women have to ransack the house as well as the desk when they need a rubber band. Think then, what a joy it would be to have a handy box just heaped to the top with all sizes and colors! These come in two sizes, twenty-five and fifty cents, and are attractively wrapped in cellophane.

Now don't forget the next time you plan a party to look about the League Shop for your prizes—for they range from a few cents to many dollars, and among the more costly is a lovely dark green hand-worked cloth—just perfect for the al fresco service or sun porch table.

Mrs. Nellie Harbour Called By Death

● Mrs. Nellie Jackson Harbour, manager of the City Club Beauty Salon for the last two and a half years, died in July after a brief illness.

Mrs. Harbour was esteemed by all members of the Club with whom she came in contact and her quiet, unobstrusive efficiency was highly appreciated by the Board of Directors.

Her gentleness and kindliness won the affection of her fellow workers, who, with her husband and many friends, mourn her passing.

Alexandria

—WILLIAM E. CAMERON

● Alexandria—a great city wherein one may find members of any and all of the races comprising mankind, a city where the modern civilization of the West is constantly clashing with that of the ancient East. The cosmopolitan populace, as picturesque as pages from the Arabian Nights, are always a source of interest to the casual visitor. Sweltering under a cloudless sky we had a Gharri driver take us to our favorite retreat, a cheery little French sidewalk cafe, sheltered with gaudy, striped awnings.

There in Mohammed Ali Square, the Rue de la Paix of Alexandria, we sipped our iced drinks and hired a native boy to fan whatever breeze it was possible to obtain and keep the hordes of flies away. Now we could relax and observe at leisure the types which comprise this heterogeneous populace.

The Egyptian fez is everywhere and keeps one speculating as to whether its wearer is of that nationality or Turkish. Fierce-looking Greeks are in profusion; a huge wild moustache so widely favored in the Levant is responsible for their savage appearance.

Kinky-haired, coal black negroes from the Gold Coast, giant, but not quite so black Soudanese, and sleek, greasy-looking Arabs all flow by as the human tide rolls along the square. A babel of tongues rarely heard elsewhere assails one's ears. Every negro dialect in Africa, besides Greek, Turkish, Arabic and the major European languages, can be heard on all sides.

Most of the little street urchins who fan visitors, run errands and shine shoes, are good linguists. This makes them invaluable as guides and they earn a fair living from the tourist trade. One oddity which I observed is that many of them have adopted Scottish names, such as McPherson, McTavish, etc. This may be attributed to Highland Scottish soldiers, many of whom have been stationed in Egypt for years.

Alexandria is truly a city of cafes and mosques and the faithful are called to prayer at noon from the minarets as in any Mohammedan City, and when the muezzin's shrill cry resounds all activity is suspended. Then the devout prostrate themselves, facing Mecca.

Alexandria's most colorful scene is the procession of the Holy Carpet, a big event in the Moslem calendar. This event, which we witnessed, is difficult to describe unless one is familiar with the Moslem rites. A huge carpet (presumably a holy one) is carried in state throughout the city to the chant of weird music, wild shrieking and fantastic dancing. Thousands of the devout throng the streets, some throwing themselves in the path of the carpet, only to be trodden by the mob. An air of fanaticism pervades the entire city and lends conviction to the belief that East and West can never meet on common grounds. Once seen, the spectacle of the Holy Carpet is not readily forgotten, bizarre indeed to the European eye.

The early French influence in Egypt still exists in Alexandria, as evinced by names of streets and mode of living—this despite British occupation for many years.

This Alexandria is not the silent Egypt of the Sphinx and the Desert but a rather up-to-date, flourishing seaport, the bright spot of the sparkling Mediterranean.

No world tour is complete without a stopover in this glamorous, colorful port.

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Market at Fifth SUtter 8000
This is one of Fall's smart new
Woolen Frocks
. . . Of Angora-like Feather Mousee with Detachable Cape . . .
$19.75
A dress to wear now and on into the Fall . . . feather light, soft, smart in every line. In brown, new Fall blue, black, and beet root.
Sizes 16 to 40
Carolyn Shop, Third Floor

Proposition

One of those stinking days in the lemon grove!
I wanted more than shade. I wanted a cove
In the cliff of a blue mountain lake.
Every muscle in me seemed to quake
Rebellious at my over-exertion. I work fast.
One hundred and five in the shade. He said I couldn't last.
So of course I said I could. That was a trick.
Made the work go pretty quick.
Psychology makes me sick!
The wild thorned stock of the lemons cut my arms
And the salt boiled in. Farms!
I thought I loved the growth of the land,
But, blisters on even a calloused hand—
No, it isn't that. It's the slow
Monotony of thirty trees in a row
And the sameness of the stroke of the hoe,
And the subtle right of every weed;
The nightshade has a pretty seed,
And vetch has a flower that seems to bleed,
But I'm not so fond of nettles.
The cloying smell of manure settles
Into the skin, and the nightshade stain
Tastes on the orange like stagnant rain.
While pulling up the rooted muck,
Out of it a rattlesnake struck.
I chopped his head, which rolled off gory.
It had warned me, though, and I was sorry.
I'd hate to die like that. Rattle at Fate
And tell just where and who I was. I'd hate
To have my headless bones
Cauterized by the blazing stones,
Stopping my soul from getting free,
Of course a rattlesnake hasn't a soul.
No more have I. Or my boss, whose goal
Is to sell out to me some day and take it easy.
Leaning on his hoe now. Drawls across. Breezy.
"Yop. 'Sgood proposition. Can't be beat."
The word welters into the heat,
Falls on me like sweat,
Dried sweat, saline crystals that grind
Into the rawness of my mind.
I was thinking to reply. Just then,
Hopping up on the rock wall, a wren
Spread forth his cool song,
And all the stifled rows of trees were wrong.
"Ten thousand dollar proposition.
I've sized you up. You've got ambition.
You'll do. Someday. When—"
God, my ambition is to be a wren!
I'd eat bugs if I could sing to myself that psalm,
Cool and somehow sacred balm.
Oh no I wouldn't. I'd go home and keep calm.
I'd be ready to hoe
Thirty trees in a row
Tomorrow morning at five o'clock.
Trouble with me is sun-shock.
I'll get over it with a good night's sleep.
Sure. Of course. I'll leap
At that proposition. Soon it won't keep.
I'll snap it. I'll take it. Go in debt.
Toil and I'll make it. Hoe and sweat.
There's the wren again. He is like a drink.
A good proposition, I think. —ANONYMOUS

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The Women's City Club Announces a Reduction in BEDROOM RATES

Rooms without bath	$35.00 and up
Rooms with bath	50.00 and up
Suites (two rooms and bath)	115.00 and up
Double room with bath	$90.00
Weekly rates	$14.00 and $17.50
Daily rates	$2.50 and $3.00

Business and Professional Women to Discuss Festival

● Wednesday evening, August 10, the Business and Professional Women of the City Club are asked to have dinner in the Mural Room at 6:30 o'clock to discuss the Festival with Miss Leale. It will be cafeteria service. Members who are unable to come for dinner are urged to drop in about 6:45 and join in the discussion.

Can You Help Complete the File?

● One of the Universities outside the state has asked for a complete file of the City Club Magazine, but the following numbers are missing:

1927—February to December, inclusive.
1928—January and February.
1929—September.
1930—March.
1931—May.

If any members have these numbers and do not want them, we will be glad to have them left at the Front Office in the Main Lobby.

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Ready for Play

A DEVELOPMENT SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND RETARDED CHILDREN

THE CEDARS

CORA C. MYERS, *Head*

In a healthful climate . . . **out of the fog belt** . . . where delicate children grow strong and develop latent talents. Open all year.

Address

THE CEDARS

Ross, Marin County, California

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Mountain School for Boys

"The School Beautiful"

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
NON-SECTARIAN—NON-MILITARY

Accredited to University of California, Stanford and leading Eastern Colleges

Illustrated booklet upon request

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

CASTILLEJA

Home and Day School for Girls. Pre-primary through Upper School. Special preparation for College Board Examinations. Music, Art, Dramatics, Household Arts, Modern Gymnasium; Open-air Swimming Pool; Week-end Camp in Santa Cruz Mountains. 26th year opens September 19, 1932.

For Catalogue and further information address the Principal

MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

School Days Again . . .

● Members are urged to carefully study the educational facilities offered on this page. Both out-of-town and city schools are available, and it is not just the curriculum that counts in properly bringing a child to maturity, but the environment that contributes to a physical and mental development that will not be subject to vain regrets in later years.

* * *

Music as an asset in the social advancement of a youngster, boy or girl, is most important. The popularity and immediate acceptance in any social environment of a capable musician, pianist, singer, violinist or banjoist, is assured. It takes patience and courage on the part of the parent at the start in bringing the child to this viewpoint but once a bit of talented display is made the child realizes his or her interest to others and has a firm foundation on which to advance the individual personality and establish that essential self confidence.

To the end that music in all its beauty and value to the individual can be appreciated, the Arrillaga Musical College has entered its fifty-first year here in San Francisco. One cannot speak too highly of the value of consistent effort to maintain a school of music.

* * *

● When you are driving down the beautiful El Camino Real (The King's Highway), shaded by tall eucalyptus and spreaking oaks, the speedometer will read, from San Francisco, eighteen miles. On your right you will see a large playground with swings, slides, and a circular rock garden that is built up with shrubs and flowers.

Come up to the spacious home and ring the bell, meet Mrs. Carey, at the Carey School, who is always planning the best and happiest things for children. Story-book and history characters come alive when you study the Carey Way. Arithmetic is easy when you have to figure out the cost of things you really use; measure a board for the table you are making; add up the cost of the cookies you make; or plan a luncheon for the children of the Carey School.

The individual needs of each child are efficiently met by the highly trained teachers, who understand the problems of childhood. The Carey School, situated as it is, within the warm breezes of San Mateo County, is especially adaptable for the all-around development of girls and boys.

The Sarah Dix Hamlin School

Sixty-ninth year

Boarding and Day School for Girls of all ages. Pre-primary school giving special instruction in French. College preparatory.

Fall Term Opens September 12th

A booklet of information will be furnished upon request

Mrs. Edward B. Stanwood, B. L.
Principal

2120 Broadway San Francisco
Phone WEst 2211

The CAREY SCHOOL

EL CAMINO REAL
at
CLARK DRIVE
SAN MATEO

■

For Boys and Girls — Kindergarten to High School

RESIDENT AND DAY

An accredited, cultural school, well known for its child education and character building. French, Music, Art, Dancing, Swimming, in addition to regular public school curriculum.

Male Instructor for Athletics and Manual Training.

Enrollment Limited —
Fall Term Commencing August 15

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UPPER SCHOOL—College Preparatory and Special Courses in Music, Art, and Secretarial Training.

LOWER SCHOOL—Individual Instruction. A separate residence building for girls from 5 to 14 years.

Open Air Swimming Pool Outdoor life all the year round

Catalog upon request

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● August is a difficult month for our homemaker mothers, for it means the end of the vacation period and it is trying to return to the city for the opening of school, when the delightfully warm days seek to entice one away from routine duties; but like the cool breezes that come with our fogs, hiding the sun, the regular tasks just will steal away the freedom of idle hours. Many others, without family responsibilities perhaps, have planned trips later in the season, so those who are at home now are akin in seeking chilled beverages and dainty cookies which will supplant the usual bridge refreshments or after-school and before-dinner repast so many youngsters enjoy.

For these as well as all other foodstuffs, good refrigeration is vitally necessary! Frequently the question is asked, "Is a mechanical refrigerator a good investment?" All students of economics answer in the affirmative. That is because it costs very little to operate, while it reduces food bills to a minimum. The homemaker is able to take advantage of the week-end sales, with their special prices.

By maintaining an even temperature of less than fifty degrees Fahrenheit one may keep perishable foods in excellent condition and by this means prevent all waste, as well as utilizing leftovers which also reduces food costs. It is easy to estimate a considerable saving in this item of household budgeting as it serves the homemaker in four ways: labor of preparation; fuel—by cooking for more than one meal; buying in large quantities and cheaper prices; and the insurance of attractive chilled dishes of all kinds. But, best of all, it pays big dividends in extra leisure hours. By planning and cooking in advance the homemaker is free from last-minute meal preparation and she is at liberty to invite guests without worry, as she may be away from home during the afternoon and still have a model dinner.

Another important phase of homemaking at this season is variation in the menus. Melons and berries for breakfast and fresh vegetables for dinner instead of canned products are not sufficient to stimulate jaded appetites. Try to vary your seasonings and flavorings. You will be well repaid in the added zest given to the usual mixtures. Avoid the constant use of vanilla and nutmeg. Both are delicious and incomparable in certain concoctions, but they add an intriguing note when combined with other extracts or spices.

Do not take this matter too lightly, however, as it is quite important and much depends upon the proper blend. It is well worth the effort, though, to experiment a bit, as it makes cooking an adventure rather than a humdrum affair. Knowing how to flavor to the nth degree requires a fine discriminating taste and a real appreciation of good food. The French cook excels in this phase of food preparation — as she does in utilizing every crumb of food. There is no waste in the French home and we could very profitably emulate her, as she is indeed a thrifty homemaker. As a rule she knows which flavorings or seasonings blend to advantage, and she has a little trick of combining two or three varieties in such a way that no one predominates, but all blend harmoniously to produce a subtle appetizing flavor and bouquet.

Vanilla of all the essences takes first place. And it deserves to, as it goes with so many foods and saves dozens of dishes from mediocrity. It also has the advantage of blending with other extracts and flavors, bringing out the best in those with which it combines. Next come lemon and orange, with almond, peppermint and maple next on the list. There are, of course, many others, quite delicious when discreetly used. Pineapple, banana, raspberry, cherry, rose and wintergreen are among the less usual flavorings that the homemaker should learn to use in her special dishes.

Until comparatively recently the fruit extracts were rather negative, but improved methods of manufacture have made it possible to extract the essential oils from the most delicate fruits without destroying the natural flavor. Rose and violet are made from flower petals and do retain something of their delicate fragrance. Peppermint and wintergreen oils are distilled from dried plants.

One vital point to remember when buying flavorings or spices is always to select the best. Read the label, as imitations

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF

I have the last
word from Paris

RHODA - ON - THE - ROOF
233 Post Street « DOuglas 8476

THE MAKER'S PRIDE
THE FAMILY'S JOY
THE GUEST'S DELIGHT .

SAMARKAND
ICE CREAM

THE SAMARKAND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
OAKLAND

are marked as such to comply with the pure-food laws. So little is required that it is much cheaper in the end.

Perhaps a few definite suggestions will be of assistance, though the quantity depends entirely upon individual taste.

Add either vanilla or cinnamon, or both, to iced coffee or chocolate, and vanilla alone to hot chocolate. Wintergreen, peppermint and spearmint are delicious in most fruit punches. Vanilla, cinnamon, almond and the fruit flavors may be added to milk-shakes, or even plain milk, if also slightly sweetened. Vanilla and almond blend nicely with all chocolate mixtures—beverages, cakes, candies, plain or frozen deserts. When making ice cubes for tea, fruit ades or punches, tint the water a delicate green and flavor with mint or pineapple. A few drops of peppermint, almond or lemon add delightfully to most fruit cups. Vanilla is always first choice in whipped cream, but for some desserts, such as ice box cakes, the fruit flavors may be combined with complementing tints and for these maraschino liquor from the bottled fruit serves for both color and essence.

It's much more fun to concoct one's own fruit punches, using freshly made cold tea as the base, adding a mixture of fruit juices or syrups for flavor and a bottle or two of ginger ale just before serving—but many prefer definite recipes, so several will be given which will serve either a large number of guests or be just enough for one table of bridge.

Fruit Punch (to serve 40): Boil 2 lbs. of sugar with 2 quarts of water for about ten minutes to form a syrup base; set aside to chill. Then add 2 cups of sliced strawberries, 3 bananas, thinly sliced; 1 large or 2 small cans of shredded pineapple; juice of 6 oranges and 4 lemons and 1 cup of fruit syrup, preferably raspberry. Mix well and let stand until needed and just before serving add either 2 quarts of charged mineral water or ginger ale.

Raspberry Punch (to serve 24): Mix together 2 cups canned raspberries and syrup with the juice of 3 lemons. Add next a fruit syrup made by boiling together 1¼ cups of sugar with 1 pint of water for ten minutes. Chill well before combining. Strain, then just before serving add 1 quart of charged water or ginger ale. Thinly sliced bananas make a pretty garnish, or lemon slices may be used, adding one to each small punch cup. When possible serve punch in bowl containing a block of ice.

Tutti Frutti Punch (to serve 15): Drain syrup from 2 cups of canned fruit salad; cut the fruit into tiny pieces. Next pour 1 quart of boiling water over 3 tablespoons of Ceylon (black) tea and steep for five minutes. Strain and cool, then add 3 tablespoons of sugar, 3 slices of lemon and 6 cloves; adding lastly the fruit syrup. Mix well and set aside to chill. When ready to serve put a spoonful of the diced fruit in each glass, add the liquid to fill, and top with a sprig of mint.

White Cherry Punch (makes 6 large glasses): Mix 2½ cups of white (canned) cherry juice with 1¼ cups of grapefruit juice; ½ of an orange, sliced and quartered; ½ cup of white stoned cherries, cut into halves; 1 banana, sliced; and sugar to suit taste—about 1 cupful. Serve in tall glasses partially filled with crushed ice.

With punches, dainty homemade cookies are more attractive than cup or sliced layer cakes. These recipes, while not so new to some of you, are mighty good for this service and make a nice assortment if one wishes a variety.

Chocolate Snow Caps: Cream ½ cup of butter (or fat), add 1 cup of brown sugar and 1 well-beaten egg. Next mix and sift together 1¼ cups of pastry flour with ½ teaspoon of soda. Combine the mixtures, adding dry ingredients alternately with ¾ cup of sweet milk. Lastly fold in either 6 tablespoons of ground (unsweetened) chocolate or cocoa or 4 squares of unsweetened chocolate that have been melted over hot water. Drop from tip of teaspoon onto greased cookie tin and bake in 360-degree oven for ten minutes. When cool top with white frosting. This amount will make about 50 cookies. (Seven-minute frosting is very good but marshmallow icing is sometimes preferred.)

Walnut Wafers: Mix in order given: 1 cup each of brown sugar, chopped walnuts and flour, and 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Then add 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Drop from tip of teaspoon onto a well-greased cookie sheet and bake quickly for about ten minutes in a 360-degree Fahrenheit oven. Will make 80 cookies the size of a silver dollar.

Chocolate Macaroons: Mix together 3 egg whites, beaten stiff with 1 cup of ground chocolate and 1 cup of sugar, adding last 1 cup of broken nut meats. Drop from tip of spoon onto greased cookie tin. Put nut meat on top of each and bake at 360 degrees for about ten minutes. Will yield about 36 cookies.

SERVED EXCLUSIVELY AT THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

Frozen Cookies (best if allowed to stand in refrigerator overnight): Mix together 1 cup each of white and brown sugar, and rub into 1 cup of shortening; when well blended, add 1 cup of melted butter and 3 well-beaten eggs. Next mix and sift together 4¾ cups of flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons soda and 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and add to first mixture. When dough-like knead in ½ lb. of almonds that have been blanched and chopped. Form into a roll and place in refrigerator for not less than two hours to chill. Slice thin and bake in a hot oven (about 400 degrees) until brown or about twelve minutes. Will make five dozen 3-inch cookies.

Lace Cookies: Add ½ cup of sugar and 1 tablespoon of shortening to 1 beaten egg, then stir in 1½ cups of rolled oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Lastly add 1¼ teaspoon vanilla. Drop from tip of spoon onto greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (400 F.) from ten to twelve minutes. Makes 18.

● During the summer and until further notice, the Cafeteria will be closed on Saturday nights, dinner being served in the Main Dining Room only.

ROMANCE
"Bird Song at Morning"

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson* (1850-1894)

"Suppers" Now Substitute For Dinners

● Just a few years ago the hostess paid her social obligations by entertaining at the country club or a smart hotel, but the modern home manager with a wary eye on the family budget invites her friends to a Sunday evening supper at the City Club.

After a strenuous summer day, guests appreciate an invitation for evening refreshments. Heaped-up platters of assorted hors d'oeuvres, cheese trays, olives, stuffed eggs, potato salad, sliced meats, small cakes, nuts and candies will tempt anyone on a Sunday evening.

One of the most popular "stops" at the table is the cold meats tray, which is filled with an assortment of ham, tongue, and "wursts." There's a cheese for every taste too, be it mild, medium or strong. And steaming coffee, as much as the diner wants. Or tea, or milk.

The "hot" dish is a chafing dish specialty which varies from week to week. Chicken a la King on crisp slices of toast seems to be the prime favorite, with kidney saute running a close second.

Then comes the desserts of wide assortment—pie, layer cake, ice cream or sherbets.

It's a fine way to top off a lazy or a strenuous Sunday.

Volunteers Will Hold Two Meetings

● There will be two general meetings of Volunteers, Thursday, August 4—one at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, which will be held in the Auditorium and the other at 7:30 o'clock in the evening in the Chinese Room.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., Chairman of Volunteer Service, has called the meeting, which will be presided over by Miss Leale. All members are urgently requested to attend and hear the special announcements.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds (value $65,931,292.00) on books at	$ 62,640,540.16
Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels, Aprons, etc.
furnished to
Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

Coats and Gowns furnished for all classes of professional services

●

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SAN FRANCISCO
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CATERING DEPARTMENT
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

DINING ROOM
WEEK DAYS

7 a. m. to 8 p. m.

SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

7:30 a. m. to 11:00 a. m.
5:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m.

TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE SERVICE

Luncheon.....50 and 85 Cents
Dinner.....75 Cents and $1.00
Buffet Supper.....75 Cents
(Sundays and Holidays)

CAFETERIA
WEEK DAYS

11:30 to 1:30 p. m.
5:30 to 7:00 p. m.

Table d'Hote and a la Carte

Luncheon.....35 and 40 Cents
Dinner.....50 Cents

CLOSED

Saturday Nights, Sundays and Holidays.

Special Attention Given to Private Parties

Community Chest Sets Annual Drive

● San Francisco's annual fall drive of the Community Chest will be held from November 14 to December 2. Through the courtesy of the Olympic Club, headquarters for the campaign will be located in the old Olympic Club building at the corner of Post and Mason streets.

James B. Smith, who again heads the central committee which is responsible for the solicitation of large donations, has appointed the following vice chairmen: Wallace M. Alexander, Selah Chamberlain, Colbert Coldwell, William H. Crocker, Benjamin Dibblee, Edward L. Eyre, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Morgan Gunst, Daniel E. Koshland, R. S. Shainwald.

J. H. Threlkeld, chairman of the geographic committee, has reorganized residential and downtown divisions in four districts, headed by the following vice chairmen: Harry Brawner, Byron Mobbs, Mrs. Paul Springer, Kendrick Vaughan.

Colonels now recruiting volunteers for the geographic divisions include: Arthur M. Brown, Jr., David McKell, C. P. Cain, Mrs. George J. Simpers, Frank Newman, William A. Cavanaugh, E. N. Arnot, Louis F. Armknecht, Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Mrs. H. L. Heiss, Mrs. Ragna Siversen, Mrs. Joseph H. Ottens, Mrs. E. I. Benson, Mrs. I. M. Golden, Mrs. W. R. Bacon, Miss Sarah B. Collier, Mrs. Ashley Faull, Mrs. George Oviedo, C. I. Haley, John L. Clymer, James A. Folger, Robert B. Coons, Edgar M. Kahn.

The establishment committee in charge of the solicitation of business and industrial firms is headed by Raymond M. Alvord, with Samuel A. Clarke and Colonel Henry G. Mathewson as vice chairmen, and the following colonels: W. H. Lowe, Harry S. Thompson, G. Harold Porter, Rae T. Smith, J. P. Rettenmayer, L. H. Marks.

Community Chest publicity under the direction of Philip H. Patchin includes campaign publicity headed by Mrs. Leo J. Clayburgh; radio publicity, chairman, Mrs. Charles de Young Elkus; public relations, chairman, Mrs. Edwin R. Sheldon.

Mrs. William L. Hyman is in charge of the Speakers' Bureau which is prepared to supply speakers informed on the Chest and its agencies to clubs, churches, schools and fraternal organizations.

The public relations department includes agency cooperation, Mrs. Dean Witter, chairman; school cooperation, Mrs. Ernest J. Mott, chairman; church cooperation, Dr. C. P. Deems, chairman; Parent-Teachers Association Committee, Mrs. Roe H. Baker, chairman.

IN THE LEAGUE SHOP THIS MONTH

—Gay colored watering cans

—Hand-carved bird-sticks for the garden or window box

—Imported flower-pot rests or tea tiles

—Dresser sets of hob-nail glass, and hand-decorated milk glass

—Cigarette boxes and new or antique books in modern coverings

LEAGUE SHOP
Owned and Operated by
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
◆◆◆◆ MAIN FLOOR ◆◆◆◆

Miss Sallie Maynard
REAL ESTATE BROKER
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Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m.
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Send your curtains, draperies, blankets, comforters and feather pillows to specialists for cleaning
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JOSEPH A. CALDWELL'S
SUPERIOR
CURTAIN AND BLANKET CLEANING WORKS
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GLORIOUS,
VIBRANT
HEALTH
demands
Normal Weight
You can be neither too fat nor too thin if you want to be healthy and attractive, so the
Henry Nier Super-System
offers you a
Simple
Healthful
Inexpensive
Enjoyable
Course of Manipulations For Only
$5
Per Month
Swedish Massage $1.25
Club Members, Patronize the Tenants of Your Building in the Interest of the Club
Henry Nier Super-System
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BUILDING

Kath "Sells" the Talent Festival to Jane By Remote Control

(Continued from Page 20)

having a "Clearance Sale"—can you imagine it? And in the Auditorium, if you please! I couldn't imagine what they had to clear out, because you never see anything there except the kind of lovely things that will always sell; but I was amazed when I went in and looked things over, and fell hard and fast for several real honest-to-goodness bargains. Now is the time to buy your Christmas gifts, and I found at least five, at prices that made me gasp, they were so reasonable. Give me an idea, and I'll be glad to pick up some of those rare things for you. I am always delighted at the type of their stock, anyway, for it never savors of the common or ordinary, and one is always sure to find the unusual, the different thing there.

My time is up, old dear. I hope I don't bore you with my enthusiasm, but you know how I am—just that way—what I like I like—and vice versa, eh?

All good things to you, and a happy summer.

Affectionately,

KATH.

Would Provide Recreation For Unemployed

● The National Recreation Association, formerly the Playground and Recreation Association of America, has sent out a circular letter asking for contributions to continue its work. The leaders state that they are endeavoring to meet the unemployment emergency and as a result playgrounds and recreation centers are being enlarged, new ones opened, provision being made for games, and occupations such as reading and listening to the piano or the phonograph. Cities, towns, counties, churches, trade unions and other organizations have seen the necessity of doing something of this sort and are daily calling upon the Association for information and advice.

As the load has increased the income has diminished because so many of the regular contributors have either had reverses or have felt the pressure of local demands to such an extent as to necessitate reducing or eliminating entirely their support.

Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Whitcomb Hotel, is local representative of the National Recreation Association.

Talent Festival Dates:
Wednesday and Thursday
October 12 and 13

DAIRY DELIVERY CO.

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Distributors of Highest Quality
MILK
CREAM
COTTAGE CHEESE
3550 19th Street, San Francisco
VAlencia 6000
198 California Drive, Burlingame
BUrlingame 2460
2600 Broadway, Redwood City
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Hourly Service Bureau
RELIABLE WOMEN for
Care of Children
Light Housework
Cooking
Mending, Plain Sewing
Practical Nursing
Typing, Shorthand
Bookkeeping
and
RELIABLE MEN for
Housecleaning
Window Washing
Car Washing
Dish Washing
Care of Gardens, etc.
DAY, HALF-DAY OR HOURLY SERVICE
UNderhill 3410

"Something of God Remains"

—EDITH HECHT

Something of God remains, when all is done,
Though beauty lovers stand with downcast head
At havoc wrought on bronze or chiseled stone;
On all the glorious dreams creative, bred.

Of poetry and joy. Yet their souls have won
Above the pyre, whence their lusters spread
Immortal, as Alexandrian fame outruns
Without one book, those hordes of vandal dead.

Something of God remains
In word or picture, or fair torso, flung
To flames by tyranny or stifling creed
Or else barbaric onslaught. Hatreds so wrung
Must fail. Heart throbs swell out their needs
Louder and clearer, being stricken dumb.
Something of God remains.

Red Amber (Honolulu)

—BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

A fir tree stood on tiptoe by the shore,
Wooing with murmurous sighs the encircling wave
Who listening bent his crested head to crave
A lover's boon, and lay prostrate before
The pine maid's loveliness. So runs the lore;
They met in amorous caress that gave
To them a wondrous child. In abyssal cave
Forgot by pine and wave alone she bore
The name of Amber. O being of mystery!
Magnetic fire that glows before my eyes,
Translucent creation of rapturous ecstasy,
An orange, red and purple harmony
In color; vibrant with lambent flame that lies
Reflected warmth from ancient lovers' eyes.
To Cecil-Giver-of-Gifts (around my neck
she placed a lail of amber beads).

The Women's City Club
announces a reduction in

BEDROOM RATES

Rooms without bath	$35.00 and up
Rooms with bath	50.00 and up
Suites— (two rooms and bath)	115.00 and up
Double room with bath	90.00
Weekly rates	$14.00 and $17.50
Daily rates	$2.50 and $3.00

SWIMMING POOL

OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

•

Swim in Crystal-Clear Fresh Water

•

ADMISSION RATES

Members and girls to 18 years of age	30c
Adult guests and boys over 8	40c
Member's swimming ticket, 10 admissions	$2.75
Members' children's tickets, 10 admissions	2.50

Watch announcements on bulletin board for children's hours

Instructor will supervise games. Admission fee only

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed., 9:30—7:30 Thurs., Fri., 9:30—9:00
Saturday, 9:00—5:00

Monday mornings, Junior Summer Members are invited to use the pool without charge from 9:30 to 12

Your Exercise in the Pool
Your Tan Under Our Sun Lamp

Private and Class Lessons

Classes in elementary or advanced swimming or diving will be formed on request of five or more persons. An elementary class is scheduled to start early in August on Wednesday, at 5:30, and an advanced class on Tuesday at 5:30, if five swimmers leave their names at the swimming office. The fee for a course of six half-hour class lessons for a member is $2.75, for a guest $3.75.

Tickets for private lessons entitle the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. The tickets for members and their children (sons under 9, daughters under 18) are $4.00, and for guests are $5.00. These tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser.

Men's Guest Night

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim every Friday night from 5:30 to 9.

Members	$ .30
Sons under 8, daughters under 18	.30
Boys over 8, men and women guests	.40

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

A guest card (25 cents), giving a woman guest the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member in person

Closed Labor Day, September 5 and
Admission Day, September 9

GUEST CARD PRIVILEGES

Members may now secure the usual two weeks Guest Card for an **unlimited number of guests** by paying **One Dollar Per Year.**

ROOMS AVAILABLE FOR MEMBERS AND GUESTS

Information
At
Front Office

The Women's City Club announces a reduction in

BEDROOM RATES

Rooms without bath	$35.00 and up
Rooms with bath	50.00 and up
Suites— (two rooms and bath	115.00 and up
Double room with bath	90.00
Weekly rates	$14.00 and $17.50
Daily rates	$2.50 and $3.00

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER, 1932
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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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and in the year 1930, not so long ago, a well-known woman's magazine said, "So throughout the ages woman has developed and exploited the lines that add to her charm, and has preserved what is real and beautiful, while the false and ugly died in its own day . . . "

and that was just two years ago and so much of the ugly of that day has disappeared and in its place has come new lines of beauty . . .

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and a new chair, a comfortable one (that breathes the air of an upholstered deck chair) — will prolong the relaxation of a restful vacation — Art Rattan has some new coverings in stick reed furniture — 422 Sutter near Stockton . . . drop in and taste that tangy atmosphere this furniture breeds . . .

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that is, if you keep stocked with flowers to fill the dull spots with their brilliance . . . there are three fine florists in this Shopping Guide . . . all worthy of your trade . . .

another reminder on the millinery subject, Marie Sweeney at 177 Post Street has the "nack" of making the hat suit you . . . usually it's a case of the milliner trying to fit you to the hat and you know how disagreeable that can be . . . so, if you're at all choosey, we recommend Marie Sweeney . . .

remember that wonderful cake that made such a sensation at last year's Talent Festival? . . . Emma Sutton made it, remember . . . she makes them, and dozens of other kinds, at The Little Cake Shop, 2437 Fillmore . . . real homemade, butter and everything that makes a cake what it should be . . .

now that we're on the food subject, let's not overlook that Mary-Eleanor's French Dressing — at your grocer or the Tea Room, 445 Powell . . .

and at The New Fillmore there's all the old staples in groceries and a host of new delicacies and tidbits to stir up sluggish appetites . . .

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particularly, when we quote Ralph Lyon in a letter dated the 11th, do we feel that it's a pretty decent world we are living in . . . "the rise in the market has been very encouraging for the investor . . . and as soon as stock prices become steady the investor will do well to consider certain well selected stocks, as well as bonds, as part of a well-balanced investment plan."

isn't that something?

cheerio! we'll be seeing you next month.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 1, 1932

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time will be reserved for discussion if desired. Admission—purchase of Club scrip in the amount of 50 cents. Redeemable in any department at any time.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of every month . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Board Room* 2:30 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members and guests are invited—no fee.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mme. Olivier, Instructor.

Conversation Classes—Tuesdays . . . . . *Board Room* 2:00 P.M.

Conversation Classes—Fridays . . . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.

(Anyone interested may attend the first conversational class without charge. First class being formed on September 16.)

Theory Classes—Mondays . . . . . *Board Room* 6:00 TO 9:00 P.M.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Wednesdays, Mme. Olivier will meet with members and their guests who care to join her at her French Conversational Table.

HEALTH EXAMINATIONS—From September 15 to September 30,

Inclusive . . . . . *Second Floor* 4:00 TO 8:00 P.M.

Appointments to be made through Executive Secretary's office.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday and Wednesday Evenings . . . . . *Swimming Pool* WEDNESDAY, 5:30 TO 7:30 P.M. FRIDAY, 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

SPANISH CONVERSATIONAL TABLE—September 8 and 22 . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Miss Mercedita Rivera and Mr. Colmer Alvarez will preside at a luncheon table in the Cafeteria every second and fourth Thursday. Only Spanish will be spoken. Members are welcome to join this table.

LUNCHEON TABLE . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Members of Board of Directors will preside at luncheon tables every day during third week of each month. Members are invited to join this table to hear mid-monthly announcements, discussions, etc.

TALENT FESTIVAL LUNCHEON TABLE . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Every Thursday at noon there will be a group meeting of those interested in the Talent Festival at a table in the Cafeteria where plans will be discussed for the Talent Festival to be held on the 12th and 13th of October. Members are invited to bring their trays to this table.

September 1—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Subject: The Fountain, by Charles Morgan

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Frances Effinger Raymond
Subject: Preserving Morale in View of Known Problems

2—Book Talk by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Subject: The Fountain, by Mr. Charles Morgan

Play-Reading Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . *Board Room*

4—Buffet Supper in Honor of Miss Margaret Miller of Liverpool, England . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:30 P.M.

6—Bridge Tournament—First Session . . . . . *Auditorium* 7:30 P.M.

Eighteen rubbers to be played. Tickets, $2.00 table

7—Current Events Section—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles Curry . . *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME VI SEPTEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 8

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September 8—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Emily Rayburn Kneiss Subject: A Review of Current Books and Events		
Young Members' Tea	*Lounge*	3:30 P.M.
Miss Leale will meet with younger members		
12—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:30 P.M.
Younger members are invited to join this table in Mural Room. Cafeteria service		
Contract Bridge—Course of Lessons	*Chinese Room*	7:45 TO 9:45 P.M.
Mrs. A. M. Roedel—$5.00, 10 lessons. Single lesson, 60 cents. Every Monday night		
13—Bridge Tournament—Second Session	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
14—"Ninon" of the *Chronicle* will give a series of four talks on "Dressing to Your Personality"	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
Individual suggestions will be given. Course tickets, $1.00		
15—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Ransom E. Beach Subject: Exhibition of Historic French Fabrics		
20—Bridge Tournament—Third Session	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
Bridge Tea	*Entire Fourth Floor*	2:00 P. M.
21—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
"Ninon"—Second Lecture on "Dressing to Your Personality"	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
22—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mme. Bell-Ranske Subject: Ibsen, the Man and His Message		
27—Bridge Tournament—Fourth Session	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
28—"Ninon"—Third Lecture on "Dressing to Your Personality"	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. William O. Gropuis Subject: Life in Singapore		

Facts About Talent Festival

October 12 and 13 are the dates chosen for the 1932 Talent Festival.

Loans are our finest specimens of talent. The setting this year will be the Fourth Floor. Send of your best. Each loan must be accompanied by a gift. Pledge cards are urged so that the Committee — both Loan and Gift — may plan for the exhibit. When the gift is ready send it in so that marking may be done to the best advantage.

The Talent Festival Information Desk in the Hammon Gallery is there each day for your convenience.

No food will be accepted at the 1932 Talent Festival. The food sale will occur in November. Candy and nuts are the exceptions.

The pricing will be cost of materials plus 10 per cent.

Those serving on the days of the Talent Festival must wear their own uniforms. No renting of uniforms will be allowed.

Contributions for the Almanac are solicited and must be in the hands of Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Madison before September 10.

Ideas for group work are eagerly sought by the group chairmen, Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Coxon.

Gifts of bonds or cash in order that they may be listed in the October Magazine should be received before September 20.

TALENT FESTIVAL

1932

The product of my talent to be offered the City Club will be

.....

.....

My loan will be.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone.....

(Delivery shall be made not later than October 11, 1932)

Mail to Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

IN the last analysis the underlying theme of most of these "messages" is the responsibility of the individual to the organization. This month let there be no camouflage about it. Let us dwell on this theme and its application to the Talent Festival. It is but three years since the editor of the Magazine coined the expression Talent Festival in answer to our appeal for a name for this every-member's service call, of which we had then been dreaming for two months. Today the Talent Festival is not a vision as it was then, but a reality. Its success in 1932 is a foregone conclusion, and the groups who have already met to discuss plans for their loans and their gifts (numbering now approximately eight hundred) are individual members who take seriously their obligation to the National League. With a spirit of real enthusiasm—not just a blase compliance with the "thing to do"—they have signed up their pledges to lay their talents at the feet of this organization. There is certainly no reason to say "personal responsibility" to such a group. They know the true meaning of the word.

And yet there are larger worlds to conquer, and more mountains to climb before our hopes are realities, for "bigger and better" may be the goal for some, but "finer and more perfect" is eternally the aim of the Women's City Club of San Francisco. Significant it is that not once has anyone said, "I made so-and-so last year. Will that do again?" Instead one hears on all sides "I made so-and-so last year, but I am trying to do a little better by the Club this year. Will this do?" This individual and her relation to the group—her service, her cooperation, her appreciation—is as it should be.

But how about the other members, whose numbers are far more than the minority—a minority who by their personal cooperation with activities carry the Club? What is the psychology of this larger group? Is it inferiority complex or a willingness to "let George do it," or is it perhaps the unconscious failure of each to feel her importance in the scheme of things? To these members I now appeal, asking them to participate in the preliminary work for the 1932 October Festival now going forward, for the success of the Festival this year will prove to the world at large our power to rise above the discouragements of this workaday world so harassed with economic problems.

The circle of members who serve must embrace twice as many as did 1931 and the joy of giving to the Club should be the experience of twice last year's participants. The problem of balancing our budget (which we are accomplishing even in these strenuous times) has been the work of the officers, of the Finance Committee, and of the Executive Office; the pride of accomplishment of this budget will be the reward of those who serve the Club, and the Talent Festival is the opportunity given every member to "do her bit."

Volunteers at the Information Desk in the Hammon Gallery await your pledge—October 12 and 13 are not far off.

1932 Talent Festival

—MRS. PHILIP COXON

● Time moves quickly in bringing nearer the date of the third Talent Festival, which is now only ten weeks away. Already there is a real activity among the members preparing for this annual event which has so successfully demonstrated the ability and talent of the Club membership.

One group is devoting two whole days a week to painting, pasting, varnishing and fashioning all kinds of applied art. Included in this group's activities is the artistic decoration of over five hundred candy boxes, all to be filled with home-made confections. Here is an opportunity for all candy makers to help along a good work. Hurry up and send in your pledges. Last year's Candy Booth was a big hit, but we can make this one still better with the aid of all sweet makers.

Dolls of all types, shapes and sizes are being made by another group, and the nimble fingers of other workers are busy in the production of articles from raffia. There is an air of mystery about their work which will only be lifted with the opening of the Festival.

Those members whose hobby runs to gardening are reminded that the Festival Committee can use quantities of lavender flowers, iris pods, gourds and corncobs. Also, there is still time to develop small and interesting rock-gardens and pot-plants, both of which are very attractive and will materially add to the beauty of the Garden Booth.

There is a wealth of talent in our club and we can make this year's Festival bigger and better than ever if all members will co-operate with their work, gifts, and support.

At the Festival Desk on the fourth floor a volunteer, in daily attendance, will gladly advise with any member desirous of joining a working group, making gifts or lending exhibits.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

● An Almanac is being compiled for our Talent Festival. Members are cordially invited to contribute suitable scraps therefor: wit and humor, recipes new and old, verses (whose twin virtues shall be Beauty and Brevity) or any quaint or interesting data. These are being cheerfully received by the two compilers of the Almanac, Christina Madison and Josephine Bartlett. Your best recipes, father's favorite joke, an excerpt from grandmother's scrapbook, these are to have their chance at immortality!

Also: The deadline is October 1; so, as the London cabby puts it, "Mykyste!"

Address all contributions in care of the Club.

Loan Exhibit Promises Many Beautiful Objects

—MRS. S. G. CHAPMAN, CHAIRMAN LOAN EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

● The Club has proudly recorded the accomplishments of the First and Second Annual Talent Festivals.

Now the time approaches for the Third Festival. The dates this year are October 12 and 13. As you realize this fact you are, beyond a doubt, remembering the joy of achievement that was yours on these last two occasions, when you were one of the enthusiastic participants of those exciting two weeks.

The ideal of the Festival is still the same — reciprocal service — two-fold, first, to give opportunity to the Club and to your fellow members to appreciate the product of your special talent by your bringing in one hand to the Loan Exhibit the best of your handiwork; second, to convert your membership into service by bearing in the other hand your personally-made gift. Whether it be a loan for the Club to exhibit for you or a gift you make to the Club, the import of the Talent Festival is a salute to your ingenuity and to your creative ability.

This special letter comes to you directly from the Loan Exhibit Committee. Therefore, feeling sure that you will take part again this October, and for our mutual understanding, the Committee wishes to inform you, early, of the plans.

1. Gifts, only, are now being received at the Club.

2. Loans, to be hung (paintings, wall hangings) will be received on Saturday, October 8.

3. Other loans will be received Monday, October 10.

4. Loans will not be received later than 10 a. m. Tuesday, October 11.

5. Loans must be called for at the Club on Friday, October 14, and Saturday, October 15.

6. A card indicating the name of the exhibitor must be (history of article optional) attached to each exhibit.

7. Value of each loan must be marked thereon. The Women's City Club will carry, for the week, insurance coverage on all exhibits.

8. All loans will be exhibited only on the Fourth Floor.

9. The Club requests your suggestions of names of members who might enter this Loan Exhibition.

10. It is preferable that your loan be not the same exhibit as last year. Your latest work is suggested.

So, with best wishes and high hopes, we await October 12 and 13.

Talent Festival Brings Camaraderie

—MRS. JOHN P. COGLAN

● Have you ever been on a crowded street car when one more passenger elbows his way in, and suddenly the whole car is filled with the pleasing aroma of freshly ground coffee?

Some of the people on the car are tired from a busy day, others are lost in the pages of the evening paper, or perhaps in the latest thriller, but there is not one who does not look up and sort of straighten his shoulders when he whiffs a breath of that newly ground coffee.

The car takes on a homey air. The whiff of the coffee seems to put the passengers into a friendly mood. Like a group of old friends gathered together to exchange a word of greeting.

That is the way I feel when I hear about the Talent Festival.

I picture the Club with a confusion of figures hurrying here and there. The scent of friendly coffee is mixed with the soft smell of pine boughs and gay, red berries. Music and laughter, chatter and songs.

A display of articles made entirely by our own members. A most remarkable collection.

One can scarcely believe that a single group could produce so many different things. Above all one feels a spirit of comradeship.

Every member of the City Club should become a part of the Talent Festival. Not because the Club needs every member, but by not taking part the member misses the one big thrill of the year. It is like the old war days. Everybody is on her toes and going. Don't wait for someone to drag you into the Club and put you to work. It is your Club—come in and dig around. Find the wonderful spirit that is behind everything that is done there.

After you have done all this, try to get away before your feet have folded up under you. Try to get away before your arms are too tired to lift up even *once* more for the glory of your Club.

The Women's City Club announces a reduction in

BEDROOM RATES

Rooms without bath	$35.00 and up
Rooms with bath	50.00 and up
Suites—	
(two rooms and bath)	115.00 and up
Double room with bath	90.00
Weekly rates	$14.00 and $17.50
Daily rates	$2.50 and $3.00

Say It With Talent

—MRS. CARLO MORBIO

● The Talent Festival is growing to be one of our yearly events, anticipated with almost the same enthusiasm and eager interest as opera, football season and the holidays. To those who have watched it from its beginnings, it is most interesting and gratifying to see its progress. Those who came to scoff at a bazaar the first year find themselves remaining each succeeding year to admire the high standard of the exhibits and the fine quality of the real talent displayed. Miss Leale watches her growing child with deep pride and a well-controlled feeling of "I told you so." Her faith in the ability of the members and in the co-operative spirit that is such a pronounced feature of the Women's City Club is justified by each year's performance. No one who has listened to her simply expressed but significant aspirations for the Club can fail to catch fire with her ardor and idealism.

The troubled days of wartime evoked a feeling of comradeship and understanding that brought us more truly to the old ideal of brotherly love than any preaching or praying had been able to achieve. It is with the fervent desire of sustaining and continuing that feeling that the Women's City Club has been fostered and carried along by the far-sighted women who have had its management in their hands. From the grim tasks of bandage making that wartime required, we have turned to the happier pursuits of the time of peace, or to the practical work of helping in the time of economic stress.

Various sorts of talents are displayed and used throughout the year in the Club. Talent does not necessarily mean genius. The dictionary defines talent as "a particular faculty or gift" and genius as "exalted intellectual power and creative ability." Few can lay claim to the latter, but the former exists in varying degrees in almost everyone. It is very beautiful to see the amount of talent that is offered to the Club all the time: social talent, executive talent, dramatic talent, organizing talent, business talent, etc. Volunteer service encompasses all of these and many more. Like many of our other blessings, we grow to take these things for granted. One thing that would make us appreciate them would be to lose them entirely. A happier method of prodding our appreciation is to throw them all into a high light once a year, and this the Talent Festival does. The Club puts on its best dress and invites everyone in for a party. Not many can resist the invitation, and when all are assembled, not only is it enlightening to see the exhibits, but to discover what is going on all the time throughout the year in the Club.

Maybe you have forgotten that tea is served each afternoon in the Lounge; that a Library is offering you splendid books; that the Cafeteria serves a delicious luncheon; that the Swimming Pool is one of the best in the city; that there are book review sections, and current event talks, and scores of other interesting activities. Maybe you never knew that a group of women meet to make bandages for charity patients in the hospitals; another group makes layettes for mothers too poor to buy them. In almost every corner of the Club you will find friendly little groups busy at some interesting and helpful task. All this seething talent flames up once a year in the Festival, and in the glow of it one sees the other members, too, who work more

SEND TO THE CLUB FOR THE TALENT FESTIVAL ALMANAC

▼

YOUR FAVORITE "COLLECT"

YOUR FUNNIEST JOKE

YOUR PET RECIPE

YOUR STUNNINGEST IDEA

singly and quietly in their own studios and attics and workshops. It is almost like an ancient old rite where each one brings her most precious gift to the festal altar.

In 1918, when we were pouring our men and money and service into the war work, I heard two women speak at a meeting of the Three Arts Club in New York City. One said that all art pursuits should be completely abandoned for the time being and that everyone should give time to purely utilitarian service. The second speaker was Mrs. Alfred Herter of Santa Barbara. She and her husband and son were all fine artists, and had developed the Herter looms for the making of lovely fabrics. Her argument opposed that of the other speaker. She said that each one should give service in terms of her own talent. Let the musicians and actresses give entertainment to the soldiers. Let the artists help to beautify the huts, and bring warmth and color and charm to these dreary temporary homes for the soldiers. She said that certain forms of nostalgia were induced by the lack of the right kind of lighting and surroundings. She asked for volunteers from among the art students to aid her in what she proposed to do. The Metropolitan Museum had given her a room for her work. There, with her helpers to aid her, she would dye inexpensive fabrics to make lampshades and hanging for the cantonment hunts. She planned to copy old military banners and flags that had carried older armies to victory, and felt that these might prove to be interesting and inspiring to these modern soldiers. Her argument ended on the conclusion that each one could give her best service in the field in which she had been trained. By using her efforts to help along these lines, no art student would be shirking her duty, and neither would she be losing ground in her own career. This seemed a highly constructive plan to me, and later when I observed stupid misuse of fine ability, I wished that the army and war relief organizations had followed this more discriminating and sensible policy.

The Festival furnishes a fine opportunity to carry out a like plan. Let each one contribute the best expression of what she has been trained to do, and we cannot fail to have a great success. Your contribution may not take a concrete, tangible form. All of us cannot paint pictures, nor bind books, nor weave tapestries, nor do the various clever things that can be displayed. Remember, though, that you are not required to have genius, but only its little sister, talent—"a particular faculty or gift." Come to the Festival and bring it along. Maybe the thing that you do best is not of an artistic nature. It may be knitting or cooking or something that would not be suitable to exhibit with the other things. Along with that ability, there will be the other qualities that will be of use in the Festival. The patience, industry, concentration and intelligence that your task demands of you will make you have a fine appreciation and understanding of the things that will be displayed, and an intelligent audience is very necessary.

So come with your gift, whether it is hidden or displayed. Each member should feel that it is her party, and that she has a social responsibility whether she is on a committee or not. Dig out your feelings of family pride, and bring in the neighbors to see what clever members we have in *our* house. Bring along your brothers and husbands and boy friends so that they may see that mere woman is really busy about something worth while. We don't have to prove that so much any more, but I think the superior male still feels a shock of surprise at the display of feminine ability. Let it be like a family Christmas party. We like each other all year 'round, but we say it a little more emphatically at that time in the family and at Festival time in the Club. So come on, one and all and "say it with" —Talent.

Santa Clara Valley Members Plan for Festival

—MRS. CLIFFORD WILBUR

● Members of the Club from Atherton to San Jose were called together in Palo Alto on Friday afternoon, August 26, to hear a talk by our President, Miss Marion W. Leale, on the coming Third Annual Talent Festival, and to make plans for the participation in it of Santa Clara Valley members.

Like the meeting of last year, it was held in the gardens of Mrs. Beach Thompson's residence, seats being placed on the tennis court for the one hundred and fifty members present.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat was General Chairman of the Get-together; Mrs. James Graham Sharp was Chairman of Hostesses; Mrs. Edwin J. Thomas had charge of the delicious punch and cakes served after Miss Leale's talk, and Mrs. E. L. Grisell was Chairman of Arrangements. Mrs. David Lamson had charge of the serving and was assisted by several of the junior members from the Palo Alto group.

Miss Leale always talks straight from the shoulder, and her little speech about the plans for the forthcoming Festival in October was meaty and comprehensive. She first stressed the important point that the purposes of the First Talent Festival, held in 1930, have been most gratifyingly fulfilled: First, it gave to each member an annual opportunity for service. Second, it proved that members could get together in such a fine congeniality of spirit. Third, it gave the members opportunity to become acquainted with, and appreciative of, the many talents in the membership group.

Miss Leale announced that this year the Fourth Floor of the Club will be used for the loan display. The Festival has grown to such big proportions that more space is needed for leisurely examination of the talents loaned by members, and the Fourth Floor is a happy choice. Many out-of-town members have never been above the Third Floor of the Club and this will give them a chance to view some of the upper rooms. Miss Leale also announced that a food sale is planned for November and that, in consequence, no food will be solicited for the Festival.

And speaking of food: instead of publishing a cook book this year, an almanac will be substituted. For this all sorts of interesting bits of history, jokes, poems, quaint facts, and other old almanac what-nots are needed. Contributions are to be sent to the editors, Miss Josephine Bartlett and Mrs. Christina Madison, to the Club. Prompt submissions will be greatly appreciated.

Of the response to last year's Talent Festival by Palo Alto and other Santa Clara Valley members Miss Leale had glowing words of praise. Our members not only measured up splendidly in loans and donations but also did fine work in service during the Festival. This year there is also much enthusiasm and great pride in our Club's unique effort to bring to light the talents, great and small, of its members. Many a hidden light has been coaxed into the open through the Talent Festivals, thanks in good measure to our faithful, far-visioned President.

As usual the entrance fee of a talent loan will be a donation of some sort; the gifts to be sold, as in the past two Festivals, for the benefit of the Club. The donations will be on display and sale on the First Floor. Of course talents may be made donations also.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman will again have charge of the Loan Exhibit, and will be assisted by Mrs. Kierulff and Mrs. Stevens.

Mrs. Chapman, Miss Osborne, and Mrs. Booth, Miss Donohoe and Mrs. Davidson, accompanied Miss Leale to Palo Alto.

Marin County Members Enthusiastic Over Festival

—MRS. FREDERICK H. MEYER

● Seventy-five members of the City Club who reside in Marin County met early in August to discuss their contributions to the Talent Festival.

The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Marshall Dill at Ross and presided over by Miss Leale. At the conclusion of the meeting the assemblage crossed the terraced lawns to the adjoining home of Mrs. Powers Symington, Mrs. Dill's sister, for tea.

This being the third Festival, it is noted that members entertain a wider cognizance of what may be offered as a "talent." Marin County's originality and cleverness in conception and execution have been traditional in the City Club group since the early history of the National League in that county under the chairmanship of Mrs. Frank B. Anderson. Those traditions were eminently sustained at the meeting at the Dill home, where nearly every member present pledged a gift as the outward and visible sign of her talent.

There was the offer, for instance, of the coppersmith whose work adorns Marin homes from Sausalito and Bolinas. Another suggested that she be present and "read palms" as her offering. She said she had given years of study to the subject. Friends present stated that she had made remarkable prophecies which had come to pass. Whether palmistry is a talent or not may be a debatable question, but it was the sense of the meeting that such a booth would add to the entertainment of the two days.

The spirit of the assembly was remarkable in its irresistible enthusiasm.

Every suggestion was of positive polarity. Not a negative thought or doubt was expressed and there was a spontaneous gayety attending the deliberations which one ordinarily would not expect from a group launching what many would consider an onerous undertaking.

But Marin County is like that. The same spirit was manifested last year, I am told, at the meeting held at the home of Mrs. William Kent, where it was pledged that each Festival, so far as Marin County was involved, would be better than that of the year before

And so, when the Festival opens next month look for the loans and gifts of the women of Marin, whose talents are conspicuous, and whose loyalty to service ideals, as manifested at Mrs. Dill's home, is as steadfast as when they became Minute Women of the war.

Miss Zane Heads Young Members' Display

● The contribution of the younger members of the City Club to the Talent Festival will be a display of dolls of all kinds, sizes, characters and nationalities which will be sold in one of the attractive corners of the big Auditorium on the First Floor.

Miss Margaret Zane is chairman of this display and takes this means of asking all young members of the Club who plan to make dolls to call at the Executive Office on the Fourth Floor to register their pledges. They may also there pledge their assistance to the groups making dolls. Suggestions for the making of novelty dolls will be welcomed.

The fact that the young member is making a doll or dolls, or assisting the doll group, does not preclude her from exhibiting or giving other displays for the Festival.

Appreciation of a Marin County Member of City Club

—HELEN SHEEHY

● When a friend asked me "just what it meant to me to be a Marin County member of the Women's City Club" I was a bit staggered at first, for the benefits are so many and so varied.

Foremost of all the pleasant benefits are the luncheons in the Cafeteria on wintry days after a hard morning. It's so nice to walk into the Cafeteria and have a friendly visit with one's friends who are serving. The spirit of friendship and comradeship is so outstanding.

Then again, in the Dining Room, to lunch there in a leisurely fashion with perfect food and perfect quiet is something we cannot do any other place in San Francisco.

Afterwards, up to the Library for books. The member-librarians are always so enthusiastically helpful that I come away with books of all descriptions. My only drawback, like all out-of-town members, are the prices I pay on my overdue books—but they are always worth it.

I have stopped over night twice at the Club. I remember once I brought in a velvet evening gown to wear that night, and when my grip was unpacked the gown seemed hopelessly wrinkled. I hung it in the bathroom and when I had finished bathing the wrinkles had entirely disappeared, thanks to the hot water.

The beds were so comfortable that we had none of that first-night-in-a-strange-place feeling.

The breakfasts were delicious, catering either to large or small appetites. All of the Club employees were courteous and efficient, and we looked forward eagerly to our next visit to the Club.

What is so all-sufficient for the time being to a tired shopper or the "in-between times" to an out-of-town member remaining over for dinner and theater or concert as afternoon tea service in the Lounge? The spirit in which it is served, the tea and everything are more rejuvenating than "glands" could be.

When I am living in Marin my days in San Francisco are spent in a wild rush and in watching the hands of the clock for fear I may not accomplish all I have set out to do that day. So I regret that I am a bit unfortunate in being unable to attend many of the lectures and other affairs of the Club.

Oh, yes! I almost forgot the glad, never-stretched welcome of the flowers—garden flowers bringing country life, light and color into town and making a home of cheer and happiness out of a club.

Sitting here in the country writing this, I have been thinking that after all the Women's City Club means contact, rest and friendly service to me, and I am proud and happy and grateful to be a member of the family.

We Request a Name for a Talent Festival Group

—MAY F. RILEY

● In its ancient definition, a "talent" was a weight or a denomination of money. It varied in weight and value among nations. This ancient word was translated modernly at the meeting held Wednesday evening, August 18, when our President, Miss Leale, met a group of those members connected with business and professions. Dinner was served in the National Defenders' Room, and later we enjoyed a visit with Miss Leale.

This will be the third Talent Festival; many of those present August 18, had been also present in 1930 when Miss Leale first presented her idea of such an activity. Today we see the Festival as an ideal realized. It was not a "meeting" on August 18, but more a delightful gathering of sympathetic members, eagerly interested in knowing how they could effectively participate in the Talent Festival, even though their time was necessarily limited. We noted, among those present, Mrs. Charlotte McClelland, president of the Business and Professional Women's Club of San Francisco; the Misses Mary Mooney, Mildred Larkin, Ida J. Lord, A. Manning, Jessie McKinney, Amanda Heuermann, Belle McDonald, Nettie B. Smith, Emma Noonan, I. L. Macrae; Dr. Crockett, Mesdames Steel, Louise O'Hara, Marie A. Judge, Pieter De Vries, Ida R. Grebinar.

Several had already made plans for illustrating their particular talents. Then, one resourceful member asked if it would be permissible to let a gift of money be the "talent" of those who were not endowed with "the gift of the hand." This suggestion met with an immediate response, and was accepted, for after all, success in business and profession is equally a talent, and the product thereof just as much an exhibit (though invisible) as handicraft which is displayed. The idea is flexible. It will not be restricted to any classification within the Club membership; but is available to all members to whom this idea appeals. One convenient way of enrolling is to complete the Festival registration card.

At the August 18 gathering, so many declared their desire to make such a money gift, it was felt a special group should be formed of such donors. We request a name for this new Talent Festival group. Can you supply one? Have you a "talent" for words and titles? If so, kindly send your suggestions to the Talent Festival Committee.

Like the ancient "talent," your gift can vary from that of other members. Whether it be a talent's weight in silver, or a talent's weight in gold; whether you can make a generous endowment to promote some special work of the Club, or whether you give "a tithe of all you possess," it will still be your own personal expression of service, and of active participation in the Third Festival.

Loan Exhibit, Only, on Fourth Floor

● The Loan Exhibit of the Talent Festival, under the direction of Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. E. N. Kierulff and Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, will be confined entirely to the Fourth Floor. The gifts and sales exhibits will be in the Auditorium, First Floor.

The loans will be shown in the separate rooms of the Fourth Floor, articles being segregated according to class. That is, related objects, such as lace, old fans and lovely old costumes, will be in one room. Sculpture, paintings, objects of art will be in another; weaving and similar industries in another.

Exhibition of Etchings Anticipates Talent Festival Display in Same Medium

—GUTHRIE COURVOISIER

[Editor's Note—Etchings are a favorite form of artistic expression, as indicated by the previous Talent Festivals of the City Club. The display of those occasions was extremely creditable and doubtless will be again this year. Members who are intending to exhibit etchings and those who anticipate enjoying them, will appreciate the following timely causerie of the art of etching.]

● It has been many years since San Francisco has had an exhibition of engravings and fine etchings of such great importance as that scheduled at the Courvoisier Galleries this month, beginning September 5. This will be no ordinary exhibition of fine prints, but one in which the finest examples of the great masters of the past six centures will be shown. Thus the exhibition will afford an unusual opportunity to learn many things about this particular field of art and it is the purpose of this article to be a guide to the subtle characteristics that have placed the art of etching in such continued esteem; and in some measure, at least, to bring to those interested a working basis for the actual appreciation of what an artist tries to convey through the medium of etching.

The collection is owned by H. M. Dunbar of the Roullier Galleries, whose reputation as an authority in this specialized field is international. The fact that he has chosen to give this exhibition in San Francisco, and moreover that he is bringing it personally, can be taken as an indication that San Francisco has gained recognition as an intelligent art center.

Since etchings and engravings are in black and white there is no color to aid the imagination in translating them. It is therefore necessary to recognize in them the beauty of pure line, and to appreciate the conveyance by line alone of substance and texture and even color.

Let us first consider the portrayal of color by black and white lines. This was early accomplished by a technique of detailed lines and shading. We may use Gaillard's *Man With the Pink* in the exhibition, as an example. This is so well painted in black and white and the technique of lines and shading conveys color so perfectly that in viewing it one unconsciously supplies the color. There is a pale, rather sallow, complexion to the face that cannot possibly be mistaken, and is portrayed very differently than a florid or a swarthy skin.

It is a far step, however, from this more detailed technique to that of the thin, nervous line of later artists such as Whistler or McBey, for here we are drawn into an even more subtle field where the single line must portray that which many lines conveyed before. And this is surely a higher art, for as Sir Seymour Mayden has said, "In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is therefore constantly present in the etcher's mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more than one in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at the same end." Whistler, for example, suggests the blackness of a man's coat by a few strokes, yet it is as unmistakably black as if he had covered the plate with lines. This advance in technique explains why these men are greater etchers, but at the same time more difficult to understand. The etcher did not gain this learned stroke in a day and either can the individual who occasionally glances at an etching of this character. This step from appreciation of the more *obvious* to appreciation of the *suggested* comes only after close and constant association with fine prints, and no opportunity of studying masterpieces of etching and engraving should be overlooked.

An important thing to look for in etchings and engravings is the conveyance by line, or rather by a minimum of lines, of substance, material, and texture. The great artist does not simply outline. He actually builds. Every single line is expressive of plaster, wood, bricks, trees, water, or whatever the case may be. Joseph Pennell describes this in speaking of Whistler as an etcher. He says: "(Whistler) gives the impression that he has drawn every brick, every tile, every plank, in every roof or wall; . . . he has done nothing of the sort, but he makes you think so; and this is the art of concealing art by art; not only this, each brick wall is built of a different sort of brick . . . and even the white, untouched paper shows plaster of different ages, and the single line of bricks . . . gives shadows, modelling and relief." Thus we see how important is the understanding of pure line. The more that can be said through one single line the greater the artist who says it. Every line in an etching should be able to answer satisfactorily the two important questions: Is it expressive? Is it absolutely necessary?

The exhibition gives a marvelous opportunity not only to study these points in individual etchings and engravings but to trace the development of the use of line over a period of six centuries. Martin Schoengauer (1445) was the first important engraver definitely to recognize the suggestive value of line. His *Saint John*, in the exhibition, is simple and direct, exemplifying many of the points brought out above.

The development of line was carried to perfection by Albert Duerer, who can be pronounced, almost without qualification, as the greatest of all line engravers. One of the most magnificent examples of his triumph in this field, *Saint Jerome In His Study*, may be seen in the exhibition at Courvoisier's.

In the early part of the seventeenth century artists began to turn to etching as a freer medium of expression, and the development of etching was given a tremendous impetus in the middle of the seventeenth century by Rembrandt. Rembrandt worked with such powerful and correct chiaroscuro that his portraits were a perfect revelation. The glowing light with which he illuminated his faces and the boldness and freedom of his line work amazed the engravers of his time. Rembrandt appeared at an especially significant time, for by the beginning of the seventh century it had become extremely fashionable to dabble in engraving, and painters, architects, goldsmiths, noblemen and even ladies were busy gouging wood and cutting copper. So great was Rembrandt's genius that it has been said that he has directly or indirectly influenced all etchers since his time. Rembrandt's *Three Trees*, considered by many to be one of the greatest landscape etchings of all time, will be shown at Courvoisier's. One of the most interesting points in regard to this etching is the manner in which Rembrandt has depicted a rain storm by a few simple, conventionalized, suggestive lines.

Two of the great Rembrandt's contemporaries were Adriaen Van Ostade and Claude Lorraine. The latter was a pastry cook, then a great painter and etcher.

From the end of the seventeenth century until about 1850 not many fine etchings were produced, the period being occupied with the production of line and mezzotint engravings.

About the middle of the last century, however, a revival of etchings began in France and spread to England. In this brief review one can mention only a few, but five of those who dominated the period were Charles Meryon, Alphonse Legros, August Lepere in France, and in England, Seymour Hayden and our own American etcher James McNeill Whistler.

First International Recreation Congress

—ALICIA MOSGROVE

● Seven hundred delegates representing thirty-six nations met in Los Angeles one week before the Olympic Games to discuss recreation in all its phases — the necessity of providing opportunities and facilities and programs for recreative outlets in this universally mechanized age that has given us leisure.

We, in the United States, have been endeavoring to meet the demand for recreational facilities that would take care of the leisure which is the result of the eight-hour working day. Now all the world is facing the probability of shorter working hours, fewer working days and an abundance of leisure.

A glance at the program shows that this subject is a vexing one to all countries and to all climes, north and south and on the Equator. We find Mr. Snowpine Liu of China, much to our surprise, reading a paper on "Recreation in Rural Districts." Papers were read on "Use of School Facilities for Recreation" by two speakers of widely different traditions, Dr. Ohtani of Japan and Miss Endriss of Milwaukee. Dr. Ohtani does not speak English and his paper was read by Mr. Durgin; but it might have been written by Miss Endriss, as the subject matter was the same. Dr. Ohtani told an amusing story of the Japanese swimmers at the Olympic Games eight years ago. At that time the swimmers used the side-stroke and were beaten; four years later they won with the mighty crawl. The English and Americans asked them which of the two countries had coached them and they replied "neither — we learned it out of books." I saw some moving pictures of Japanese recreation and was greatly impressed with the gymnastic exercises of the girls. Hundreds of girls in middy blouses performing the most lovely motions with arms and legs as in the dance. Dr. Ohtani said a great deal about their great regard for form and style, and this was evident in these gymnastic exercises.

Dr. Carl Diem of Germany and Lamberto Alvarez-Gayou of Mexico spoke at the same session on "Sports for the People." I asked Senor Gayou if the repatriated Mexicans who had been in the United States were asking for recreation and he said that they were and that they were their leaders in Mexico today.

Leifur Magnusson, United States-International Labor Organization, League of Nations, was chairman of the meeting which discussed "Recreation in Workers' Organization." Alice Henry of Australia, representative of the Playground Association of Melbourne, gave one of the most significant papers of the congress. Labor is vitally interested in the recreation movement as it realizes the stabilizing effect of directed organization in work and play. Mr. Magnusson is an Icelander by birth.

As representatives of Germany, England and Czechoslovakia discussed "Family Day" in all three papers, one realized the advantage of a homogeneous people with a background of years of simple pleasures

enjoyed by all. This idea was exemplified in a magnificent pageant of three thousand people of foreign extraction. The pageant was in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, directed by the Recreation Department of Los Angeles. The national costumes, singing and dancing were entrancing. As each group performed and withdrew they still danced in groups throughout the whole performance—folk-dances of forty nations.

Dr. Serati of Italy told of the nation-wide development of sports since the war, especially winter sports and walking tours, or "hiking" as we call it. They are also establishing play areas. We asked him if the government was buying the land. "Oh, no," he said, "we say to a man, 'you have a piece of land that would be very nice for a play field and we should like you to give it to us,' and he does." Rather an effective but medieval method, and it must be a surprise to the land-loving Italian proprietor!

The Latter Day Saints had a very thoughtful group of men and women delegates and contributed valuable information at all the sessions. They, like the older national groups, have a common bond of interest apart from recreation and appreciate the advantage of this fact.

"Arts and Crafts," "Music," "Drama," "Lecture Forums, Debates, Reading," "Boys' and Girls' Organizations," "Recreation in Religious Groups." All these topics were given equal importance with athletics as subjects for recreation departments, as all who are interested in recreation feel that leisure time is for individual choice and personal satisfaction.

San Francisco's contribution to the congress was a paper read by Mrs. Sigmuns Stern, President of the Recreation Commission of San Francisco, on "Recreation and Delinquency." The Commission has been making an experiment in three of the delinquency areas of San Francisco in substituting recreation for the usual activities of the delinquent. It has been very successful in effect, and at the present time of rampant crime points a way to offsetting unsocial activities. It is a long story which I shall not try to tell at this time.

"And he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

This verse from Isaiah rang in my ears as Dr. Lenald, of Germany, in his paper, "Germany's Justification for Expenditures for Recreation," told of their turning their parade grounds, barracks and fortifications into arenas for recreation—transformed by the unemployed. Poland is doing the same and Mexico's bull rings are athletic arenas. Mr. Rodriguez, of Uruguay, educated in Springfield and returning to his own country, outlined a national program for his country which will provide a playground for nearly five hundred inhabitants. The program, inaugurated in 1912, has within these twenty years established eighty recreation fields. One small city about to celebrate the centenary of a famous battle fought in the town, paused in the excitement of plans for fiesta and fireworks and considered the money that would be wasted. What did they really need? Better electric lighting, pure water and a playground. They accomplished all three and celebrated.

Succeeding ages have enunciated the hope, the wish, to believe that neither shall we learn war any more; perhaps in the substitution of contests in recreational pursuits we may attain an international understanding. The congress seemed to point the way.

Bridge Tea on September 20

● As a pleasant interlude between now and the Talent Festival, when preparations for that event will be laid aside for a few hours, there will be a Gala Bridge Tea at the Club.

This event, for which reservations are now being made, will take place Tuesday afternoon, September 20, on the Fourth Floor, beginning at two o'clock and ending with a delectable tea party.

Tables for this event are four dollars. This includes the use of nice fresh cards, score pads and pencils. If hostesses, however, want to bring their own swanky cards, initialed and conforming to a color scheme, they may do so.

Mrs. Philip A. Coxon and her committee are expecting a record assemblage for this Bridge Tea, as the event offers to hostesses unusual opportunity to meet friends again after the summer vacations and to entertain in delightful manner.

The entire Fourth Floor will be given over to the affair. If hostesses want private rooms—a few are available. The regular Card Room accommodates eight tables, the Board Room five tables and a small committee room two tables. Otherwise the tables will be set in the Lounge, Library and American Room.

Bridge will be king for a day. Come and join the party. Take one, two or as many tables as you like. But make your reservation early. The Club will be decorated with the choicest flowers of autumn and the hostess will have no further responsibility with the refreshment problem than to signify the number of her guests. Thus does Club membership simplify another phase of modern life.

Mrs. Coxon's Committee is:
Mrs. A. P. Black
Mrs. Eleanor J. Zeile
Miss Ida Lord
Miss Ethel Young
Mrs. Joseph Albert Brown
Mrs. Manfred Bransten
Mrs. Paul Shattuck
Miss Leonide von Hagen
Mrs. W. Russell Werner

Young People's Luncheon Date Set Ahead

● Because of September 5 falling on Labor Day, the regular September Young People's Luncheon has been put ahead to September 12. At those luncheons Miss Leale meets with the younger women of the Club and their discussions induct them into the avenues from which leaders of the next ten or twenty years will emerge.

Mrs. Stoddard Will Give Morning Book Talks

● So popular have been the Book Review Dinners given by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard for the last six and a half years that the Club has acceded to a popular request for a morning series by the same "Volunteer."

Mrs. Stoddard has consented as part of her "Volunteer Service" to give a series of Morning Talks on Current Books on the first Friday morning of each month, following her regular Thursday Book Review Dinner talk, which, as heretofore, will continue.

The first Friday morning talk will be September 2 at 10:30 o'clock. The only fee attached is the requisition that the member purchase a fifty-cent scrip ticket which she will be privileged to spend in any department of the Club, the Restaurant or Cafeteria, Swimming Pool, Beauty Salon or League Shop. She is not required, even, to "spend" the scrip the day it is purchased.

Mrs. Stoddard will review Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," at her first Friday morning talk. This has been acclaimed as the book of the year and it is so popular that circulating libraries find it impossible to supply the demand to readers.

On the same afternoon each month, that is, the Friday of the Book Review, Mrs. Stoddard will review a current play at 2:30 o'clock in the Board Room. So that, with the Book Review Dinner the night before, Mrs. Stoddard will be fairly busy the first week of each month.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, who will give Friday Morning Book Chats, Friday Afternoon Play Reviews and discuss Current Literature at Thursday Evening Book Review Dinners.

It Will Surpass Calendar or Cook Book

● First it was Calendars.
Then Cook Books.
Now—an Almanac.

Each year the City Club issues a memento of the Talent Festival and this year an Almanac is in the process of being compiled, with Mrs. Josephine Bartlett and Mrs. Christina Madison editing it.

Mrs. I. N. Hibbard was chairman of the committee which provided the Calendars the first year.

Last year Mrs. Christina S. Madison edited and supervised the publishing of the Cook Book in which Club members' favorite recipes were given.

Each year the sale of the souvenir contributed considerably to the general revenue of the Festival.

This year it is expected that the Almanac will break both previous records.

The Almanac will contain quips and jokes, recipes, formulas, miscellaneous information — perhaps a picture of the Signs of the Zodiac—wedding anniversaries, birthstones, short poems and other material now guarded jealously by Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Bartlett.

If you have a pet joke, quatrain, rhyme or rune, send it to either editor at the Club.

Talent Festival Luncheons Every Thursday in Cafeteria

● Every Thursday in the western side of the Cafeteria there are Talent Festival officials and directors giving suggestions and assistance to prospective donors to the Talent Festival. It has been a busy summer, with questions and answers adding a piquant sauce to the luncheon viands.

Every Thursday until the Great Week will see similar groups in the Cafeteria between 11:30 and 2 o'clock.

Candy Ingredients Wanted by Miss Garrett

● Walnuts and oranges, to be used by Miss Garrett in making candies for the Talent Festival, will be welcomed as donations.

Miss Garrett and her committee have been working for weeks in Room 214, which is now stacked high with colorful candy receptacles of graduating sizes. The deft fingers of the workers have converted the ordinary little salad container of the delicatessen counter to alluring candy boxes. With stencil and paint brushes they have achieved an unbelievably attractive result. And what they have done with waste paper baskets by the same process will be seen at the Festival, which has been called the Mother of Ingenuity.

EDITORIAL

● There is something in the very quality of the air of late summer that suggests the City Club's Talent Festival.

Vacations are over; school has opened; the mind begins to pick up the strands of thought which belong to the harvest season. Once more we are in the thick of living and are quickened with the urge to make life more gracious for ourselves and our fellows.

And we know from experience that the surest formula for that business is Service.

The older generation of City Club members, those who began with the canteens of wartime, learned at that time that Service is an "Open Sesame" to peace and spiritual satisfaction.

Those who came after in City Club affiliation absorbed some of the feeling from their predecessors, but mostly they have learned, firsthand, from working with the Volunteers, of the rich recompense which floods the consciousness of those who "carry on."

And now, in the fullness of the summer, when the deep urns in the City Club are filled with goldenrod and the gold and purple bounty of the ripening season is all about us, there wells in us a desire to bring to our organization concrete expression of our appreciation of the benefits and joys derived from it.

This is the third year of the Talent Festival. The first and second proved themselves spontaneously. Immediately after the first, scarcely before the uniforms of the Volunteers had been laundered, it was tacitly acknowledged that the Talent Festival would hereafter be a milestone in Club affairs. It would be the autumn event by which, and from which, all other activities would be computed.

It has many meanings. Primarily, it offers opportunity for the member to express her talent; be she writer, astronomer, lawyer, clerk, painter, sculptor, architect, housekeeper, dressmaker, doctor of medicine or divinity, she is given the privilege of bringing tangible evidence of her vocation, avocation, talent or genius to be sold at the Festival, the proceeds to accrue to the Club. It is, therefore, a clearing house, a transmuting process of ability into the essence of the Club.

The fruit of one's talent is brought to the Club and some time during a stated period of merrymaking, hospitality and fellowship, it is changed into the medium by which the Club is enabled to carry its ideal into next year and indefinitely into the future. It's all a very entrancing kind of alchemy.

Bridge-Minded Members To Have Tournament

● A Contract Bridge Tournament for the months of September and October has been arranged, which will be a friendly gathering for the playing of eighteen rubbers. No auction bridge will be played in the tournament but all members will be welcome to the usual Tuesday bridge.

The entrants will be in groups of four and the fee will be 50 cents per person, or $2 per table, for the entire tournament, which will be played on the evenings of September 6, 13, 20, 27 and October 4 and 18. There will be no bridge the evening of October 11 on account of the Talent Festival held that week.

The Chairman is Miss Evelyn Larkin. Tickets are on sale at the desk in the Entrance Lobby and when purchasing please register all the names of the players at your table.

Each "foursome" will have a captain who will report the scores of each player at their table to Miss Larkin, who will announce the result the following Tuesday.

PRIZES—Three prizes consisting of merchandise orders on our League Shop will be given as follows:

$10.00 for the highest score, $5.00 for the second highest score, $3.00 for the third highest score.

The prizes will be awarded at the Hallowe'en Party, Tuesday evening, October 25.

Bridge Committee: Harriet Adams, I. E. Banz, Mrs. P. A. Coxon, Evelyn Larkin, Mrs. Nettie Metzger, Ida J. Lord.

Members Make Festival Occasion for Bond Gifts

● Already several Talent Festival gifts have been received and more promised from members and friends who take this occasion to present to the Club the bonds which they have held since the building of the structure which has for six years housed the Spirit of Service.

From time to time members make gifts of their bonds to the Club in celebration of anniversaries or as memorials to friends or relatives. Last spring, a number of bonds were presented to the Club at the Birthday Dinner. Others observed Thanksgiving in this manner.

Among gifts of bonds received to date in honor of the Talent Festival are the following:

I. Magnin & Co.	$1,000
Mrs. Frank B. Anderson	500
Mrs. Bruce Porter	100
Mrs. Matilda Esberg	100

The Art of Dress

—BY NINON

● A new, modern art is rising today, parallel to interior decoration and landscape gardening but much more personal. It is the art of dress. Probing far deeper than surface fashions, Ninon of the *Chronicle* draws upon the fundamentals of art and architecture and applies these to constructive dressing. The aim of her course is to make women constructively conscious of the means of controlling their appearances. It is something the modern woman cannot afford to miss.

Art in dress is the subject of four unusual lectures to be given by Ninon of the *Chronicle* at the Women's City Club, beginning September 14, at 7:30 o'clock in the Auditorium and continuing every Wednesday evening to October 5.

These lectures have nothing to do with new styles and fashion caprices, but with the fundamentals of successful dressing in which clothes are treated like simple building materials out of which artistic and interesting and tasteful effects can be constructed. It is an entirely new field in which Ninon is pioneering, and aims to make women constructively conscious of the means of controlling their appearance.

Ninon says, "In the decoration of our homes, interior decoration, and in the arrangements of our gardens, landscape gardening, we have long since applied the fundamental principles of art and evolved a modern artistic science. It is time now to do just that with clothes. That means an entirely new shifting of our point of view away from extravagance and caprice to structural principles and constructive creativeness. There is little use in surrounding ourselves with beauty if we, the creatures for whom and by whom all this is done, are ourselves drab and dreary and uninteresting."

The course will explain fundamental facts which every woman will quickly appreciate and can apply to her dressing at all future times. Furthermore, Ninon's primary interest is to help the woman with modest means and, likewise, limited time. A few of the high spots of the lectures will be concerned with ever-present problems such as how to look taller and thinner, how to select individually becoming colors, how to shop without mistakes and waste of both money and effort, how to express smartness with thrift, how to dress hair becomingly and how to wear those important little things—hats.

Tickets for the course are one dollar, and may be purchased at the Desk on the Main Floor.

Member Develops "Salesmanship" as Talent for Festival

● There is no end to the variety of interpretations placed by City Club members upon the term "Talent" as they apply it to the annual fall Festival.

Here comes Mrs. Philips A. Coxon bringing an altogether new—for her, at least—talent. It is Salesmanship. She has recently discovered that she possesses a talent for selling scrip books of the City Club and has set herself a goal. The aggregate which she expects to collect by selling books containing scrip negotiable in the City Club will be several hundred dollars—perhaps a thousand if the "sales resistance" does not prove too difficult. To date she has met with remarkable success in the exercise of her new-found talent. Scrip books may be used in the Swimming Pool, Beauty Salon, Cafeteria, Restaurant and League Shop.

The exercise of this talent is entirely apart from other service which Mrs. Coxon has brought to the Festival. She is assisting Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Kierulff with the work of the Loan Exhibits Committee and has for several weeks been assisting Miss Garrett in decorating waste baskets and candy containers to be sold at the Festival.

Ninon, who will begin a series of four lectures at the City Club, Wednesday evening, September 14.

Mrs. Roedel to Give Contract Bridge Course

—IDA J. LORD, BRIDGE CHAIRMAN

● Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel will give a course of ten lectures or lessons in Contract Bridge, starting September 12 and continuing for ten consecutive Monday evenings. The place is the Chinese Room on the Second Floor of the Women's City Club, and the time is 7:45 promptly.

The cost of the course to the enrolled members will be fifty cents per evening, the payment of five dollars being made when registering for the lectures. Registrations will be received at the desk in the lobby of the Club. The course is open to members and their friends and anyone not regularly enrolled may come to a single lecture upon payment of sixty cents.

Mrs. Roedel is a well-known teacher in the Bay District and comes to us highly recommended. She will give at least two hours of instruction each evening and we feel this is a splendid opportunity for those wishing to thoroughly learn Contract Bridge.

Bridge Tournament and Dinner Early This Month

—EVELYN LARKIN, CHAIRMAN BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

● Tuesday evening, September 6, at 7:30 o'clock, is the beginning of the Contract Bridge Tournament, which will be preceded by a dinner in the Defenders' Room, at 6 p. m., price 85 cents.

Eighteen rubbers are to be played in this tournament, three rubbers each evening, September 6, 13, 20, 27; October 4 and 18.

Have you arranged for your table?

Three prizes of $10, $5 and $3, merchandise orders on the League Shop, will be awarded at the Hallowe'en Party in October to those having the three highest scores.

Our President, Miss Marion Leale, will be our guest at the dinner on September 6.

Please make reservations for the dinner at the desk in the lobby of the Women's City Club; also arrange for entrance into the tournament if you have not already done so.

Mrs. Coghlan to Direct Program

● Mrs. John P. Coghlan, who has arranged several delightful programs for gala events at the Club, will again this year supervise the program which will close the Talent Festival. Only members of the Club will be represented on the program. This assures patrons of a repertoire of exceedingly high standard.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE FOUNTAIN; *by Charles Morgan;* Alfred A. Knopf, publisher; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

ANN ZU-ZAN; a Chinese Love Story; *by Louise Jordan Miln;* Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.

SCIENCE AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION; *by Robert A. Millikan;* Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

● The Fountain; by Charles Morgan (reviewed by Daisy F. Reed).

Skillfully interwoven threads of fiction, history and philosophy made Mr. Charles Morgan's "The Fountain" an extrordinarily worth-while book. One may read it merely for entertainment, or one may read it for instruction for real and essential understanding. Whatever the reason, the reader will be greatly enriched thereby.

However, the enduring values are those set forth by Mr. Morgan in his development of the discipline of the contemplative life, for only they can write about this life who are capable of living it. Mr. Morgan's writing is a marvelous revelation of the riches attained through the development of stillness of the spirit.

The story is concerned with Lewis Alison, an English officer in the late war, who by reason of two years' internment in Holland, is given the long-desired chance to be free from all responsibilities so that he might through study and self-discipline learn the value of the contemplative life. And of secondary consideration was the desire to write the history of contemplation. The Fortress of Wierickerchaus and the Castle of Enkendaal furnished the seclusion necessary to Alison's solitary studies. But into the fortress intrudes the duty of helping his comrades escape, and into his quiet life at the castle the intruder is the young and beautiful English woman, Julie Narwitz, wife of an Austrian officer.

The characters are more than mere characters in a tale; each is symbolic of some phase in the development of the spiritual idea. Julie is symbolic of the earth-dependent elements of body and mind without which the spirit cannot realize itself. Sophie Van Leyden is the unthinking, unaware individual who is constantly in thrall to immature emotions. Narwitz, who is finally invalided to the castle, one recognizes as the teacher in whose presence Lewis utters things that seemed to be given by some "prompter whom he was powerless to disregard." It is Narwitz who passes through supreme tragedy, brought about in part by Lewis and Julie, to disciplined serenity and the "peace that passeth understanding."

The story is dramatic in quality and the philosophy and history are essential parts of the writing as a whole. Perhaps those who are afraid to read anything entitled "philosophy" will be enticed to read "The Fountain" and will have created for themselves a world of new values, or at least will become aware of new riches inherent in values already existent.

● Ann Zu-Zan; a Chinese Love Story, by Louise Jordan Miln.

The life of the Chinese girl, Ann Zu-Zan, was sheltered in the lovely gardens of her father, Ann Keo, who had grown rich in that curious industry of China, insect-farming. "The infant Ann Keo had showed a lively interest in everything about him—most especially in things that moved. He smiled at it affectionately if you gave him a flower; every Chinese child does. But he reached out his hands if they were free, to every winged creature that fluttered near him. And really they seemed to respond. Many Painted Ladies, Silver-washed Fritaillaries and dark emerald ones, tiny blue "Love-glows" flew near him, even the shy dragon-flies, sometimes. Crickets given him, little red lady-birds, did not hurry away from him. And now after long, successful years of insect-breeding and barter, crickets remained, of all his stock in trade, Ann Keo's favorites; intrigued him even above the butterflies and gold-wasps, his honey-bees and priceless dragon-flies. His insects were his fame and most of his wealth."

In China, the rich men house the singing insects in golden baskets, and the poor make for them cages of grass. America is not quiet enough to listen to such low music. But on Howell Mountain, under the summer trees, I heard the earth breathe in those small singing voices of the night.

There is another vivid picture in this Chinese love story. Lo Ti-nan, the musician, was called to dwell for a time at the court of T'zu-Hsi, in Pekin. It is a sympathetically imaginative glimpse of the young Manchu empress, before Yehonala had become the Old Buddha. It made a bit more vivid the mighty cycle of change which has come about within one generation. Today, an American boy walks freely in the courts of the Forbidden City, where grass grows between the flagstones, and only foreign money tries to save that wonder from decay. When I was that boy's age, the Old Buddha sat upon her awful throne before which none might stand upright, her City was indeed Forbidden, and her Boxers killed our friends! Today—so near that Yesterday!—young China walks upright in the courts whose cost ground their fathers' faces in the earth. I wonder if the American boy knows the wonder of that?

● Science and the New Civilization; by Robert A. Millikan.

It's a far cry from Louise Jordan Miln to Robert Millikan! But from both books came a sense of cycles of progress. The boy in China says that a hundred years mean nothing to the patience of the Chinese mind. Progress is not in waves, not in ups and downs, but an endless spiral. Millikan's mind has the sweep of the Chinese.

Such a little book, and so big! It is a good thing to take in the vacation suitcase a small book that is too big for one's understanding. It is wholesome to stretch up on tiptoe. It is a joy to peer for a moment into the workings of a great mind, to be conscious of the wheels of creative intellect that are forever turning somewhere in this world of ours—which sometimes seems so petty! It is restful to feel oneself an infinitesimally small part of an incomprehensibly great whole.

This little book made me want to stand up and shout!

Why? He places us, not in a dying universe, but in the very maelstrom of creation! Not having studied physics in the last fifteen years—and mighty little before that!—half of it is over my head. But, consciously or not, we have been living through an age of wonders. "There has been no period at all comparable with it unless it be the period about three hundred years ago, which saw the development of Galilean and Newtonian mechanics. This was indeed of incalculable importance for the destinies of the race. The conceptions then introduced are not only the basis of modern material civilization but they were the cause of a very complete change in man's whole intellectual and spiritual outlook—in his philosophy, his religion, and his morals. But the discoveries in physics

of the past thirty years justify the expectation of as great, if not greater consequences. That something fundamental is actually taking place in all directions about us in the outer stretches of the universe, and that the signals of these cosmic changes can be detected here have recently been proved. Call it the music of the spheres if you wish! Anyway, man can hear it now, and may some time know more about it.

"Of the twenty-one fundamental discoveries, at least sixteen fall wholly within the past fifteen-year period, and all of them have belonged in no small degree to it. Physics as yet seems to show no signs of approaching senility. What the future has in store no man knows, but at present there seem to be well-nigh limitless possibilities ahead for application even if the pace of discovery should some time slacken."

I gather that Millikan does not believe, with Jeans, that "matter will ultimately be all converted into radiant energy," because radioactive disintegration is balanced, somewhere in the interstellar spaces, by a continuous process of creation. "The answer that Dr. MacMillan, of the University of Chicaga, would like to have us make is that out in the depths of space, where we actually observe, through the cosmic rays, helium, oxygen, and silicon being continually formed out of positive and negative electrons, there too these positive and negative electrons are also being continually replenished through the conversion back into them, under the conditions of zero temperatures and densities existing there, of the radiation continually pouring out into space from the stars. With the aid of this assumption one would be able to regard the universe as in a steady state now, and also to banish forever the nihilistic doctrine of its ultimate "heat-death."

In other words, "this world has already had a lifetime of at least a billion years, and man has in all probability another billion years ahead of him, in which there is the possibility of his learning to live at least a million times more wisely than he now lives" (and, faith, we need it!).

"When the matter of the sun has all been stoked into his furnaces and they are gone altogether out, another sun will probably have been formed, so that on this earth or on some other earth—it matters not which, some billions of years hence—the development of man may still be going on.

"If someone wishes me to change the definition of Deity so as to make it read the unifying principle in the universe, I shall not object, for that there is a unity, an inter-relatedness, a wholeness to it all, we ourselves being but parts of that whole, is attested by all experience, including, I should like to add, the amazing new scientific developments in the fields of ether physics, relativity, and wave-mechanics. This is only by prosaic paraphrase of the lines of Tennyson, the poet of science, when he says:

"'The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
The ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear this vision—were it not He?
Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit shall meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.'"

Once this summer the youngest son drove me up to Kaiser Pass, nine thousand three hundred feet above the sea, where we looked out to far ranges of snowy peaks. Just once to stand on a height like that, and look out, is to go cheerfully back, even to a kitchen and the washing of dishes.

Commendation From Afar

● The American Woman's Association of New York writes the following commendation to the City Club of San Francisco:

"My dear Mrs. Davidson:

"I have just, in the free weeks of the summer, had time to go through the complete file of the Women's City Club Magazine which has been accumulating on my desk, and want to tell you how very interesting I found them and how many good ideas I culled.

"Another thing that I was particularly interested in was your advertising, and I shall appreciate it very much if you will be good enough to let me have a copy of your rate sheet.

"With best wishes for your work and yourself,

"Sincerely yours,
"VERA KELSEY,
"Publicity Director."

Decorations to Be Exceptional

● Miss Katherine Donohoe and Miss Jean Boyd, directors of the City Club who last year decorated the Club for the Talent Festival, will again have charge of that department of preparation.

Miss Donohoe's taste in flower arrangement is famous in San Francisco and Miss Boyd has also won acclaim in that line, especially in her work with the San Francisco Garden Club, of which she is Secretary.

Olin Downes, Music Critic, Addresses Club Luncheon

● Olin Downes, music critics of the *New York Times*, lecturer and commentator, was guest of honor at a luncheon at the City Club July 16, when several score were addressed by the distinguished visitor.

The geniality and unassuming manner of Mr. Downes captivated his audience at once. After he had taken his listeners into his confidence, telling them of the relation of a music critic to his editors, his public and the artist, they easily understood how he had attained the prestige which he enjoys.

"The music critic's appraisal, after all, is a matter of personal opinion. His opinion brings to this judgment certain technical knowledge and what he believes is good taste. After that his dictum is his individual reaction. That is why he writes under what in the newspaper office is termed a 'by-line' — that is, 'By Olin Downes,' 'By John Smith,' or any name you see preceded by the preposition.

"That line means, tacitly, that the paper expects you to take full responsibility for your statements. The paper also says, also tacitly, that it believes the critic knows what he is writing about; that he is as good a judge of music as they can get at the present; that if a better one is available it—the paper—will engage him.

"We want to be fair and generous. We do not wantonly destroy careers or artistic repute. We know how arduous has been the path to the point where artist or ensemble appears on a stage and is at the mercy of public and critics."

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the Hospitality Committee, presided at the luncheon, one of the most pleasant affairs of the summer.

TALENT FESTIVAL

The Talent Festival is to be held on the 12th and 13th of October—Wednesday and Thursday. The entire Clubhouse will be given over to the Festival.

Members May Invite Guests

▼

FOURTH ANNUAL FIRELIGHTING

Monday, October 3, the fourth annual Firelighting will be held in the Lounge at 8 o'clock.

Kath's Enthusiasm Turns to Talent Festival

August 15, 1932.

● My Dear Jane:

I was not sure I'd get back in time to get my letter off to you this month for I am among the lucky ones this year and have had two vacations. Can you envy me? But you should not, for as far as I can find out you have had one long vacation ever since you left California last December. So don't try to make me feel sad for you.

Yes, I've just come back from the "Olympiad," and if ever there was a thrilling experience then "that was that," or other perfect grammar to the same effect. However, I am not going to fill up these pages trying to tell you of all the glories I saw down South, for I have other things to talk about; but I will say just this: I wish everyone might have had the rare privilege of being present at the opening ceremony of this, the Tenth Olympiad, for it was one of the most impressive and beautiful spectacles I, personally, have ever witnessed. The parade of the Nations, the physical flower of manhood and womanhood of the world; the speeches by Mr. Sproul, of the University of California; the opening address of Vice-President Curtis, and the marvelous Olympiad Choral of trained voices led by that huge band. When those one hundred thousand people, led by that same band and choral, stood up and sang the national anthem, I tell you it made the thrills run all over me, and I am sure everyone else had the same experience. I could go on and on telling you of the things I saw, but after all, this is a Club letter, so I'll go on to the next.

I understand you are having a cool summer back East. Well, we certainly had it in Los Angeles—no warm weather at all; and the joke is on me, for I remember saying when someone asked me why, besides the Olympics and the swimming, we were going South, I said, facetiously enough, as it turned out, "To get warm." Well, we didn't—we nearly froze; but who cares, we had fun.

I have not been back in the Clubhouse long enough to get a line on things, really, but I have heard one or two things that will be of interest to you, I am sure. But first I must tell you of chasing a phantom City Club Editor all over the "Yale" last Friday night. I was sure I saw her come abroad, but being busy with friends at the time, did not chase her up. Later on, I said to friend husband, "Our City Club Editor is aboard, and I think, traveling alone; let's ask her to join us." We had had a bid to the Captain's table, and that's always fun, so we asked, at the Purser's office, to have them invite the lady to come up to our stateroom.

A little later, the boy came back saying that "The lady says she does not know you." Well, that was a poser, particularly as we had again checked and found that she was the one we were looking for. Of course, about then the boy friend had to get funny and tell me how important I was, being high-hatted by the Editor. It wasn't so funny. "So much for so-called fame," thought I; "here I work myself to a frazzle helping that woman fill up her pages every month, and she high-hats me." Well, that was that, and there seemed nothing to do about it, so we started on down to the dining salon for dinner. As we passed through the main salon, whom should I see, sitting by herself, as big as life, running close second to the Dorcas Society, and, if you will believe me, knowing her knitting—uh, uh!—actually. So, of course, I trotted my little self up and plumped down beside her and with my snootiest air said, "So, you ARE on board after all." The well-known charming smile came forth, and with a "Where did you come from?" and all that, registered pleasure at seeing us. Of course, I had to ask what she meant by trying to high-hat us, and—I won't go into her alibi, but it was pretty convincing, so we let it go at that, and then the boy friend, bless him, comes forth with his little bit of high-hat and sweetly asked her to come to dinner with us at the captain's table. Well, she did, and again a good time was had by all; and as I have often said, it's no use to try to travel incog, and never by any means turn down anyone who tries to be friendly on board ship, or—you may have to eat alone. Ask her about it—it's really funnier than I have made it, but she gave me permission to tell the story, so, as the youngsters say, "That's O. K."

The Talent Festival plans are in full swing, "and how" (and, by the way, if I am a bit slangier than you can put up with, now that you are living in the effete East, just tell me, but I've been vacationing part of my time with two orange-headed freckle-faced boys of nine and eleven, and if there is any new slang expression I have not heard, morning, noon and night, well—it just doesn't exist, that's all).

I heard that Mrs. Donaldson of the Thursday Group has plans on hand that are to be an eye opener—I can't give you all the information as yet. Give me time, woman, give me time; but from what I hear so far, it's to be some great big "s'prise" and you know what City Club s'prises are.

I was so sorry I had to miss the delightful tea that Mrs. Dill gave for Marin County members—I hear it was a charming affair, and that great and glorious plans were discussed for the Festival. I'll have more of that to tell you later, too.

From fun to sadness. Did I tell you of the death of our Mrs. Harbour, of the Beauty Salon? Last month, after a very short illness, of heart failure. It was very sad for us all, for we'd always found her cheerful and efficient, and most accommodating, and we will all miss her greatly—more than we realize yet. And, much to my happiness (I am particularly fond of the little lady) Mrs. Grabow is to be her successor as manager of the Salon. I am sure that she will make a great go of it, for she is most efficient, and while she is a quiet little body, yet there is no one better in her line; so I say, pitch in, everyone, and give her all the help you can.

By the way, I tried one of those new waves they give down there in our Beauty Salon, and believe it or not, it has lasted all through three weeks of southern swimming. Fact!

The swimming parties every Friday night are just as popular as ever, and we make it a set rule now to go every week; it's a nice way to entertain guests who like a good swim, and it's surely fun. I wish even more of our members would bring their men folks in and enjoy it. My husband says the men don't realize what they are missing. We'll make it a celebration when you return.

Did you know that our friend Mrs. Louis Carl is studying to be an insurance efficiency expert? If that woman gets any more efficient than she is already, what shall we do with her? Well, I am sure that she'll make a good one, for that's her middle name, and whenever she tackles anything you can be sure that it will be done well.

Isn't it delightful that our very own President has had conferred upon her the "signal honor bestowed on a charter member, whose hand had never been off the plow," and has been made a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences? We are surely fortunate in having such an outstanding President.

You remember the fun we had at the Talent Festival last year, and what a showing Elsa Garrett made of her Candy Booth. Well, she is to head it again this year and she can think up more ways of making clever and original containers, to say nothing of the candy she puts in them, than anyone I know. I remember her stock was sold out early last year, so I am hoping

she will lay in a larger supply this year and give us late comers a chance.

I almost forgot to tell you what a wonderful thing they are doing down in the Swimming Pool these days, for the younger children.

The teachers have been most successful with the tiny tots from three to six years of age. Think of tots that age really learning to swim. I often think what fun it would be to be growing up in this marvelous age. Whenever I go anywhere with my friends and their children, I do not (always) long for some of my own, but I *do* long to *be* one. But to get back to my subject: Every Tuesday and Friday morning these tiny tots go down to the Pool for their swimming instruction, and you should see them! Little bits of things, cute as gnomes in their tiny bathing suits, some of them going into the water quite fearlessly, others who are timid, and the latter are handled in the most understanding way, literally coaxed into the Pool, bit by bit, until their confidence in the water is established; funny rubber animals for their enjoyment, until the first thing they know they are out where they can really learn to swim. It's almost as much fun to watch them as it is to go into the Pool oneself. It is amazing to see what progress they make, and how quickly they learn, and, what a kick they get out of it. One mother told me her child had really learned to swim in one course of lessons.

The teachers also have great success with children who are a little backward in their development — a little bit below normal, or those who are shy, nervous or afraid of doing things. As I said before, what a wonderful age for children!

Here's a new line, and why don't you enter in, even if you are three thousand miles away? California writers who have had any work published are to have an exhibit at the Talent Festival—books, poetry, magazine articles. Send something in, my dear—your stuff has always been good. And when you get back home again and settle down, we shall look for nothing less than a "best seller" from you.

I wish you'd read carefully, too, the "Do you know that" column in the Magazine—you'll be amazed at the information you'll receive and the service your Club offers you. I learned a lot of things I'd never realized before.

And here I am at the end of my page, and I'm sure I have not told you half I intended to; but wait until next month, when I am actually in the harness again. It will not be half as much fun at the Festival without you, this year, but, the time is short now and you'll soon be hieing Westward for good.

Affectionately,

KATH.

Olympic Games Spelled Internationalism for This Member

—BELLA HOWLAND GREEN

● I must admit when I left San Francisco I was not terribly keen about going to the Games, but decided to go, first, because my husband was interested in going, and secondly, because as a good citizen of California I thought we should give our support. But after that first day all was different. I went every day and enjoyed every minute of it. The "Parade of Nations" to me was an inspiring sight. Such fine young men and women and such a fine spirit of comradeship it set me thinking, if folks of all nations can get together in sports and play fair toward each other, why can't nations? It was very apparent that a goodfellowship existed between them, even when they were working hard to win some coveted honor.

And it was a wonderful sight to sit in that beautiful stadium, filled to the last seat, and to see mother and father and sons and daughters all enjoying this glorious sight together. And it wasn't unusual to hear a young boy explaining some game to his father. That, too, made me think what our public schools are doing for our children, teaching them to play games and play them fairly. That surely will be felt in the near future when these children are grown to manhood and must face the world. I have every confidence they will play the game of life in the same manner.

Periodic Health Examinations September 15-30, 1932

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN, CHAIRMAN

● The Semi-Annual Health Examinations will begin September 15. The slip to be sent in for an appointment is at the bottom of Page 21. The same staff will officiate at the examinations.

An appreciation of exactly where you stand in health is important after forty. The human machine runs well, and then begins to slip a cog, and creak. These creaks can be lessened, and no one should consider "my age" and excuse certain symptoms.

The power of a good machine may lessen with years of work, but its finer adjustments should be smooth-running.

The strain of the present business depression calls for normal nerve and physical health. How your human machine is standing the wear and tear of life, our periodic Health Examination tries to tell you.

The staff of the periodic Health Examinations is as follows:

Ethel Owen, M. D., Ina M. Richter, M. D., medical examiners; Alma Pennington, M. D., gynecological examiner; Aghavani Shaghoian, M. D., Gertrude Jones, M. D., clinical pathology.

The committee on periodic Health Examinations is: Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Miss Emma Noonan, Dr. Romilda Paroni Meads, Dr. Adelaide Brown (chairman).

Will Talk of Russia at City Club Supper

● Dr. Margaret S. Miller of the University of Liverpool, authority on economic conditions of the present time in Russia and lecturer, will be guest of honor at a buffet supper to be given by the Club at 6:30 Sunday evening, September 4.

The supper will be held in the National Defenders' Room at seventy-five cents per plate and reservations must be made in advance.

Dr. Miller recently spoke at Stanford University on "The Five-Year Plan in Russia," and her address was considered one of the most scholarly and informative which has been given on that moot subject.

Dr. Miller is author of "The Economic Development of Russia, 1905 to 1914" (P. S. King and Son Ltd., 1926, No. 85 in School of Economics Series), co-author of "The New Russia" (Faber and Faber).

She is also the author of numerous articles published in *The Slavonic Review* and she also contributed articles to the following magazines: *The British-Russian Trade Gazette, The Liverpool Review.*

She holds the degrees of Master of Arts, Bachelor of Commerce (University of Edinburgh) and Doctor of Philosophy (in the Faculty of Economics, University of London).

Dr. Miller visited Russia in 1929, '30 and '31, traveling independently, living with the people and interviewing financiers, economists and business administrators. For six years at the University of Liverpool she has had charge of the financial work of the department of commerce and is therefore competent to speak on the industrial situation in Britain. "The question of unemployment in England, and the administration of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, should, I imagine, be of special interest in America at present," she writes. "I have, unhappily, ample opportunity of studying this question at first hand, as Liverpool and Lancashire generally have been very seriously affected by unemployment. I have also recently been making a special study of the methods adopted, in London and elsewhere in England, to combat the social deterioration induced by prolonged unemployment."

"The Great Adventure"

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.

● Do you remember a Magazine cover two years ago of a little lad starting to school for the first time, his little brother swinging on the gate, counting the days until he, too, would be starting out for school? Daddy called it "the great adventure"! How ready was the lad for his new experiences in this great adventure? Had the six years been spent with clean air; a balanced diet; a check-up on his normal development physically and mentally? Had he learened the first lessons of self-control, of good manners and that he was one of a group and that each person had rights; was his attitude "I don't want to" or "Yes, mamma or daddy" when asked to serve an adult?

Had he any daily chores—feeding his dog, his rabbits or chickens? Had the laws of life been put before him with the care of the puppies, and the devotion of father and mother to him and his brother and very recently to the little baby sister who had come to live with them?

Had he ever had to put off candy to the end of a meal; to serve himself moderately with sugar on his cereal?

The home for six years has developed character in the child. The lessons "line upon line" and "precept upon precept" are the mental hygiene or child guidance lessons of daily life—self control, co-operation if you fear the word obedience; respect for his place in the home; doing his share, regularly and without protest; then he embarks mentally fit on the great adventure.

Physically, our lad has immunity to diphtheria established in the first year of life; he has been vaccinated; if he became a mouth-breather at two years of age and was found at the quarterly visit to his doctor or runabout clinic to have large tonsils, he has been cleared up. His teeth have been cared for by daily brushing; he may have all of his six-year molars, permanent teeth, cut; he has visited the dentist for cleaning his teeth, with a soft rubber disc and a nice tasting powder or paste preparatory to later dental care when needed. He has the habit of chewing his food and not bolting it, with milk or water to wash it down unchewed. A warm bath and cold shower or pitcher poured over him is a daily joy. He dresses and undresses himself and hangs up his clothes. He comes to the table with freshly washed hands and face and hair neat. Do you not agree with me that a lot of education has been given this little lad?

If he is fortunate enough to have met a doctor, nurse or posture teacher who has guided his play and shown his mother what shoes he needs; how to stand with chest high, abdomen retracted, chin in; you say as you meet him, "What a manly little fellow!" Fathers and mothers and nursery maids have been his teachers, and today parents are educated and helped to do this physical and mental work well. The best experts in the land in health and education contribute to the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., to the Bureau of Child Hygiene, California State Department of Public Health; and every monthly magazine specializing on the home, carries articles on health and management of children.

The *Parents' Magazine* catalogues its contents by ages. "If your child is 2-4, 6-8, 12-14, see pages so-and-so, as particularly interesting to you." Articles on recreation, school, character, all bring real help to the parents. The correct relation to the child is *observing interest.*

To study health problems of growth and development, nothing offers more than four to six mornings spent in a well-baby clinic listening to the doctor in charge, or at one for run-abouts up to six years of age.

A nursery school offers mothers as helpers or observers an appreciation of children's variety and type of problems. This spirit transferred to the home trains the child and leaves out "don't."

When a little girl of four-and-a-half brought me a cake she had mixed and baked for me (her mother lighted the gas and took out the hot dish for her), my wonder was not at the feat of the child but at the infinite patience of the mother and her willingness to be impeded in her daily work while allowing and teaching her daughter to help. One learns by doing, and many a mother fails to take the time, it is so much easier to do it herself.

The lads and lassies started on their "great adventure" can have, at six years of age, habits established which will mean success in health, character, and in the end success as citizens in our city.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examination from September 15 to 30, 1932, inclusive (two weeks). Further information as to tests, hour of appointment, may be sent to the following address:

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Telephone Number*_____

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

• Checks to be made payable to the Women's City Club, San Francisco, and addressed to Miss Emma Noonan, Secretary Health Examinations, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street.

• Committee on Health Examinations: Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. A. M. Meads, Miss Emma Noonan, Mrs. A. P. Black, Adelaide Brown, M. D., Chairman.

Mail this Application to WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

Book Lovers and Sir Walter Scott

—ROBERT SNOW MACCOLLISTER

● Sir Walter Scott died one hundred years ago this year. In commemoration of this fact, memorial programs, talks, exhibits and articles are being given and getting into print all over the world. Here in San Francisco this centenary is honored by an exhibit, at the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, of rare editions of Scott's works and of things connected with his life and novels and with the Scottish life about which he knew and wrote so much and which he loved so well.

Book lovers, and all those who are interested in rare editions and collectors' pieces in books, will have a golden opportunity this month to see some of the rarest Scott items in the world. Through the Literary Anniversary Club of San Francisco, which is sponsoring the exhibit, the Van Antwerp collection of first editions of Scott is shown. This collection contains first editions of all of Scott's writings, in the original bindings and covers. There are only eleven sets of the Waverley Novels in original boards in existence. Two of these are owned here in San Francisco by members of the Club making the exhibit. What is said to be the finest copy of Waverley in existence is also shown. It is from the Herbert Rothschild collection.

As one passes under the arched entrance to the galleries in which this exhibition is installed, one's attention is caught by the gleam of a large silver targe, or shield, displayed on the wall over an oil painting of a distinguished looking gentleman. The shield is a representation of a Highland Scottish targe, and is finely wrought to show a scene and some characters from Scott's "Ivanhoe." The gentleman turns out to be Sir Walter Scott, Baronet. This portrait was painted by William Barr, of San Francisco. Mr. Barr, himself a native of Scotland, used as his model the most authentic portrait bust of Scott known, that sculptured by Chantry.

Besides this portrait, there are many pictures of and about Scott shown. Three most notable are an original drawing from life by Sir John Gilbert, a copy of Sir Henry Raeburn's famous portrait in oils, and an engraving of a scene in the drawing-room of Professor Adam Ferguson in which Walter Scott, a mere lad, speaks in awe to Robert Burns, a young poet, enjoying the heyday of his short-lived literary and social recognition in Edinburgh. Some people say that Scott received his literary ordination at this meeting.

There are also four paintings of the country described in "The Lady of the Lake," which are loaned by the artist, William Barr. These pictures show the Silver Strand on Loch Katrine, Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, Ben Venue, and Loch Achray. People who are familiar with "The Lady of the Lake" will recognize the place names from the poem.

Several letters written by Scott are on exhibition. In one in particular he disclaims authorship of the Waverley Novels. Though the handwriting of the nearly nineteenth century is decidedly different from the handwriting of 1932, the letter may be read easily, and it is amusing to note the words in which Scott, in speaking of the Waverley Novels, criticizes them as being carelessly arranged. There are also autograph letters from the Alfred Sutro Collection and the Weller Collection.

Another item in this exhibit which deserves mention is the original manuscript of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk." The original pages of the manuscript have been mounted in frames composed of larger sheets of a fine book paper, and then these larger sheets have been bound into a lovely tooled leather binding. The result is a large book, with the manuscript pages set in the centers of the pages of the volume. This is a rare item, and one of the most interesting in the exhibit.

There is one case of things exhibited that have to do with Scottish life, and one of the rarest and most fascinating is an old Scottish servitude collar. In the early days, and even into the eighteenth century, when a man was sentenced to death, the authorities sometimes commuted the sentence to life servitude, in which case he was put into the service of some landholder. When this was done, a brass collar was put around the man's neck and locked on, remaining there for life. The inscription on the collar exhibited reads thus:

> Alex. Stewart. Sentenced ta Deathe
> at Perth. Theft. 5th Decm. 1701.
> Gifte Fra Servitude ta Sir J. S.
> Askiene of Ye Manor Alva.

Which, being explained, means that Alexander Stewart was sentenced to death for theft at Perth, on the 5th of December, 1701, and that he was given to be a servant to Sir J. S. Erskine of Alva. The collar, together with the other association items and some of the first editions are from the Heron Collection. In fact Mr. Heron, who is one of the members of the Literary Anniversary Club, is responsible for the excellence of this exhibition.

Among the other things of interest because of their connection with Scottish life are three claymores and a targe, a dirk, and a sgian-dhu. These are examples of typical Scottish weapons. There are also two ram's-head snuff-mulls, lovely silver mounted ram's heads with silver snuff boxes set in them, and a fascinating hand-made brass clock fashioned to be a replica of the Scott Monument in Edinburgh.

This exhibit has too many lovely things in it for them all to be described here, but one of the exhibits that must be mentioned is a pair of Sir Walter's boots. They appear almost new, and plainly show how one of the heels was built up to compensate for the shortness of Sir Walter's left leg.

There are many other things — early American editions of Scott's works, a copy of the first Spanish edition of "The Bride of Lammermoor," a large illustrated book on Scottish weapons, more letters, pictures —but those you must see for yourself. All the cats must not be let out of the bag, and some surprises must be left in store for you. Enough has been told you already.

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In the Interest of Culture

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● The list of talented men and women who have brought messages of knowledge and culture to our Thursday evening audiences during the past twelve years is a very lengthy one, and the subjects which they have discussed would seem to present a liberal education in a wide field. This is in accordance with that portion of our by-laws which declares that the object of our organization is the training and education of women within the departments of the Club. I have spoken of these weekly programs as one of the activities of the Club, and probably many of our members regard them as a mild form of entertainment favored with a seasoning of education, and presented by people who, being interested in some sort of an avocation, are willing to give the Club the result of their observations and experiences.

It has always been the aim of the Committee to emphasize local endeavor and to make known to the Club matters of local achievement, and the people who have been instrumental in bringing them into being. The speakers have not been invited because they are near at hand and easily obtained, but rather because they represent the culture and effort for social well-being in this locality. It is greatly to our encouragement, advantage and inspiration to become acquainted with these good citizens and in knowing them to be sympathetic with their endeavor.

Let us regard a few of the people who have spoken at the Club in the recent past. Do you know Mr. E. V. Weller, a profound student and admirer of John Keats? He came to speak for us one evening and at the end of the time allotted he had only touched the surface of his knowledge of the young English poet who died at twenty-six and whose name, far from being "writ in water" has found a firm place among the greatest poets of the language. It would have been a pleasure to listen to Mr. Weller for another hour and we shall be interested in a new biography of Keats, compiled almost entirely from letters, which he is bringing out later in the year.

Think of that earnest soul, Harold Lamb, who has delved into old chronicles of the countries of Asia Minor, so that he could write with authority of their leaders and of the crusades of the twelfth century. At the present time he is in Persia, searching into the ancient history of that country, having prepared himself for reading original documents by studying the Persian language here in California under the tuition of Marzieh Nabil Carpenter, another of our speakers, who related in a charming way the story of her life in Persia.

Recently we had the pleasure of having Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, head of the history department at the University of California, tell us some of the earliest history of our own city as related in the latest of his many books, "Outposts of Empire." Dr. Bolton studied the diaries and other documents kept by members of the party that accompanied Juan Bautista de Anzo on his two expeditions from Mexico to the California Coast in 1774-1776, and in 1929 he explored and identified the entire two thousand-mile trail that had been covered by Anza and so confirmed the authenticity of the original records.

From Stanford University we had Professor Theodore J. Kreps, just returned from the Orient, who gave a most illuminating address on the fundamental differences between the Chinese and the Japanese peoples. Another traveler for information, Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, gave us the benefit of her observations of the educational activities of women in Europe,

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having visited training schools in many countries of that continent.

Still another returned traveler was Mrs. J. I. Del Valle of Oakland, who in a delightful manner told of her impressions and experiences during a year in Chile and Peru.

Just recently Miss Paula Swarm described the hard experience of living for two years in Angola, Central Africa, where her dwelling was a mud hut, and she did not see a white woman for eight months. We are hoping to have the continuation of Miss Swarm's story at some future time, for in a brief hour she could give only the opening chapters.

A few months ago, Miss Gertrude Lewis, who spent ten months in India with extraordinary opportunities for observation, gave us an account of her travels and brought a dozen gay native costumes which were worn by our members on the stage during the address.

Dr. J. C. Geiger, our Director of Public Health, came to tell us what is being done in the matter of preserving good health conditions in our city and of providing families with pure milk. Later, Mr. Arthur M. Browne, Jr., Supervisor, explained the aims and activities of the Better Business Bureau as a safeguard against fraud and dishonesty in trade.

Judge Fletcher A. Cutter, a man of long experience and highly respected in the legal profession of this state, spoke to our group one evening on "The Progress of the American People," and later Judge Jackson H. Ralston, who practised law in Washington, D. C., during forty-six years, has published several books of legal authority and who is now conducting a course at Stanford University, came to speak of "The Changing Principles of International Law."

One red letter evening will be remembered when Mrs. Lillian Birmingham brought eight boys and girls of the San Francisco Musical Club to play for us. These young people played piano and violin numbers, all from memory, and with perfect self possession and great ability. It was indeed an inspiration and cause of satisfaction to think of this group of children, studying seriously with good teachers to express beauty through the medium of music.

On the birthday of our California poetess, Ina Coolbrith, we devoted a program to her memory. Her niece, Mrs. Finlay Cook, gave a sketch of her life, and Audry Beer Sorel, who had been a personal friend, played several piano numbers.

We have had Clio Lee Aydelott to entertain us with her charming readings. We welcome her as we always welcome Miss O'Neil to read us a new play. Both these women have adopted this means to express culture and beauty. Just recently Mr. Frank H. Bickmann made a stirring plea for self-improvement under the title of "Keeping Up With the Times." In the same connection we may mention the address of Ethel Cotton on "Adventures in Conversation." Her book on "Keeping Mentally Alive" is a popular and helpful one. I may be accused of advertising local authors. That seems a worthy thing to do. Our appreciation of local culture will not make us provincial but only possessing a recognition of art from whatever source it springs. As for our writers, we should read their books. For what public do they write if not for their own?

I wish to say in this connection that not one of our speakers has come to us except by unsolicited invitation. They have volunteered an appearance to give publicity to their writings. In Oregon, last month, some friends spoke about a very interesting woman connected with the Immigration Station at Angel Island. They did not know her name, but I decided to make inquiries when I came home. Answering my telephone call the young woman at the Island said: "Oh, you mean Miss Katherine Maurer. She is known all over the world." I thought then she should be known to our group in San Francisco, so I communicated with Miss Maurer, who consented to come and tell us of her work and experiences with new arrivals.

I could mention many speakers and their good messages, but a full list would more than fill a magazine article. However, I must recall the fine evening with John Henry Nash and his beautiful books; John Howell and his rare bibles; Flodden W. Heron and his first editions and Lewis Carroll treasures. In music we are indebted to Mrs. Stoll, Miss Wellendorf and Miss Darch, to Mr. Charles James and Mr. Theodore Wores in art, and to Mrs. Sloss, Mrs. Lucas and Miss Luttman in poetry. It is difficult to determine where to stop, but I am recalling these events for our encouragement when we fall into the mood of feeling that we live in the time of the commonplace and the appreciation of the mediocre.

I would have you believe that our programs are not arranged merely for an evening's entertainment, to be forgotten at breakfast, but that we may meet and receive the message of men and women who are our neighbors and who are devoting their lives to the eternal quest of the true, the good and the beautiful, and that we who doubtless have the same ideals, may be strengthened and encouraged to follow them. In this manner will the field of our culture be widened, and our appreciation of worth-while things take on a deeper value.

HAVE YOU HAD A

Thursday Night Dinner

at the Club lately?

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Chicken Eugenie, under Bell
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Miss Mackenzie will be glad to make other suggestions to you for your special parties.

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Preparing for the Business of Living

● As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which, through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

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Wednesday, September 14, 1932

Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● September 9, 1850-1932.

Admission Day! A holiday that should be comemorated with reverence, for this glorious state of ours is truly an empire of the Golden West! Our gift from those sturdy pioneers, men and women of undaunted courage, who by a united effort created a powerful state from virgin land. Another proof of the fact that success in all things lies in the strength of purpose that is the motivating force toward a given goal.

Today, eighty-two years after their inspiring act, California as hostess for the Olympic Games has through her contact with representatives of other lands, and through that medium of fairness — good sportsmanship — been able to weld another link in the chain of good-will that will some day bind the world in peace. For nations are as their people — no better, no worse.

Appreciation of each other among those who participated will in time spread throughout the universe and so make of the world one big family. Maybe they will quarrel and there will be misunderstandings, yet because they really know something of each other's environment and contributing factors, difficulties will be smoothed away without strife, as it is in the majority of homes. The volunteer service given by the youth of the world, who for the lasting glory of their homeland will make many sacrifices, brings them very close to us all—for in service, there is selflessness.

It should serve as a beacon for the members of the National League for Woman's Service, as it points the way to greater fulfillment each year in our own appreciation of each other, in our annual Talent Festival and exhibit. Until that idea became a concrete fact three years ago we more or less took the talents of our fellow members for granted. Now when we celebrate the harvesting of the creative work done during the past twelve months, we place a fairer value upon their ability and so add to our respect.

Let's all get together this year and make our Festival bigger and better in every way. Plan to exhibit your best work, making one or more gifts that will find a ready sale, filling some need in our everyday lives. We owe it to our organization and our President. The great honor recently conferred upon her is also ours. And as the pioneers builded our state, so are we building for ourselves in a small way, but it is spreading over the world and Volunteer Service means a badge of honor for those who enter it in the right spirit.

With post-Olympic contests and honors most of us are conscious of the foreign atmosphere. While our files do not contain recipes from all the nations, there are a few which could be combined for an international dinner, each of you making your own menus from the soup, entrees or main and dessert course dishes. They will be published in that order, with no attempt to offer one in preference to another and with the hope that some of them will add to your daily enjoyment of good food.

Sweet Soup (Trondhjem Suppe): Boil one-half cup of rice in one pint of water until tender, then add one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, the juice of one-half lemon and one cup of raisins that have been previously boiled.

Borsht (Beet Soup, Russian Style): Wash thoroughly and peel deep red beets; cover with cold water and cook slowly for about three hours. This will produce a strong red liquor, which is strained, then seasoned to suit taste, with lemon juice, salt and sugar. Some thicken it slightly with corn starch that has been mixed to a smooth paste in a little cold water. Some also add a small quantity of chopped beets to the soup. Both methods are good; it is a matter of preference.

Minestrone (Italian Soup) (Mrs. Angus Almond, Jr.): Soup stock; 2 pounds shelled cranberry beans, 1 pound Italian string beans, 2 leeks, cut fine; 1 large dry, or 1 bunch green onions; 1 medium potato, diced; 1 whole potato, mashed and rubbed through puree sieve; 2 tomatoes, chopped; 2 Italian squashes, sliced thin; 1 cup macaroni and seasoning. For seasoning, make a paste of the following: several sprigs of parsley, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. To make the stock: use either beef shin, or beef and veal shin with some meat if desired. Add the vegetables and cook until all are tender, then lastly add the macaroni. When ready to serve, add the above paste made of the seasonings. This is a meal in itself and needs no other accompaniment, unless it is a green salad.

Fo Yung (Chinese Omelet): Beat one dozen egs until light, season with salt and add a little oil. Next cut into threads: two cups each of bamboo sprouts and water chestnuts, also two medium-sized onions. Mix well with the beaten eggs, then add two cups sliced mushrooms and one pound either of shrimp, crab, or lean chicken meat. Mix thoroughly, then form into small cakes and fry in hot oil. When done serve with Chinese gravy. To make the gravy: mix one teaspoon cornstarch in cold water to make a smooth paste, then stir into one cup of very strong broth, either chicken or veal stock; let boil until thickened, salt

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to taste, add a few grains of sugar and one-half teaspoon of soy sauce and a few drops of sesamum seed oil. (The latter may be purchased in any Chinese shop or in some grocery stores and is necessary if the real tangy flavor is desired.)

Bo Lo Gai (Chinese main course dish): Cut two frying chickens into small pieces (or use three one-pound cans of boneless chicken). Dip into flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper, then brown in one cup of fat that has been heated in a frying pan. Remove chicken to a buttered baking dish, then pour over the meat a sauce made by mixing one can of pineapple juice, two tablespoons each of lemon juice and soy sauce. Cover and bake in a slow oven for one hour. The slices of pineapple from the can are nice to serve with this dish if they are dipped into flour and browned in oil or fat.

Schnitzel a la Holstein: Have ready two and one-fourth pounds of veal cut from the leg (this should be cut in six slices about one-half inch thick), sprinkle with salt and paprika, then dip into two slightly beaten eggs and fry in hot butter—about one-eighth pound. When nicely browned on both sides remove to a hot platter. Then stir one-fourth tablespoon flour into the butter, blend well, add three-fourths cup water and cook until thickened. Season with salt and one-half teaspoon of either vegetable or beef extract or a cube. Have ready four hard-cooked eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, then chop fine: six sardines, well-drained, cut in halves and rolled. Arrange the platter with little heaps of vegetables; two tablespoons chopped pickled beets, one tablespoon finely minced onion, one small pickle, one tablespoon capers, and six slices lemon—on each cutlet. Place the lemon in the center with the rolled sardine on top, then arrange tiny heaps of the others around the base with the capers placed singly between. One must work quickly or the meat will be cold when served, so it is essential to have everything ready for instant use.

Hungarian Goulash: One pound each of lean veal, pork and beef, diced. Roll the meat in flour and brown quickly in hot fat. Stir often and when evenly browned add just enough boiling water to permit it to simmer—but not boil—and cook slowly until tender. While browning add one large onion cut into slices, one clove garlic, one bay leaf, one slice lemon, one teaspoon paprika and a sprinkle of mace to season the gravy.

Royal Trifle (Served in English and Canadian homes): Line the bottom of a bowl (that may be sent to the table) with macaroons. Sprinkle with fruit juice (recipe calls for brandy), then over the cakes spread a layer of jam—berry or apricot; over that arrange a layer of lady

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fingers, and sprinkle these with fruit juice (or sherry). Next make a custard by beating one egg with four tablespoons sugar and over it pour one cup scalded milk; cook until mixture coats the spoon. Flavor with sherry or rum flavoring. Set aside until quite cold, then pour over other ingredients in the bowl. There are two methods of completing this dish: either whip one cup of pastry cream, sweetening it, then flavoring with either brandy or sherry flavoring, piling the cream on top of the custard; or add the whipped cream to the cold cooked custard, dip the macaroons in fruit juice and arrange in circles on top with maraschino cherries or candied fruits and bits of angelica and blanched almond halves to decorate in the form of flowers. (An attractive dessert but very rich and requiring time for preparation, as it is similar to an ice-box cake.)

Crepe Suzette (French Pancake): Sift two cups of flour with one-half teaspoon of salt. Add one-fourth cup of stale macaroons that have been rolled and sifted. Next work together one-fourth cup each of sugar and butter. To the creamy mixture add one teaspoon grated orange peel. Then add two beaten egg yolks. Mix well, blend in the dry ingredients, adding alternately with one-half cup strained orange juice that has been mixed with one-half cup cream that has been stiffly whipped. Stir to a thin batter, lastly folding in the egg whites, also stiffly whipped. The batter must be very thin. Cook in a well-greased chafing dish and baste with a sauce made of orange curacao (no longer obtainable) mixed with a very small quantity of water and sugar.

The skilful operator will manage to set fire to the brandy while he bastes the crepe, which thrills and delights the guests; he then picks up each crepe, spreads it quickly with a sauce made of one cup hot clover honey mixed with one-fourth cup butter and a generous tablespoon of the orange Curacao—Jamica rum—or substitute. Crepes—French pancakes—are paper-thin, delicate, crinkly-wrinkly texture, like woven crepe and should always be made by the host, hostess or butler before the guests; preferably the host acts as chef.

New Babies Receive Comfort and Welcome

● In this day of the "new poor," a baby seems for many families a prohibitively expensive acquisition. It is to meet the need of these people who are not indigent, but who cannot afford private care, that Children's Hospital, an agency of the Community Chest, has recently installed a plan of "hospital-home care." This new plan affords all the necessary care and service to expectant mothers at a low cost.

When a woman goes to the Out-patient Department of Children's Hospital and registers under the "hospital-home care" service, her worries are over, and she will receive the best of care. First of all, the nursing and medical staff make a thorough and comprehensive study of the home conditions. They give the prospective mother complete pre-natal care, and plan with her what must be done after the baby is born. When the baby is expected, the mother comes to the hospital, and is thus assured of all safe-guarding and relief from pain that medical science can provide.

After her baby has been born, the mother is entitled to five days' hospital care. While she is in the hospital she is in a large room which she shares with another woman. The baby is kept in an airy nursery and is carefully watched by the nurse in charge.

As long as the mother stays at the hospital, she receives complete medical care and supervision. The average length of this hospitalization is five days, but this period is subject to change depending on the opinion of the doctor in charge. If, after this length of time, the mother can be brought home and cared for at home, ambulance service is provided for her and the baby. If, however, there is no one at home who can care for the mother, arrangements are made to lengthen the stay at the hospital. When the confinement has been especially easy and the mother is extremely

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June 30th, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds (value $65,931,292.00) on books at	$ 62,640,540.16
Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

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strong, she may, with the doctor's consent, leave the hospital before the five days expire. When this happens, the hospital refunds part of the prepaid fee.

After the mother and the baby return to their home, the "hospital-home care" is not by any means over. For ten days after the birth of the baby the mother is visited every morning by a visiting nurse provided by the hospital. This nurse bathes the baby and gives general care to the mother. In the afternoons there is a daily call by the hospital doctor who carefully watches the health of mother and baby.

As a result of this home care, the mother is taught by experts how to care for her child, and how to make home facilities do in place of the more scientific hospital apparatus. These nurses who visit the homes are especially trained to give instruction to the mother and members of the families in the principles of home care, and in the utilization of home substitutes for hospital measures. Thanks to this work by the visiting nurse and doctor, very satisfactory standards of cleanliness and sanitation are being maintained.

Headquarters for the Chest fall campaign have been established at Post and Mason Streets, through the courtesy of the Olympic Club.

Democratic Women Headquarters on Second Floor

● The Democratic Women's Committee has rented headquarters on the second floor of the City Club and a group is there every day to meet the public and give information and literature.

Republican Club Hears Hoover's Acceptance

● A Cafeteria Dinner was held Thursday, August 11, at 5:30 o'clock at the Women's City Club, under the auspices of the San Francisco Unit of the Republican Women's Federation, of which Mrs. W. B. Hamilton is President.

A very large group of women attended this dinner meeting, which was given for the purpose of listening to President Hoover's acceptance speech.

Radios were loaned to the organization by Harry Sachs of the Sterling Furniture Company. The Cafeteria of the Club proved an ideal place for the holding of such a meeting and the interest and satisfaction of the group in being able to listen to the President's speech in a large assembly were general.

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Do You Know That—

- Volume of patronage is what makes the difference between profit and loss in the departments of the Club. Pledge yourself to use each department once a month.

Men guests may swim during September and October on Wednesdays between 5:30 and 7:30 o'clock, as well as on Fridays (all year 'round) from 5:30 to 9.

Two hundred and fifty-three reservations were received for the Fashion Show Luncheon on July 28 and five hundred and six persons were actually served. Reservations made in advance for special functions will greatly simplify the work in the kitchen and improve the service.

There are some new, attractive favors for children's parties in the League Shop.

If your Club Magazine is returned to us because of incorrect address it will not be mailed again until a better address has been received from you. So, if your Magazine does not arrive promptly please notify us at once.

Boys over nine may take swimming lessons on men guests' nights.

For the first time in the Club's existence there are a few vacancies in the membership, and applicants may join without going on the waiting list.

With the exception of candy and nuts, no food will be sold at the Talent Festival, as there will be a Food Sale in November.

You may make an appointment in the Beauty Salon for a courtesy facial.

The Auditorium may be rented for private dances, banquets, concerts and other functions.

Scrip may be purchased in amounts of $1, $5 and $10 and is redeemable in any department of the Club at any time.

There are books in a case in the telephone room on the Fourth Floor that no longer circulate in the library and may be purchased for fifteen cents. You may find something there that you have been wanting particularly.

We sell the Contoure Beauty Preparations in our Beauty Salon.

Flowers and greens in small or large quantities are always most acceptable.

If you are planning to take an active part in the Talent Festival it is advisable to get your uniform in order.

We have a great variety of most unusual and attractive garden accessories in the League Shop.

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A Last Gentle Reminder of the Current Month's Activities

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Under leadership of Mrs. Charles E. Curry. First Monday of each month, Card Room, 1 o'clock. No fee.

Board of Directors' Table—Noon every day of third week each month, Cafeteria. All members welcome.

Book Talks and Writers—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. First Friday of each month, Chinese Room, 11 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents, for which you receive Club scrip to be used in any department of the Club at any time.

Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. First Thursday of each month, National Defenders' Room, 6 o'clock. Dinner 85 cents.

Contract Bridge Course—Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel, Instructor. Ten consecutive Monday nights, beginning September 12, Chinese Room, 7:45 to 9:45 o'clock. Course, $5; single lectures, 60 cents.

League Bridge—Every Tuesday at 2 and 7 o'clock, Fourth Floor. No fee.

Bridge Tea—Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Chairman. September 22, 2 o'clock, Fourth Floor. Tables $4.

Bridge Tournament—Miss Ida J. Lord, Chairman. September 6, 13, 20, 27, October 4 and 18, Auditorium, 7:30 o'clock. Tables $2.

Buffet Supper—In honor of Miss Margaret Miller of Liverpool, England. Sunday, September 4, 6:30 o'clock, National Defenders' Room. Reservations in advance, 75 cents.

City Club Tea—Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Chairman. Tuesday afternoon, September 20. Entire Fourth Floor.

Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas. First and third Wednesdays each month, Auditorium, 11 o'clock. No fee.

Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. First Friday of each month, Board Room, 2:30 o'clock. Reading and discussion of recent plays. No fee.

French—Mme. Rose Olivier, Instructor.

Classes—Conversational Classes, Tuesdays and Fridays; Theory Classes, Mondays.

French Conversational Table—Mme. Rose Olivier, presiding. Second and fourth Wednesdays, Cafeteria, from 12 to 1 o'clock. All are welcome. Only French will be spoken.

Health Examinations—Dr. Adelaide Brown, Chairman. September 15 to 30 inclusive; appointments in advance. Fee $10.

Lectures by Ninon—"Dressing to Your Personality." Four consecutive Wednesday evenings beginning September 14, 7:30 o'clock. Course $1.

Spanish Conversational Table—Miss Mercedita Rivera and Mr. Colmer Alvarez, presiding. Second and fourth Thursdays, Cafeteria, from 12 to 1 o'clock. All are welcome. Only Spanish will be spoken.

Swimming Pool Men Guests' Night—Wednesdays during September and October from 5:30 to 7:30; Fridays all year, 5:30 to 9 p. m. Men guests must be accompanied by a member.

Talent Festival Table—Every Thursday in Cafeteria, noon. All are welcome.

Thursday Evening Programs—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman. Every Thursday night at 8 o'clock, Auditorium. No fee.

Young Members' Luncheon—First Monday each month, Mural Room, 12 o'clock. Cafeteria service; young members cordially invited.

Young Members' Tea—Second Thursday each month, 3:30 o'clock. Miss Leale meets young members in the Lounge.

COMING

Fourth Annual Firelighting—Monday, October 3; Lounge, 8 o'clock.

Third Annual Talent Festival—Wednesday and Thursday, October 12 and 13.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

TALENT FESTIVAL NUMBER

OCTOBER, 1932
VOL. VI - No. 9
Price 15 cents a Copy

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With one element of the populace trying to twist the poor elephant's tail and the other trying to tweek or tickle the donkey's ears, there seems to be a slacking of all other sports for the moment . . . but the election is only another month off and we must all eat in the meantime, so we're reminding you that the Shopping Guide has some attractive items for your immediate attention . . . and we mean just that . . . some good food between now and November will clear up the atmosphere for a great many doubtful voters . . . if you don't know which way to vote, just eat well from now till then and you'll arrive at a perfect decision . . .

We've spoken of The New Fillmore before . . . that marvelous grocery at Fillmore and Washington . . . if ever one wants something good, better or best in the line of comestibles, this modest store offers it . . . there's a wide range of choice in every conceivable potted food and beverage (non-alcoholic, of course) and condiment that mortals ever desired . . . and, as we said before, the prices are very reasonable, even in these times . . .

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▲ ▲

Mr. Lyon, investment counselor, whom we have been quoting for some time, is confident that the investing public (not the speculators) are headed for a very much improved situation . . . the pronouncements made in these columns (quoted from his letters to us) have so far proved unerringly correct . .

▲ ▲

Werner's are showing some new modes that take on the trend of the times . . . shoes that serve two purposes . . . supply the element of extreme taste and style and a high degree of utility . . . that's what one needs, so we are informed by women who are *in the know* . . .

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

OCTOBER 1, 1932

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time will be reserved for discussion if desired. Admission—purchase of Club scrip in the amount of 50 cents. Redeemable in any department at any time.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

First and Third Wednesdays of every month . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Board Room* 2:30 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members are invited—no fee. Guests 25 cents.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Wednesdays of each month a group of members will meet at lunch at the French Conversational Table. Only French will be spoken.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

LUNCHEON TABLE . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Members of Board of Directors will preside at luncheon tables every day during third week of each month. Members are invited to join this table to hear mid-monthly announcements, discussions, etc.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL—Every Friday and Wednesday Evenings . . . . . *Swimming Pool*

WEDNESDAY, 5:30 TO 7:30 P.M.
FRIDAY, 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

(During Talent Festival—October 12—children will be admitted to Swimming Pool. Fee 25 cents)

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

Luncheon Group—Spanish Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Thursdays of each month a group of members will meet at luncheon at the Spanish Conversational Table. Only Spanish will be spoken.

TALENT FESTIVAL, OCTOBER 12 and 13 . . . . . *Clubhouse* 10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

All gifts must be in the Clubhouse by Monday, October 10. All loans must be in the Clubhouse (textiles, pictures, hangings, etc.) by Saturday, October 8. Other loans that will not have to be hung, by Monday, October 10.

October 3—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel - - - - *Auditorium* 7:45 P.M.

Fire Lighting - - - - - - - - - - - *Lounge* 8:00 P.M.

Younger Members' Luncheon - - - - - - *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.

4—Bridge Tournament - - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 7:30 P.M.

5—Current Events—Mrs. W. P. Lucas - - - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles E. Curry - - *Board Room* 1:00 P. M.

Ninon—"Dressing to Your Personality" - - - - - *Chinese Room* 7:30 P.M.

6—Book Review Dinner - - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Subject: The Infinite Longing, by Marie Verhoeven Schmidt, and Saint Saturnin, by Jean Schlumborger

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. Walter L. Sinton
Subject: Economics and Their Relation to Life

7—Book Talk by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard - - - - *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will discuss very recent literature

Play Reading Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard - - - *Board Room* 2:30 P.M.

Reading "Of Thee I Sing"—Mrs. Hugh Brown - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

10—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel - - - - *Auditorium* 7:45 P.M.

11—Bridge Tournament (omitted)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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VOLUME VI OCTOBER, 1932 NUMBER 9

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October 12—French Table (omitted)

12 and 13—Talent Festival (See Talent Festival Program elsewhere in Magazine)	*Entire Clubhouse*	10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.
13—Talent Festival Dinner—$1.25 a plate	*Third Floor*	7:15 P.M.
Program (for dinner guests)	*Auditorium*	9:00 P.M.
Spanish Table (omitted)		
17—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
18—Bridge Tournament	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
19—Current Event Section—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Culbertson-American Olympic Bridge Tournament	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
20—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dr. Eva C. Reid Subject: Brilliant Failures	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
24—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
25—Hallowe'en Bridge Party (Tournament Prizes will be distributed)	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
27—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Lloyd La Page Rollins Subject: The Museum Situation in San Francisco	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
31—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.

Miss Marion Leale, President of the Women's City Club of San Francisco and Chairman of the Club's Third Annual Talent Festival, to be given Wednesday and Thursday, October 12 and 13.

Miss Katherine Donohoe, member of the Board of Directors of the City Club, who again is directing the floral decorations of the Club for the Talent Festival. Miss Donohoe's work last year is memorable.

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR GIFT?

Have you sent your contribution—your votive offering—to the Third Annual Talent Festival of the City Club?

Now is the time. For the Festival opens in twelve days and the earlier your gift is received the better place it will have in the display in the Club Auditorium.

Many members are making the Festival the occasion for giving to the Club the bonds which they purchased when the institution was in its formative stage. Now that the Club is a sturdy and glistening reality of the hopes of those formative years, these members are expressing their congratulations by giving outright the bonds which they then took. They are "saying it with bonds."

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

A FEW days more, and we shall gather together for our Talent Festival. We shall meet members we have not seen perhaps for a year, and we shall enjoy hearing what they have been doing in the meantime and shall have opportunity to catch up to date with much that has happened to mutual friends—their joys and sorrows of a twelvemonth. What an opportunity the Festival gives each one of us to feel herself one of a group of which we justly may be proud! The talent of the Loan Exhibit which in its new setting this year "comes into its own" will be a treat for us to enjoy; the gifts in the Auditorium will give us the privilege of converting another member's handiwork into cash for our own Clubhouse. To those of us who have not yet brought our gifts, this last-minute call to hurry is given, for the double pleasure of giving and receiving should belong to every member—a week remaining for such as these.

This third Talent Festival comes at a time when the length and breadth of America there is talk on every side of incomes and expenditures—"*conversation,*" for which L'Abbe Dimnet pleads, is sadly pushed aside, while the man who can "take the floor" with the latest failure or financial gossip is king of the group. Fortunately our obligations are cared for and we are in a position to do the larger thing and develop the inner spirit of the organization. The twenty-two thousand hours of service given by hundreds of members last year included the hours of the women in uniform at the Festival. This year it promises to be an even greater figure—much to the surprise of those who look on. Rumors about us, "mis-identification" with other groups, if we may coin the word, jealousies which lead to negative criticism, rouse our sponsors to indignation but leave us who serve unconcerned, for we are honest with ourselves and with each other, and we understand each other and trust. The tumult is without the walls, not within.

The success of the year has been and is only possible by the continued service of the individual, and the letters and gifts from members from afar who regret that distance keeps them from foregathering with us on the 12th and 13th, and the generous response of the members at home who are bringing their talent to us with gifts which now pour in, lead us to believe that this year's Talent Festival will surpass even that of last—a "tall" order, so those who were present in 1931 agree!

The Volunteers on the Third Floor are mobilizing for quick service so that luncheon parties are being planned and groups from out of town as well as those at home will find familiar faces among those in uniform who wait upon them.

And as a climax of the two days' playtime together comes the dinner when our husbands and sweethearts, our brothers and would-be brothers, join us at the festive board, and after exclaiming at the talent of the loans in the exhibit on the Lounge floor, go with us to the Auditorium where we draw aside our truly historical curtain (the gift and work of one of our most talented members) and listen and applaud those other members whose gifts are their histrionic ability. Let us all be there!

Talent Festival Central Committee

Miss Marion Whitfield Leale.....Chairman
Mrs. Gilbert Woodland....Attendance
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer.....Decoration
Miss Katherine Donohoe.....Flowers
Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.....Groups
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon.....Gifts
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Mrs. S. G. Chapman.....Loans
Mrs. John P. Coglan.....Programs
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Mrs. Ira W. Sloss.....Statistics
Mrs. Henry L. Alves.....Volunteers

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Miss Sarah Collier
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Miss Mabel Pierce
Miss Ethel Young

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Mrs. Randolph W. Madison
Mrs. Nadine Hammond
Miss Bernita Lundy

"ROOM 208"

(Fortune Telling)

Mrs. F. Z. Smith.....Chairman
Miss Helen Sheehy.....Palmist

Miss Harriet Fenwick.....Chairman of Receiving Desk

FINE ARTS (Balcony)

Miss Edith Allyne

LOANS (Fourth Floor)

Mrs. S. G. Chapman (Chairman)
Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff
Mrs. Alma Janapolus
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Food Sale to Be November 22

● "Food" is to have its innings November 22, just in time for the delectables to be served at the Thanksgiving feasts.

When "food" as such was ruled out of the Talent Festival—simply because there promised to be so much of it—provision was at once made for an exclusive sale of jams, jellies, preserves, candies, cakes, condiments, salads and all the array which such a sale conjures.

There was candy at the Talent Festival, to be sure, but it got there by virtue of the attractive containers in which it was sold, the containers being rated as examples of talent.

So November 22 the eye and palate will be tickled with choice things to eat.

"Almanac" Is Interesting Souvenir

● Mrs. Josephine Bartlett and Mrs. Christina S. Madison, co-editors of the City Club Almanac, which is the official souvenir of the 1932 Talent Festival, already have that piece of work so well in hand that it is possible, even at this early date, to announce that it is eminently suitable as a Christmas gift or to send as a "kind thought" on any occasion, instead of flowers, cards or candy.

Mrs. Nadine Hammond, member of the Club, designed the cover, and the illustrations were done by Miss Bernita Lundy, also a member. In fact, since the whole Talent Festival is an exposition of members' work, it seems needless to speak of the "membership" of any person connected with the Festival. But it offers such excellent opportunity to "point with pride," that the words will slip in.

At each Talent Festival there has been an official souvenir. The first year heralded the "City Club Calendar," prepared by a committee of which Mrs. I. N. Hibberd was chairman. Last year it was the "City Club Cook Book," prepared by Mrs. Madison's committee.

Now comes the Almanac. The idea offers illimitable possibilities.

Fireplace in Lounge of Women's City Club, where Annual Fire Lighting will take place October 3.

After the Talent Festival—the FOOD SALE November 22

Miss Sayers Guest At City Club

● Accompanied by a boy laden with golf clubs, camera, field glasses and notably good-looking English luggage, Miss Katherine I. Sayers, 1932 Walter Hines Page Scholar on the English-speaking Union Foundation, arrived a few days ago at the City Club, where she will be a guest until about October 8.

From the accounts of her scholastic accomplishments which had preceded her it was expected that she would qualify only in those attributes. But she is tall and very handsome, wears her smart clothes in the easy English fashion, talks with facility, but mostly she listens.

For that is what she is in America for—to hear and observe. Miss Sayers wants to study American home life and education. She is interested in golf (she plays for her county, Derbyshire), orchestras, chamber music, theaters, schools, labor-saving devices in the home, physics laboratories, universities, the countryside and dancing.

Although but twenty-seven years old, Miss Sayers has a fine scholarship record and apparently is intending to augment that record before she is much older.

She was mathematics mistress at King Edward's High School for Girls, Birmingham, was educated at St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews, Scotland, and has an M. A. degree in mathematics from Cambridge University (Girton College, 1926). She was Senior Student at Girton, which is rather like Senior Class President here. She has traveled abroad and studied for six months at Lausanne University, Switzerland.

She is guest of the English-speaking Union while at the City Club.

Annual Fire Lighting Monday, October 3

● The annual Fire Lighting Ceremony will take place Monday evening, October 3, with Miss Leale presiding.

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will give the address of the evening, after which there will be a general conversazione in the Lounge and Library.

The Fire Lighting Ceremony, like the Talent Festival, is one of the milestones of the City Club, the annual event by which the members know that the evening fire in the fireplace of the Club is a regular instead of an occasional thing, as it is in the summer.

The beautiful fireplace is the gift to the Club of Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, whose work along the "line of march" of the Volunteers has been steady.

She'll Tell Your Life Story In Room 208

—HELEN SHEEHY

● [The other day when I stopped the palmist of the Talent Festival in the Lounge and asked her to tell me about palmistry and her prophecies, she chuckled and answered: "Oh! I would much prefer telling you and all the others about yourselves!" But this is what she said.—Editor.]

After studying palmistry for twenty-five years I believe it's just as essential for one to have one's hand read by a competent palmist as are the yearly health examinations. For if health can show up anywhere it does in the hands, by the color, texture, spots and fingernails.

One of my very first thrills was the diagnosis I gave an eminent M. D. on a health condition which he declined to own but which upon investigation he found to be only too true.

Then there's the left hand, handed down to us from our ancestors, back to the blood — all the characteristics and traits, good, bad and indifferent, of those behind us; and the right hand for us to write the inscription on our own monument.

All youth should have its hands read, because the fingers, palm and thumb show plainly the tendency to avocation. What a lot of heart-breaks and failures would be nipped in the bud if the boy or girl with every requisite for an artist or interior decorator would be permitted to follow that career instead of medicine, law, chemistry or engineering!

If parents would only have their children's hands attended to along with their eyes and teeth, we would have a more evenly balanced world and a far happier and more contented one to live in. Because with every line and their very hand itself shaping their lives, they are bound "for success," without any of the painful, heart-breaking "detours" of the wrong career.

That's why I believe in palmistry; it's the good it does, showing up the weak points, the things to avoid, the help it holds out all along the line.

Palmistry is an absorbing, fascinating and scientific study. In me, the psychic never enters in—that's a thing apart. After twenty-five years of study, with each new hand I read I always feel as if I were standing at the threshold of life, opening the door of the future; and with the brightly shining light of knowledge, it's a straight road ahead!

So there you are!

City Club Goes Bridge-Minded

—HELEN PARKER,
CHAIRMAN HALLOWE'EN BRIDGE PARTY

● The last month has been the beginning of a new era for bridge at our Club.

The Women's City Club has at last become "bridge-minded," with the starting of a series of lectures by Mrs. Roedel, our "Get Acquainted Bridge Tournament" and our Bridge Tea on September 20, with Mrs. Coxon as Chairman.

This month brings our annual Hallowe'en Party, which is to be a gala event. Tuesday evening, October 25, will find the Auditorium dressed up in its party clothes to do its share in seeing that the members and their friends have an enjoyable time.

The awarding of the prizes won in the Bridge Tournament will add to the festivity of the evening. As a number of our husbands and gentlemen friends have participated in our Bridge Tournament, we are hoping to have a large number of "gentlemen members" at this party.

The tables are to be $3 each, which includes a prize for each table, tallies, score cards and candies. There will be no refreshments and members are to furnish their own cards.

Preceding the party there will be a special dinner in the dining room on the third floor. The dinner will be 85 cents per plate, and reservations should be made with Miss McKenzie at as early a date as possible.

I am sure that every one of us owes some of her friends a dinner and an evening of entertainment. Don't you think this would be a fitting occasion to meet at least a few of our social obligations inexpensively, but also with the prestige the Women's City Club lends to such an event?

"Will be seeing you" at
THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1932
8:30 P.M. AUDITORIUM

Bedrooms for Short Rests

● Members, especially out-of-town members, are reminded that they may take bedrooms by the hour during the Talent Festival—and all other times. But right at this time, with the arduous duties of the Festival resulting in possible fatigue, they are enjoined to keep in mind the hour or two of rest in the bedrooms at a very small cost.

Your Gift to the Talent Festival Is a Symbol of Your Appreciation of Your City Club

Mrs. Hugh Brown

Mrs. Hugh Brown's Play Reading Postponed

● Mrs. Hugh Brown's lecture and reading of the sensational dramatic success, "Of Thee I Sing," has been postponed to Friday evening, October 7.

The postponement was made because of the confliction of the original date, September 23, with the visit to San Francisco of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York.

Mrs. Brown's reading the epic of 1932—as the play has been termed—has received enthusiastic comment from friends who have been privileged to hear her.

"Bengal Lancer" Author to Lecture

● Major Francis Yeats-Brown, author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," will be the opening attraction October 26 of the Alice Seckels Lecture Series. He will be followed by Carveth Wells, popular explorer and writer, just back from Russia with new moving pictures; the Right Honorable Richard von Kuhlmann, former German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Baroness Carla Jenssen, one of Great Britain's valued spies during the World War; Captain Charles W. R. Knight, "the eagle man," and F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, who brings moving pictures of his searchings in the impenetrable jungles of Central America.

These lectures will be held in the new Veterans' Auditorium of the War Memorial Building.

Only Diners Will Be Admitted to Program

● Only dinner guests on the second day of the Festival will be admitted to the program, which is to be given in the Auditorium at 9 o'clock, Mrs. John P. Coghlan, chairman.

The dinner will begin at 7:15. Between then and 9 o'clock the guests will have partaken of a delicious dinner and have roamed the Fourth Floor, time permitting, to enjoy the Loan Exhibits. In that time the Auditorium will be cleared of the Talent Festival Exhibits and chairs placed for the audience to enjoy the program.

Directions for Donors of Flowers

● Miss Katherine Donohoe, who is Chairman of the Decorations of the Talent Festival, has made these suggestions for members who are sending flowers, either for decorations or to be sold as gifts to the Talent Festival:

"Sign pledge so that estimate of floral decorations may be made by committee before date of Festival.

"Put flowers in deep basins of water all night before sending.

"Mark all flowers and shrubs distinctly whether for sale or for decorative purposes."

Loans Must Be of Members' Own Making

● "Loans" which members may wish to exhibit at the Talent Festival, must be of their own creation.

Articles of great antiquity or historic value, objects which have artistic or other interest, but are **not** made by the member herself, may not be shown in the Talent Festival, but will be accepted for exhibit at the Private Collectors' Exhibit in the spring.

But if you have made something, written something or otherwise evolved a precious thing which you would like to exhibit, but feel you cannot give it to the Club, you may show it in the Talent Festival Loan Exhibit, **providing** you also give some other article; perhaps something not so cherished or so valuable.

Therefore, the **two** cardinal conditions upon which a member may display in the Loan Exhibit are these: The article **must** be of her own creation; it also must be accompanied by something which is an outright gift to the Talent Festival — something which may be shown for sale in the Auditorium.

Loans will be arranged according to kind and it is expected that the Fourth Floor, where they will be shown, will be alluringly attractive.

"The Play's the Thing" On Second Night

● One of the plans included in the Talent Festival idea has to do with the production of original plays and pageants. It is the hope of the official family of the Club that eventually we will be able to have a very ambitious stage production each year.

Meanwhile, we are making a beginning this year with the program for the evening of October 14. Two plays will be given. One, "Letters," is the work of a clever California writer, Florence Ryerson, and will have a cast made up of members. The other, "And That's That," is the work of Mrs. Carlo Morbio. In later years, it is hoped the dramatic program will be extended into a bigger production, using more characters and having greater length.

The plays and their casts are as follows:

"LETTERS"

A One-Act Play by Florence Ryerson

Pamela Whitney, the Mayor's Wife.....Mrs. Leroy Briggs

The Mayor's secretary.....Miss Grace Read

Dolly.....Mrs. Carlo Morbio

Vocal Solos.....Eva Gruninger Atkinson
(Accompanied by Mrs. Berryhill)

"AND THAT'S THAT"

A One-Act Play by Patricia Morbio

Dale Hartley, an actress.....Mrs. Robert Malcolm

Daphne Hartley.....Miss Lea Calegaris

Molly, the wardrobe woman.....Mrs. Jacques Resleure

Where to Find Refreshment

● On the first day of the Festival tea will be served from 4 to 5 o'clock on the Third Floor. Volunteers will be in the Cafeteria at both luncheon and tea hours. A special luncheon and dinner will be served in the Cafeteria the first day.

On the second day there will be a continuous program from 2 to 5 o'clock in the Chinese Room.

The Talent Festival dinner, which is to be brilliant, will be served at 7:15 o'clock.

▼

Below is a facsimile of the pass to be used for guests on the two Festival days. Members may obtain them in advance at the Front Office. No charge. They may also be obtained the days of the Festival at the table near the main entrance, where the attendance will be checked.

TALENT FESTIVAL

OCTOBER 12 - 13, 1932

GUEST.....

COURTESY OF.....

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, who will give the address at the Annual Fire Lighting in the City Club Lounge Monday Evening, October 3

Kath Carries On

September 15, 1932.

● My dear Jane:

Well, here I am again! Did you ever have a more faithful correspondent? Now don't tell me you had, because I know that no one else sits herself down the fifteenth of every month and bores you to tears with her ravings. They leave that to me. But—a promise is a promise, so that's that.

Such a busy month—whew! I've been gasping for days, and every time I put my foot into the Clubhouse I seem to feel the wires buzzing, and it's a merry-go-round from start to finish. One day recently I landed there about 10:15 a. m. and left at 5:45 p. m. and I don't think I stopped for one minute. What did I find to do? And you ask me that, when I've known you to keep it up day after day, especially at this time of the year with the Talent Festival looming up! I did many and various things, from serving at my regular job, having a shampoo and wave and a manicure, eating my luncheon at the Directors' table, and listening avidly to all the news I could gather to peddle out to you; having a swim, working on some of the most fascinating candy containers I ever saw, for the candy unit at the Festival; pounding the typewriter in the Executive Office for a short interval; sitting down for a quiet smoke and chat in the Library with some of the congenial souls one can always find there; picking out some books, and getting a line from the Librarian on the new ones that are in, and coming in. Well, I can't remember any more just now, but——that was not all of it, at that.

They tell me down at the Swimming Pool that the men's night is so popular that they have decided to have Wednesday as well as Friday open to the dear things. Isn't that great?

Another interesting item: Prospective members are now being invited to join the Club without having to go on a waiting list. Much to my surprise, when I handed in a card for a friend who desired to join, I was told that she could come in immediately if she chose. I think that's great, remembering the many months our names stood on that waiting list for our turn.

I had a talk with Mrs. Coxon the other day, one of our delightful Chairmen of the Talent Festival, and got an inside peek into some of the activities that are being planned. And my dear! Talk about "bigger and better"—who cares for depression!—why, everyone is out to kill that old bird; he never should have been allowed to live, anyway, and I wish you could see what I saw, this and that and what have you. Yes, I know that is tantalizing and ambiguous, but after all I can't tell everything I know, now can I? But I'll let you in on some of it, just because you won't be here to see it for yourself. They are selling "scrip" now, in books valued up to ten dollars. Isn't that an idea? The scheme is that you buy a book, and the coupons are redeemable, anywhere in the Club—the Shop, the Pool, the Dining Room, anywhere where you'd spend money, you can use your scrip—and of course at the Festival, too. Did you ever know anything like those women for thinking up clever ideas? They save time, they give you money in your purse whenever you are in the Club, in case you've run low on your week's allowance, and they are really about the nicest thing I've heard of for a long time.

Mrs. Chapman will be the Chairman of the Loan Exhibit of the Talent Festival again this year. The exhibit will be on the Fourth Floor, and everyone is requested to get her things in as early as possible, so that the committee may get everything arranged satisfactorily.

Mrs. Stoddard is doing a marvelous thing as her Volunteer Service. For over three years the Book Review dinners have been an institution in the Club and now, for members who have not been able to attend evening meetings, she is planning similar reviews to be held in the Auditorium the first Friday morning of each month. Admission will be the purchase of Club scrip in the amount of 50 cents, redeemable in any department at any time. And on the same Friday afternoons in the Board Room on the Fourth Floor there is to be a series of Drama Talks—sort of a round-table idea—to meet, read and discuss current plays.

There is to be a Bridge Tea on September 20, of which Mrs. Coxon is Chairman, which is so fascinating. The number of tables are to be limited, and it's to be held in the Library and American Room; tables $4, and everything is being planned to make it just such an affair as you would give at home. It's a great idea, as we can do some of our entertaining that day, and be saved all the work and bother of an at-home party. Scores, cards, etc., are all included. Wish you could be here and join us at our table.

I got off my subject a while back and forgot to tell you what a scene of activity Room 214 is right now. I went in the other day and such a pasting, cutting, painting group you never saw, and the charming things they were turning out are all for the Talent Festival. I saw several things that I shall keep a weather eye peeled for, for my Christmas box. The group works every Tuesday and Friday, and volunteers are urged to join the ranks.

I was thrilled on reading the announcement that "Ninon" is going to give a series of lectures called "Dress to Your Personality" from September 14 to October 5. That will be interesting, won't it, and I'll bet we can pick up some fine ideas—and goodness knows we need them with the funny looking clothes the store windows are showing right now! I can't say I am wild about all of them, with their queer little puffed sleeves and the trains on the evening gowns and the crazy way they are using fur on coats, etc., so I shall go and try to find out what the little lady has to say.

They had a buffet supper on September 4 in honor of Dr. Margaret S. Miller of the University of Liverpool, authority on economic conditions of present-day Russia. She talked to a large audience in the Lounge after supper, her brief resume of the history of Russia and the explanation of the Five-Year Plan being most scholarly. Those who went said it was one of the Club's most delightful affairs.

The Beauty Salon again to the fore! Mrs. Graybow has succeeded in procuring the Contoure Beauty Preparations for our delectation, if you please. There is to be a demonstrator (although I think they call her a fancier name now) who will tell us all of the virtues of the creams and lotions.

I had a lot of fun the other day being one of the hostesses from our Club at the opening of the new Y. W. C. A. building. A charming gathering—it was all pure joy. It is a wonderful building with every known equipment for the joy and comfort of a girl. I often think what a marvelous age this is in which we live, and what advantages we have.

I feel sorrier every day to think that you are going to miss the fun of the Festival this year, for when I remember the good time our crowd had last year and the year before, it makes me homesick for you. And, to be personal, my dear, how we shall miss you, for will you ever forget as long as you live the fun of last year? Do you ever want to see another avocado, or a can of pineapple fingers, or a carton of cottage cheese again? I know I do not; at least I think so, although when I remember that Hawaiian salad I'm apt to change my mind. Well, we did a fairly good job in our crowd, if we do say it ourselves.

And meantime, as usual I have filled up the page, and am not sure I've said a whole lot at that, but—these days I am hitting on high most of the time, so you are lucky to get anything from me at all. Don't crab —I know I'm your best correspondent; so that's that.

The year is closing it, and hurrah for Christmas, which will bring you back to us!

Affectionately,
KATH.

Friday Talks on Current Books

● Mrs. Stoddard's initial "Friday Morning Book Discussion" on September 2 was attended by a large and enthusiastic group. The only procedure which a member must follow in order to take advantage of these very interesting talks is to purchase a 50-cent scrip ticket of the City Club, which scrip is negotiable in any department of the Club. Most of the attendants at the lecture of September 2 used their scrip tickets for luncheon; others reserved it for purchases in the League Shop and still others for a manicure or a swim after the lecture. Still others saved it for Christmas purchases or to spend at the Talent Festival.

On the afternoon of the day on which she gives a Book Review, Mrs. Stoddard gives a Play Reading at 2:30 o'clock in the Board Room. Both these follow the regular Thursday night Book Review dinner at which Mrs. Stoddard has presided for several years, all being her Volunteer Service.

Extraordinary Program Enjoyed at Club

● Members enjoyed two programs given last month by Mr. Stig Christensen, who plays the "musical saw," and by Mr. Marshall Ames, who accompanied him at the piano.

Mr. Christensen also read some of his own original poems and Mr. Jorgen Dick, who directs the unusual programs, sang.

Mr. Christensen is the son of Benjamin Christensen, well-known moving-picture director of Hollywood, and his younger brother is making fame as a sculptor in Europe.

The programs were given in the Lounge after the dinner hour, and another evening of the same entertainment is planned for the near future. Watch the bulletin boards for the announcement.

War Memorial Opera House

● San Francisco's long-awaited War Memorial is now completed.

But nearly seven years ago the Women's City Club was erected at 465 Post Street as a memorial of women's service in that same war. For seven years it has been occupied and maintained for the 8,400 women who are its members. Its officials and membership take pride in the newer War Memorial and rejoice in its beauty and purpose.

The War Memorial of San Francisco is composed of two buildings, the Veterans' Building and the Opera House, separated by a Memorial Court. This group stands on the west side of Van Ness Avenue opposite the west facade of the City Hall, which building is the dominant feature of the Civic Center. The City Hall, the Auditorium, the Library and the State Building form the elements of the Civic Center, and they are grouped around a large paved and landscaped plaza two city blocks in area.

The War Memorial Opera House will be formally opened October 15 with the inauguration of the tenth annual season of the San Francisco Opera Company.

In designing the buildings forming the War Memorial group, it was determined that their general height and architectural composition should correspond to those buildings just mentioned in order that they would harmoniously take their place in this monumental group of civic structures.

The Opera House and the Veterans' Building are identical in external appearance except for the necessary stage block of the Opera House which rises above the main roof. The architecture is classic and the design carries the lines of the City Hall, thus flanking the broad avenue with three consistent and dignified buildings.

The exteriors of the buildings have granite bases and steps, with the balance of the walls in rusticated terra cotta. The free standing columns on the front facades are of granite, and the mansard roofs are of lead covered copper.

Each of the two buildings is 180 feet by 282 feet on the ground, with the projections of the two main features at the front increasing the width of the main facade to 231 feet. The facades are 78 feet high above the ground with the mansard roofs rising 22 feet higher to a total height of 100 feet. The stage block of the Opera House rises to a height of 150 feet.

The Veterans' Building

The Veterans' Building stands 175 feet across the Memorial Court from the Opera House. The entrance doors open into the main vestibule and thence to the trophy

Gaelano Merola, Director General of the San Francisco Opera Association

gallery, which is a promenade for the exhibition of war trophies. This gallery has cast stone walls, vaulted ceiling and marble floor. At the north end is the special entrance for the fourth-floor galleries, with stairs, elevators, check room, library and office. At the south end is the souvenir gallery, custodian's office and stairs. The souvenir gallery has walls of cast stone, a decorated flat coffered ceiling, and will serve as a museum of war medals and other similar souvenirs.

From trophy gallery, entrance is had through the arcade to the foyer in connection with the auditorium. From this foyer stairs lead to the basement rest, telephone and check rooms, while other stairs lead to the balcony level. Elevator service is also provided from the arcade.

The auditorium is 68 feet wide, 79 feet long from curtain line to rear wall on the first floor, 105 feet from curtain to balcony rear wall, and 50 feet high. The lower rusticated portions of the side walls are surmounted by pilasters and arched panels which compose the wall treatment below the cornice. The arched panels will contain the eight colorful Brangwyn murals which attracted so much attention at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. These murals will form the dominating decorative feature of the room. The main ceiling is beamed in a geometrical pattern, with a cove in the center, and the edges next to

Continued on Page 22

City Club Member Writes of Opera Abroad

[Editor's Note.—Miss Levison, sister of Mr. John B. Levison of San Francisco, president of the San Francisco Symphony Association, spent last year here and returned abroad, where she has made her home for several years. She anticipates the San Francisco Opera Season in having heard Maria Mueller this summer and reveled in the Mozartian idiom.]

BAD REICHENHALL, GERMANY,
AUGUST 21, 1932.

● After a very wonderful week at the "Festspiele" and remembering the talk we had when I was at home last winter, I thought my experience might be of a bit of interest to some of the Women's City Club members.

Coming to Salzburg from Bad Gastein, where we spent five delightful weeks, was like coming to another world. In Gastein, an Austrian spa, full to overflowing with an international lot of people, one heard hardly an English word; in Salzburg, only two hours away, hardly a word but English. We stopped at a large hotel where it fascinated me to sit in the lounge and watch the groups of tourists coming and going. Such running in and out! Such throwing of luggage! Until long past midnight. It reminded me very much of the first act in Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel."

Richard Tauber sang in "The Land of Smiles" the first night we were there. We had not booked up for a festival performance for that evening and so were very fortunate in getting the last two seats before "Ausverkauft" was posted at the box office. The performance was excellent, the entire cast splendid. Franz Lehar, seated very near us, had written the principal role for Tauber, whose voice, interpretation and diction are perfect. And the music so lovely! What interested me very much in the opera is that the librettist's conception of the Chinaman is ours of the Japanese. This gives the operetta its name. Always smile, smile, keep on smiling. What we feel in our hearts concerns no one but ourselves.

"Doch wenn uns Chinesen das Herz auch bricht,
Wen geht das was an? Wir zeigen es nicht.
Immer nur laecheln und immer vergnuegt,
Immer zufrienden, wie's immer sich fuegt,
Luecheln trotz Weh' und tausend Schmerzen.
Doch wie's da drin aussieht, geht niemand was an."

The "Stadttheater," where the performance was given, is very much like the "Residenz Theater" in Munich, and the "Burg Theater" in Vienna. Charming! Bespeaking Mozart and his time as does so much in Salzburg. There was great applause, particularly to bring Lehar to the stage. With the broadest of smiles and much graciousness, he acknowledged the enthusiasm by bowing again and again but from the loge. Although "Das Land des Laechelns" is not included in the "Festspiele" it was a great privilege to have seen it under such unusual conditions.

The two performances which I shall always look back upon with joy are "Oberon" and "Orpheus." Both were conducted by Professor Bruno Walter.

Firstly, I want to say something about the "Festspiel Haus" itself, built eight years ago, I was told; a simple wooden structure. In San Francisco that wouldn't surprise one. In Salzburg it did. As far as I was able to judge the acoustics were perfect. The orchestra (about one hundred) is the Vienna Philharmonic. The chorus is the Vienna Opera chorus.

With the overture of "Oberon" I felt myself back in San Francisco listening to our symphony orchestra. I was surprised and delighted to find quite a bit throughout the opera not unfamiliar. The title role was sung by Lotte Schoene from the Vienna Opera. She was lovely as Oberon, with a rich, beautiful voice—a splendid actress. The two other roles of importance (father and daughter) were taken by Wilhelm Diegelman and Maria Mueller, both from Berlin.

The performance of "Orpheus" was just as wonderful in every way as "Oberon." The title role was superbly taken by Sigrid Onegin, and her glorious contralto voice, her magnificent stage presence, her splendid acting I shall never forget. Eurydice was excellently sung by Maria Mueller.

Professor Walter's masterly control of the stage and orchestra was so appreciated by the audience; the applause was so vociferous that it seemed as though it would never quiet down.

The music of "Orpheus" was beautiful. I must admit it was all new to me except a flute solo that I had heard my brother play many times.

But what quite overpowered and thrilled me was the stage-setting, the stagecraft, the stage lighting. Indescribable in its gigantic conception. Indescribable in its superb coloring. Indescribable in its exquisite detail. Every time the curtain was drawn on the enormous stage it almost took one's breath away. Such stupendousness. Such color. Such myriads of moving figures. Every stage picture was set at a graduated elevation. The auditorium is almost as level as a concert hall. Nevertheless everyone in the vast audience could see the entire stage perfectly.

The program stated that the "Buchenein-richtung" used was that of Gustav Mahler. This seems rather an anachronism. One would hardly associate the time of Mahler with such ultra-modernistic art.

A most important part in the production was the dancing, if one could call only rhythmic movements dancing. Margarete Waldmann, the "premiere danseuse," is a graduate of the Mary Wigman school in Berlin. She and her group were so lithe, so charming, so graceful, the embodiment of youth and loveliness. Their rhythmic movements were very beautiful, at times almost bewildering. The intelligent interpretation of Miss Waldmann undoubtedly added much to the performances of both "Oberon" and "Orpheus."

A delightfully exquisite Mozart concert was given at the "Mozarteum" last Sunday morning. Professor Walter conducted. The hall was so packed that there was no standing room, no breathing room. Such enthusiasm. The concert was finished, the lights put out. Still the people stayed on and on. They ran forward to the stage in adoration much as I remember they did years ago when Grieg conducted his last concert in Berlin.

And then, too, I saw "Everyman" and "The Marriage of Figaro." I could write on indefinitely. But I do not want to take up too much of your time. I shall only add my very best wishes, dear Miss Leale, to your sister and yourself.

Very cordially,
ALMA LEVISON.

Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Chairman of the program which will close the Third Annual Talent Festival the evening of October 13

Women's City Club of San Francisco, setting of the Third Annual Talent Festival. As much a War Memorial of the services of San Francisco Women as are the beautiful Opera House and Veterans' Building in the Civic Center, dedicated this month.

Old Spanish Custom Proves Popular

● The Spanish Conversation Table, inaugurated last month at the City Club, attracted many Spanish linguists and many more who were happy to be permitted simply to listen. No word but Spanish is spoken, and the mellifluous sentences were music indeed as they fell from the lips of the speakers.

Later in the fall, after the Talent Festival, a similar Conversation Table—but in Italian—will be inaugurated.

French Conversational Table

● Mme. Rose Olivier is going south for about four months, but special arrangements will be made for those who wish to take French lessons during her absence.

Those who have enjoyed so much the Conversational Tables presided over by Mme. Olivier have voted to continue during her absence and all members who speak French or who want to "listen" are invited to join the table on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. There will not be a meeting, however, on Wednesday, October 12, as that is Talent Festival day.

Mme. Olivier, a member, has given the French instruction ever since the Club's occupation of the building, and has endeared herself to many members.

Some Say It with Painting, Others with Etching or Drawing

● Here are some of the ways that members are giving of their talents:

Mrs. Spencer Macky, one of the most distinguished portrait painters in the West, will paint, at her usual price, the portrait of any member and present her commission to the Talent Festival. The order must be placed before or at the time of the Festival.

Mrs. Helen Van Pelt will give two hours' expert advice on Landscape Gardening and Design, charging her regular fee, and present it to the Talent Festival.

Miss Elizabeth Norton, artist, will draw a bookplate and the patron will pay the fee to the Talent Festival instead of to Miss Norton.

Many members who hold City Club bonds are relinquishing them to the Club in observance of the Festival.

Others are offering to decorate one or more of the tables for the dinner which is to close the Festival, furnishing their own flowers.

All these are accredited to "Talent Festival Offerings."

EDITORIAL

● From earliest recorded history the "tithing" system in one form or another appears to have obtained.

We read of it in the Scriptures and in Old English common law. In other countries, pagan or otherwise, men have given part of their possessions to propitiate the gods.

In the Old Testament era, there being no guilds or granges to receive the tithe, it was given to charity. Down through the ages there has been an unshakable belief that the very gestures of giving in proportion to one's possessions brought assurance of augmented blessings and possessions.

That belief has persisted. In the consciousness of many peoples, apart from its religious significance, it has become a conviction. It is something elemental in the human organism.

And so we come to clubs and commonwealths. The club is an institution to which each individual brings something —and gets something.

That fact so aptly applies to the City Club that out of its profundity has arisen the Talent Festival, now about to take place for the third time.

In appreciation of the abundance which they have enjoyed at the Club, its members have spontaneously chosen the Talent Festival as the channel through which to pour back into the Club some of the same bounteous measure. Traced to its first analysis, this urge to manifest appreciation would seem to be a reflex of the "tithe" idea.

Instinct, intuition—whatever it may be—it has seized hold upon City Club members, and for months they have been gripped in a tremendous enthusiasm of preparation.

Feeling that they have been especially privileged, they want to endow the future by giving to their Club a portion of the fruits of their talents. Hence the name — Talent Festival.

It is appropriate to the autumn, the garnering season.

Therefore the dates are Wednesday and Thursday, October 12 and 13. The hours are "ten to ten."

On the first day all participants will assemble on the roof garden at 9:30 o'clock for a group picture for the Magazine. Everybody will, of course, be wearing her Volunteer Service uniform.

Since the talents will be displayed for sale in the Auditorium on the First Floor, that is where many of the Volunteers will spend most of the day. But during luncheon, tea and dinner, Volunteer groups will assist in serving in the Cafeteria.

Luncheon will be from 11:30 to 2:30 and tea from 4 to 5 o'clock, on the Third Floor.

On neither day of the Festival will tea be served in the Lounge, as is the ordinary custom. The reason for this is obvious, the Lounge being given over—on these two days—to other uses.

Second Day

On the second day the Auditorium (First Floor) will be open from 10 to 5 o'clock, when it must be closed and cleared for the program to be given there at 9 o'clock.

On the Fourth Flour the Loan Exhibit will be open until 10 o'clock. It is suggested that dinner guests explore the delights of the Loan Exhibit between the dinner hour and the opening of the Auditorium for the program.

Dinner guests will assemble on the Second Floor, where check rooms will function expeditiously.

The Auditorium, in charge of Mrs. Coxon, is to be divided into approximately twelve areas, each devoted to exhibits for sale at prices arrived at by a jury which has carefully adjudicated according to material cost and time and talent involved.

Each with its kind is the order of display. Flowers, plants, decorative shrubs and the like will be in front of the stage. The landscape gardeners who belong to the Club are planning this to be one of the alluring aspects of the Festival. Misses Katherine Donohoe is directing this display, also the decorations of the entire Club for the two Festival days, and Mrs. Rettenmayer is in charge of the Auditorium decor.

Directly in front of the Flowers will be the candy unit, Miss Elsa Garrett, chairman, and Varieties, presided over by Mrs. H. S. Shaw and Mrs. Charles Savage and their committee.

Opposite the main entrance will be the Children's Corner and the Dolls' House, Misses Margaret C. Zane and Emogene Hutchinson in charge. To the right of this will be the space devoted to Applied Arts, the Misses Speyer in charge. At the right of this will be the Wrapping Counter, Mrs. J. E. Powie, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Lulu Spencer and Mrs. M. Judge.

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas is chairman of the Book Display, where books written by gifted members, and bindings as well, will be shown.

Conspicuously displayed will be the City Club Almanac, of which Mrs. Josephine Bartlett and Christina S. Madison are co-editors. Aprons of all kinds and prices will be in charge of Miss D. C. Burtchaell, and Boudoir Accessories in charge of Mrs. H. A. Stephenson.

Miss Helen Parker will have the Chinese Display and other nooks and counters will be captained by Volunteers.

Every detail has been worked out, the Volunteer uniforms are fresh and colorful, enthusiasm in all departments is at high tension, and when the clock strikes the hour the morning of Wednesday, October 12, the Minute Women will be as ready as when they first organized, before the City Club was the reality that it is today.

The Call of the Garden

—CLARA M. SCHAEFFER

[Editor's Note—A talent which several City Club members possess is that of Landscape Gardening. Hundreds profess their love of gardening. Here is the story of how one member happened to cultivate her talent.]

● "You say you are a gardener? I did not know that women were taking up gardening professionally." "How interesting! That's what I have always wanted to do." "Where did you get your training?" These and similar expressions always greet my statement that I have left the business world for the profession of gardening. Perhaps you too did not know that women were taking up gardening professionally and would be interested in learning of its possibilities as a vocation instead of only an avocation, as we have usually thought of it.

My first knowledge that a woman might obtain special training as a horticulturist without taking a university landscape architect's course came from Miss Macrae of our Vocational Guidance Bureau some three years ago. I was interested in taking a course in gardening, and upon inquiring of Miss Macrae was told I could obtain the necessary training at the California School of Gardening for Women.

In most lines of activity the American woman has been in the vanguard, but when it comes to gardening as a vocation she is left to trail far behind her European sisters. England has long had schools of horticulture for women, and the trained woman gardener in Sweden and Germany is by no means uncommon. It was quite interesting to me to learn that the demand for women gardeners in Germany was quite as great as for men gardeners. In the United States the woman gardener is still much of a rarity, however.

There are at this time only two schools for the training of women gardeners in this country; on is located at Ambler, Pennsylvania, and the other in Hayward, California. In our own state, which holds such infinite possibilities in horticulture, there are probably less than fifty trained women gardeners, and a large proportion of these received their horticultural education in Europe. Being a profession which is really in its infancy, so far as women are concerned, there is still much pioneering work to be done in educating the public to woman's place in the garden.

The branches of gardening in which women can so readily find a niche are many and varied. For the girl or young woman who wants to teach there will be increasing opportunities in schools and junior colleges, as well as teaching classes of garden lovers the practical and theoretical side of home gardening. The Redwood City High School and the Hayward High School are doing some very interesting work in practical gardening, with women teachers in charge.

To one interested in design, there is garden planning with its ramifications of succession of bloom, color schemes, foliage textures, etc. There is also advisory and supervisory work on the large estate or for a number of smaller gardens, as well as plant propagation in the nursery.

As a nation we are becoming more and more garden-conscious and the demand for the trained woman gardener will undoubtedly grow. To the young woman who is fond of the out-of-doors, gardening offers a vocation replete with possibilities for creative endeavor. It may also serve as an outlet to the tired and nerve-weary business woman who feels that she must make a change to a less confining and more healthful occupation.

Undoubtedly the first home gardens in our country were planted by the intrepid Pilgrim mothers. They brought with them on their long journey the carefully treasured seeds and plants to make the wilderness bring forth the flowers and herbs they had so loved in the homeland. And have you ever read or heard of a journey across the plains in covered-wagon days in which mention is not made of rose bushes or flower seeds carefully guarded through trials and tribulations by the women of the party? So we, as women, are only coming into our own when we heed the call of the garden.

Mrs. Alice Roedel, who is giving a series of Lectures on Bridge at the Women's City Club.

First Day Program of Talent Festival

● On the evening of opening day — Wednesday—of the Festival, there will be a program in the Lounge and Library, where the following interesting numbers will be given:

Verse-Speaking Choir, led by Miss Dorothea Johnston.

Piano Solos by Miss Ruth Meredith.

Contralto Solos by Mrs. Warren Allen.

Dramatic Reading, Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Simpson.

Soprano Solos, Madame Sophie Samurokova.

Violin Solos by talented members of the Club.

Mrs. Meads' Home Setting for Meeting

● The beautiful home of Mrs. A. M. Meads, in Roble Road, Berkeley, was the setting early in September of one of the pleasant interludes of preparation for the Talent Festival.

Mrs. Meads, who is a member of the City Club Board of Directors, assembled a large and representative number of the East Bay contingent of City Club members to discuss the Festival. Miss Leale addressed the audience in the drawing rooms and after tea the assembly enjoyed the gardens and the perfect September day.

Complete and enthusiastic cooperation in the Talent Festival was pledged by the guests, who manifested keen interest. Nearly a hundred were present.

Palo Alto Women's Service League

—ALLENE THORPE LAMSON

● Unemployed seamstresses are sewing, and unemployed artists are etching, in Palo Alto, all as a result of the activities of City Club members. Believing in service, these members organized the Palo Alto Women's Service League, which canvassed the city to learn the needs of unemployed women and the resources available to help them.

It was only last June that these women began to work at their various trades in the Federal Telegraph Company's building, which is the headquarters of the Service League. But, with the City Club's reputation at stake, the effort has been a success already—as might be expected with Mrs. Edwin Thomas as President, Mrs. Franklin Nutting Vice-President, and Mrs. Robert Kirkwood Treasurer.

Mrs. Eliot Jones uses her legal experience to make certain that help is being given to the most deserving; Mrs. Robert Weinstock is head of the order committee; Mrs. Josiah Kirk is on the sales committee; Mrs. Bailey Willis serves on the sewing committee; Mrs. James Lawson is chairman of the transportation committee; and Mrs. Payson J. Treat represents the City Club. Many other City Club members have also offered their services, and many more are urged to offer transportation, sewing supervision or sales services. Incidentally, it should be remembered that a City Club book is being kept to tabulate the hours which are spent in this project, for hours spent in aiding the Palo Alto Women's Service League count as hours spent for the City Club itself.

Several orders of City Club uniforms and caps have already been filled, and many more are expected at the $3 price. Smocks sell for $1.75, and orders may be placed for other sewing. Even mending and remaking clothing is done by the workers, some of whom are expert seamstresses. Making baby clothes and rugs also helps to swell the exchequer. In fact, plans for a regular sales room are being worked out, and here is the ideal place for City Club members to help.

The discouraging knowledge that many women need assistance is offset by the fact that so many of them are taking advantage of the plan whereby they may earn 25 cents an hour to pay for second-hand clothing for themselves, or more often, for their children.

Not all of the women who have applied to the League for help in finding work are seamstresses, however. One of them is an artist whose drawings, etchings and designs for bookplates or Christmas cards have won much favorable comment. Orders for her work as well as for various types of sewing are being received at the shop.

Through the kindness of friends, a gas stove has been installed in one of the rooms, and here the women may make tea or coffee for their lunches. It was here that the cookies left from the Palo Alto meeting of the City Club members found eager appetites. Considerable fruit and many jars to preserve it in have been given to the women who are willing to can it for winter.

The League now has about one hundred members and asks any women interested in the work to join. There is no membership fee. All that is asked is service in the shop, collecting clothing, assisting in the workroom, and other necessary activities.

City Club members who are interested in helping, but who cannot give time themselves, can do much to aid these women by sending in even small orders for sewing or other work.

The League, which is working under a Palo Alto relief committee, co-operates with the Red Cross, the City Shelter and the Community House Employment Office.

And remember that even small orders are welcome. As one woman said when an order was given to her, "Now I can wake up tomorrow and look forward to something."

A Bit of Tweed Evokes a Story

—NOEL CAMPBELL

● I stopped before a window in Post Street yesterday, and the contents of that window carried me back to a certain wet winter's afternoon in the Scottish Highlands and to an old granny's tale.

My Scottie and I had stepped in for a cup of tea with Jean MacDonald and, while the clouds swept over the hills and the rain drummed on the window pane, I listened to her telling the story of Jamie and his father's loom.

Wee Jamie cam doon tae ma hoos two months past wi' the tears rinnin' doon his wee face.

"Grannie," he says, "faither's goin tae burn the loom, for he says it's but a useless bit stick clutterin up the place."

A gave the boy a bit scone wi' apple jeelly, ye ken A had verra guid apples this year, an then A sat me doon, for I was that pit oot by what the bairn had said.

"Jamie," A says, "what for would your faither be burnin the loom? Didna his faither an his faither's faither an deel kens hoo many maer o' his name weave on that same loom? Does he no mind that it was on that loom that his faither's faither's faither wove the kilts for oor boys when they went off tae fight for Prince Charlie? Ye've made a mistake, 'Jamie, an gi'en yer granny a fright an ye dinna deserve the jeely piece, for it's a' a bother aboot naethin. Yer faither wudna daur burn the loom."

"Aye, but he's pit it oot o' the hoos an he's goin tae burn it, granny," says Jamie, fearful like. "He canna get rid o' what he's woven an he says it's a temptation worse nor the drink tae keep him frae his ither wurk. It's true enough, granny, that we've had naethin but tatties an pairritch for mony a day, but, granny," says he, "A wudna mind it for a year if he wud but keep the loom. Ye see A hae just lernt hoo tae weave an A'm awfu fond o' it."

"Jamie," says I, "has yer faither nae herd that in Edinburgh they're wantin tweeds fer tae send tae a place they ca' Paris? Gang tell yer faither that, Jamie."

"A daurna tell him, granny," says Jamie, "for he wudna believe it"; but with that he gets up an goes frae the hoos thoughtful like. He even left a bit o' his piece behind and A had tae cry after him aboot it.

Weel, ye wudna believe it, but that bairn didna only forget his piece because of the loom, but he started off wi' a bit o' his faither's tweed an walkit or got lifted a' the way tae Edinburgh, an it a hundrit miles or maer.

What passed there I dinna very weel ken, but ony way Jaimie's faither took the loom back ben the hoos an Jamie is off a' the day seekin the mosses for the dyein' o' the wool an they're baith as happy as kings. Weavin is in their blood, ye ken. A ae pit up a bit prayer nights that ma husbint has foond a loom up there, fer he could never be contented wi'oot it, though it's a terrible thing tae have tae say.

Yes, that piece of tweed in the window must have been woven by Jamie's father, I think, for it was surely woven by one who had weaving in his blood.

YOUR CLUB

By EMELYN S. ENSIGN

I am your Club, the embodiment of a flaming idea, once flashed into a mind of radiant far-seeing vision.

I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a wonderful influence women may become.

If you will it, I can become a luminant torch, a light-bringer to all the world.

I am whatever you make of me, nothing more.

I can be Faith, the thing which makes you believe in a Deity, and a hope of life beyond; the thing which makes you see me not as I am, but as you alone can make me.

I can be Love; Love which is our highest word, the dominant beauty of existence, an attribute of God. If you will but work together, hoping, trusting, believing the best, expressing the best, forgetting caste and creed, forgetting to criticize and condemn. For Love is understanding, and with understanding the fire of our spirit burns steadily on, warming and comforting the world.

I can be Tolerance, if you will but remember to recognize the rights of others, their rights to their own opinions, creeds, views and aims. I can be Sincerity, if you will but bring to me your very best, your honest self, with a conscience that will not let you shirk, or shift the burden of your responsibility upon some one else. I can be Loyalty: If you will bring me Allegiance, then, oh then, can you make of me what my creator really meant me to be.

I am your Club, and you are its Spirit, its vital Spark.

I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

Reproduced by Request from July Number, City Club Magazine.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

LIFE OF EMERSON; *by Van Wyck Brooks,* reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

BOOKS FROM THE STANFORD PRESS:

Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and Japan, 1853-1895 (2 vols.); *by Payson J. Treat, Professor of History at Stanford University.*

Japanese in the United States: a Critical Study of the Problems of the Japanese Immigrants and Their Children; *by Yamato Ichihashi, Professor of Japanese History and Government at Stanford University.*

FICTION FOR THE REST-HOUR:

Pigeon Irish; *by Francis Stuart;* the Macmillan Company, New York.

Desert Dancer; *by John Hamlin;* the Dial Press, New York.

● Life of Emerson; by Van Wyck Brooks; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Van Wyck Brooks' "Life of Emerson" is a series of skilfully and significantly drawn pictures, significant not only of Emerson but also of the New England of his day.

Seven generations of ministers, an "iron-minded mother," poverty, hard work and the "tradition that children are born to be educated" furnish the background for the early pictures of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this background appears also Aunt Mary, "poor, obscure, uncomely, but an Emerson still, of the seed of the ruling caste . . . a witness of the lofty and terrible religion of John Calvin."

The picture of the boy Emerson shows him, in company, "torpid, awkward, mute," but when alone "everything in Concord sang to his ear and eye; he was moved by a secret too great to be told." Entering Harvard at fourteen, he spent "four years of a rambling, fitfully laborious obscurity," following "his whims grave and gay alike." It was during this period that his journal was begun.

This picture is followed by a more somber one: twelve years of "illness, frustration, false beginnings, of calamity and confusion," at the close of which a new purpose took form in his mind. Through nature he came to feel a general life of which his own was a part. "You listened, you obeyed, and then you acted with all the force of the unconscious . . . You surrendered to the spontaneous life within you, and your nature flowed with the river of the universe." He had found his faith:

"I read my commission in every cipher of nature, and know that I was made for another office, a professor of a joyous science, a detector and delineator of occult harmonies and unpublished beauties, a herald of civility, nobility, learning and wisdom, an affirmer of the One Law yet as one who shall affirm it in music and dancing."

The remaining pictures of Emerson depict the growth of the man in terms of his philosophy. In order to grow, his philosophy must have expression. Van Wyck Brooks' chapter on Emerson's growing idea of expression is rich with the wisdom of the written and spoken word. "Health, south wind, books, old trees, a boat, a friend—auspicious all . . . work, ponder, . . . no such thing as haste in composition . . . control style, control of moods, seclusion and quiet . . . central soundness, not superficial application." "The moment of inspiration—he was its reverent slave."

There is a fine picture of the Emerson of action taken during the troubled days of the fugitive slave law when he was aligned against Webster, trying to make the "little state of Massachusetts great by idea."

Again, one sees Emerson in the midst of that goodly company of the great of his day. With deft strokes Mr. Brooks depicts these contemporaries. One sees them breathing new life into the spirit of the time. There was the Saturday Club with Longfellow and Agassiz at either end of a long table; between these two were Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Henry James, Whittier, Sumner, Prescott and John Lothrop Motley. One sees the freshly printed copies of the newly founded *Atlantic Monthly* seized by this seated company, each reading his own article. "How fast the right company kindled one another's interest in their own studies!"

One sees Emerson, the lecturer, always incarnating his own idea that "spirit is greater than any material force, that thoughts rule the world." "Every man was to him for all men, the universe in a mask."

And finally the eighty-year-old Emerson saying, "I have the same craving, and the same worship for a new thought as when my first intellectual friendships gave wings to my head and feet, and new heavens and earth."

Van Wyck Brooks has painted a portrait of a serene and beautiful soul and he has recreated for this troubled world a man who was conscious of self as an organ of the infinite, a man about whom it can be said, "Life at the sound of his voice sprang out of apathy, and faith out of unbelief."

● Books from the Stanford Press.

A warning sign should be posted over the door of our youngest publishing house: "Leave purse behind, all ye who enter here!" There is no entrance fee, but one never knows what it will cost to get out of the tempting place. Not that the prices are higher than elsewhere, but the coefficient of temptation is higher—as well as the quality of the books.

The Western Writers, recently assembled in a San Francisco convention, had a Stanford Day on the campus. The program, planned by Carol Green Wilson, who is a City Club member and editor of the *Stanford Illustrated Review,* included a visit to the Hoover War Library, and a gracious interlude of tribute to David Starr Jordan in the Jordan Memorial Room. The Stanford Press building was thrown open to the visiting writers, and to the tune of humming presses, reeling off the wet pages of the *Stanford Daily,* David Lamson demonstrated the rapid growth of the wonder-child, the Stanford University Press. And the visitors endorsed his enthusiasm.

Most of the Stanford publications (which, by the way, are non-fiction) are of a scholarly character which appeals primarily to the university specialist. But their lighter publications are marked by a fresh originality, particularly their "Out-of-Doors Series," which includes "Oh, Ranger!" by Albright and Taylor, "Grand Canyon Country" by Tillotson and Taylor, "Big Trees" by Fry and White, "Death Valley" by Chalfant, and "The Rainbow Canyons" by Scoyen and Taylor. "Oh,

Ranger!" goes with our campers as inevitably as the sleeping-bags.

An attractive little handbook, "Familiar Birds of the Stanford Campus," by John B. Price, would slip easily into the pocket of an amateur orinthologist hiking "on the farm," or anywhere down the Peninsula.

The books that tempted us till we fell were the latest contributions to the Oriental problem. Two members of the Stanford faculty, Payson J. Treat, professor of history, and Yamato Ichihashi, professor of Japanese history and government, have long been considered outstanding authorities—probably *the* outstanding authorities—on questions that concern Japan. It is interesting that their latest books should appear almost simultaneously, to shed new light of fact and understanding upon Oriental problems which the Occidental judges from information so incomplete! In his preface to "Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and Japan, 1853-1895," Professor Treat says, "The purpose of this study is to present, primarily from archives material, an account of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan from their inception to the close of the Sino-Japanese War in 1895. For the early years, into 1865, when the foreign representatives and their governments understood but vaguely what was stirring in Japan, considerable use has been made of contemporary Japanese materials. After 1865, the material has been drawn largely from the archives of the State Department in Washington. How much of it is new may be inferred from the fact that, between 1865 and 1894, 2,080 instructions were sent to the representatives in Japan, and of these only two were printed in any official publication. Some 4,433 dispatches were sent from the legation and only 639 were printed. In addition, the dispatches from Peking and Seoul were examined, and other collections of papers in the archives were explored. After working for more than twenty-five years in the printed source and secondary materials dealing with this period, I am confident that the information now drawn from the archives will permit a rewriting of the earlier accounts of many of the incidents and developments covered by these volumes."

In his book, "Japanese in the United States," Professor Ichishashi presents an illuminating study of the problems of the Japanese immigrants and their children. As a resident of the United States for nearly thirty years; as an agent of the United States Immigration Commission of 1908-1910; as the professor of Japanese history at Stanford University, and as a field investigator under the Stanford Social Science Research Council, he has had broad opportunities to gather facts concerning the life of resident Japanese. It would be hard to find one better fitted to interpret each race to the other. Knowing, better than the average American, the prevalent ignorance of Oriental facts and figures, he tells of the Seattle High School class who estimated the number of Japanese in the United States as all the way from four thousand to twenty million!—and relates, ironically, that he "has been frequently urged to cast his vote for this or that candidate at the time of an election!"

Would the students in a Japanese university be so uninformed, I wonder, about so local a problem? I have heard Uhan Yamamoto talk of the difficulties in life—adjustment of the young American-born, university-trained Japanese. It is salutary for us, often too occupied to be well-informed, to consider the problems of these our neighbors, as presented in this careful and restrained study of the "Japanese in the United States."

These two books will go now to China, to be used for reference in the department of economics, international relations, and Japanese history, in a Chinese college whose Chinese president is a Ph.D. of the University of London.

So far does the Stanford Press cast its beams! A candle? Perhaps it would be better to call it a searchlight.

"Pigeon Irish" and "Desert Dancer" are light reading, but with a difference. Try them; each has an individual charm. "Pigeon Irish" is a book of aviators and carrier pigeons, horse-racing and Irish idealists, written by one who knows his Ireland. The locality is "Pigeon Base No. 1," near Glendalough and the ruins of Refearta Church, reminders of the old lost Irish splendor. Time: the last great push towards Paris, when "Europe was flooded, by dykes of passion burst," and the carrier pigeons brought this message, "Our left wing has been broken through at V and W, and is cut off. Our center is holding the line. It is being attacked on the left flank, and subjected to a heavy and continuous bombardment. No rations, ammunition nor reserves can be got up to any point on the center between R and T. In this sector rations will last for three more days and ammunition for four days." The characters (human) are General Joe Arigho, retired, and in command of the home base and of the hidden station of the carrier pigeons; General Frank Allen, who takes over the command when Arigho makes his last futile effort to fly back to the front to the relief of his beleaguered comrades; Brigid, Allen's domestic wife; and the young Catherine Arigho, convent-bred, a modern Saint Catherine of Sienna, to whom the idealism of the old Ireland was the only ark in a flooded world, and she the priestess. The overtones, the undertones, are the cooing notes, the "pigeon Irish" talk of the three carrier pigeons—Conquistador the leader; Daphnis who could only love and long for the leafy woods; Buttercup, in whose breast "flowed a colored stream of consciousness from the centuries behind to those to come. And this stream overflowing her breast washed with little ripples on Conquistador. It was as though that persisting memory reminded her that the flood was not receding, that she must go out again, as the dove had gone a second time. She and the other two. And if she went again, she felt that she would not return. She did not know what would happen to her. Perhaps the archangels would stoop and take her up in their hands. Oh, quiet evenings with the warm cooing of pigeons dripping through the still, leafy air! 'O sweetheart, wild heart, bright heart,' she thought. It was as though in that little tired bird there met and mingled the wild stem and the tended, precious one. As there had gone into the ark man and woman, cock and hen, so out from this other ark, Conquistador alone might go, but behind him was Buttercup. Behind him as the tide is behind the wave. A tide that made him rejoice to be going—and yet, in dread and shivering. He thought of Daphnis. Her pigeon chanting echoed through his blood."

Who can put a poem into prose? or translate "Pigeon Irish"? or express the incompleteness of the human ideal, whose reach exceeds its grasp?

The super-patriot was miscalled "rebel." Conquistador was shot down in his last flight. But "the pigeon's ruined body was lifted up through the wind, up out of the oblivion of the earth—earth exhausted and barren at last from the ebb and flow of too many human tides. Above the parti-colored world, black and white with day and night, blending with blurred edges, sodden with its latest war, the archangels stooped and swayed with the faint movement of deep-sea plants touched lightly with enormous currents. They stooped over the pigeon held shining in their hands. They spoke to Conquistador, and he heard again the sweet, intimate notes of his own Pigeon Irish that he had thought lost forever."

"Desert Dancer" is quite different—Western, American; a tale of action told with simplicity, not subtlety; and young as the West. It is not John Hamlin's latest book, but it is the one that rang the bell for him, and took him to Hollywood. And it has one outstanding distinction, rare today. When a writer of action stories can tell a tale of a girl outcast from her home by a sourly Puritan father, a girl who becomes a desert dancer in a desert roadhouse; when he tells the tale with a vividness that hits the bull's-eye in Hollywood; when on no page of the book is

there a hint of slime or salaciousness—well, that's an achievement !

It is plain that John Hamlin loves the desert. There is a nostalgia in the book, for a desert-lover.

"A deep peace came to the girl. There was something serene and spacious out here on the desert—a simplicity, a nearness to the stars.

"It seemed unreal, sitting there in the warm sand, staring off across the white-sheeted dry lake, searching the dunes. The puffs of wind came more regularly, winging off the purple range with increasing volume. They picked up clouds of white dust out of the dry bed of the alkali lake, twisting them into fantastic columns which wreathed about in the slow, sensuous movements of the desert dance.

"Naomi's imagination ran riot; she was visualizing the Ballet of the Sand-Spirals.

"She wasn't seeing the real desert now; nor listening to the actual wind which rattled the dried leaves of mullein and shadscale; but in her fancy she beheld a curtain rising, to the accompaniment of viols and softly played reeds. It rolled up slowly, revealing draperies so sheer that one saw through them as though looking into the misty haze of a desert dawn. A great bare cliff loomed at the left. In the immediate foreground was an expanse of platinum-tinted sand, the flat surface broken by little mounds which gave the impression of miniature dunes faintly quivering in the warmth of the rising sun. Stationed upon the highest point of the cliff stood a lone Indian. He had kindled a signal fire, from which curled a thin, fine column of blue smoke. His arms were raised in a silent invocation to the miracle of another dawn. With the brightening of the sunrise, the music quickened. The muffled beating of the drum voiced a weird chant to the spirits of his tribal ancestors.

"There was a magnetic response to this chant. The miniature dunes quivering upon the stage began to undulate. First one twisted upward, slowly, languorously — a handful of sand picked up by a puff of wind and twirled into a dancing sprite of the desert. Another and still another huddled figure was aroused by the beating of the Indian drum and the song of the wind as transmitted by the orchestra.

"Their swirling, transparent draperies were touched with gold. The living sand spirals, with tiny feet caressing the stage, wove the figures of their dance to the increasing tempo of the accompaniment.

"A quicker rolling to the foot of the cliff, arms tossed upwards, paying tribute to the invocation which had summoned their spirits from the sands of the desert.

"And then, in the full glory of the sunrise, springing from the base of the distant hills, came Sand-Spiral, herself."

Motoring Abroad in Lysistrata

—MRS. J. P. RETTENMAYER

PART II.

● This is a continuation of the highlights of a trip abroad by motor, undertaken by two American women.

The previous travelogue was ended as we reached the French border, driving along the French Riviera as far as Monte Carlo. At the hotel we had to give up our passports to the concierge that they could be registered with the police. This is a formality that a foreign traveler meets in any hotel throughout the central European countries. We walked up and down the devious paths that make Monte Carlo so interesting, as from every height one has an entire view of the immediate coast. We walked through the gardens to the Casino, and not having our passports upon our persons, had to ask for special permission to view the gaming tables. Monte Carlo was not compatible to our spirit at all, so we drove to find another community, anywhere on the Riviera where we could spend the following ten days, and found it — Beaulieu sur Mer — situated within walking distance of Cap Ferrat, where the Duke of Connaught's winter home is located. Here we saw the Battaille des Fleurs, which takes place near Easter, and is a carnival wherein the audience as well as the participants take an active part. The audience is armed with small bouquets of fragrant flowers which are tossed at each carriage, or float, as it rolls by.

On Easter Sunday we drove to Nice, which was only ten minutes away, to view the parade of the Provinces, where the authentic costumes, the accompanying music and the native dances were reenacted as the groups marched along the flower-strewn streets.

It is one thing to drive close to the shores of the Mediterranean, and another to get the view from Moynne Corniche, which is the middle road, and Grande Corniche, which is the upper road built by the Romans at the time of their invasion of the north countries.

After ten days along the Riviera we drove through Grasse, which is the perfume center of the world, to which all of the very fragrant flowers growing on the terraces bordering the Mediterranean are shipped. From Grasse almost at the top of the world on the ridge of the French Alps, above many valleys, where gnome-like, fairy-tale villages cling to the mountainside. On to Grenoble, which always has been since time immemorial an overnight stop between Paris and the Riviera. From Grenoble through Annecy, Chambery and Aix-les-Bains, where the weeping birch trees were at their loveliest—wee chartreuse leaves dancing against a brilliant blue sky.

From here our road led to Geneva, which we had planned to be only a luncheon stop before driving westward to Paris, but meeting a very pleasant American Express man, and having neither rules nor itinerary to follow, we found no reason not to make the best of his good suggestion and remain in Switzerland. Those who are planning to drive through Europe in a car that has been taken over as excess baggage may like to know that we had to pay a tax-fine for having been in France fifteen days without notifying the proper authorities. This amounted to 153 francs and 50 centimes. There is no tax in Switzerland and no opening of baggage, but the passports and international driver's license had to be affixed with a stamp costing 1 franc, 50 centimes, in Swiss money.

From Geneva on to Montreaux, where the pink magnolia trees were at their best; swans sailing at night on the blue Lak Leman seemed unreal. It was a walk of twenty minutes along a violet bordered

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▲
3:30 to 5
both days
in the
Auditorium
▼
On the first day, October 12, tea will also be served in the Dining Room, Third Floor, 4 to 5 P. M.

path to the castle of Chillon. From Montreaux, leaving at eight o'clock in the morning, to Berne for luncheon, and we did not miss the clock tower with the bears at noon. From Berne to Lucerne, where we arrived at 4:30, which gave us plenty of time to walk across the several historic bridges of this charming old-world city, the daily organ recital commemorating the legend of William Tell and that tremendous musical description of a storm in the Alps is given every day in the cathedral.

From Lucerne, Zurich is only a matter of an hour over excellent roads, where patches of snow play checkers with patches of yellow primroses along all roads and far into the fields. From Zurich to Basel before dinner, so you see the distance between these charming cities is not great, and still having that strange American urge to "make time," we did not spend the many hours all the beauties truly demanded, but we have learned where we would like to spend more time on our subsequent trip.

From Basel we crossed straight to Chaumont, the least interesting and the most hair-raising part of our entire trip, for we seemed completely detached from the world in a lone, barren country.

Our next stop after Chaumont was at Fontainebleau, on to Barbizon, where we saw the most thunderous of sunsets, colored by the atmosphere surrounding Paris to the west. Then on our return to Fontainebleau we parked until the storm was over, so that we could walk to the palace where one must see the beautifully appointed apartments of Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Mme. Maintenon, Henry IV, etc.

Driving into Paris the next morning, and neither of us having ever been there, following a map of the city we made only one minor mistake which took us half a block out of our way. Traveling on the country road is one thing, finding your way in an unknown metropolis is far more interesting and intricate, but can be done. The incessant honking of all automobiles, on all streets, at all corners, with new traffic regulations to be followed, and directions given by the swinging of so-called "billies," is a difficult lesson to learn during the first ten minutes, particularly where the language is unknown. At 1:30 the sky was green-black. As usual, there was no heat in hotels, and it was too cold to walk, so we went to bed to get warm.

The next morning, the 19th of April, it snowed in Paris. With the freedom of a small machine we could see so much more of the distant centers of interest, so on our first day we drove past the Tuilieries, up Champs Elysees to do homage at the Arc de Triomphe, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Trocadero, Eiffel Tower which we ascended to get an incomparable view of Paris and surrounding country, past des Invalides, the book stalls, and then Notre Dame. Many of you know Paris better than we, but in the ten days we were there we missed very little. My companion was particularly interested in science, which led us to such monuments as that of Laviosier, and together we enjoyed only such things we could give the proper amount of time. To see everything in a smattering way was not our object, and this may be a suggestion to those who might wish to go at another time: don't try to see everything.

From Paris we drove east through the Belleau Wood, past the many cemeteries marked by rows of black iron crosses, to the Cathedral of Rheims, which is still very lovely as it stands dominating the countryside. On to Metz, where we crossed the border into a green and orderly countryside.

Here I bid you *au revoir! Auf wiedersehen!*

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War Memorial Opera House

Continued from Page 12

the cornice coffered. The proscenium opening is arched, with the spandrels at the sides decorated with designs in relief. This opening is 34 feet wide and 39 feet high in the center. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 1,106, of which 710 are on the main floor and 396 in the balcony. The main floor, of maple, is automatically controlled so that it may slope when used for a stage performance and made level with the stage floor for dancing or for other occasions. The auditorium is provided with a motion-picture projection room. Provision has been made to insure proper acoustics in the auditorium by employing acoustical materials in the lower portions of the side walls and in portions of the main ceiling.

The stage, which is naturally much simpler than that of the opera, is 30 feet deep, 49 feet wide and 71 feet high. It is provided with a platform and pin rail above stage level on one side, an automatically controlled system for the operation of scenery, and a gridiron for the same purpose covers the entire upper stage area. Dressing rooms are provided in the basement and on mezzanines at each side of the stage.

The auditorium is surrounded on three sides by corridors which give access to 32 offices, a conference room, a kitchen, exterior entrances and stairs. These rooms are for the use of the various veterans' posts.

Programs in Chinese Room

● On the second afternoon of the Talent Festival there will be a continuous program in the Chinese Room, Second Floor, from two to five o'clock, a "feature" to "go on" every half hour.

Mrs. Constance Houston will give a talk on "Applied Metaphysics" and Mrs. James Ludlow will give a charming one-act play. Other features will be musical or otherwise entertaining.

Needlework Guild Honors Founder

● In memory of the founder, Mrs. John Wood Stewart, the Needlework Guild of San Francisco will hold its annual "Ingathering" at the William Taylor Hotel, the week of October 24.

October is "National Membership Month," when each member is asked to bring two or more new garments.

Women's Activities Bulk Large in Glossaries

● Women's activities—in the home, in business, in the arts and in education—have grown so enormously in the past twenty years that the newest encyclopedia makers have been compelled to quadruple the proportion of space hitherto given to them.

This is the statement of Dr. Henry Suzzallo, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who has just completed a new "National Encyclopedia."

For the first time in encyclopedia history, a special staff of eminent women was appointed to edit all information regarding women's activities, particularly in relation to the home, children and the family.

"Former encyclopedias were reference works mainly on masculine subjects," declares Dr. Suzzallo. "Such reference works are now obsolete, for women's affairs occupy a position of predominance today. If an encyclopedia is properly prepared, it will be consulted far more often in the home by the woman of the house than by the man.

"Women want authentic information on vitamins and the nutritional value of foods, on medical subjects, on women's sports, women's organizations, women's activities in business, art, science and politics, on motor cars and the mechanical devices used in homes.

"Woman's world moves as rapidly as any other. Inventions of machines and labor-saving devices in the homes of America are achieving far-reaching results. A woman is as likely to use an encyclopedia for answers to questions about electric refrigeration as for reference in geography or literature.

"The modern home has an encyclopedia as a matter of course, for an encyclopedia has become as necessary to the family as food and clothes. Knowledge, information and education are as big a part of the woman's field as the more material necessities of life. To a modern home maker, a good encyclopedia becomes the maid-of-all-work in knowledge. It should answer a woman's every question. It should fit the needs of every family, whether or not they have had extended advantages of education.

"To the child in school, from the lowest grades through college, an encyclopedia is of the utmost necessity, but the needs of the child have changed, and a new kind of a book is required.

"From the viewpoint of the woman in the home, completely new and fresh presentation of the world's knowledge, written in a concise, understandable manner, is demanded. The club woman, too, has new needs which must be met. She desires to be up to date, to talk intelligently, to be well posted on the subjects of the day and on the subjects taken up by her club or in her current-events lectures.

"Among women's special interests, the stage and screen take a leading place. Information on the theater, and in the allied fields of the motion picture and radio, are requested. For many women there is keen interest in authoritative articles on the technique of acting, on marionettes and puppets, on folk drama and the ballet, on stage lighting, color music, radio drama, play writing and costume design.

"Music and the opera are in another field where women's interest is avid and eager. The stories of the operas, we decided, have a proper place in an encyclopedia, and so too have the famous characters of song and literature."

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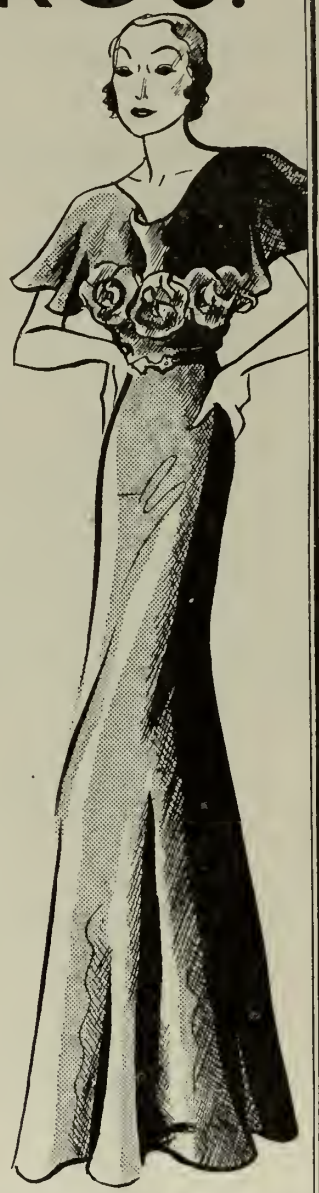

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Preparing for the Business of Living

● As usual, the Women's City Club Magazine offers in these columns a variety of educational institutions catering to those parents who are interested in establishing their offspring in surroundings that will develop the child both mentally and physically. This consideration, the dual purpose of education, is not being overlooked by the conscientious parent in an age when all of the faculties of the growing child must be considered.

From the kindergarten, through the play school period, into the pre-high school and academic years, this Magazine presents the leading schools of the Bay District and recommends all of the institutions listed.

Climatic conditions sometimes require a change of environment for city raised children. Within an hour or two of San Francisco one may find the desired change for the child in a school offering every necessary requirement. This is an asset to the parent who wishes to keep close contact with the child which, through business or other interventions, would otherwise make such schooling impossible.

TALENT FESTIVAL

The Talent Festival is to be held on the 12th and 13th of October—Wednesday and Thursday. The entire Clubhouse will be given over to the Festival.

Admission by memberships or guest card only.

Cards for guests are available at the front desk and should be called for now.

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PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

will begin

Wednesday, September 14, 1932

One Norwegian Mile

—WILLIAM E. CAMERON

● This is the true story of a joke which proved somewhat of a boomerang to its perpetrator.

The winter of 1917 found me employed as ordinary seaman on the British tramp steamer *Mercutio*, then engaged in the pit prop trade between England and Norway. Registered from Penzance the *Mercutio*, an old relic of the early seventies, carried a crew of seventeen, mostly Cornishmen, although the captain, first mate and myself (the ship's boy) were Scots. With a tiny gun planted squarely on her decrepit stern the old hulk dared the wrath of submarine men and regularly brought her coal over to Norway and pit props home again for the mines in England. The gun, a present from the British Admiralty was supposed to be adequate protection, and as I shined its brass mountings each day I longed to sight a raider and had no doubt but that our little vessel would emerge from any conflict covered with glory.

This particular voyage had been longer than usual. Owing to some very necessary repairs, we had been in Norway for six weeks and our meager supply of flour had dwindled away. Being war-time it was impossible to obtain any white flour in Norway and we had been subsisting upon the coarse black Norwegian bread, which had the appearance of a charcoal brick and tasted like sawdust.

For sheer loneliness a Norwegian fjord is in a class by itself and this Porsgrund Fjord where we were to take on our cargo was no exception. Towering cliffs on all sides covered with snow, a cold biting wind sweeping down from Arctic regions—a more inhospitable spot would be difficult to find.

One late afternoon the captain called me aside and said the British Consul in Porsgrund, one mile inland, had promised him some white bread and would I fetch it? Would I, an eager youngster of 14 dying to set foot on foreign soil. This was my big opportunity. I jumped at it. The good captain, however, neglected to tell me that one Norwegian mile is equal to about six English ones and as I plodded eagerly through the snow and over icy roads it seemed an extremely long mile. Except for a few farmhouses scattered here and there the countryside was bleak and desolate. Deciding that perhaps I was lost in the wilds of Norway, I made my way over to one of the farms to get my bearings. My query as to which direction Porsgrund lay brought the entire family to the front door, all jabbering in an unintelligible tongue. Finally after repeating the word Porsgrund fifty times or more they seemed to understand and pointed out the direction and once more I set off for white bread and the honor of my ship. Upon rounding a turn I saw lights twinkling ahead, so sprinted up until I entered the town. It was getting late so I decided to hurry and find out where the consul lived. My first half dozen inquiries brought blank stares, but finally I found a student who spoke good English. He guided me to the consul's house and in response to my knock a kindly looking lady came to the door. When I made my mission known she stared at me in amazement, invited me inside and called the consul, who was preparing to retire for the evening.

Once again I repeated my story that the captain had told me to call for the white bread and both the consul and his wife laughed. Then it dawned upon me that the whole thing was a joke and I began to feel ashamed of my gullibility. However, before I knew it the consul's wife had the table set with real honest-to-goodness white bread, cakes, scones and marmalade, and I had the most enjoyable meal I had eaten since leaving home.

Then she wrapped up six huge loaves to take back to the ship, a bundle of late English newspapers, some tobacco and a bag of home-made candy for myself. Thanking my hosts for their kindness I retraced my steps over the same route and early next morning arrived aboard the *Mercutio*. The captain was still awake and had been discussing the feasibility of sending out a search party to look for the kid. He had been quite worried and seemed very glad to see me return safely. When I emptied my spoils before him, he summoned the entire crew on deck, declared the joke was on him and said the kid had real stuff in him and would be a sailor some day. That was the greatest compliment I ever received and made me feel quite grown up.

The captain gave me a pound note and said he never dreamed I would carry his orders out to the letter and had been reproaching himself for sending me on such a wild-goose chase.

Thus ended my first adventure on foreign soil and one that will always bring pleasant recollections of seventeen Britishers having an early morning feast of white bread, marmalade and tea on board an old tramp in a lonely Norwegian fjord.

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

In less than two weeks we celebrate our Third Talent Festival! Two days of joyous appreciation of each other's talents and gifts! What fun there will be in opening the packages, each more wondrous than the last! Too bad we can not all volunteer for service on the receiving committee, but even so we will have equal opportunities in buying, or for browsing through the exhibits.

But to enjoy fully every moment of the Festival we must budget our income and plan our hours, for there will be intriguing articles for sale, ideal gifts for all occasions, prizes for your bridge parties and many things you will want to keep for yourself, as well as the luscious sweetmeats in gay boxes to take home to the family; and these will require many pennies. And if you are to be in the building for both days, you will have to plan for the routine affairs and meals at home. It will never do to leave such things until the last minute, and if you have everything prepared for dinner, the family won't mind—not even the most particular, if you have a nice cake for dessert.

To save some of the pennies mentioned before, buy less expensive meats and cook for two meals, so you will have left-overs that make such delicious casserole dishes. Reserve the neck, wings and giblets from the Sunday chicken. Cook them gently in salted boiling water with an onion or two, and a stalk of celery, until tender. Then skim out, remove the meat and cut into small pieces. Make a rich cream gravy with milk and part of the liquor, adding a can of mushrooms, chopped, with the liquid of the mushrooms. Season to suit with salt, pepper and a little salted sherry. Turn into a casserole and top with biscuits and bake in a quick oven (425 degrees) until browned, or about fifteen minutes.

A dish of that type costs very little, as the meat is usually cooked together and served at one meal. By following this plan the price of the Sunday main dish is reduced, as it furnishes two meals and there may possibly be enough of the liquid in which it was cooked to combine with celery and onions for a broth; or maybe added to canned soup for a third service. With the hot bread as part of the main dish, one would only need a salad and either fresh fruit or berries or a homemade cake to complete a delightful meal.

Both beef and lamb roast may be utilized in this way: Cut into small pieces, combine with the left-over gravy and cooked carrots, peas and small boiled onions. Then serve in a clay casserole with a topping of hot biscuits; or arrange in layers meat, onions, carrots and peas, with the biscuits last, in a glass baking dish that can be placed on the table. Do not cook the vegetables with the meat longer than the baking, as by this method they retain their individual flavor and shape—otherwise they frequently become a soft mass similar to soup, which is the reason so many men dislike the name of stew. Dressed up, he rarely recognizes it for what it is.

Cold platters are not just summer dishes. With a hot soup, such as creamed tomato, asparagus, pea or clam chowder for the first course, they are usually enjoyed throughout the year. Use the largest platter you have in the house. Cover it with large lettuce leaves, making a bowl in the center and fill that with either potato salad or cole slaw. Both are good with cold meats. At the base, arrange halves of deviled eggs, then the cold meats—left over from several meals—ham, roast beef, lamb, pork or corned beef—one or several varieties. Divide them with dill pickles cut in quarters, lengthwise. Then a border of cheese, Swiss or American. With it serve rye or pumpernickel bread. A pudding or a hot sweet would be best as a dessert at this season. Canned plum pudding with a lemon sauce would be fine and not require much work. Make the sauce in the morning and reheat it. Put the can in boiling water as soon as you reach the house and it will be piping hot by the time you need it.

If you decide on steaks or chops and last-minute dishes, be sure to buy them in advance, for you will not want to go home until the very end of the day. And we do want the entire family to be happy as well as ourselves.

A member has requested fillings, frostings and icings this month. We will in-

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clude a cake or two, so if you decide on a home-made cake for your dessert during the Festival days, you won't have to hunt for a recipe. Any standard formula will make a good layer base for the rich frostings. The Egyptian nougat, the fudge walnut or cocoanut frostings require their particular cake base and any of them, while perhaps requiring more work in preparation, would be splendid for the sweet of a left-over dinner.

Egyptian Cake, Nougat Frosting: Dissolve 5 tablespoons chocolate in 5 tablespoons boiling water; beat ½ cup butter to a cream, then blend with it 1½ cups sugar; add the well-beaten yolks of 4 eggs, ½ cup milk and the melted chocolate. Then add 1¾ cups flour in which you have mixed and sifted 2 level teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt. Lastly fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites; flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in layers in a moderate oven—375 degrees F.—for about 20 minutes.

Nougat Frosting: Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until very thick, add a few grains salt, then 1 cup finely chopped nut meats and 5 tablespoons sugar. Beat the egg whites until stiff and dry, then fold them into the first mixture and add to 2 cups pastry cream, which has been whipped until stiff enough to hold its shape. Flavor with a few drops vanilla and if it is not quite stiff enough, add a wee bit of powdered sugar.

Fudge-Walnut Cake: Cream ⅓ cup butter, blend with 1½ cups sugar; then add 3 beaten egg yolks. Next mix and sift 2½ cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ cup cocoa. Add to the first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Then stir in 1½ cups chopped walnuts, which have been floured; next add 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Bake in layer tins in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for about 20 minutes, or until cake leaves side of tin. When cold spread with chocolate frosting, between layers and on top.

Chocolate Frosting: Melt 1 square bitter chocolate in a double boiler, add 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon water, stirring until mixture is thick, smooth and glossy. Then beat 1 egg white to thin it—but do not make it frothy. Next add 8 tablespoons powdered sugar, and stir until smooth and light; and combine with chocolate mixture. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Let cool before spreading on cake.

Coconut Cake: Cream ¾ cup butter with 2 cups granulated sugar, add 1 cup coconut milk, 4 well-beaten egg yolks, and lastly the stiffly whipped egg whites, alternately with 3 cups pastry flour that has been mixed and sifted with 3 generous teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Bake in well-greased and floured layer tins (375 degrees) for about 20 minutes, or until cake leaves side of tin. (If fresh coconut is not available, this cake is best made by draining the coconut from one can, using a piece of cheesecloth to press out the milk. If neither can be used, cow's milk could be substituted but the cake will not be the same, as this is heavy and moist; possible only with coconut milk).

Coconut Icing: Mix the canned coconut, drained from all liquid, with enough granulated sugar to make it fluffy and dry. Then sprinkle over the regulation boiled white icing. Or, cream powdered sugar and pastry cream together until it is a soft consistency and use as a base for the coconut.

Fudge Almond Frosting: Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate over hot water; add to it ⅓ cup butter (in small pieces). Stir until butter melts, then gradually add 1 cup milk, while constantly beating. Bring to boiling point, then add two cups sugar and let boil until the mixture will form a soft ball when tested in cold water, or about 20 minutes. Let cool slightly, then add ½ teaspoon vanilla and beat until the right consistency to spread; then add ¼ cup almonds that have been blanched and cut into small pieces.

Tutti-Frutti Frosting: Mix together 1½ cups sugar, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate, ¼ cup each coconut, chopped walnuts and finely chopped raisins and ½ cup milk; when well mixed, add 1 tablespoon butter and cook over hot water (double boiler) until mixture can be spread while still warm.

Marshmallow Icing: Beat 1 egg white until very stiff; then add ¼ cup marshmallow paste and beat to a cream with a wheel egg beater until mixture is the consistency of cream. Candy marshmallows may be used if desired.

Ornamental Icing: Put 3 egg whites into a bowl, add a little sifted confectioners' sugar and beat, adding more sugar until you have used 2½ cups, or the mixture will become too thick to beat. Then add 3 tablespoons lemon juice and another ½ cup confectioners' sugar and continue beating until icing is thick enough to spread. When it reaches this consistency, spread a thin layer over the cake and let stand until it hardens. When it is dry, cover with another layer and work perfectly smooth. Then add more confectioners' sugar to the remainder of the icing to make it quite stiff; flavor or color if desired; place in pastry bag or tube and decorate the top in any preferred design.

Standard Boiled Frosting: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar with ½ cup water, stir until sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until the syrup will form a soft ball when tested in cold water or 283 degrees with a candy thermometer. Then pour over 2 stiffly whipped egg whites and

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beat until the mixture will hold its shape; when cool add 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Coconut Marshmallow Frosting: Add 1 cup marshmallows, cut into small pieces, and ½ cup shredded coconut to the boiled frosting standard recipe.

Lady Baltimore Frosting and Filling: Divide the boiled frosting into 2 parts. Reserve ½ for top and sides of cake. To the balance, for the filling: add 1 cup each chopped raisins, nuts and figs, ½ cup each chopped citron and blanched and chopped almonds and ¼ cup chopped candied cherries.

Standard Confectioners' Frosting: Cream 1½ tablespoons butter, add 1½ cups powdered sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Then add enough pastry cream (about 3 tablespoons) to make the frosting the proper consistency to spread. Then add ⅛ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well before spreading on cake.

For Chocolate: Add either 2 tablespoons melted chocolate or 3 tablespoons cocoa to the sugar before mixing with butter. Two tablespoons cocoa and hot coffee instead of the cream makes a good mocha frosting.

Have You Sent Your Gift?

Have you sent your Gift to the Talent Festival?

It is not yet too late.

It may be a City Club bond in any denomination, a specimen of your artistry, a check for cash, the fruit of your industry in any line, or a piece of handcraft of your own making.

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Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

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Upon the payment of one dollar a year (March to March) you are entitled to an unlimited number of guest cards?

Club scrip may be purchased at the Front Office, redeemable in any department of the Club at any time?

You must obtain a special yellow pass for each guest whom you invite to the Talent Festival on either October 12 or 13? Passes may be obtained without charge at the Front Office.

Children will be admitted to the Pool on Wednesday, October 12, for 25 cents and their swimming supervised while you are enjoying the Talent Festival?

The French Conversational Table meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays and the Spanish Conversational Table on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in the Cafeteria at noon, and that you are invited to join in the conversation or be a "good listener"?

Real music can come from an ordinary, every-day carpenter's saw? Watch the bulletin boards for announcement of the third program to be given shortly by Mr. Stig Christensen, who plays the Musical Saw; Mr. Marshall Ames, his accompanist, and Mr. Jorgen Dick, who sings fascinating songs in Chinese costume and directs the program.

Used Garments Wanted by Committee

- A Co-operative Clothing Campaign, similar to that conducted last year, is again under way, with October 11 to 18 as the intensive days.

The committee, of which Mrs. M. C. Sloss is chairman, wants used clothing of all kinds, shoes, blankets, mattresses, anything that will contribute to the comfort of needy people.

Last year this same organization distributed 68,000 garments to 10,000 men, women and children.

The garments will be called for and may be left at a number of places, which donors will find listed in the daily press. The Jesse Lilienthal School is the general depot for receiving the articles, and anything left there will find its way to some needy person. The committee asks only for clothes, not money.

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Bond Issue Does Not Lessen Chest Responsibility

● Because there has been considerable misinformation and misunderstanding regarding the relationship between the municipality, the Community Chest and Chest agencies and the expenditures from public and Chest funds, Henry Q. Hawes, chairman of the campaign committee of the Community Chest, makes the following statement regarding the paramount importance of the Community Chest drive this year:

"The passage of the municipal bond issue for relief provides a sum estimated to be sufficient to meet the food and shelter requirements of resident San Franciscans requiring help due to unemployment.

"In normal times this food and shelter relief was needed by only a few hundred families, and was cared for through Community Chest funds administered principally by the Associated Charities, the Italian Board of Relief and the Eureka Benevolent Society.

"During the past two years the relief load has grown from several hundred families to more than fourteen thousand, and necessarily the great majority of the cost has had to be borne by city funds, although the relief is still administered through the same Chest agencies.

"Because of the present unemployment crisis the relief of destitute families has reached such colossal proportions that it would be impossible in this or any other community to finance it from private funds.

"Money from the bond issues will not be available for the support of the one hundred agencies of the Community Chest which are dependent for their maintenance upon the money contributed during our campaign.

"In a crisis such as this one relief is not confined to food and shelter alone, for which the bond money will be spent. No agency of the Community Chest is unaffected by the present unemployment conditions. Every agency finds its problems tremendously increased and complicated."

Campaign dates for this year are November 14 through December 2. Headquarters are established at 527 Mason Street, in a building loaned to the Chest by the Olympic Club.

TALENT FESTIVAL

The Talent Festival is to be held on the 12th and 13th of October—Wednesday and Thursday. The entire Clubhouse will be given over to the Festival.

Members May Invite Guests

FOOD for THOUGHT

To facilitate handling of the natural increase of patronage during the days of the Talent Festival, the following service hours have been arranged for the two days, October 12 - 13.

In the Dining Room — October 12:
Luncheon ..... 11:30 to 2:30
Tea ..... 4:00 to 5:00
Special Dinner, $1 ..... 5:30 to 8:30

October 13:
Luncheon ..... 11:30 to 2:30
Dinner—Talent Festival—Dinner

In Cafeteria—October 12
Regular Service as Noted Below

October 13:
Luncheon ..... 11:30 to 1:30
Dinner—Talent Festival—Dinner

*Talent Festival Dinner on the second night, October 13, on entire Third Floor. Reservations must be made not later than October 11, at Executive Offices, Fourth Floor.

The Regular Service Hours in the Catering Department Are:

DINING ROOM

WEEK DAYS
7 a. m. to 8 p. m.

SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS
7:30 a. m. to 11:00 a. m.
5:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m.

TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE SERVICE
Luncheon ..... 50 and 85 Cents
Dinner ..... 75 cents and $1.00
Buffet Supper ..... 75 Cents
(Sundays and Holidays)

CAFETERIA

WEEK DAYS
11:30 to 1:30 p. m.
5:30 to 7:00 p. m.
Table d'Hote and a la Carte
Luncheon ..... 35 and 40 Cents
Dinner ..... 50 Cents

CLOSED
Saturday Nights, Sundays and Holidays

Special Attention Given to Private Parties

Reciprocal Clubs

● Here are clubs in the United States and abroad which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Members of the San Francisco Club may present their membership cards and credentials to any of these clubs and have virtually the same privileges in any of them that they would have in their own club.

United States—

Akron, O., Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Mass., Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Ill., Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh St.
Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club, Tower Building, Ninth Floor.
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson St.
Cleveland, O., Women's City Club, 1826 East Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich., Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Woman's Club.
New York City, N. Y., Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo., The Town Club, 1120-22 Locust St.
St. Paul, Minn., Women's City Club, 345 Minnesota St.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 22 Jackson Place.

Abroad—

Berlin, Germany, American Woman's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club, Albert House, Albert St.
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club, Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club, 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland, The Lady Artists' Club, 5 Blytheswood Square.
London, England, American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor St., W. I.
London, England, The Halcyon Club, 13-14 Cork St.
London, England, The Pioneer Club, 12 Cavendish Square, W. I.
Madrid, Spain, Lyceum Club, S. Marcos No. 4.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St. W.
Paris, France, The American Women's Club, 61 Rue Boissiere.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club, 77 King St.
Vienna, Austria, American Women's Club, Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, New Zealand, The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

Endure All

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence: Not bestow'd
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.

—*Byron.*

SWIMMING POOL

OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

●

Sparkling, Clear, Fresh Water to Swim In

●

ADMISSION RATES

Members and girls to 18 years of age..... 30c
Adult guests and boys over 8..... 40c
Member's swimming ticket, 10 admissions $2.75
Members' children's tickets, 10 admissions 2.50

A guest card, giving a woman guest, unaccompanied by a member, the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member for 25 cents.

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed., 9:30—7:30 Thurs., Fri., 9:30—9:00
Saturday, 9:00—5:00

Your Exercise in the Pool
Your Tan Under Our Sun Lamp

Private Lessons

Tickets for private lessons entitle the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. The tickets for members and their children (sons under 9, daughters under 18) are now $4.00, and for guests are $5.00. These tickets are for the exclusive use of the purchaser.

Class Lessons

Classes in swimming, diving, junior or senior life saving will be formed on request of five or more persons. There is no fee for instructions in life saving.

●

Men's Guest Nights

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim

Wednesday Nights (in October)—5:30 to 7:30
Friday Nights—5:30 to 9:00

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

●

Talent Festival

Wednesday, October 12—Open Until 9:00 o'Clock
Thursday, October 13 — Open Until 7:30 o'Clock

DON'T CLEAN FLOORS WITH WATER!

There is a new and better way. Modern housewives eliminate damage from water-soaked floors. Floor experts now recommend the use of Associated Dry Cleaner for cleaning floors and removing stubborn accumulations. Then a waxing with Associated Liquid Wax — followed by a quick and easy polish.

The new triple-action Associated Flormasheen makes light work of cleaning, waxing and polishing floors and linoleums.

FREE! The proper care of floors is described in the illustrated booklet, "Facts on Floors." Send for your free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER

1 Associated Flormasheen, complete, regular price	$6.85
1 Pint Can Associated Dry Cleaner (non-explosive)	.45
1 Pint Can Associated Liquid Wax	.60
Regular price, total	$7.90
NEW — SPECIAL PRICE — COMPLETE	4.75
Saving	$3.15

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Please send me: ☐ "Facts on Floors" Book—FREE
☐ 1 Associated Flormasheen (complete with products)

(Check or money order for $4.75 attached)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

NOVEMBER, 1932
VOL. VI - No. 10
Price 15 cents a Copy

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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ISLETON BUTTER
"The Fat of the Land"
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Women's City Club, it's up to you to see this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy, that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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WEst 0586 WEst 0587

take our word for it, it's best to take the service or merchandise that is recommended and advertised . . . those within the City Club Magazine are worthy of your patronage . . . and the Guide to Shops and Services can be of untold use to you . . .

▲ ▲

and Art Rattan is showing a very comfortable and engaging . . . yes, engaging is the word . . . telephone stand . . . there's an upholstered seat that's just about the nicest thing you ever sat upon and to make phone chats pleasant you'll not regret installing one . . . there's lots of room to stow the phone book and other things one needs handy . . . priced within the reach of humble pocket books but made to sell to the fastidious and comfort-loving . . .

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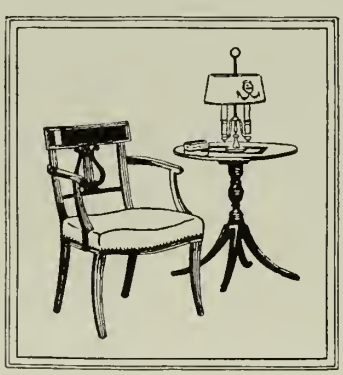
at Sloane's they are showing some of the most magnificent rugs and special pieces of classical furniture ever seen on the Coast . . . some new Oriental rugs that actually make one's eyes pop out . . . think of an item that you could use, then run down and look at some of these new items they have . . . like a breath of fresh air in a closed room is a new piece of furniture or a lamp . .



and speaking of lamps, Byington Electric Company supplies all of the electric light globes to the Club, and that's a lot of lamps . . . we can recommend him for all sorts of electric service and for radios . . .

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PINELLI'S FLOWERLAND
Orders Carefully and Promptly Filled
With Choicest Flowers Always
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— References on Request —

SHOES

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Shoes or Footwear
Quality Footwear and Hosiery for Women
157 Geary Street DOuglas 4411

the matter of butter . . . not every grocer handles Isleton Butter but if you ask they'll get it for you . . . it's used exclusively in the Club dining rooms for the reason it is always sweet and uniformly so . . .

▲ ▲

and we must remind you once again that that foot that needs a really good shoe to make life worth while is found at Werner's . . . any woman who wears a Werner shoe will vouch for that statement and, as you know, the woman who really cares goes to Werner's . . .

▲ ▲

last month we ran out of space to tell about The New Fillmore, so we're going to add a few lines more this time . . . this grocery at Fillmore and Washington is different . . . prices low enough to suit everybody . . . but . . . the merchandise, that's what we might rave about . . . but we'll spare you the ravings . . . run in there for a visit of inspection . . . there's not a grocery item of consequence you'll fail to find . . . and a department of imported beverages, tinned foods and condiments . . . we saw bottles of essences and cocktail bases that we'd only heard of before . . . you'll not regret a tour of inspection . . . and they've a phone order service second to none . .

▲ ▲

now, please make a note of this Shopping Guide and use it through the month . . . there are many things you need every day that it will pay you to secure from these concerns . . .

▲ ▲

more news next month . . .

SHOES

FRANK WERNER
San Francisco » Oakland
I. MILLER AND WERNER MODES SHOES Of Character And Worth NEW LOWERED PRICES
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LUNCHEON AND DINNER
Sunday Dinners—4:30 to 7:30 P. M.
445 POWELL—Bet. POST AND SUTTER
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The Modern Vogue—STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect
the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room . . .
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
ART RATTAN
422 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO
East 12th St. and 24th Ave., OAKLAND

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 1, 1932

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* — 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time will be reserved for discussion if desired. Admission—purchase of Club scrip in the amount of 50 cents. Redeemable in any department at any time.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

First, Third and Fifth Wednesdays of November . . . . *Auditorium* — 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Lucas will hold her Current Events Section in the Auditorium. Following her lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. All members who care to join Mrs. Lucas at her table are invited.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First and Third Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Board Room* — 2:00 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members are invited—no fee. Guests 25 cents.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

Luncheon Group—French Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* — 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Wednesdays of each month a group of members will meet at lunch at the French Conversational Table. Only French will be spoken.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* — 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL—

Every Wednesday and Friday Evening . . . . . *Swimming Pool* — WEDNESDAY, 5:30 TO 7:30 P.M. / FRIDAY, 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

Luncheon Group—Spanish Conversation . . . . . *Cafeteria* — 12:00 NOON

Second and fourth Thursdays of each month a group of members will meet at luncheon at the Spanish Conversational Table. Only Spanish will be spoken.

HOLIDAY PANTRY SALE—*Auditorium*
11 A. M. to 9 P. M.—November 22

November 2—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . *Auditorium* — 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles E. Curry . . *Board Room* — 1:00 P.M.

3—Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* — 6:00 P.M.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Sheltered Life" by Ellen Glasgow

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* — 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mr. George W. Fitch
Subject: The Industrial Development of the Bay District and Its Relation to General Business.

4—Book Discussion Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . *Chinese Room* — 11:00 A.M.

Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . . *Board Room* — 2:00 P.M.

7—Young Members' Luncheon . . . . . *Mural Room* — 12:30 P.M.

Young members are invited to join this table—cafeteria service

Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . *Auditorium* — 7:45 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 POST STREET — *Telephone* GARFIELD 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO
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DR. ADELAIDE BROWN — MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD
MRS. CARLO MORBIO — MRS. JAMES T. WATKINS

VOLUME VI NOVEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 10

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November 9—French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12 NOON
Tea for Klumpke Sisters—Anna, Julia and Dorothea	*American Room*	3:30 P.M.
10—Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12 NOON
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Bathie Stuart Subject: The Lure of New Zealand		
14—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
16—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
17—Thursday Evening Program	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Dr. Frieda Kruse Subject: An Evening of German Leider		
18—Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	*Board Room*	2:00 P.M.
21—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel (last lesson of course)	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
22—Holiday Pantry Sale	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.
Tea for Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton	*American Room*	3:30 P.M.
Thanksgiving Luncheon ($1 plate)	*Cafeteria*	11:30 A.M. TO 1:30 P.M.
Thanksgiving Dinner ($1 plate)	*Cafeteria*	5:30 TO 7:00 P.M.
23 French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12 NOON
24—Special Thanksgiving Breakfast (75c)	*Main Dining Room*	7:30 A.M. TO 1:00 P.M.
Special Thanksgiving Dinner ($1.25)	*Main Dining Room*	1:00 P.M. TO 8:00 P. M.
30—Current Events	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.

"Volunteer Service" loomed large at the City Club's Third Talent Festival. Here are some of the Volunteers who were on hand throughout the two days of the Festival:

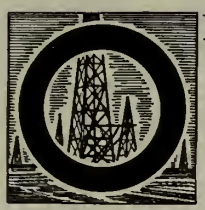
Upper, left to right: Mrs. Lawrence Livingston, Mrs. James Sheehan, Miss Margaret Zane and Mrs. Harry Carroll.

Lower: Mrs. Frank Zane Smith (left) and Miss Virginia Chilton. Photo by Elizabeth Church Studio.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE



NE of the pleasant duties of the president of an organization is to thank for favors received, but when those thanks are for gifts measured in terms of service, the duty becomes even more pleasurable. Personal notes have followed the first two Talent Festivals; this year the list has grown too long, and the Magazine which reaches every member comes to the rescue and gives the Board of Directors opportunity to send appreciative thanks to each member who contributed her service to the success of the Third Talent Festival. This means those who gave of their talent in a material way and those who gave hours of service at the Clubhouse in preparation or in participation on the two days of festivity. It is hoped this message reaches each one and is accepted as personal. Approximately six thousand visited the Clubhouse those two days, and each one who gave a gift or served an hour can with justification feel that she helped to make the success which was evident to every visitor. Loans and gifts in 1932 had a higher standard than in the two previous years. Thanks is due the contributors and thanks is herewith given with the pleasure of which I have spoken.

o o o

Food as a talent has a place all its own. You who do not belong in the group to be thanked now are given opportunity to serve with gifts of your own cooking on November 22. These festivals were created to give each member her opportunity to serve once a year. Let each one of us think seriously of her best recipe and sign a pledge for the Holiday Pantry Sale, and then let us plan luncheon and dinner parties of our own at the Clubhouse on that Tuesday just before Thanksgiving and buy the most delectable of food stuffs made by a fellow member as her gift of service to the National League.

o o o

Let me share with you a problem of office—how to get more daily use of a clubhouse; that is an ever-present, subconscious thought of every president in the country. We as the National League for Woman's Service are told we are fortu-

nate—that we are riding the waves—but many a time this year your officers have enticed you to the building with this or that program. You have not volunteered to come. If you had, the departmental figures would be quite different and the burden of office would be lifted so that more creative effort could be expended, which in return would bring you extra pleasures of membership now pushed aside in a struggle to make both ends meet. Let me not be misunderstood. We are solvent; what I descry is that with such potential power for greater and greater success, the visions are many times smothered in mundane economic problems. Our Club is not a clubhouse to be used for our own convenience; it is a building to be earned and perpetuated for the housing of a service organization "for the betterment of mankind." Let us co-operate with its departments by our own use of them or by the extension of this privilege through guest cards to our friends. Thus will our winter season be successful and our surplus be builded up.

o o o

Thanksgiving again. How appropriately we in the National League for Woman's Service in California can celebrate! Our building has prospered and in a recent appraisal by a local expert, our property has increased in value over the purchase price eight years ago, an almost unprecedented thing in this era of indeterminate real estate values. Our house is well built, and because it stands in a city of sunshine washed by ocean breezes, it is cleanly and in order. No creditors knock at our doors. No family quarrels disturb our proficiency or handicap our united front. An ideal feeds our souls, for service is our purpose. Let us give thanks on November 24, as our Pilgrim fathers did before us, for God has blessed us, pilgrims of this western land, in our quest for expression of soul in a program of selflessness. The uniform of the National League for Woman's Service is a badge of honor.

Annual Firelighting Ceremony Witnessed by Hundreds

● "It's so homelike here, by our 'ain fireside' that we mustn't forget, in the warmth and cheer of it, to be thankful that we are earning it as we go along," said Miss Marion Leale the night of the Annual Firelighting ceremony, as she introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

Miss Leale quoted a well known business man of San Francisco, who said: "I know that organization (the Women's City Club) and it must not be treated as others, for it is doing something in the community." "The Club has not changed in character since its early days, when the glow of its fires cheered departing soldiers and sailors," Miss Leale continued. She concluded by quoting Paul Sinsheimer as saying that the City Club is "the hearthstone of San Francisco."

The Lounge and Library were filled to capacity for the ceremonial of the Firelighting and after the fagots on the hearth had been set aflame, the Volunteers, as always is the case when there are things to be done, went into action and served cider and doughnuts.

Mrs. Lucas read from her diary, written as she sat by a fireside in Europe, during the war, where she worked with the "Children of France." The pages told of gallantries wrought by firelight in that time of sorrow and stress. "Fire and water endureth," she said, "like Service in our Club, which, like a golden thread, gleams through the fabric of the Club, making an immortal thing out of human endeavor.

"Fire," she said, "has a way of building bridges between us, of softening sharp edges, making lined faces younger and lovelier.

"Fire means friendly people sitting about; the uglier aspects of life vanish when one sits by a fire and great friendships are cemented by firesides.

"And so—memory, friendship, inspiration, are kindled here tonight." Mrs. Lucas concluded by reading "Immortality," by George Russell, A. E., the Irish poet, and the story of a ramble in the country by Ramsay MacDonald, who eulogizes the fires by the roadside as beacons to wanderers.

Mrs. W. W. Adams, accompanied by Miss Elsa Mertain, sang a group of songs in charming manner and lovely voice.

The Talent Festival in Retrospect

—ANONYMOUS

● Make believe you are a visitor, one who has come to this city of the far, far west. A friend sends to your room at the hotel a wee yellow slip, a pass to the Talent Festival of the Women's City Club. Armed with this you find your way with the help of one of the courteous traffic officers posted at the various street corners for just such duty. Then you enter from Post Street the portals to one of the memorials dedicated to Womanhood and Womanly Service in all walks of life—465 Post Street, San Francisco.

A happy, smiling corps of uniformed Volunteers accept the pass and you are free to roam. The Auditorium door stood wide as I entered, to find a kaleidoscopic effect of beautiful color, for the most part animated, for the uniforms were like the moving petals of roses, wistaria, peaches and a medley of seasonable flowers. Each section determined its own color scheme by the wares therein displayed. Some were light like the boudoir; gay like the child's room; accented in black and gold and brown like the handicraft sections; the lovely clear colors of paint, lacquer, oilcloth and fabrics like the "variety group"; each of the many displays completely tied together by the dominating cerulean columns with the masses of yellow and orange marigolds, the lights and darks of the fruit at the center of the east end and the two balancing display racks at either end of the stage. To view this Auditorium I found it best to ascend the stairs and stand at the center of the Balcony; the whole seemed wreathed by the gold and silver leaves that adorned the boxes.

From the Auditorium I then wandered to the Fourth Floor, where the Loan Exhibit was so arranged that every art was shown at its best. The beautifully bound books in the Library, the soft blue, green and brown leathers with the tooling and lettering, make one proud to know that this almost lost art is still kept alive by your own members. The pictures, some still-life subjects, some purely decorative, others of the finest type of portraiture, each hung with such a fine sense of the fitness of light, subject matter and relevancy with those juxtaposed. It was a well-hung exhibit from every point of view and added so much to the Board Room where it was held. On down the corridor I found the loans of stitchery quite fascinating. There were counterpanes, linens, wall hangings and samplers of stitches from many countries. For some reason, in wandering, instinctively I seemed to have saved the best for the last; at least the whole ensemble in the American Room, as it is known, seemed to hold the collection of diverse interests. There were exquisitely set jewels, rare ceremonial chalices, bits of intricately carved wood, beautifully executed tapestries in bags, chairs and panels. Woven fabrics and innumerable other talents variously expressed and technique found only among the finest craftsmen—in this case craftswomen. By now I was rather foot-weary and had been admonished by a cheery Volunteer to be sure to have tea in the Balcony, or on the Third Floor, where the harvest motif was used in decoration. What could be lovelier?

After this respite it was time to make the final purchases, topping the whole with a bouquet for my otherwise rather somber hotel room.

The night of Wednesday, October 12, a varied program was given in the Lounge, and on the afternoon of Thursday another of different character was enjoyed in the Chinese Room, and on both days one could have one's fortune told by card, palm or handwriting. These proved very popular divertisements and I smiled to myself at seeing such lengthy lines of patiently waiting clients. (Had the line been less long it would have taken no persuasion to find myself in the corridor of the Second Floor.)

After all the gayety and interest in the entire building during these two days, the keenest anticipation centered about the finale as expressed in the dignity, charm and pure beauty of the "Talent Festival Dinner."

All semblance of weariness from the weeks and days and hours of toil disappeared when four hundred and eighty sat down at table to enjoy the social intercourse which is after all our aim and our reward in life. The many tables were resplendent with flowers, bright evening gowns, and the accents of black made of the Third Floor another vivid, unforgettable picture. At this very lovely gathering the Club had as its honored and distinguished guests Professor and Mrs. Payson Treat, Mr. Paul Sinsheimer, Professor and Mrs. Walter M. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Charlton, Miss Lucille Otto, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill, Miss Mary Yost, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton, Miss Anna E. Klumpke, Miss Julie Klumpke, Dr. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. John G. Levison.

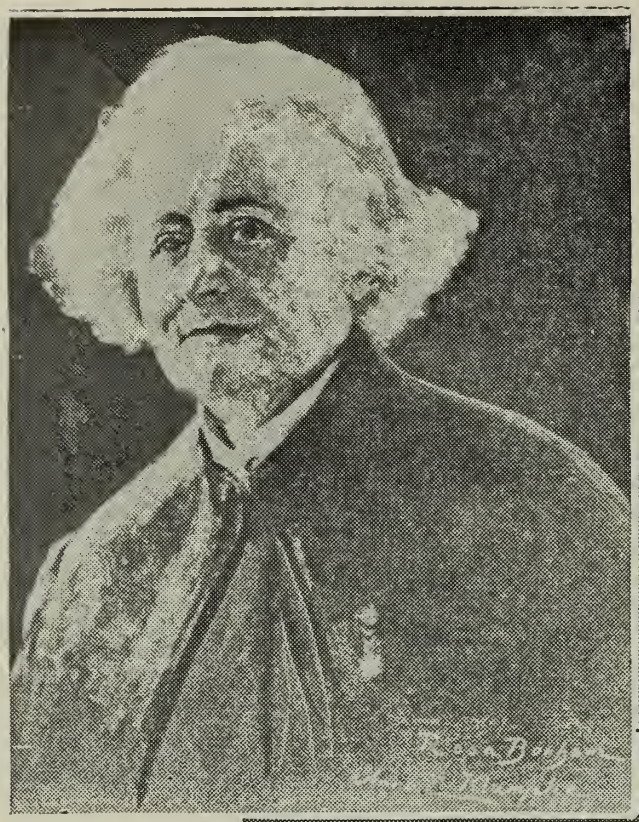
When dinner was at an end those who wished could take their guests to view the Loan Exhibit, and then all assembled again in the Auditorium which had in a few hours' time been transfigured from a gay mart and tea terrace into a most stately theater. Here were presented two delightful plays, each participant a Club member and the second of the plays written by one whose talent was thus shared by all those who had been dinner guests.

Thus again have the many hours of Volunteer Service been increased, and those whose talents can not or do not find an outlet in the home do so in this invaluable manner.

Approximately 6,000 attended the Talent Festival during the two days at this never-to-be-forgotten time, October 12 and 13. Please may it be my good fortune to be with you all again next year at your Talent Festival.

"The Three Klumpkes"

—EDITH BRISTOL



(above) Portrait of Rosa Bonheur, painted by Anna E. Klumpke

(at right) Anna E. Klumpke, pupil, friend and biographer of Rosa Bonheur

● Biographers who delight in delving into the manifestations of genius as it expresses itself in varied forms through different members of the same family will find material for their study in the famous Klumpke sisters.

And students of character who wish to elaborate upon the Hawthorne motif of "the Great Stone Face" to show the indelible imprint left by close and constant association with an ideal, will find an illustration for their text in the person of Anna E. Klumpke, pupil, friend and biographer of Rosa Bonheur.

Miss Klumpke, with two sisters, is visiting in San Francisco, city of their birth, from the Chateau de By, near Fontainebleau, the home of Rosa Bonheur, where Miss Klumpke lived with the celebrated artist until her death, and which the painter bequeathed to this beloved pupil.

In the chateau where Bonheur executed some of her best-known animal paintings, Miss Klumpke makes her home with two of the sisters who reflect, each in her own sphere, something of the same genius that she has expressed in the world of art.

Dorothy Klumpke Roberts, widow of Dr. Isaac Roberts, is a distinguished astronomer and her present sojourn in North America is partly that she might represent the French government as observer at the eclipse of the sun which, during the past summer, she watched from a point in Canada. Her astronomical observations were made at the behest of the Paris Observatory.

Julia Klumpke, the third sister, is a violinist of note, a composer, a student of Ysaye and of Hugo Herrman, and head of the violin department of Converse College.

A fourth sister, Augusta Klumpke Dejerine, M. D., was a neurologist as successful in the field of medicine until her death a few years ago, as are the other sisters in their respective spheres.

Mrs. George Austin, in whose Hill Point

Avenue home in San Francisco the three Misses Klumpke are guests, is the daughter of still another one of the Klumpke sisters, Mrs. Matilda Klumpke Dalton, who died some years ago, as did also the brother, John Klumpke, a civil engineer.

These are the versatile and diversified gifts of the children of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gerard Klumpke—and in each, whether in art or science, talent has transcended the nebulous and indefinable border line of genius.

These three are the sisters who, more than twenty years ago, left the family home on Chestnut Street and went abroad to complete their education in France.

On the shoulders of Anna E. Klumpke the memory of Rosa Bonheur hangs like a gracious mantle.

On her heart she wears the bit of red ribbon which is the honored decoration of the French government for distinguished service—the badge of Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

And deep in her heart Miss Klumpke has forever enshrined the remembrance of Rosa Bonheur, to whose works she has dedicated the Bonheur Museum in the Palace of Fontainebleau and in whose honor she has established the Bonheur Prize of the Paris Salon.

Much has been given to art and to artists by this small, gentle lady with snow-white hair, who perpetuates the memory of the master of animal paintings.

The Rosa Bonheur Foundation offers an annual prize for the best work submitted in which animals are painted. There have been three women winners of this prix—all three French women—and one English winner.

The portrait of Bonheur that hangs in the Metropolitan Gallery in New York is by the brush of Anna E. Klumpke and so is the portrait in the Bonheur Museum at Fontainebleau. A third portrait has been reserved for Miss Klumpke's own study in the Chateau de By.

The portraits of Bonheur have been done in oils, but Miss Klumpke's favorite media are water colors and pastels and most of her work has been done in the latter vehicles.

Miss Klumpke has written a definitive biography of Rosa Bonheur—written with the insight that her years of daily association with the teacher could give her, and written in the French which has become like the mother tongue to the American-born woman.

The Fontainebleau Museum with its collection of Bonheur material is very near to the heart of its creator. "I have placed in the Bonheur rooms of the Fontainebleau Palace the material which shows to the student just how the great artist went about her work," she said, speaking in a voice of exquisite modulations and accented with an inflection unmistakably French.

"The tragedy of art is that when the great masters die their secrets die with them. Today we have no students who live with the masters and learn from them—mixing their colors and following in their footsteps.

"I have assembled in the Rosa Bonheur collection some of the material that shows how this great master went about the creation of her masterpieces. Students who go there may see the footsteps of the artist in the creation of her paintings.

"In the Fontainebleau collection are her models of animals—deer, lions, dogs, wild boars—done in wax and in plastoline to show how she studied animal life. There are her first rough sketches, bits of studies for paintings, and the pictures, 'Plowing in Niverhais' and 'Haying.' There is her decoration of the Legion of Honor, her medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honor with the autograph of the Empress Eugenie," she went on.

The museum and its priceless contents have been given by Miss Klumpke to the state for the enrichment of its art treasures and the benefit of art lovers and students.

The Chateau de By and its wealth of artistic associations took on a different atmosphere and a different purpose in 1914—for Miss Klumpke was quick, on the outbreak of the World War, to establish in her home a hospital for convalescent soldiers.

Miss Klumpke was en route home from a commission in America where she had been painting portraits when the war clouds darkened the horizon and her hospital was established as "Hospital Rosa Bonheur No. 15 Ter," later to become a home for paralyzed soldiers before the close of the conflict.

"After the battle of the Marne we could hear them—like that—tap—tap—tap—tap—" Miss Klumpke beat with her cane on the floor with a low, dull cadence like a muffled drum. "It was the big guns—very close—before they began bringing in the loads of wounded men to our hospital."

The silver medal of "Gratitude of France" was presented to Miss Klumpke for her valiant work in hospitalizing the wounded. This is the decoration for foreign-born helpers of the French government during the extremity of war times.

The medal ranks beside that valued bit of ribbon worn by the American-born woman—a strip of crimson against the black of her gown—the Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

The eugenist who claims that ability is a matter of family and quotes the Adams family, the Lowell family, the Cabot and other illustrious names to prove his point, may well add to the list the name of this family living twenty years ago in San Francisco.

For every child of that family has created a distinctive and distinguished mark in the world.

And the adherant to the theory that a dominant ideal, lived with and admired and held as an example, will recreate itself in its admirer will find ample proof of his belief in the person of Anna E. Klumpke.

For, in the life and the face of this artist who has carried on the torch of Rosa Bonheur there is an imprint of the art that was Bonheur.

The trace of the master has been left—indelibly—upon the pupil.

City Club Tea for Klumpke Sisters, All Members

● All three of the famous Klumpke sisters are members of the Women's City Club and all three are now visiting their native San Francisco for the first time (together) in many years.

Because of this notable opportunity of paying homage to three of its distinguished members, the City Club will give a tea Wednesday afternoon, November 9, in the American Room at 3:30 o'clock.

Dr. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts, the astronomer, will speak. Dr. Roberts gave to the City Club at the first Talent Festival a supplement which she had written to her husbands "Charts on Nebulae," acknowledged by astronomers as the most comprehensive and scholarly treatise on the heavens to be published. Her husband, Dr. Isaac Roberts, is now deceased.

All three sisters are enthusiastic devotees of the City Club and keep in touch with its activities whether they be in Paris or on lonely plateaus observing eclipses or scanning the stars.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the City Club, will preside at the tea.

Another tea at the Club this month is that to be tendered Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, Tuesday afternoon, November 22, in the American Room.

The Hospitality Committee is particularly pleased that these two days have been arranged, and expect both to be red-letter days in the Club's annals.

Mrs. Booth Heads Nominating Committee

● At the monthly meeting of the Board of Directors held October 17, the Nominating Committee was appointed. Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., is Chairman and the other members of the Committee are Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Miss Nell Gillespie and Mrs. H. K. Shaw. Members who wish to submit names for the consideration of the Committee are requested to send them to the Club for the attention of Mrs. Booth on or before November 19. The annual election takes place Monday, January 9.

Children's Christmas Party Arranged

● Saturday, December 17, is the date of the Children's Christmas Party. There will be a luncheon with favors, a delightful program in the Auditorium, Santa Claus and the Christmas Tree. So save the day, children—December 17—and then look for details in the December Magazine. (If you want to make a nice long day of it, come in and have a swim before luncheon.)

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let tomorrow break thy sleep
With dreams of coming ill.

•

The goldenrod is yellow:
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The Daily Press Liked the Festival

—FROM *San Francisco Examiner*

● It ought to be spelled with an enormous T, the Talent Festival this year at the Women's City Club. For never before in its history has so much real talent been exhibited. Rules made it necessary that everything should be the work of the members, and from crochet spreads to bronze book-ends and hand-wrought jewelry, they are original designs.

Mrs. D. Hanson Grubb has a charming portrait of a child with her doll, and Miss Marcia Fee a water color of the Bay. Bronze book-ends with a fish design and the swirl of the surf are the work of Mrs. Theodore Stebbins, and Mrs. William F. Breeze has a silver chased baby's mug of an interesting pattern.

Tapestry has offered to a number of exhibitors opportunities for original work. Mrs. H. P. Buckingham has a tapestry needle-point purse with stitches so small that they had to be worked under a microscope. A black-and-white tapestry purse is the work of Mrs. J. B. Levinson, and Miss Elsa Garrett is showing a tapestry-covered piano bench, while Mrs. Howard Naffziger has a tapestry case. Miss Sarah Collier with her upholstered living-room chair, and Mrs. Franklin K. Nutting with a tapestry pillow, complete the exhibit.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore has made a heavy crocheted bedspread, and other crocheted pieces are being shown by Mrs. C. C. Trowbridge and Mrs. D. Ghiradelli. Mrs. G. F. Farquhar has a heavy linen cross-stitch luncheon cloth, and Mrs. S. E. Dutton a gold-and-luster coffee cup.

And some child is going to run away with the lovely doll and her wardrobe made by Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, complete even to sun-suits and berets.

Kath Anticipates Holiday Pantry Sale

October 15, 1932.

● My dear Jane:

And the Talent Festival is over! How we did miss you this year, but all I can say is that you also missed something, for it was as always, a heap of fun as well as hard work. Each year I think that the Clubhouse could never look more beautiful than it did for that particular occasion, and yet each year it seems to surpass itself (if you know what I mean). Perhaps it is because it is all so new and fresh and original, but anyway, the 1932 one was, to be very slang about it, a pippin, and being the last one, of course delightful.

I had a particularly good time working with Elsa Garrett, for, as you well know, that girl (whom in our own little crowd we some years ago dubbed "Seltzer") is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, not only to look at, but also to work with. Her candy unit was lovely, popular and a great money maker, which after all is somewhat important.

I will tell you more about the Festival later on in my letter, but I simply must get off the big news to you, for you will be as happy as we are over it, and that is that our Friday Crew has a mascot. A real, live, honest-to-goodness mascot. What do you think of that? And she's all our own; no one can take her away from us, for you see, our Captain last month presented us (along with herself and her family—we come first in our own minds, you notice) a brand-new baby girl—Florence Ann Stanley. Aren't we the lucky ones? We usually are lucky, but to think that we should fall heirs to a brand-new baby girl is just too glorious. A future member of the City Club and a future member of the Friday Crew—

HOLIDAY PANTRY SALE

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

Name.....

Address .....

City.....**Telephone**.....

My contribution to the Holiday Pantry Sale will be:.....

.....

Quantity .....

I will deliver them at the Club.....

what more could we ask? We are charmed, excited and very happy over it.

From books to beauty. Did I tell you that we have the new "Contoure" Cosmetics in our Beauty Salon? Our little friend, Mrs. Graybow is certainly right on the job, and when she succeeded in getting this line of beauty aids for us, she did something. Last week I had a facial! Yes, it calls for an exclamation mark. They call the particular one I had a Brevity Facial. Well, it may be brief but it is most effective, and I came out feeling like a new woman. And to make things even better, the company have sent their representative, Mrs. Giest, to make the demonstrations, and if ever there was an artist in her line she is that. Aside from being so efficient, you would also find her one of the most likeable people you've ever met, which to my way of thinking, counts a lot when someone is working on your person, as it were.

So you're going to Europe. You lucky one! I hope you get all the thrills out of it that you've always anticipated—but knowing you, I am sure you will. Do not, however, be like the man who went around the world for the first time: For years he had looked forward to the trip, but alas—*mal de mer* attacked him from the moment he left land until he got back, and he was so miserable he saw little or nothing. As the steamer came by the Statue of Liberty on the return to New York, he was leaning on the rail gazing lovingly and longingly at the New York skyline. He gazed up at "Miss Liberty" and said, "Well, old girl, take one good look at me, for you'll never see me again unless you turn around."

So—that's that.

Apropos of Miss MacKenzie, she makes, and sells for the Club, the most fascinating appetizers you ever dreamed of. One can order them at any time—the trickiest little things—and good—yum! Smart of her, eh? —and also more revenue for the Club.

I forgot to tell you that two good friends of yours, Dorothy Birbeck and Mrs. Henry Poulterer, have been taken into the Club. Isn't that nice? They are good workers, too, and we need them, and more like them.

You said you had heard "Of Thee I Sing." How I envy you. I'd love to see it, but the next best thing was to have heard Mrs. Hugh Brown read it as she did on the 9th. It must have been a difficult thing to read, but she certainly did a lovely piece of work. It will make it more interesting to us when it comes to the San Francisco stage next year, as we hope it will.

I must get back to the Festival, however, for there were so many interesting things there. Talent is right—one could never find a more diversified display of talent anywhere—of every kind and description. The Verse Speaking Choir was a gorgeous thing, I thought. Trained by Miss Dorothea Johnson, it was one of the highlights of the Festival, unusual, new and charming. The dramatic reading by Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Simpson was another lovely thing. The two plays by the members of the Club who are "dramatic minded" were a treat. One was written by Mrs. Carlo Morbio, who always does such excellent work. This one was called "And That's That" (I like that title, don't you?), and was such fun. The other, "Letters," also rates mention; it was charmingly done.

The Loans, under the able direction of Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Edgar Kierulff, were more than interesting this year. Or perhaps it was because it was the first time I've had a chance to really see them. However, the exhibit of shell figures made by Catherine Allen was the treasure of them all, to me. The fantasy, the imagination, the artistry she put into those figures was amazing. I was entranced.

The dinner after the Festival was as usual a gala affair, so I am told. I was not there this year, but I heard about the menu and the program, and can imagine the rest, as you can too.

There will be a Thanksgiving luncheon the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, however, and a Thanksgiving dinner in the Cafeteria that night.

And of course there's the Holiday Pantry Sale which will come off on the same day, when the domestic-minded ones among us will have a chance to show our talents in that line.

I have been a bit verbose this month, but how could I help it, my dear, with so much news for you? Bear with me—I'll try not to bore you next time, and in the interim let me wish you pleasant days for Thanksgiving away from home, and all good things, always.

Affectionately,
KATH.

California

By Mrs. Caspar Brown, in City Club Almanac.

● Listen! I've discovered something. California is adolescence!

It's my scoop. I'm as pleased as a child with a new coaster, or as a book-collector who pounces unexpectedly on a rare old first edition in the midst of his familiar, well-worn library.

Plenty of people have discovered lots of things about California. They have discovered her weather, her pleasing variety of vegetation, her expensively perfect highways, her succulent prunes, her missions and her golf courses. They have discovered that she has a long and lovely sea coast, and that Hollywood is the capital. Yes — they have discovered lots of things about California.

But — The adolescence scoop — That's mine! Please notice that I say *adolescence*, not *adolescent*. Not for a moment would I call California adolescent! Never! She cut her pretty milk white teeth long since, and kicked off her swaddling clothes (if she had any, which I'm inclined to think she did not) a long time ago. No—there is no sign of gangling awkwardness or half-baked immaturity about California. She is poised, beautiful, secure.

Nevertheless—she is Adolescence. She is the adolescence of America.

Way back in the Forties wasn't she the youth of the land—the restless, questing, reckless, lawless, adventurous youth? Didn't she shake off tradition, and kiss her finger tips or thumb her nose to the Pilgrim Fathers, and set sail across the billowing plains or around the Horn? In '49, '50, '51, and all the other Fifties, Sixties and Seventies, wasn't she the exuberant, extravagant youth of the country?

They weren't all young, those forty-niners. Some of them were old, and ugly, and evil. But they were the break-aways, the dissenters, the listeners to a far call, the futurists of that time. What if they shot each other down, and strung each other up, and gambled, and lived loosely, and spat tobacco—they were America's youth just the same! They were California —California with a wreath in her hair, and the glint of gold in her eyes.

And today California is young as then. Her adolescence is not a period of time. It is rather "that moment made eternity" that the poet speaks of. Nothing kills it—nor cafeterias, nor crooners, nor comics, nor beach pajamas.

Papa Wall Street looks up from his ticker, wearily closes his ears to the roar of the elevated and the screech of the noon whistles, and dreams for the moment—of an early sweetheart, perhaps, young and cool and sweet. Or—of a holiday in Santa Barbara with the blue bay and the islands floating out there in the mist.

The middle west farmer mops the sweat from his brow and ploughs deep against the day when he and the wife shall leave all this for the stucco bungalow with a palm and a pepper tree in Altadena, or Arroyo Seco, or some place that sounds like that.

"Forgotten men" still patiently dredge and pan the pebbles in the bottom of hundreds of clear little mountain streams, beneath the sugar pines, and wait for the great surprise.

California is still the dream, the playground, the escape, the promise of our toiling, God-fearing, money-making country.

California is America's Adolescence!

Enclosed Please Find—

—L. S. (A NEW MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB)

● The Reverend Joseph Fiddle opened his eyes for a moment, stretched, yawned widely and stretched once more. This took so much effort that, quite exhausted, he fell asleep again. The sun, enthusiastically hot, glowed down on the Reverend sprawled in his canvas camp chair, and on the surrounding scenery. A small sheltered harbor with clear blue water was enclosed by ostrich-like banana trees, coco-palms and dense green undergrowth, so that the effect was that of a large floral horseshoe, done in blue and green. In the curve of the horseshoe a ragged line of thatched huts squatted sullenly where the ground was a little higher, back from the brilliant white beach. A number of black-skinned figures moved about, doing things, but not briskly enough to disturb the peace which had stroked the waters of the harbor into a glassy blue coma.

The Reverend was in a coma himself, but like all good things, it could not last for long. The thin blast of a steamer horn came floating into his pleasantly sun-baked ear. Sighing, he sat up and scanned the harbor entrance. Yes, there she was, a black speck, becoming blacker and less of a speck as he watched. He scowled. Not a forbidding scowl, for the Reverend had never achieved anything forbidding; it was only insignificant and therefore consistent with his partially bald head, protruding teeth and frightened chin. The steamer meant mail, and mail meant—another letter from Effie.

He sank back again into the dilapidated chair and stared at the tips of his grimy tennis shoes. Why wouldn't Effie stop writing and leave him alone? But then, she'd never left him alone, which was one reason why he'd left her. What's more, she couldn't make coffee fit for a cat to lap, and he did enjoy good coffee. When you came right down to it, she couldn't do anything except make a man's life miserable—and how she *could* do that! He couldn't think why he'd married her; there must have been some reason, but this climate discouraged thinking about much of anything that didn't please you. A soft crunching sound inside the half-wood, half-thatch shanty back of him reminded him of something that did please him. That was Huna moving about, getting lunch. Now there was a wife for you! He'd just shown her the rudiments of how to make coffee and she brewed the best he'd ever tasted. Of course he hadn't meant to get married again. Effie wouldn't like it and, though he never expected to see her again, her amazing power over him still persisted, at a distance of several thousand miles. But Huna had hung around, and, though black, had a way with her. The ceremony, of course, was just to please her; she'd seen a white wedding once and had always wanted one. So a bleary-eyed captain whose tramp steamer lay anchored in Horseshoe Harbor had joined them in holy matrimony.

Another blast from over the water roused the Reverend once again from his pleasant thoughts. God, that letter he was sure to get! He couldn't help smiling (an insignificant smile) at the thought that the same captain who'd married him to Huna was bringing him a letter from Effie, for it was probably old Potts; the *Mary Belle* was just about due in. And Effie still thought he really meant that about her following him out, after he'd "got the mission started"; a few bottles of native beer, and soul-saving had appeared extraordinarily unattractive.

But Effie's letters had been getting very querulous of late; he'd answered at first, still under the influence of her absent treatment, but as the months went by, Huna's coffee and restful ways (she spoke very little English) had lulled him into not bothering.

Huna, making the coffee, was doing a little thinking herself, a process which disfigured the usually smooth brow under its mass of kinky black hair. This business of being married to a white man wasn't such fun after all. At first the idea had amused her, and her new husband had given her many strings of beads; but soon the novelty of her position wore off, as did the shine on the beads, and the thin veneer of civilization which the Reverend Fiddle had smoothed on was fast cracking. She glanced contemptuously out of the front of the hut at the subject of her thoughts—asleep as usual. That's all he ever did. She sighed as she thought of the excitement in her own tribe when the men returned from places unknown, carrying other people's belongings, often including their heads. Those were the days! Well, the coffee was ready; she stepped outside and called to her husband; he did not hear her at first and she paused before calling a second time, regarding him. How little help he'd be on a warrior's expedition! Her lip curled; he was afraid of the snakes which crept in and out of their patched shelter at will. How good for nothing he was! She called again, and as he rose slowly the camp chair creaked with relief. Huna's eyes took on a new light; perhaps he was good for something; all through lunch she kept plying the willing Reverend with more food.

Stuffed at last, he arose heavily, remarking that all he needed was a museum as a background. Huna said nothing, as was her restful wont. Yessir, she was the kind of wife to have; of course, there were rumors about her past—she'd been a member of a pretty savage tribe or something, but then everyone had a past—and he'd tamed her down, something he'd never been able to accomplish with the civilized Effie.

As he left the hut old Potts came staggering up from the beach laden with a beer bottle whose weight he was lessening as he walked, and a small, dirty canvas sack.

The two men greeted each other, the Reverend with a fearsome glance at the mail bag, which glance the captain substantiated obligingly by extracting a fat letter, postmarked Meadville, North Dakota, and handing it to him with a wink towards Huna, who stood impassive in the doorway. While the captain finished up the bottle, addressing Huna occasionally between swallows, Fiddle sank into his old canvas resting place and read his letter. If anything, it was worse than he'd expected—she actually threatened to come out! He turned to the captain for consolation; but that source proved to be asleep, the beer bottle still clasped in one devoted hand.

The next two weeks saw a struggle between Huna's cooking and the worry occasioned by Effie's last letter, to gain mastery over the question of the Reverend's weight. The labor of composing a letter which would serve to keep his first wife in Meadville, offset by his second's constant solicitude as to his eating, kept Fiddle's poundage just about even.

Noon of the day on which the steamer was expected, Fiddle sat in his usual place, putting the finishing touches on his masterpiece to Effie. He would give it to the captain to carry back. Inside, Huna was again preparing luncheon, but in spite of her fondness for the coffee which she made so well she dipped only one tablespoonful out of the red can. It came to a boil just as the Reverend firmly pressed a stamp in the corner of the fat envelope he'd sealed, and in response to the well-known call he disappeared inside the hut.

About three that afternoon, a large, militant-looking woman came striding up from the beach. She paused in front of the camp chair in which Huna was reclining peacefully, eyes half shut, and demanded the whereabouts of the Reverend Joseph Fiddle.

"Oh," said Huna, opening one eye fully, "he inside"; and the militant-looking woman, with a withering glance, swept past her toward the hut.

EDITORIAL

● The Holiday Pantry Sale of Tuesday, November 22, comes at a fitting time of the year, when even the most esthetic mind turns to thoughts of sustenance.

Thanksgiving, the Harvest Time—when the winter is sending harbingers of colder days to come—then the holidays of Christmas and the New Year are the seasons of apples and flagons and meats and sweets.

The poet's observation that we may "live without books, but civilized man cannot live without cooks" becomes more than a pleasing jingle when the frost is on the pumpkin.

The City Club's Pantry Sale will enable every housewife in the wide membership to stock her larder with jellies, condiments, fruitcake from famous recipes, delicatessen in all its endless variety, breads and candies.

It was found two years ago that the Talent Festival as such properly would include foods, but that if carried to its ultimate possibility it would exclude other things by reason of its bulk and its great popularity.

So the Pantry Sale, to follow the Talent Festival, will probably become an institution as recurrent as the Festival itself.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., is chairman of this important November event. Miss Esther Phillips and Miss E. C. Rountree are her lieutenants, and other assistants are:

Mrs. Ralph J. Brenner
Mrs. Edwin T. Bruck
Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson
Miss Katharine Donohoe
Miss Mary Eyre
Miss Elsa Garrett
Mrs. Bert Lazarus
Miss Jean McEwen
Mrs. F. S. Moody
Mrs. Edward Rainey
Mrs. Ira W. Sloss
Mrs. Frank Z. Smith

Miss Katharine Donohoe, whose decorations throughout the Club, except in the Auditorium, provided the background of the Talent Festival, will again supervise the decorations of the Pantry Shelf Sale.

On Page 12 of this issue of the Magazine is a blank which members are asked to fill and send to Mrs. Booth at the Club if they are intending to make contributions to the Pantry Sale. Even a glass of jelly will be hospitably received.

The Sale falls the same day as the Club's Thanksgiving luncheon and dinner in the Cafeteria, which will, undoubtedly, bring an extraordinarily large crowd of "customers." It is to be a gala day and, the Club Directors anticipate, a profitable one for both the Club and those who avail themselves of the opportunity to "stock up."

The "Pantry Shelves" will contain:

Almanacs and cook books
Breads, rolls and pies
Cakes
Candies
Delicatessen
Information
Jams, jellies and chutney
Table favors and place cards
Tea

The date: Tuesday, November 22.
The hours: 11 a. m. to 9 p. m.
The Place: Auditorium of the City Club.

If you are going to make a contribution please fill out the blank and mail to Mrs. Booth as soon as possible.

This Is Another Day

I am mine own priest, and I shrive myself
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds
Of error, evil and neglect grow rank
And ugly there, I dare forgive myself
That error, sin and sloth and foolishness.

God knows that yesterday I played the fool;
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn o'er
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And flushed hope walks
Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon.
This is another day! And its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song.

This is another day! And the bold world
Leaps up and grasps its light and laughs,
As leapt Prometheus up
And wrenched the fire from Zeus.

This is another day! Are its eyes blurred
With maudlin grief for any wasted past?
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt!
Let dust clasp dust, death, death! I am alive!

And out of all the dust and death of mine
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart
And living faith. My spirit dares drink deep
Of the red mirth mantling the cup of morn.

—*Don Marquis.*

THEY ARE THE BULWARK O

● All hail the Volunteers!
How prompt they were!

And how soldierly, for all their excitement and eagerness to be at their posts all over the building, the morning of Wednesday, October 12.

But, like good soldiers, they obeyed orders, and first assembled on the Roof Garden to be photographed in "solid phalanx."

They stood up to the camera as they face their duty throughout the year: merrily, faithfully.

Volunteer Service is something so familiar to City Club members and their friends that one wonders at times if the real marvel of them is not overlooked because of the closeness of the view. In far places—in other cities where such a thing as Volunteer Service is not known—they are regarded as the really unique feature of the Club.

And so, when such a splendid group as this comes together to act in infinite capacities over the building at the Club's annual Talent Festival—also unique in Club history—it is meet that they be photographed.

And the very photographing is a Volunteer Service by the wife of a well-known artist who offers her husband's talent. A photographer member takes the smaller pictures.

Here they are in their uniforms, the badge of their Service to an Ideal which grows in splendor with each succeeding year.

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I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

Fiction:

INHERITANCE; *by Phyllis Bentley;* The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE; *by Andre Maurois;* D. Appleton and Co., New York. $2.50.

SPEARS AGAINST US; *by Cecil Roberts;* Appleton and Co., New York. $2.50.

SONS; *by Pearl S. Buck;* John Day and Co., New York. $2.50.

Timely Handbooks for Group Study:

AS IT LOOKS TO YOUNG CHINA; *edited by William Hung;* The Friendship Press, New York. $1.00; paper, 60 cents.

FACING THE FUTURE IN INDIAN MISSIONS; *by Lewis Merriam,* director of Survey of Indian Affairs, and *George W. Hinman,* director of Survey of Indian Work; Council of Women for Home Missions, New York. $1; paper 60 cents.

INDIAN AMERICANS; *by Winifred Hulbert;* Friendship Press, New York. $1; paper, 60 cents.

● Inheritance; by Phyllis Bentley.

"Inheritance" is the novel that stands out above the month's average. Often a reviewer feels like one of our new miners in the old California placer mines: a worked over field, and at the end of the day only a few grains of gold at the bottom of the pan. But it's exciting to find real gold. And this is a nugget.

Phyllis Bentley has made a study of six generations of the Oldroyd family, woolen-mill owners, and their employees and neighbors in the Yorkshire Valley of the Ire. Her descriptions of the lovely Ire Valley are as tenderly reminiscent as those of the Doone Valley. She says that the Ire Valley is imaginary, and the Oldroyds figments of her brain. But these are the hills and vales of home, for Miss Bentley's life has been spent in Yorkshire, and her book shows the result of long thought about the major problem of her time and district—the labor questions between owner and employed. It is an epic, a saga, of the long struggle in the evolution of the woolen industry! Beginning in 1800, in the fight of the [illegible] weavers and "hand croppers" aga[illegible]ntroduction of mechanical "frames" into the mills, the story winds its way down through the years like the winding Ire River, through frowning cliffs of murder, strike and riot, through misconception and misunderstanding, to the building of great woolen mills and the evolution of a great family whose "roots go right down into the Ire Valley soil." It takes them through the dream and heroism of the Great War, and its aftermath, the depression, when the fortune is swept away, the mills closed, and "the Oldroyds were selling up." "The men had been discharged with as much notice as Francis could afford to give them—in fact, perhaps more than he could afford—and were now presumably on the dole." "By the beginning of September, Francis neither owed any man a penny, nor owned a penny. But the Oldroyds no longer owned a mill, a yard of land, a loom, or a piece of cloth; their ruin was complete. All that remained to them was Charlotte's jointure, the price of Old Syke's mill."

Francis and Charlotte Oldroyd, softened by luxury, take their children, last of six generations, away from the West Riding of Yorkshire, away from woolen mills and labor struggles, to seek an easier life elsewhere. But the boy David stays in the Ire Valley, to build anew on the old foundations.

"It seemed to him that in 1812 a certain conflict had begun, and that the conflict had worked itself out until it reached the ruin of today. The Oldroyds—pushing, determined, able men—see their advantage in the introduction of machines; the Mellors and Thorpes see their advantage in the maintenance of hand labor; and the conflict of interest (a conflict in which each side ever strives to impose its will on the other) begins. Between the two opposing parties stands Joe Bamforth, a man in fair compassions skilled, a man indifferent to his own interests and eager for the welfare of others, a man who understands and loves both parties, a man who might have interpreted them to each other and reconciled them. Instead of that, mused David bitterly, between them they get him hanged. His sister is deserted, and the Oldroyds, in the person of old Will, ally themselves to comfort instead of compassion. In the next generation the master manufacturers alienate the compassionate Joth, and drive him from the mill; in the next, masters and men, in the course of their conflict, drive Henry from Annotsfield. And we come to a state of affairs, reflected David, when the compassionate men won't go into industry at all; men of that type shun industry and seek the professions where the humanities are observed. Look at the Bamforths, for instance! Not one of them is in industry today. As one result of this, the men who *are* in industry are not as proud of it as they used to be; they want to make money and be gentlemen if they are masters, make money and be comfortable if they are men, instead of wanting to make good cloth. For another, the conflict between masters and men becomes ever more bitter. And so today, when a tremendous economic adjustment is required of the whole industry, they haven't the habit of co-operation nor the pride of enterprise to make it; masters and men are too busy attacking each other to save the cloth trade; they can't see the world wood for the trees of self-interest, and so they're going down together in ruin."

David "threw back his head and saw what he had expected to see, namely, the three soaring masts of the northern wireless station. In the autumn sunshine they looked very white, very slender and very beautiful. 'Nation shall speak peace unto nation,' murmured David.

" 'When you come to think of it, the blood of *all* those people who began the conflict runs in my veins: Oldroyd, Bamforth, Mellor, Thorpe, Smith, Stancliffe, Brigg—God! how deep I am in the West Riding!—— We're all blood brothers, we're all bound up together.—— Yes, everything is all woven up together—which shows just how silly this conflict business is.

" 'Rather attractive,' thought David, holding up his hand and looking at it with interest; 'rather attractive to think that in that hand are bits of all those stalwarts of 1812. Why do I call them stalwarts? Well, at any rate, the Oldroyds of that day had the courage to try something new; the change to machinery must have been really very daring. I don't think the later generations have had as much courage as that,' he thought; 'it seems to me that Syke Mill has been running for a good many years now on the momentum imparted to it by those early generations. But I should like to try something new! But I'll never have the chance; we're off to Hampshire in the morning.

" 'I believe,' mused David, 'that your

actions live after you till this globe is dissolved. Every act of every character in the Oldroyd story is still affecting the Ire Valley today; we labor under their baseness, and are raised by their nobility. Yes,' decided David, 'decency and integrity, courage and compassion, are always worth while; they are not lost, but pass on down the generations; we are indeed the heirs of all the ages.

" 'But there won't be any smoke in either of the Syke mill chimneys,' said David bitterly, descending from the wall. 'Oh, damn! I don't want the Oldroyd textile story to stop; I want it to go *on!*'

"And so, when the train whistled, preparing to run into the tunnel and out of Yorkshire, David jumped off, fell, rolled over, and picked himself up, bruised but laughing. He strode up the lane, whistling cheerfully; he reached the road and set his face resolutely toward Marthwaite."

It's a ripping good story! Don't miss it.

● The Family Circle; by Andre Maurois.

Concerning the other books which we have found worthy of mention—it is unusual at this turn of the year to find so many. Usually the presses are just beginning to grind out the grist of the season.

But I find "The Family Circle" by Andre Maurois distinctly a disappointment. He has done such lovely things in his earlier books, he has shown such a flair for the spiritually imaginative, that one expects more from him than this. It is the story of a French girl, Denise, whose childish mind and character were warped and embittered by her mother's infidelities, of which the child comprehended more than the mother dreamed. And yet, in her own life, Denise repeats the same story, treads the same path, with the same thick incomprehension of the minds of her own children. That, I think, is what he means by the vicious "circle," not what an American would mean by the "family circle." It does not ring true; it is not consonant with the extreme sensitiveness and precocity of Denise as a child. Only at the end does her imperviousness break down, and she decides that she will not spend her little daughter's birthday with her lover. It is not Maurois at his best, and there are places where the translation might have been improved.

Perhaps it may be of interest to quote from the English review of this book, in *The Spectator*. Discussing Denise, L. A. G. Strong says:

"She belongs to that numerous family who desire 'the security of marriage and the freedom of celibacy.' This pursuit carries her through numerous love experiences, till in the end the threat of financial disaster unites her to Edmond and generally brings her to her senses. M. Maurois dissects with his accustomed skill and a little less than his accustomed humor. 'Family Circle' is somewhat patchy, but the bright patches are brilliant, and the book is deeply interesting, not least from its unlikeness to any English novel upon the same subject."

● Spears Against Us; by Cecil Roberts.

"Spears Against Us" will be enjoyed by those who loved the pre-war Tyrol of Austria. As a medical student, the Head-of-the-House tramped through the Tyrol, and he finds these descriptions full of atmosphere. Cecil Roberts tells the story—and tells it very well—of the intertwining lives of two families, the Edelsteins of Austria and the Crawleys of England, in the years before and during and after the Great War, with all its tragic changes. The author is rather more European than American in his implication that a girl's virtue is dependent upon the amount of clothes she wears, and is lost, necessarily, if she is wrapped in a blanket in a mountain chalet during a storm. But one expects that, and objects to it, in most English books—and in some American.

The title is gracefully chosen from "Atalanta in Calydon":

"When wild wars broke all round thy father's house,
And the mad people of wild windy ways
Laid spears against us like a sea."

Mr. Roberts has made a contribution to post-war literature in his vivid and sympathetic picture of what the Great War has meant to the people of Austria.

● Sons; by Pearl S. Buck.

"Sons," Pearl Buck's sequel to "The Good Earth," has come to a close as a serial in *Cosmopolitan*, and is now on the market. It carries on the lives of the three sons, Wang the Tiger, Wang the Merchant, and Wang the Landlord. In the end heredity treads the same "circle" of which Maurois thought, when the son of Wang the Tiger, the war lord, made a soldier in spite of himself, comes back again to his first love, the good earth. There is not quite the same thrill and tang in the sequel as in the earlier book, perhaps because it takes us farther away from the good earth; but there is the same simplicity and stately movement in the author's style. Pearl Buck's hand has not lost its cunning.

● Timely Handbooks for Group Study.

The handbooks listed from the Friendship Press and the Women's Council of Missions are designed for those who are interested in our international problems, at home as well as abroad. In small compass and accessible form, they give much information to study groups concerning the international struggle for development and self-expression. A few weeks ago I visited the great Indian school and hospital which Uncle Sam has built for his wards out of the gay native stones of Nevada. It was amazing. But there is still the problem of the years that come after. In "Indian Americans" a sympathetic young Navajo husband in the Southwest remarks, "White people don't know what we are facing in this day. A girl comes back with a good education, as a housekeeper, maybe, or a nurse. Her home is a one-room hogan, thirty, perhaps fifty, miles away from a town. And there are no white people to talk English with anywhere around. She is dressed clean and neat, and has a suitcase full of clean clothes. When she comes into the hogan she has no chair to sit on, no bed to sleep on, only a sheepskin. There is no stove to cook on, just an open fire, and no water but just a bucketful for a day, when in school she had all she needed. She has no broom, no bread tin. And how would she keep a bed or chair clean, with all the sand that blows around? Maybe her parents are interested to help her, but maybe they are not. The boys face the problem just about the same. In school we learn out of books the way the white people farm; we don't do it ourselves. We fail at home because we don't have much rain, and we can't do dry-farming out of books."

What are we doing about that?

● City Club Almanac; souvenir of Talent Festival.

Our President and Directors point with pride to the 1933 Almanac of the Women's City Club, compiled by Josephine Bartlett and Christina Madison, with Bernita Lundy as Art Editor. The original cover, with its black-and-white impressionistic map of San Francisco and the Bay, was designed and executed by Mrs. Nadine Hammond. And the price is only 50 cents. It contains so many loved quotations and so many favorite recipes that it should rate first choice at the holiday season for a Club member to send a Christmas wish to another Club member, or for all the Club members to mail to Eastern friends and show what a city club can do when it is on its toes.

And that reminds me that it would help the Book Department if the Club members were oftener inspired to point with pride to their own handiwork. The annual Festival shows us a talented membership, and we are humbly sure that we cannot guess the date of publication of our own new books by our own second sight. It does not help us very much to be *told* about new books, because we are getting enough daily exercise now in inspecting the shelves of three clubs for women and two clubs for men, besides public and lending libraries. in our chase after the elusive new book

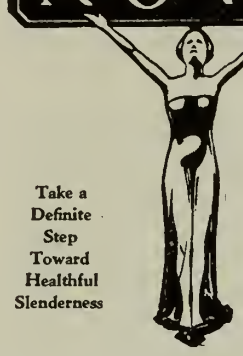
(Continued on Page 28)

Apropos of Thanksgiving —

—FROM JOSEPH CONRAD'S "LORD JIM"

● I was going home—to that home distant enough for all its hearthstones to be like one hearthstone, by which the humblest of us has the right to sit. We wander in our thousands over the face of the earth, the illustrious and the obscure, earning beyond the seas our fame, our money, or only a crust of bread; but it seems to me that for each of us going home must be like going to render an account. We return to face our superiors, our kindred, our friends — those whom we obey, and those whom we love; but even they who have neither, the most free, lonely, irresponsible and bereft of ties,—even those for whom home holds no dear face, no familiar voice,—even they have to meet the spirit that dwells within the land, under its sky, in its air, in its valleys, and on its rises, in its fields, in its waters and its trees—a mute friend, judge, and inspirer. Say what you like, to get its joy, to breathe its peace, to face its truth, one must return with a clear consciousness. All this may seem to you sheer sentimentalism; and indeed very few of us have the will or the capacity to look consciously under the surface of familiar emotions. There are the girls we love, the men we look up to, the tenderness, the friendships, the opportunities, the pleasures! But the fact remains that you must touch your reward with clean hands, lest it turn to dead leaves, to thorns, in your grasp. I think it is the lonely, without a fireside or an affection they may call their own, those who return not to a dwelling but to the land itself, to meet its disembodied, eternal, and unchangeable spirit — it is those who understand best its severity, its saving power, the grace of its secular right to our fidelity, to our obedience. Yes! few of us understand, but we all feel it though, and I say *all* without exception, because those who do not feel do not count. Each blade of grass has its spot on earth whence it draws its life, its strength; and so is man rooted to the land from which he draws his faith together with his life. I don't know how much Jim understood; but I know he felt, he felt confusedly but powerfully, the demand of some such truth or some such illusion—I don't care how you call it, there is so little difference, and the difference means so little. The thing is that in virtue of his feeling he mattered. He would never go home now. Not he. Never. Had he been capable of picturesque manifestations he would have shuddered at the thought and made you shudder, too. But he was not of that sort, though he was expressive enough in his way. Before the idea of going home he would grow desperately stiff and immovable, with lowered chin and pouted lips, and with those candid blue eyes of his glowering darkly under a frown, as if before something unbearable, as if before something revolting. There was imagination in that hard skull of his, over which the thick clustering hair fitted like a cap. As to me, I have no imagination (I would be more certain about him to-day, if I had), and I do not mean to imply that I figured to myself the spirit of the land uprising above the white cliffs of Dover, to ask me what I—returning with no bones broken, so to speak—had done with my very young brother. I could not make such a mistake. I knew very well he was of those about whom there is no inquiry; I had seen better men go out, disappear, vanish utterly, without provoking a sound of curiosity or sorrow. The spirit of the land, as becomes the ruler of great enterprises, is careless of innumerable lives. Woe to the stragglers! We exist only in so far as we hang together. He had straggled in a way; he had not hung on; but he was aware of it with an intensity that made him touching, just as a man's more intense life makes his death more touching than the death of a tree. I happened to be handy, and I happened to be touched. That's all there is to it. I was concerned as to the way he would go out. It would have hurt me if, for instance, he had taken to drink. The earth is so small that I was afraid of, some day, being waylaid by a blear-eyed, swollen-faced, besmirched loafer, with no soles to his canvas shoes, and with a flutter of rags about the elbows, who, on the strength of old acquaintance, would ask for a loan of five dollars. You know the awful jaunty bearing of these scarecrows coming to you from a decent past, the rasping careless voice, the half-averted impudent glances—those meetings more trying to a man who believes in the solidarity of our lives than the sight of an impenitent deathbed to a priest. That, to tell you the truth, was the only danger I could see for him and for me; but I also mistrusted my want of imagination. It might even come to something worse, in some way it was beyond my powers of fancy to foresee. He wouldn't let me forget how imaginative he was, and your imaginative people swing farther in any direction, as if given a longer scope of cable in the uneasy anchorage of life. They do. They take to drink, too. It may be I was belittling him by such a fear. How could I tell? Even Stein could say no more than that he was romantic. I only knew he was one of us. And what business had he to be romantic? I am telling you so much about my own instinctive feelings and bemused reflections because there remains so little to be told of him. He existed for me, and after all it is only through me that he exists for you. I've led him out by the hand; I have paraded him before you. Were my commonplace fears unjust? I won't say—not even now. You may be able to tell better, since the proverb has it that the onlookers see most of the game. At any rate, they were superfluous. He did not go out, not at all; on the contrary, he came on wonderfully, came on straight as a die and in excellent form, which showed that he could stay as well as spurt. I ought to be delighted, for it is a victory in which I had taken my part; but I am not so pleased as I would have expected to be. I ask myself whether his rush had really carried him out of that mist in which he loomed interesting if not very big, with floating outlines—a straggler yearning inconsolably for his humble place in the ranks. And besides, the last word is not said,—probably shall never be said. Are not our lives too short for that full utterance which through all our stammerings is of course our only and abiding intention? I have given up expecting those last words, whose ring, if they could only be pronounced, would shake both heaven and earth. There is never time to say our last word—the last word of our love, of our desire, faith, remorse, submission, revolt. The heaven and the earth must not be shaken. I suppose—at least, not by us who know so many truths about either. My last words about Jim shall be few. I affirm he had achieved greatness; but the thing would be dwarfed in the telling, or rather in the hearing. Frankly, it is not my words that I mistrust but your minds. I could be eloquent were I not afraid you fellows had starved your imaginations to feed your bodies. I do not mean to be offensive; it is respectable to have no illusions—and safe—and profitable—and dull. Yet you, too, in your time must have known the intensity of life, that light of glamour created in the shock of trifles, as amazing as the glow of sparks struck from a cold stone—and as short-lived, alas!"

NOVA



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Do You Know That——

● The children are to have a Christmas Party of their very own on December 17?

The Holiday Pantry Sale is to be November 22, the day of the Thanksgiving luncheon and dinner in the Cafeteria?

The Pantry Sale will be in the Auditorium from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. and the luncheon and dinner in the Cafeteria from 11:30 to 1:30 and from 5:30 to 7 p. m.? $1 per plate.

There will be a charge of 5 cents for each pass issued beginning January 1? Remember to carry your membership cards!

Beginning November 2 there will be an admission charge of 10 cents for members and guests attending Mrs. Lucas' Current Events Section?

The Nominating Committee invites suggestions of names for Board of Directors up to November 19? Send suggestions in care of Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman of the Nominating Committee.

Scrip and swim tickets make acceptable birthday and Christmas gifts?

If your Magazine is sent to an incorrect address it costs the Club 5 cents to have it returned? We therefore will not send it again unless a better address is given.

You are not entitled to the hospitality of reciprocal clubs unless you present a card of introduction obtained from our Room Secretary? Please do not embarrass your own Club or the club that is willing to extend courtesies to you by omitting to secure the proper credentials.

There are a limited number of Almanacs left and if you wish to use extra copies in place of Christmas cards it is advisable to purchase them now?

"Listen In" to Paris American Women's Club

● On Sunday, November 6, the American Women's Club in Paris, with which we have reciprocal relations, is to have a gala dinner followed by a Fashion Show and talk (in English) by the celebrated Jean-Charles and Jacques Worth. The talk will begin at 10 p. m. Paris time (2:00 p. m. Pacific time) and will be broadcast throughout America by courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company. This is the first time that an American women's club has been in direct touch with America and we know that many of our members will be interested to "listen in" and learn what is what in the fashion capital of the world.

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The Thirty-First Year
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PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
will begin
Wednesday, September 14, 1932

Peace of Prayer

The service is ended.
The white-sleeved Bishop
And the Pastor, clad in black,
Walk silently behind
The tall, grave acolyte
Who leads them to the vestry.
The blessing of the Church
Rests upon the kneeling people.
And all is peaceful silence.
For a short, sweet space of Time
God was in very spirit there.
The gentle Madonna seemed
To almost leave the canvas
That holds her form within its frame.
One by one, the candles are extinguished.
A devout youth bows before the altar.
The organ rolls its sweet tones
Above the lifted heads.
Quietly, and with Faith renewed,
The strengthened ones take up their burden,
And move slowly down the aisle.
Out of doors the hum of planes
And the hum of honey bees
Sing of Man's activity.
Cobalt salvia and nodding dahlias bloom
Around the lone fan-leaved palm
That gladdens a garden of friendly earth.

A cool sunlight bathes
A fresco of the Crucifixion,
Weathering on the north wall
Of Saint Mary the Virgin Church;
And another Sunday passes.

—*Adela Vallejo Gantner.*

American Olympic Bridge Tournament

● On Wednesday evening, October 19, the Women's City Club Unit of the American Bridge Olympic under the direction of Mrs. A. M. Roedel and Mrs. H. N. Gray, met in the Chinese Room of the Clubhouse. Four silver cups were awarded as trophies to the following for the highest scores:

North-South winners—Mrs. W. St. B. Eustis, Mrs. Henry W. Dixon.

East-West winners — Mrs. Harry N. Carroll, Mr. Philip A. Coxon.

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For Cross on Mount Davidson

● A table is to be placed in the main lobby of the Club Wednesday, November 2, from 10:30 to 2:30, and on Thursday, November 3, from 4:30 to 8:30 o'clock to receive contributions for the permanent concrete cross to be placed on Mount Davidson. The Sunrise Easter Service Committee is in charge of raising these funds, and the erection of a permanent monument is a civic undertaking, and something that will enhance the beauty of that mountain top. The funds to be raised are to erect the cross and to establish a permanent upkeep fund.

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Chances Are She Knew Most of 'Em

● A Volunteer who was sitting at a table in the hall of the Third Floor one day recently was asked so many questions that she began to jot them down, and these are a few of the things that she, because she was in uniform, was expected to know:

Where is the League for Women Voters?
What is the Talent Festival?
What date does the opera start?
How long are these political luncheons to continue? (Referring to the Democratic luncheons and the Republican round-tables.)
Why don't they have a rest room on the Third Floor?
Where is Miss Leale?
Will you please come over and dial this telephone for me?
Where are the Democratic women meeting?
Where is the Republican luncheon?
When is the next Book Review?
Do you still have a waiting list?
Isn't Mrs. Hamilton coming today?
What are the dues for the junior members? (There is no junior membership.)

So it behooves a Volunteer to keep well informed about the affairs of the Club and to be a walking encyclopedia of general information!

Play-Reading Group

● Interest in the Play-Reading Group increases with every meeting, so much so that it has been decided to meet every first and third Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Any member interested in any phase of the drama, from acting and production to simply reading plays, is invited to join. There is no fee required to become a member of this enthusiastic group. The membership is divided into active and associate members. To be an active member one must be willing to take her turn at reading. This delightful procedure may not appeal agreeably to everyone, so an associate group also is required as an audience. Thus there is a place for every member who enjoys the drama.

On every first Friday a complete play will be read. On every third Friday the technique of play writing and play production will be discussed and illustrated. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard is the director of the Play-Reading Group.

A House Blessing

The beauty of the house is order;
The blessing of the house is contentment;
The glory of the house is hospitality;
The crown of the house is godliness.

Calcutta

—WILLIAM E. CAMERON

● Nothing is more enjoyable than a long, leisurely sea voyage where one can relax mentally and physically and escape the cares of everyday life. One cannot expect to make such a voyage on a huge, modern liner with its luxurious accommodations and throngs of pleasure-loving passengers. Better by far book passage on a comfortable, if battered and rusty, tramp and really get away from the maddening throng.

Forty-seven days out of San Francisco after an unexciting and enjoyable trip, our sturdy little vessel dipped its bows in the murky waters of the Hoogly. At last we were in Calcutta, the city of casts and burning Ghats. Each time one visits India one receives a different impression of what in reality is several countries joined together.

The same confliction of religious beliefs, Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism, the same caste system as in other large Indian cities, yet different from any of them. If one has never seen a burning Ghat, it is certainly worth while seeing, but once is usually sufficient for the average visitor. Located on the banks of the Hoogly, the Ghats are constantly visited by streams of pilgrims bringing their deceased relations for cremation.

To see Calcutta thoroughly, the best method is to engage a Gharri driver and have him take you over the city in his own leisurely way. A Gharri man never hurries and will stop anywhere on request and wait all day for one, if necessary. The huge native bazaars are always a source of interest to the Occidental. Every commodity used in Indian life is for sale in these fly-infested markets. As in all eastern cities, the usual throngs of idlers and beggars beseech the Sahib for alms. A Gharri driver does not encourage this alms seeking, as it might mean less for himself later on.

The populace of a Far Eastern city is always a study in itself, and Calcutta with about one and three-quarters millions of people contains all types and creeds. Tall, muscular, bearded Pathans ruthlessly push slender Hindus out of their path. I have yet to see a smiling, genial Pathan. They are a fierce, warlike race perpetually carrying a chip.

Street singers, wailing hideously sounding Hindu chants, we hastily pass by. The antics and tricks of street-corner magicians are very amusing and puzzling to the onlooker. India teems with mystics and magicians.

Amongst Calcutta's finest sights are its beautiful botanical and zoological gardens. Our limited time couldn't begin to do them justice and they are well worth visiting. Not a clean city and with disease perpetually lurking in the background, Calcutta despite this holds a certain fascination.

Its Burning Ghats and Bathing Ghats, its ancient customs and strange mixture of races and creeds lend Calcutta a charm hard to convey to anyone else, yet tangible enough to the casual visitor. With its oddly assorted populace, its quaint markets and caste discrimination, Calcutta will always be an alluring mystery to the Occidental sightseer.

Bridge Tournament

● At the Hallowe'en Bridge Party, held in the Auditorium October 25, the prizes which were won at the Bridge Tournament were distributed. The Tournament was held in the Clubhouse during September and October and the following persons were awarded prizes:

Mrs. O. M. Robinson, score 23,510—first prize, $10 order.

Mrs. H. N. Carroll, score 22,220—second prize, $5 order.

Mrs. W. C. Anderson, score 20,805—third prize, $3 order.

Revised Dates of Lecture Series

● Carveth Wells, popular explorer, author and radio personality, will make one San Francisco appearance Wednesday evening, November 30, in the beautiful new Veterans' Auditorium of the War Memorial Building. He has just returned from a trip to Russia where he headed an expedition into the Caucasus for the Chicago Geographic Society.

Aline Barrett Greenwood will speak at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday morning, November 3, at 11 o'clock.

On Thursday morning, November 10, at 11 o'clock at the Fairmont Hotel, Mrs. Jack Vallely will speak on late books and current events.

Material Wanted for Thanksgiving Decorations

● The Thanksgiving decorations are to be arranged Monday, November 21. If you have any gourds, grapes, squash, cornstalks, small pine cones or other decorative "growing things" in your city or country gardens the Club can make excellent use of them.

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you're looking for . . . better rush right down to Roos Bros.!

They've all the new ones Paris is raving over! They've some with burnished copper trims . . . some with initials . . . and some classically plain! Whatever your need . . . whatever your weakness . . . you'll find it there . . . and the prices are "verra modest" too!

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Home Economics

—CHRISTINA S. MADISON

● November promises to be a busy month. Armistice Day, the Big Game and then Thanksgiving—and few of us have recovered from the activities of the Talent Festival. But like good soldiers who rally at the bugle's call, we will respond as usual and have delightful luncheons or dinners—maybe both—so that our families and friends may enjoy the holidays amid happy surroundings.

Some take exception to even the thought of happiness on November 11 or May 30, but when it is in a spirit of true thankfulness because we have peace in our land, it is fitting that routine tasks be dropped for a while and pleasure offered to those who are still with us. This year, in the stress of unemployment, we might extend our charity by lending assistance to the less fortunate ex-service men. A basket of food —just everyday groceries—for the families of the men who went west; or a carton of cigarettes, a box of candy or a glass of home-made jelly to the chaps who are still paying the price. Don't forget them, will you?

And the Big Game! It is only the aged who fail to be thrilled when the Blue and Gold meet the Red and White. (This year on the Berkeley campus.) It is not a matter of years, but of spirit! When one sees feeble men and women being wheeled into the stadium, or assisted by loving hands, truly it is brought home that age is indeed not a question of time, but an interest in others. Few attend and then eat alone. It is an occasion for entertaining, and unless one plans to dine out, it is advisable to have a well-stocked refrigerator, as the tangy air and excitement increase the most blase appetite.

Better plan to serve three or four extra guests, as one is bound to meet old friends. A tray of intriguing canapes. Boxes of assorted crackers, pickles, olives and celery curls and tomato cocktails will satisfy until the dinner is ready to be served. The menu for the occasion depends entirely upon the homemaker's ability to assemble the dishes at the last minute, without distressing herself or guests; and upon whether she will have assistance or not.

For the woman who must be both hostess and maid, serving the meal as well as having the dishes to wash afterwards, a buffet service is advisable. Then too, the salad should be ready to serve and the main dish one that can be quickly reheated or cooked.

A baked-ham dinner with luscious hot biscuits would be fine! Sounds a bit difficult, but it can be easily managed if the ham is steamed, not boiled. Use the turkey roaster, steaming the meat for two and one-half hours in the early morning. Cook some sweet potatoes, too! Do not remove the lid, but let it stand tightly closed, placing the roaster over the pilot light, and by this method the pan will keep warm enough to require not over thirty minutes' baking.

As soon as you arrive home slip out into the kitchen, light the oven, with the control set at "roasting." Then open the pan, skin the ham, score the surface in diamond-shaped cuts. Spread with mustard, insert whole cloves in each diamond and sprinkle with brown sugar. Replace the lid, and bake about twenty minutes. Remove the lid and let brown for ten minutes.

When the oven is first lighted, remove the sheet of biscuits from the refrigerator—these,. of course, made either by your favorite recipe in the morning, or the ready-to-cook type—and place them on top of the oven to heat slowly. By the time the ham is warmed through, you may bake the biscuits, which will require from ten to twelve minutes.

While you are busy in the kitchen, take the canapes and tomato cocktails into the living room. By following this system, everyone will be comfortable and will not mind waiting thirty to forty minutes for the dinner.

Chicken fricassee is another dish that lends itself nicely for a service of this kind, as it is easily reheated and with hot biscuits and honey would be just right for hungry folks.

One-dish meals, such as spaghetti, ravioli or Spanish rice, with a salad, fruit, coffee and cheese, might please you more.

And now we come to our national holiday, the day which means so much to all Americans. For the third year I extend Thanksgiving greetings to my fellow members. I sincerely hope the past months have brought health and happiness to all.

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FOR
ALL
OCCASIONS

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What to serve for the Thanksgiving Day dinner is always a problem, unless the homemaker's family agrees upon the good old faithful turkey. Roast duck or chicken may be substituted without changing any of the accompanying dishes in the following menus, which are both simple and elaborate—designed for all tastes and service, as one must have assistance for a formal, many-course dinner.

Melon Ball Cocktail
Celery Curls Ripe Olives
Roast Turkey Nut Dressing
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus
Plum Pudding or Pumpkin Pie
Coffee Cheese Fruit

•

Oyster Cocktail
Pimolas Hearts Celery
Consomme Wafers
Roast Duck Stuffing
Candied Sweets String Beans
Tomato Ring
Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
Coffee Cheese Nuts Raisins

•

Anchovy Canapes
Jumbo Olives Celery Curls
Cream of Mushroom Soup
Roast Turkey Oyster Dressing
Cranberry Frappe
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus
Endive Salad Roquefort Dressing
Ice Cream Mince Pie
Nuts Raisins Fruit
Coffee

My own recipes for preparing the suggested recipes have been published several times. The following are taken from the Club's Cook Book, "Members' Recipes." If you do not own a copy there are a limited number now on sale in the League Shop for 50 cents per copy. If you are a new member you are missing a treat if you have not used this book, as the recipes are unusual and were contributed by our members who are noted for their culinary ability.

Banana Balls: 12 bananas, 6 lemons, sherry, 2 cups sugar. Cut bananas into balls with a vegetable cutter. Drop them into the lemon juice and let stand for 1 hour. Skim out and to the lemon juice add the sugar, cooking for about five minutes. Add sherry to suit taste. Set aside to cool. Arrange the banana balls in the skins which have been kept in boat-shape. Then pour the syrup over them and garnish the plate with strawberry leaves.—Edna H. Osborn.

Oyster Cocktail: 100 California oysters, 3 teaspoons horseradish, 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper, 3 teaspoons olive oil, ½ cup catsup, 1 teaspoon chopped chives and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Juice of 2 limes. Salt, tabasco and cayenne to suit taste. Soak 1 clove of garlic in mixture.—Mrs. Ira W. Sloss.

Finnan Haddie Hors d'Oeuvres: 1 pound finnan haddie, butter size of an egg, 1 heaping tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, half clove garlic, 1½ cups cream, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 drops tabasco, pinch cayenne, 1. tablespoon chopped chives or parsley, toast and grated cheese. Boil or steam the finnan haddie for ten minutes; let cool. Skin and remove bones, then pass through meat grinder. Melt the butter in saucepan, blend with flour and dry mustard, add the garlic, chopped very fine. Next add the cream and bring all to boil until it is heavy like cream sauce. Then add the finnan haddie; season with Worcestershire sauce, tabasco, cayenne, chives or parsley. Boil until it forms a paste; remove from fire and cool. Spread on toast rounds, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in hot oven.—Mrs. Philip A. Coxon.

Cream of Chestnut Soup: 1 quart Italian chestnuts, 1 quart clarified chicken stock, 1 cup pastry cream, sprigs of fresh mint and chives, salt, pepper and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Shell and skin the chestnuts by plunging into hot water. Then stew until tender and press through ricer. Add the chicken stock and cream, beaten, and heat to the steaming point with a few sprigs of fresh mint and chives. Add salt and pepper. Thicken to a smooth cream with the cornstarch dissolved in a little cold liquid. Remove bouquet before serving.—Mrs. S. G. Chapman.

Cream of Mushroom Soup: ½ pound

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THE LEAGUE SHOP

MAIN FLOOR • WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

mushrooms, onion, 4 cups soup stock (bouillon cubes may be used), ½ cup butter, ½ cup flour, 1 cup milk, seasoning and whipped cream. Wash and cut mushrooms up very fine, with one thick slice of onion. Simmer for one-half hour in the soup stock. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings and combine with the mushrooms; if too thick, add more milk. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each plate. Serves six or seven people.—Mrs. George Heyneman.

Jellied Tomato Ring: 1 quart can strained tomato, 1 envelope gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon grated onion juice, 1 finely chopped green pepper, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar and 1 cup sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Then add to hot tomato liquor and stir until dissolved. Set aside until almost cold, then add the onion juice, peppers, celery, parsley, salt, vinegar and sugar. Turn into rinsed ring mold and chill until firm.—Mrs. Arthur F. L. Bell.

•

Tho' my soul may set in darkness,
It will rise in perfect light,
I have loved the stars too fondly to
Be fearful of the night.

Think of the Clerical Work Involved

- July—790.
  August—1,079.
  September—898.

That is the record of the passes issued during those three months, and this because the members either forgot their cards or objected to carrying them.

The number has grown to such proportions that it was seriously discussed at the October Board Meeting, and the twenty-five members present unanimously agreed that because of the time involved in checking up the records and in making out the passes a charge of 5 cents be made for each one issued on and after January 1, except of course for the special bedroom passes and those for guests when the member is already in the building.

The members who object to showing their passes do not realize the constant vigilance necessary in a building this size, for it is imperative that those who are admitted shall have the right to the privilege.

The rule is not an arbitrary one made to annoy, but for the sole purpose of protecting the members and the property of the Club. Your co-operation is urged in enforcing this rule.

If you have forgotten your card do not ask the elevator operator to make an exception in your case—go first to the Room Secretary at the Front Office and get the pass.

Make a practice of carrying your card so that when January comes you will not be penalized.

I Have Been Reading

(Continued from Page 20)

before someone else captures it. The kind publishers who send us occasional books for review usually hang on to the best sellers like grim death. But if a member of the Club should be inspired to mail us a copy of her newly published book she may be sure of a review (or at least a mention, if we should be swamped by unexpected talent!), and her book will be added to the shelves of the Club library. So she will build up the Magazine, the Library and the Club, and add to her record for Volunteer Service!

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds (value $65,931,292.00) on books at	$ 62,640,540.16
Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

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Manicures	50c to 75c
Marcel and Shampoo	$1.25
Marcel	$1.00
Eye Arch	50c
Eyebrow and Eyelash Dyeing	$1.50
Hair Cutting	75c
Neck Trim	35c
Thinning	50c
Peroxide Touch-up	$1.50
White Henna Touch-up	$2.50
Henna Pack	$1.50 and up
Hair Dyeing	$3.50
Facial (½ hour)	$1.50
Facial (1 hour)	$2.50
Scalp Treatments	$1.50
Permanent Wave	$5.00

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CONTOURÉ PREPARATIONS

Make an appointment to have Mrs. Geist give you a Contouré Make-up on Wednesday, November 16.

Juvenile Delinquency the Problem of America, Says Grace Abbott

● Although great strides have been made in reducing infant mortality, the death rate of infants under one year of age having dropped from 86 in 1920 to 64 in 1930, there has been no similar progress in reducing juvenile delinquency, writes Grace Abbott, chief of the U. C. Children's Bureau, in the May issue of *The Parents' Magazine*.

"Delinquency is created in the home, the school, and the community," she writes. "It becomes chronic when the agencies for treating the delinquent child—the juvenile court and its affiliated agencies—fail to cure or to arrest the progress of the disease. The past ten years have seen great improvement in the diagnosis of the causes of delinquency, but there has been no corresponding development of its treatment. Funds have been available for scientific research in physical and social causes but have been inadequate for scientific experimentation in treatment.

"The great reductions in the infant death rate and the increase in the dynamic health of children came when parental knowledge of scientific care for children became more general. A great increase in the number of parents and teachers who understand the fundamentals of child training could bring a corresponding reduction in the conduct problems of children. Provision of opportunity for such parental education," continues Miss Abbott in *The Parents' Magazine*, "is a community responsibility. Resources for the study of the individual delinquent and for assistance to parents and teachers in handling the conduct problems which do arise, are adequate in only a very few communities at present.

"To lower our delinquency rate we shall need more and better child psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers to care for those who become delinquent, but we shall also need more playgrounds, more swimming pools, more clubs for adolescent children conducted by schools, churches, lodges, settlements, and other community agencies, if we are to meet the recreational needs and interests of all kinds of boys and girls. Specialists realize the importance of making available to parents community assistance in providing constructive, dynamic interests for children. A great expansion and improvement in these services for children should be a goal for 1942.

"It is more than thirty years since the first juvenile court was established. At present half of the population of the United States is served by courts which provide for delinquent children over whom they have jurisdiction the minimum services necessary for such courts," continues Miss

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Abbott. "Though no statistics are available on this point, it is probably safe to say that there are trained probation officers in not more than 500 of our more than 3,000 counties; many of the institutions for the care of these children are still founded on the old conception of punishment.

"Can we say that we shall have well-trained probation officers in 2,000 counties by 1942 and that our resources for treatment shall be greatly increased by scientific experiments in preventing delinquency and providing more intelligent care for children who become wards of the state?"

•

Between two breaths,
What shrouded mysteries lie,
The first short gasp,
The last and long-drawn sigh.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1932.
State of California,
City and ss.
County of San Francisco,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marie Hicks Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco; Managing editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco; Business Manager, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.
President, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale, San Francisco, California.
Recording Secretary, Miss Georgia Fenwick, San Francisco, California.
Treasurer, Miss Emma Noonan, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 8700. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1932.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1934.)

Note.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB THANKSGIVING DINNER

•

Orange Baskets Supreme

•

Hearts of Celery and Mixed Olives

•

Cream of Golden Corn
Consomme Royal

•

Roast Young Tom Turkey,
Giblet Gravy
Home-made Dressing
Cranberry Sauce

•

Lime Sherbet

•

Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes

•

Hubbard Squash
Asparagus Tips, Hollandaise

•

Persimmon Salad
Golden Dressing

•

Home-made Mince Pie and Pumpkin Pie
Thanksgiving Parfait
Chocolate Torte Cake

•

Demi Tasse

$1.25 Per Plate

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Special Attention Will Be Given to Private Parties

•

Thanksgiving Lunch and Dinner in Cafeteria
Tuesday, November 22

$1.00

•

Thanksgiving Breakfast
Served from 7:30 to 11

75 Cents

Wild Geese

How oft against the sunset sky or moon
I watched that moving zigzag of spread wings
In unforgotten Autumns gone too soon,
In unforgotten Springs!

Creatures of desolation, far they fly
Above all lands bound by the curling foam;
In misty fens, wild moors and trackless sky
Those wild things have their home.

They know the tundra of Siberian coasts,
And tropic marshes by the Indian seas;
They know the clouds and night and starry hosts
From Crux to Pleiades.

Dark flying rune against the western glow—
It tells the sweep and loneliness of things,
Symbol of Autumns vanished long ago,
Symbol of coming Springs!

Translated by Evelyn Kerr.

Places

Places I love come back to me like music,
Hush me and heal me when I am very tired;
I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming
In a flare of crimson by the frost newly fired;
And I am thirsty for the spring in the valley
As for a kiss ungiven and long desired.

I know a bright world of snowy hills at Boonton,
A blue and white dazzling light on everything one sees,
The ice-covered branches of the hemlocks sparkle
Bending low and tinkling in the sharp thin breeze,
And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust
With the Winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees.

Violet now, in veil on veil of evening
The hills across from Cromwell grow dreamy and far;
A wood thrush is singing soft as a viol
In the heart of the hollow here the dark pools are;
The primrose has opened her pale yellow flower
And heaven is lighting star after star.

Places I love come back to me like music—
Midocean, midnight, the waves buzz drowsily;
In the ship's deep churning the eerie phosphorescence
Is like the souls of people who were drowned at sea,
And I can hear a man's voice, speaking, hushed, insistent,
At midnight, in midocean, hour on hour to me.

—Sara Teasdale.

▼

For I have lived too deeply, roamed too far,
To be content with lesser things of life;
For I have heard the camel bells at dawn
And watched the fishing eagle's flight
And camped with caravans at night.

SWIMMING POOL

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●

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Saturday, 9:00—5:00

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Class Lessons

Classes in swimming, diving, junior or senior life saving will be formed on request of five or more persons. There is no fee for instruction in life saving.

●

Men's Guest Nights

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim

Wednesday Nights (in November) — 5:30 to 7:30

Friday Nights—5:30 to 9:00

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1932

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

December, 1932 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VI ◆ No. 11

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the holiday season is remindful of home-made pastries, cakes, pies and the like, and you cannot please your family more than to serve them items from the Little Cake Shop at 2437 Fillmore . . . as for the ingredients for plum puddings, canapes, salads, drinks and all else that cheers the inner man, right in the same neighborhood, on Fillmore at Washington, you'll find the very things at The New Fillmore . . .

and another reminder that the Bujannoffs at 51 Lick Place can do wonders with hand-setting jewels and precious stones in time for Christmas presents . . . just look through that jewel case of yours and pick out some trinkets that will cheer someone else and have them reset in an up-to-date manner . . .

while all the while you're scratching your head for an idea, Sloane has just the thing for any householder—new furniture, a rug, or one of a thousand other items . . .

Byington for new lights for the tree, new globes for old light circuits, switches, sockets, radios and all their appurtenances; don't wait too long, phone or call Byington for service . . .

while Art Rattan has a host of ideas for brightening the holiday at most reasonable cost . . .

if there were more space we'd suggest some more, but bear these items in mind and we'll continue next month . . . a merry Christmas to you . . .

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Pre-historic ? ? ? ?

if she is Mrs. Cro-Magnon, geographically she's French . . . and she's modern, if she is . . . for it's not beyond reason to believe that Mr. C-Magnon grabbed her curly locks as she ran out after telling him she wouldn't put up with his vile temper another minute . . . and Mr. C-M kept a handful of the wig and yelled "see if I care if you never come back!" . . . making her way to a first class beauty salon she would have a complete overhauling and Mr. C-M would take her back rather than go to the trouble of taming another . . . well, that wasn't just the point we were getting at, for our story is about the beauty salon of the women's city club . . . it isn't loyalty to the club that should bring you in, it's loyalty to yourself . . . once you realize that the salon is operated by talented help selected to please 8500 women members and their friends you will make it a point to patronize this *popular price* shop . . . the *best* must be the salon's objective, and you are the one to profit by this high standard of service . . . you will always profit once you get the club salon habit . . . call up for an appointment or drop in and discuss your problem . . . garfield 8400 . . . ask for mrs. grabow . . . have a manicure to test our statements . . .

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1, 1932

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time is reserved for discussion. Admission, purchase of scrip in the amount of 50 cents to be used in any department of the Club at any time. Guests 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

First and Third Wednesdays of December . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Following the lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. Members are invited to join Mrs. Lucas at her table. Cafeteria service.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First and Third Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members and guests are invited. No fee.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

French Conversational Table—Second and Fourth Wednesdays . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Members are invited to meet at luncheon in the Cafeteria for French conversation. Only French will be spoken.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL—

Every Friday Night . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.

Spanish Conversational Table—Second and Fourth Thursdays . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Members are invited to meet at luncheon in the Cafeteria for Spanish conversation. Only Spanish will be spoken.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY—December 17

Swim—luncheon—program—Christmas tree and Santa Claus.
Make reservations for luncheon now. Reserved seats for program now on sale.

December 1—Book Review Dinner - - - - - - *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Subject: "Inheritance" by Phyllis Bentley

Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Captain Thomas A. Kearny, U. S. N., retired
Subject: "Brazil, in Appreciation."

2—Book Discussion Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard - - *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard - - - - *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

5—Young Members' Luncheon - - - - - - - - *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.

7—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles E. Curry - - *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.

8—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: Aline Kistler
Subject: "The Art of the Bolivian Andes"

15—Thursday Evening Program - - - - - - - *American Room* 8:00 P.M.

Altheda Oliver, assisted at the piano by Charles Myers
Program of modern American poems set to music by modern American composers

16—Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard - - - - *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

17—Children's Christmas Party

Swimming - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Pool* 10:00 A.M. TO 12:00

Luncheon (50 cents) - - - - - - - - - - - *Third Floor* 12:00 TO 1:30 P.M.

Program Followed by Christmas Tree and Santa Claus - - *Auditorium* 2:30 P.M.

Seats reserved—children 25 cents; adults 55 cents

20—Cafeteria Christmas Luncheon - - - - - - - - *Cafeteria* 12:00 TO 1:30 P.M.

Cafeteria Christmas Dinner - - - - - - - - *Cafeteria* 5:30 TO 7:00 P.M.

21—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas - - - - *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

22—Special Dinner - - - - - - - - - *Main Dining Room* 5:30 TO 8:00 P.M.

Christmas Carols by Cathedral Choir - - - - - - *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

25—Christmas Breakfast - - - - - - - - *Main Dining Room* 7:30 A.M. TO 1:00

Christmas Dinner - - - - - - - - - *Main Dining Room* 1:00 TO 8:00 P.M.

29—Thursday Evening Program Omitted

January 1—New Year's Breakfast - - - - - - - - *Main Dining Room* 7:30 A.M. TO 1:00

New Year's Dinner - - - - - - - - *Main Dining Room* 1:00 TO 8:00 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME VI DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 11

CONTENTS

Calendar . . . 4
Frontispiece . . . 6
President's Message . . . 7
"Heigh-ho, the Yuletide" . . . 8
Jean MacGregor Boyd
"Members, Attention" . . . 8
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Candidates for Directors . . . 9
Christmas on the Rhine . . . 10
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
A Winter in Geneva . . . 11
Rose W. Shoup
"Hilltop" . . . 12
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Loan Exhibit Volunteers . . . 14
"Christmas, 1932" . . . 14
Lillie Parks Gunnell
Editorial . . . 15
"The War Memorial" . . . 15
Redfern Mason
Christmas Program . . . 16
Mr. Baker's Christmas Present . . . 17
Ethel Melone Brown
Book Mart in January . . . 17
"Song of the Cathedral Builders" . . . 18
Edith Stevens Giles
Kath's Letter . . . 18
"I Have Been Reading" . . . 19
Eleanor Preston Watkins
Letter from Dorothea Klumpke . . . 21
American Women's Club of Berlin . . . 23
Home Economics . . . 24
Hazel B. Noyes
Club News . . . 26-27

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To WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MEMBERS

You will confer a benefit on yourself and the club if you mention this advertisement.

Miss Katharine Donohoe (left) and Mrs. Philip A. Coxon photographed in one of the attractive spots of the Holiday Pantry Sale, where the opulence of autumn flaunted gay color and fragrance.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

SANTA CLAUS! Who is he? "I'm not giving a single present this year; I think it's all wrong." "I'm only giving to children. Christmas doesn't belong to grown-ups, anyway." "Christmas? Oh, I'll be glad when the season is over. It holds such sad memories for me." One after another excuses are given. Do they cover up selfishness, I wonder, for who among us cannot give if she would?

Santa Claus—what a gracious old soul he is! He laughs at depression. He comes among us "with a belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly." What perennial youth he personifies and what fun he gets out of life, giving, giving, giving, for whoever heard of a real Santa Claus who received? True, his agents do appear on our city streets and receive, but they are but agents receiving for him that he may pass on to the poor the gifts we would give to those less fortunate than ourselves. And where we have made him our messenger, there our heart goes, too, and as Christmas morning breaks we do not cry, "I'm not giving a single present this year," but rather, "How glad I am that I gave!"

The National League for Woman's Service gives to us all an outlet for this spirit. Service is but another name for the giving of ourselves. We come bearing gifts—our incense and myrrh—to those who throughout the year serve us, gifts to our own Clubhouse of bonds, or decorations or cash; gifts to other members of kindly words and helpful smiles; gifts which the season allows us to give for the purely selfish joy of having given. Thus we approach a holy season with satisfaction in our souls. We are the Spirit of Christmas. We are Santa Claus!

Christmas

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest be that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

—GOLDSMITH.

Heigh-Ho the Yuletide—High Hang the Holly and the Mistletoe

—JEAN M'GREGOR BOYD

● As the holiday season approaches once again and the thought of Christmas decorations steals into our mind with such a pleasing tingle of excitement, it is natural to search about for some brand-new scheme which in its originality and imagination will charm all beholders. But it is salutory as well as comforting to consider that while it may be possible—and very interesting—to bring our Christmas decoration up to date, decking our trees in modern dress, that the idea underlying all Christmas decoration is founded deep in the heart of the human race. Back to the earliest infancy of man is traceable the symbolism of our Christmas decoration, and while the personal significance today is bound up with all the sweet devotion of the Christian faith, this significance must necessarily be enriched and deepened by the universality of the need for expression of mankind's faith.

The forest was the first temple and the tree the first altar to which primitive man came to worship. Upon this altar, with hands too unskilled to fashion even the rudest ornaments, flowers and vines were laid as an unconscious appeal to beauty.

The custom of bringing greens into the house at Christmas time originated with the Druids in a most naive and delightful way. These ancient folk filled their abodes with evergreens in December in order that their sylvan inhabitants might live within, warm and secure from winter's frost and cruel wind until spring came and rethatched the roofs of their usual dwelling places.

The star, worshipped five thousand years before Christ by the wise men of Chaldea as a symbol of peace and purity, shines with a purer, brighter light in our association of it with that clear constellation which led the three Wise Men to the manger of the Infant Christ.

Our candles and their modern disappointing but safer equivalent, glaring electric lights, date back through the ages to the days when the fire worshippers of Persia brought their gifts of fire and their torches to hang upon their altar as tributes to an unseen god.

The cornucopia with its burden of sweets, the delight of children today, is the modern reproduction both of the horns of the altar of Israel and the ram's horn used by the ancient pagans to pour libations at harvest festivals.

Our tinsel and shining ornaments are but present-day imitations of precious metals and jewels brought in sacrifice or gratitude to an unseen, unknown power. This same thread, the sacrificial idea, expressed by man bringing gifts to a Supreme Being whose worship is an essential, if a dimly understood necessity, of his being, is woven through all the traditions of Christmas decoration.

Christmas is the time of all the year most rich in sentiment. The newest, brightest ornament bought to deck our trees will delight and please us, but on nearly every tree will hang some such beloved ornament as a shabby wax apple or a Christ Child with broken arm and drooping wing which has been treasured in the family through the years, bringing to mind the happy ghosts of "Christmas Past." And as we treasure these reminders of times within our own memories, Christmas will be enriched by the thought of the symbolism which links us with a continuous, unending chain back to our Druid forefathers and through all the pathos of primitive religion leads us onto the broad highway where traveled the three kings bearing gifts.

Of all the many legends connected with Christmas decoration, the most beautiful is that which tells us how "the Christ Child wanders over the earth on Christmas Eve bearing a fragrant branch of fir in His hand, and whenever He finds a home with a bit of fir at the door or a little tree in the window (sign that He is loved and remembered), He touches that home with His gentle hand and blesses it. And as He passes by the cattle in the stable kneel in adoration, bees begin to hum and sing and the sheep march in procession to meet Him."

The Yuletide is here once again. Let us hang the holly and mistletoe high; let each dwelling wear its branch of fir.

And as our hands take up the thread, to weave our portion of the pattern, let us be mindful of the tradition of the design and of its underlying verity, true yesterday, today and in the tomorrows yet to come.

Members, Attention!

—MRS. MARSHALL DILL

● Christmas less than four weeks off. What are we going to do this year to give real happiness to those about us—especially to those who labored faithfully throughout the year to make our lives smooth and attractive?

Immediately one thinks of her home and Club, for do they not both play a vital part in the average woman's life? One's thoughts must wander to the staff that keeps the wheels going. We seldom see these people who make our Club the haven of rest and contentment that it is, but they are there toiling away day in and day out—for YOU.

So why not make their Christmas a real one this year more than any other year? Let them feel that they really count in the scheme of things. If we do our part to help them bear their responsibilities, will it not be worth while?

So let us plan to send one small dollar for their Christmas fund—if not a dollar, any amount we can spare—and I am sure that this little sacrifice will say "Merry Christmas" to them and "Thank you" to your President and Board of Directors, who are constantly thinking and planning to make your Club a second home.

I am thanking you in advance, for I am certain you will be delighted to do this.

Election of Directors

JANUARY 9, 1933

Candidates

for

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Mrs. Sherwood Coffin

Mrs. Joseph Fife

Mrs. William B. Hamilton

Miss Ida J. Lord

Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle

Dr. Ellen S. Stadmuller

Mrs. Payson J. Treat

Mrs. Howell Ware

Miss Violet Whitney

Miss Georgea Wiseman

Miss Ethel Young

Ballot in January Magazine

Christmas on the Rhine

—MRS. J. P. RETTENMAYER

● Christmas!

What memories!

Every person has his own special one and there is a different picture in every mind conjured by that beautiful word—

Christmas!

Once there was a little girl, the youngest in a family of six, and all the others were boys—much older, for the youngest boy was eight and a half years when the little girl-child arrived; and often, later, proud father would answer upon the inquiry, "And how many children have you?", "I have five sons and every son has a sister." "Gracious, ten children, what a family!" "Oh, no—only six, you see."

The girl-child traveled much, for she could not be left at home, and that is how she came to be in a beautiful city on the Rhine one Christmas—the special Christmas of her lifetime.

Her mother and she were living in this city which still had part of the old protective wall in it. At one time the river washed the outer walls, but had changed its course and the newer homes were built upon the remaining fertile soil. The grapes for the famous Rhine wine, "Lieb Frauen Milch," were grown a mere stone's throw from here.

It was a bitterly cold, snowy Christmas Eve. There was the eerie hush which comes from muted sounds; even the many horses' hoofs were silenced by the packed snow; the night was clear and the sky cold, deep purple-blue, full of dancing stars.

They were going to "Tante Lottchen's Haus" for the festival of the Birth of Christ, and for weeks when walking by they could smell, but neither taste nor even *see*, what the "Heintzel Maunchen" (little gnomes) were making. On this eve everyone bundled into galoshes, leggin's and warm clothes. (She wore stiff, white lace collar and cuffs that scratched unmercifully, an extra scarf and a warm but tight blue coat, mittens and a velvet bonnet. Oh! so like a tightly stuffed rag doll!)

Out in the gently falling snow when flakes caught in the eyelashes and melted on the nose, they walked past the cathedral through the very little Gothic doorway in the old city wall, made famous by Luther when he escaped and was rescued by a boatman. One always felt like ducking one's head, it seemed so low and dark—for it was the depth of the wall and the wall was thick enough to have rooms where some of the city's employees had their homes!

Hopping and skipping with joy and exuberance, they reached the Thor to Tante's home and drew the large brass knocker out, then let it fly back to make their presence known. The servant came out in the cold and with a key more than eight inches long unlocked the huge iron gate. It swung rather stiffly and cold on its hinges. They scurried under the chestnut tree where in the summer the family sat at iron tables, sewing, chatting and drinking kaffee. Now the tree was clothed in ermine—with the tip of each branch bent upward as though to hold the white cloak on as long as possible. Then through the door into the house, there were such sparkling eyes, peeping out of first this door, then that, and through only one were they allowed. The little stuffed doll was relieved of heavy, tight outer wrappings and came to life.

Soon dinner was announced and they all met at table with "Gruss Gott" and "Frohliche Weihnachten." Dinner was just something to be done with, for the children were told that when the Christmas Spirit flew in and out of the window in the next room its wings would make a bit of wind and a little *bell* would ring! How we listened! and to this day she recalls the tone of that mystic bell. There was the accompanying fluster and quiet, when slowly, as the strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night" were played and the voices of older cousins so true in tone caroled, the heavy green plush curtains were drawn aside. . . .

The scene — the spiritual quality — the simplicity and beauty were too much. The emotions of a little girl could not find any adequate expression, so she buried her head in her mother's shoulder, right on the new satin blouse, and burst into tears.

It was nearing eight o'clock and the chimes of the smaller churches, which could be called by name, began to play simple chorals; and as though they were the bass accompaniment the deep, slow, dignified, measured bells of the cathedral took part in this symphony of tone.

Little by little the sobs lessened. A peek with one eye and then two—and soon the one for whom this Christmas had been made turned into a playchild again. Under the real Tannenbaum was the crypt, the fence, the sheep, shepherds, and the Holy Family. The tree itself was decorated with "lebkuchen" (honey cakes), almonds, stars which with the meringue shone and glistened, gilt nuts and wee ornaments of carved wood gaily painted, depicting characters of the well-known fairy tales. On every branch was a large, white, real wax candle, its long flame glowing and burning so slowly that the same candles lasted until after New Year.

When all the friends and neighbors had assembled they joined hands, making a larger circle around a smaller—marching in opposite directions, singing all the very old and simple songs. In this every member of the household joined, for they were all sharing in the Christmas Spirit. Afterwards there was raspberry juice with charged water for the children, rare vintages for the elders and Christmas cookies for all.

But most—'twas His spirit which lived—in her heart then as it does now—"Gruss Gott und Frohliche Weihnachten"!

A Winter in Geneva

—ROSE W. SHOUP

● Having rather dug into Geneva as a place of residence, you might like to know something of how it is done. We have a three-room apartment very near the League in a brand-new, huge pile of apartments; central heat and hot water all extra. No cooler, so we use a little veranda and the Swiss food freezes nicely. Very restrained wallpaper and very clean, and a lift that *works*. We have a lovely view of the park and the lake and the mountains beyond, now covered with snow, and we are having our second fall in Geneva.

The climate, to be English, is quite terribly awful, don't you know—gray fog and mist and days of the deadly bise or lake wind that sweeps the streets clear of people and paralyzes bodily functions. Then everything will lift, the sun will shine, the lake sparkle blue, the mountains will glisten in their snow coverings and the air will be full of the whir of wings as the hundreds of seagulls and white doves soar and dip about the city, and the swans at the bridge steps will undo their necks and beg for crumbs; even the Genevois will forget how solemn life is and smile and chatter.

One of my interesting experiences was seeing the Escalade as I did. The Escalade is the Geneva July 4th and falls on December 12. They make three days of it because of the weather, and the children must have some time outdoors; so the streets are full of masqueraders most of the three days. The story goes that a Genevois housewife, living on the wall, and making her soap very late on the night of December 12, heard a sound, looked out and saw, just under her window, the Duke of Savoy's men climbing a cloth-covered ladder and sneaking over the wall into the city. She promptly dropped the huge pot, boiling soap and all, on the climbers, gave the alarm and saved the city. So the Marmot or pot is the symbol of liberty and Geneva simply teems with them at that time, and they are of every sort, from chocolate to brass.

I was privileged to see the ceremonies from the high windows of an old Swiss home on the Place Bour du Four. The parade came into the Place from the tiny side streets. The costumes were sixteenth-century helmets, corselets, boots, accompanied by the six-foot guns and spears; the music was most martial, the beating of gaily decorated drums, the size of wagon wheels, and the only lights were torch-light flares. The proclamation was read by an 84-year-old Swiss, mounted on a beautiful horse and wearing the flowing robes of the city of Geneva. I leaned out of the narrow window, and with the whole scene, the silent crowd below, the weird light from the torches shining through the drifting snow, the beautiful old well in the Place, the shining helmets and spears and the grand old voice echoing about the closed Place, and towering above all the beautifully wrought spires of the Cathedral of St. Pierre—I seemed somewhere else. Then came the singing of the hymn of Liberty from the multitude below and from all the Genevois hanging out of the windows about the Place.

After the parade moved on, the windows were closed and we gathered in the old Swiss living room, about twenty of us. There were three generations of the family present—the house was there and the men in it fought in their night clothes on that night in the sixteenth century. The father of the family gave a little history of the Escalade and presented a small hammer to the youngest, a six-year-old—it is always the youngest of the family, that the tradition may be carried on. The huge pot made of candy held the center of the room, and at the appointed time Six Years stepped forward and recited dramatically: "So perish the enemies of our city," and smashed the pot with a mighty blow. We all ate candy and cake and drank tea and coffee and something made of lime leaves. Then some one played and both the solemn and the gay songs were sung—Grandma and Grandpa holding hands and clasping Six-year-old, and Grandpa marking time for her to sing. Then Father read the names of those who perished that night and said a little prayer while we all stood. I stumbled out and down the wide, worn stone steps, in the by then brilliant moonlight, with my California emotions all unstrung. Thrifty Geneva had every light going and was beautiful beyond words in the lovely covering of snow.

Christmas week I made a tour of the winter sport places on the thrifty Swiss ticket put out for that purpose. Ice and snow are much alike but it would take Byrd to show me more beautiful scenery.

St. Moritz robs you calmly and quietly, but you see the European Blue Book there, including the Maharaja of Lahore and the erstwhile Nancy Miller and family. They are very nice, quite weary of their notoriety and very friendly. A short time was enough for St. Moritz. Davos is the loveliest of all if one can forget the hundreds of sanatoriums that line the hills a thousand feet above the town. Grindelwald is full of English and very comfortable; there I went up the Jungfrau by train with one mile of snow-walking. Two Swiss guides anchored me on the plateau while I looked into France, Switzerland and Germany, and a little more wind would have blown me over an Alp into Italy. I did the bobsled run there also. Came down behind a perfectly square Swiss, clutching two of his corners. An amateur came behind, spun us around and spilled us all over the ice and sped gaily on. I said, "In America, we'd call her a darned fool." He said, "In Switzerland, the same we say it."

What with skating, skiing, tailing and sledding or lugeing, there were many accidents—heads and arms and one broken back—it seems to be expected.

There are no crosstown lines in Suisse. You go up one valley to see one Alp—come down and go up another to see another Alp and sleep at Geneva and Berne and Lucerne and Zurich doing it. You work hard at changing trains as the lines are so short and often your train does not go on Saturday. But it is all fun, and all you need is a good constitution and a sense of humor!

There are no words for the friendliness, courtesy, hospitality and kindness of the American English colony in Geneva. The Y. M. and Y. W., the American church and the League workers all vie in kindness and attention to passing and resident Americans, and we are most fortunate in our consuls. I have just come from an afternoon at the Y. W. where Miss Palmer from Oslo gave an illuminating talk on the work in Norway. The Y. W. has had its international headquarters here only a little while, but is charmingly located in an old Swiss mansion in the old city, full of spacious rooms and delightful corners and the most wonderful floors. Nothing doing at the League that one may get into now. I dropped in the other day on the opium question and got a fine idea of international smokes—big covered pipes and small open pipes, big and little cigars and cigarettes of all nations.

The award of the Nobel Prize to Lewis is the subject of much discussion here, and the one question is "WHY?" I have been permitted in several of the old Genevois houses here—a privilege, they say—and meeting the women in them, you know one reason why Geneva has always been free.

There are many League workers in our apartments from all over the world, and

Continued on Page 27

Hilltop

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

● Time: Christmas Eve, 1932.

Across the world there falls once more
The miracle of His birth. Across the
Sea of Time, the Christ Child smiles.

Place: A city of Saint Francis.

Scene: A hilltop encircled by a low balustrade. Moonlight shadows the rocky crevices; a eucalyptus tree rustles in the night wind. Below, the houses, queer in shape, stumble down the steepness to the dark along the water's edge — the blue-black waters of the bay along whose shining surface creep the lights of little ships with silver hulls and silver masts; along the balustrade the moonlight moves its silver fingers. It is almost midnight.

"If only I could think of something else!" The voice came from a man crouched in the shadows along the plaster wall from which the warmth of the sun had long since vanished. "Ssh! Someone coming up the hill at this hour." The man drew nearer the edge of the balustrade and looked down the crooked, winding steps that marked the way to the glistening waters below. "Someone singing softly—a man's voice, too. My God, he sounds happy!" A bitter snarl seemed to break from the watching man in the shadows, and he sprang into the clear moonlight and stood waiting; white face, dark spots where his eyes gleamed, slouching shoulders under a shabby coat.

"At last! Well, that was a climb for one as old as I." The figure of a little man in skirted robe stood clearly in the roadway below the balustrade. He looked over the lovely scene around him, his face seemed full of tenderness and his lips of smiles, his hands twisted the knotted thong about his waist. Without looking up at the figure above him, as though he had seen him through the back of his head, he said: "I am glad you're here, my friend. I hoped I'd find you."

"Cut it out; none of your funny business! Who are you? You don't know me and I never saw anyone like you before. Really." The man on the wall laughed grimly. "Where'd you come from? My friend, indeed! Cut that out and your smile with it."

The figure below hesitated just a fraction of a second and then stretched up his hand to the threatening figure above. "Help me up and I'll tell you. This is my town. I am the little poor man of Assisi, Brother Francis, and I have been hurrying for hours across the world to get here. Now," as he swung up and over the low wall, "let's sit down and talk a while. I am out of breath and you look tired."

"Dippy," muttered the other man. "Well, all right, tell your story. You can't get a dime off me and if you get fresh I'll knock you down that hillside and no one will be the wiser."

"Gracious, but I am glad I came. I had no idea you would have such great sadness upon your soul." Brother Francis laughed softly but with great gentleness. A strange radiance shone 'round the two men—a radiance that was not of the moonlight. The tired, shabby man sat with his knees drawn up, tightly clasped by white hands,

his face hidden from the tender eyes of little Saint Francis, who stretched his hand toward him but drew it back quickly and shook his head.

"I am so afraid you won't like me. I am a saint and I have been dead a long time and that isn't a very interesting introduction, just between men, is it?" Saint Francis laughed merrily, and the shabby man lifted his head and looked strangely at him. "I wasn't very happy at first; nothing to do, no birds to feed. Everything too new and comfortable and such grouchy old saints on my corridor—always wanting to tell me all they did on earth! I used to get so sleepy trying to listen. One day one of the Throne Room angels spoke to me and I just told her how it was, and that angel made a lovely plan for me. I always did get along with angels on earth. I used to meet them everywhere on many worn and weary roads." Saint Francis moved a little closer to the shabby man and smiled. "Every Christmas Eve I come back to earth, and the first angel I meet always has a job for me."

"A job, a job, did you say?" The shabby man stretched his arm around Saint Francis' shoulder and rested his tired head against the rough-woven robe.

"Well, I don't know whether *you'd* call it a job," Saint Francis replied, "but it is always something to do for somebody that's sad and lonely or discouraged. Just a few hours ago I was on the road to Bethlehem and under an olive tree I found an angel who told me to come to my own city and find a man on a hilltop who was blind and sick at heart."

The strange radiance had faded—just the moonlight falling on the two figures, and in the clear distance one heard the sound of singing. Saint Francis looked up at the stars with a grave smile on his glowing face. The shabby man lifted his tired face. "Well, I have been out of luck. I hate this town. *You'd* be all right. They do more for dead men here than for us living," and he laughed bitterly.

Saint Francis was quiet for a moment. "I suppose you mean that war memorial? We heard about that and I am glad my city remembered. You see, my friend"—and his voice was pure and sweet—"your city cannot give you dreams unless she gives you memories upon which to build them." Saint Francis looked at his companion. "You ought to see those boys who died for men. They came to us so full of joy, cheering as they climbed over the ramparts. We saints love them." Saint Francis chuckled a bit. "But not at first. They did create a disturbance; they were so eager and so full of adventure. Some of those old saints were terribly upset but the children loved them. Just as I left this afternoon at sunset I heard a shout, and what do you think? Some of those soldier boys had a whole host of children out sailing on a big white, puffy cloud. They were going over to see the Star of Bethlehem later when it grew dark, someone said. No, my friend, don't feel bitter about that beautiful memory my city has built for you. Those boys love music because it is as alive as they are, and you cannot live without it."

The shabby man turned his white face toward the stars; a glistening on his cheeks made Saint Francis clasp his hand with his. "I don't know who you are—it does not matter—but I was sick at heart when you came, and now I hear singing. Listen!"

Saint Francis lifted his face once more to the moon-swept sky. Clear, across the

world came the angels' song. Suddenly both men were standing, and Francis' sweet voice joined the heavenly singing, softly and alone at first, and then came the beautiful song from the man by his side. Again the strange radiance which was not of the moonlight fell upon them.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old—
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold."

* * * *

The city below them, far and near; the shining water, the distant shores asparkle with golden lights, the moving ships, all seemed caught up into the white glory that shone 'round. The song seemed to die away in the East.

The shabby man turned to the little saint, clasped him by the shoulders and looked long into his happy face. "Oh, little man, I am ashamed to speak, but maybe the telling will ease my aching heart and some wise words from you will point the way to joy and the old glad part I always played. I have lost so much; I am bitter; you heard it in my rough speech to you this night. And on such a night, the sweet old Christmas Eve, I could hear no singing until you came."

"All is well, my friend," Saint Francis answered with his arms slipped about the shabby figure before him. "My ears are full of songs. The world's heart is aflame this night. I heard no note of hatred or of ancient wrongs as I crossed the world. Men grow tender in this light. You remember on earth my brethren and I taught God's love and holy poverty, but first we loved and were most poor."

The shabby man's eyes were filled with tears. "This is my city," little Saint Francis went on, "and all you see from its hills I love: the tender sunlight in long sweeps upon the rose-colored hills, the young trees in bloom, the first faint green when it comes is like my Italy. And birds sing on the wing. My friend, you have not lost all when birds still sing and there is forgiveness and poverty."

"What do you mean, little man of God, forgiveness and poverty? Surely they do not make one rich!"

"I forget, my friend. Those words seem strange today, but your soul's bitterness can only be healed by forgiveness, and poverty is all that keeps men sweet. Yes, the angel told me true. He said that I should find a blind man who had lost his way—blind because of tears and not from lack of sight." And the smile faded from Saint Francis' lips. The night deepened; in the distance the midnight chime of bells carolling; a child's cry from a crooked house near by; the night wind blew across the hilltop, bringing the fragrance of sea and ships, of distant pasturing, of treetops and blooms on far-away garden walls.

The shabby man stood erect. The silver light fell upon his glistening face, but he was no longer sad. His tired face smiled up at the quiet stars. He still clasped Saint Francis by the hand, but he stood alone. "Forgiveness, poverty to keep one sweet." He spoke the words with a ring in his voice. "Your city, little saint of long ago, shall not fail you. There is much to be done. So many men like me taste only the bitter bread, hear no songs and never say the prayers that sweeten one. Stay with us."

The little man of Assisi slowly shook his head. "I must go. It is after midnight and I must stop again in Bethlehem town. I always imagine I hear a baby's cry in the dark street as I pass along. Sweet memory is given in large measure to little unimportant saints like me," and Saint Francis laughed joyously. "Remember the angels this night. They taught me long ago to know that the world is good and mankind mostly noble."

The little skirted figure slipped from the balustrade to the roadway below, and spreading his arms wide apart looked lovingly over the scene. "Oh, the beauty of it all, the beauty of it all!" Then turning quickly, once more stretched his hand up to the man above.

"Good night, my friend. You see how good God is to men when doubts numb our hearts and blind our eyes. Love comes to point the way. 'Tis ever thus God uses me. Poor as I am my soul relies upon His goodness, grateful that He lets me tend some foolish hearts and wipe away some tears."

The man on the balustrade watched the sturdy little figure hurry down the steep hillside. Above, the night sky grew darker, the stars seemed very close above the eucalyptus trees. Again the bells sounded from the spires in the old square below the hill. The quiet figure crouched in the shadow against the wall.

* * * *

"Isn't this spooky? I wish we had come the other way; you never know what you'll find up here." A girl's careless voice broke the silence of the hilltop.

"Wait, let me go first; there is some bum asleep in the shadow there along the wall. He probably came up here to get away from our singing." A young man sprang up the wooden steps that edged the row of old houses climbing the hill. "Shall I give him a jolt?"

"Oh, don't, Joe. Poor fellow—it's Christmas and I am still under the spell of those old carols. None of our gang really believe in any of the bunk, but I like to do it, don't you?"

They climbed slowly up, stopping now and then to look over the fairy-like scene. At last, arm in arm, at the top, and a queer old house waiting for them. "Don't wake baby, Joe. I hope he hasn't cried, but it would be a miracle."

* * * *

The dawn was heavy with fog. An early newsboy saw a shabby man go over the hill to the House of the Good Neighbors. A woman with kindly eyes and a comforting, assuring voice unlocked the door of the clinic and helped him in. "That's all right; you'll be all right. You are just cold and hungry. Yes, I know. Forgiveness and poverty? This hill's full of it. Poverty, I mean. I saw you yesterday. You looked awfully discouraged. You say you are not discouraged now? Well, that's fine. Did you say you wanted it sweet?" She nodded at the cup of coffee he held. "What! Poverty should have kept you sweet? Now, what's happened to you? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"No." The man laughed and rose and held out the empty cup. "I met a saint on the hill last night and he gave me a job. Goodbye; I'm mighty grateful to you."

The woman watched him go briskly down the street. "Well, one never knows what will happen on this hill! Miracles all the time. He has been *such* a problem just because he was a better type. Gracious! I ought to have gotten the name and address of that 'saint' of his. He might have more than one job up his slecve. Angela, didn't I tell you children to go home? The party isn't until this afternoon. No, you can't help yet. 'Forgiveness — and poverty to keep one sweet.' I wonder *where* he heard that!"

Loan Exhibit Is Cream of Festival

● The Loan Exhibit which accompanied the Talent Festival, and in which members were qualified to display precious possessions of their own making, only after having contributed to the Talent Exhibit, was one of the interesting demonstrations of the City Club's year.

The loans marked a high point of artistic integrity and actual value and the Committee in charge feels that the esthetic content in the Club membership is worthy of special mention.

To mention any one loan were to be invidious. The Exhibit as a whole would have done credit to a museum or art gallery. Some of the articles were so valuable that they had to be especially insured before being moved to the Club. The Committee which so competently appraised the articles for their artistic value and assisted in placing them to best advantage was as follows:

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, *Chairman*
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard
Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff

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Miss Mabel MacIntosh
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Mrs. R. R. Norton
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Mrs. Daniel Polak
Miss Esther Philips
Mrs. E. M. Paul
Mrs. W. Penick
Mrs. J. F. Runner
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard
Mrs. Robert S. Sherman
Miss Carle Tomilson
Mrs. Bess Thompson
Mrs. J. F. Theobald
Mrs. E. D. Woodruff
Mrs. Eugene Welch
Mrs. S. M. Wynne
Mrs. S. Walters
Mrs. Edgar Vogel
Miss Sarah Yates
Miss Louise Zickle

Christmas, 1932

From all the stress, inquietude and fears
Seething throughout the world, we turn aside,
Remembering the teaching and the life
Of Him whose birth this day commemorates.
May we—forgetting forms and creeds of men's
Contriving through the slow revolving years—
Accept all men as brothers; strive to hold
Another's happiness above our own;
Return to simple faith, to hope, to love:
So shall we know a blessed Christmastide.

—LILLIE PARKS GUNNELL.

EDITORIAL

● How often we hear the statement that "Christmas is more for children than grown-ups."

And how untrue it is.

Persons who utter that generality mean, perhaps, that children derive a different kind of joy from Christmas than do grown-ups and react to its significance in a different way. They mean, as a matter of fact, that children are often not too concerned with its significance. They are too young to grasp the profundity, the underlying meaning, of the Nativity and know only the story of the Birth of One who loved children and was their friend.

Isn't it a mercy that that is all they grasp? For all its joy and message of hope to the oldsters, Christmas brings its responsibilities and imposes its obligations.

But the children know only that at about this time of the year there is a Day of Warmth and Happiness and Bounty overflowing, and that most of them are privileged to share in its joy. Those who have looked on life a little longer know, of course, that every child is not warm and well fed at this time. But so far as possible everyone endeavors to spread the Christmas spirit over the land.

And so the City Club has planned its annual Children's Christmas Party for Saturday, December 17.

First there will be a swim in the Pool.

Then luncheon at gaily decorated tables all glistening with Christmas decorations and favors. The tables will be arranged to accommodate groups of all numbers, and besides there will be a large "general" table for children not in parties. This will be presided over by someone who will introduce everybody and see that no child feels strange or alone.

And then—three plays, written and produced especially for children.

Elizabeth Holloway will present her pupils in a group of three short plays: "Darby and Joan" by Rose Fyleman; "Eeyore's Birthday" from A. A. Milne's fascinating book, "Winnie the Pooh," and "The Knave of Hearts" by Louise Sanders, the costumes for which have been copied from the Maxfield Parrish pictures.

Those who are familiar with the work of Miss Holloway know the type of entertainment in store for the children. Interspersed through the program will be lovely dance numbers by pupils of Marie von Sabern.

Patronesses for the party are:

Mrs. Adrian Applegarth
Miss Blanche Bates
Mrs. John P. Coghlan
Mrs. Alfred I. Esberg
Mrs. Guy Stevens Farrington
Mrs. George O. Jarvis

Following the plays Santa Claus will light the Christmas tree, and each little guest will be presented a gift.

Last year each one attending the party brought a gift and placed it under the tree. These were sent to some of the less fortunate children the day before Christmas. Perhaps the children will do the same this year.

The luncheon will be 50 cents, the swim 30 cents (40 cents for boys over eight) and the program 25 cents. Tickets are now on sale for the Children's Christmas Program Saturday, December 17.

The War Memorial

The pain and stress of war
Have passed away, and 'neath the heavenly vault,
Framed by the hills and haunted by the sea,
Beauty has found a home,
Where throned in peace
The hero people may be glad at heart
And pay allegiance to the holy dead,
Nor with their tears alone,
But joying to create a fairer world,
Where each may play his part
In happiness;
To build a nobler manhood, to awake
To glory and to joy,
As if the world were new,
And man the architect of grandeur unforeseen.

Behold the city, shining like a rose,
Spread out upon the hills,
Regal as Rome, perhaps the destined seat
Of peace undreamed before,
An Argonautic realm of purer gold
Than e'er in Nature's bosom lay concealed;
Temple of vision, mew of fantasy,
Waiting the sacred word,
To link humanity in one harmonious song.

This hope it was that fired the soldier's heart,
Not selfishness or greed,
Or vain possessive lust,
But hope to fabricate a better world,
A nobler heritage,
A fairer chance;
And, honoring him, we build for victory
A proud memorial,
Conceived in reverence, to be the shrine
Of heroes dead and heroes yet unborn;
A cradle of the arts,
A niche of future fame,
An emblem of the world that is to be,
When all of beauty's charm,
The flame of youth, the wisdom of the sires,
Shall realize in glory what the people dreams.

—REDFERN MASON.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

City Club Auditorium—2:30 P. M. Saturday, Dec. 17

Children 25 Cents—Adults 55 Cents

ALL SEATS RESERVED

Plays presented by Elizabeth Holloway.

Dances directed by Marie von Sabern.

DARBY AND JOAN

By Rose Fyleman

Scene: A Darby and Joan Weathervane

Darby - - - - - - Beverley Ann Leggett
Joan - - - - - - - - Loga Ekeloff
A Fairy - - - - - - - Lou Hagerman
Clown Dance (Midsummer Night's Dream) Mendelssohn
(Marvis, Jacqueline, Jeanette, Gloria)
Hungarian Dance No. 6 - - - - - Brahms
(Roxana)

EEYORE'S BIRTHDAY

From the Story by A. A. Milne

Scene: Side of River.

Eeyore - - - - - - - Craig Carrier
Christopher Robin - - - - - - John Pruett
Pooh - - - - - - - - Ynid Rankin
Piglet - - - - - - - - Olga Ekeloff
Owl - - - - - - Beverley Ann Leggett
Liebesfreud - - - - - - - - Kreisler
(Norma, Elenore, Gladys, Phyllis)
Contredanse - - - - - - - Beethoven
(Marvis, Jacqueline, Jeanette, Gloria)
Song of India - - - - - *Rimsky-Korsakov*
(Norma, Elenore, Gladys, Roxana, Phyllis)

KNAVE OF HEARTS

By Louise Saunders

Scene: The Royal Kitchen.

The Manager - - - - - - Tom Turner
Blue Hose - - - - - - - Joseph Tim
Yellow Hose - - - - - Virginia Langstroth
Heralds - - - Roger Lalanne, Donald Lamont
Pompdebile, the Eighth King of Hearts Donald Crawford
The Chancellor - - - - - - Richard Cahill
The Knave of Hearts - - - - - Cornelia Clark
Ursula - - - - - - - Priscilla Sanders
Violetta - - - - - - - Carol Channing
Ingredients - Adrian Applegarth, Marvin Johnson
Mary Louise Sutton, Jean Rowe

Mr. Baker's Christmas Present

—ETHEL MELONE BROWN

● 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even—Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Baker, who sat on each side of their glowing fireplace in their pleasant, mellow library.

A small Christmas tree, charmingly silvered and icicled, stood in a corner of the room—a tasteful, harmonious, middle-aged Christmas tree. No bulgy packages, no wooly lambs, no snub-nosed, battered wax angels, cluttered its branches. There wasn't even a tip-tilted cornucopia threatening to spill its sticky contents on the fine Bokhara rug beneath. No questionable red-striped candy canes melted pallidly under the agreeable warmth of the room.

No—this was a trig, well-ordered tree—a perfect product of adult, well-ordered fancy. Looking at it, you could imagine a charming, well-modulated, forty or fifty-year-old female voice saying with a pretty deprecating laugh, "Oh, yes—I always have a Christmas tree for Charles—he loves it so—we're both perfect children about it. Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without it!"

And yet, somehow, as you looked at Mrs. Roderick Baker, you couldn't quite hear her saying it. Not that she mightn't be forty-five or forty-six, or even forty-seven—age somehow did not sit on Mrs. Baker's pretty, low-arched brow and wave at you. It might possibly lurk in the soft waves of her ash-colored hair, or in the tiny lines about her very clear, very young blue eyes. But you had to surprise it suddenly and unawares—that is, if you were really interested. But you probably wouldn't be. There were so many more interesting things about Mrs. Baker. There was the slim arch of her girlish foot in its smart, buckled slipper, or the long line of her graceful body, as she lay back now in the big leather chair, or the detached, cryptic look in her blue eyes.

Mr. Baker was a thin, clean-jawed, long-nosed, distinguished-looking man of fifty or thereabouts—whose clothes fitted him exceedingly well. Just now he was smoking and looking into the fire. His cigar had about an inch still to go, but apparently there was no consciousness within that the end was at hand.

B-z-z-z-z! the door bell! Mr. Baker started. "Damn—there's another one!"

Mrs. Baker's eyes turned slowly to where her husband sat and met his smilingly. "Oh, I don't think so," she said easily. "There have been so many in the last day or two I don't think there's anybody left."

"Mrs. Baker, m'm, another man to see you. His name's Turner. I told him to wait in the hall." Something in the way the maid bit her words indicated that if there had been any place more aloof than the hall the visitor would have been deposited there.

"Yes, Mollie, I'll be right out." As Mrs. Baker passed her husband's chair, she touched his shoulder lightly. "I won't be long."

In about ten minutes the outer door was heard to shut, and Mrs. Baker came back into the library. She picked up a magazine from the table and drew a low stool close to her husband's chair. "Have you seen this article on European budgets?"

BOOK MART IN JANUARY

● We all know the pleasure of hunting for bargains in a second-hand book shop and that joy will be yours for two days in January when we open our Book Mart. In the meantime, look through your bookshelves and give us any books you can spare, to be sold for the benefit of the Club at the Book Mart where many people will be glad to buy them at bargain prices. We want good, old standard works as well as recent fiction, travel, adventure and biography. And we want music in any form—old songs, new songs, music for piano. Please send in your books early, or ask us to call for them, and **watch for the date** to come in and buy. The Committee will include:

Mrs. Walter Allen
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Miss Elisa May Willard

"Who was that," Mr. Baker asked, disregarding the magazine, "and what did he want?"

"Oh, just Pete Turner—you remember the Turners—those millions of children—they used to come always on Christmas." She ruffled over the pages of the magazine.

"Why didn't you ask him in, as long as he was here?" Mr. Baker's voice was grudgingly hospitable.

"Oh, he couldn't. You see his wife's at the hospital having another baby—and he wanted me to come and sit with Rosy and the rest of the children. Rosy's the oldest, fourteen, and she always gets nervous. I think it's just the dread of having to bring up the whole family bunch if anything happens to her mother. Poor Rosy! The frequency of her hour of trial doesn't seem to make it any easier."

Mr. Baker poked the fire. "What did you tell him?"

"Oh, I said I couldn't. I said you weren't very well, indigestion or something, and I couldn't leave you." She laughed lightly and picked up the magazine again. "Now I'm going to read aloud to you—this looks interesting. Don't go to sleep or I'll pinch!"

Mr. Baker leaned his head back against the chair and shut his eyes. But his expression was not that of one who is about to doze. The fire crackled, the little Christmas tree shimmered and gleamed, and Mrs. Baker's voice was crisp and low and pleasant to hear.

"Asleep?" she looked up after the first page or two.

"Not in the least," said Mr. Baker without opening his eyes.

"All right then, I'll go on. 'The French apparently have an innate cash consciousness. The national mind arrives automatically at ——' "

"I think it's dry, if you ask me," interrupted Mr. Baker, still with his eyes shut.

"I think you're not listening, if you ask me," said Mrs. Baker, making a face. "What are you thinking about, Roddy?"

"Quite a few things," said Mr. Baker.

"What, for instance?" He didn't answer.

"Is it about Turner?" She leaned forward in her chair, half smiling.

"Yes, if you like. Turner and all the rest of them—all the bally, shabby, incompetent wretches that you've mothered and looked out for for the past ten years, and who can't seem to let go of you."

Mrs. Baker's face clouded. "I'm sorry, Rod; I didn't mean for them all to come trailing here after me. Poor things! You see they've had me for a good many years; I suppose they just can't stop all of a sudden." She put her hand on his arm. "I'm sort of a habit, I guess, and habits are things you can't get over in a minute, are they?"

Mr. Baker made no reply.

"Roddy, dear, don't let's get all fussed up over all this again tonight. You know I promised. I gave up everything connected with the center, the clinic and all my work there—and that's that!"

Still Mr. Baker was silent.

"Haven't we had a lovely trip, and didn't I love everything, and haven't we had a good time?"

Mr. Baker got up and kicked a log into place on the fire. He stood back to his wife. "Yes, but what in thunder am I going to do with you now that I've got you home?"

"Roderick Baker," she flashed, "what's the matter with you? After twenty-five

Continued on Page 22

The Song of the Cathedral Builders

A VISION—BY EDITH STEVENS GILES

(On the resumption of work upon Grace Cathedral.)

Behold, the towers in beauty rise,
The Gothic arches span the aisles,
The lofty columns stately soar
To meet them and sustain their poise.

In jeweled splendor gospelled panes
Athwart the transept cast their light,
In soft mosaic to repeat
His story from their mullioned height.

Within the chancel's deep indent
(Where whosoever will may come),
The glory of the altar dwells
'Round Consecrated Sacrament.

Here the unspotted heart may kneel
Beside forgiven Magdalen,
And here the leprous soul may feel
The joy of healing miracle.

Nave of Grace Cathedral

The great rose brightened from the East
Is blazoned with ethereal fire,
The glory of an oriflamme
Burns in the Cross above the spire.

The Portal Beautiful opes wide
A haven to the city's need;
For God's own peace doth here abide
Unreckoning of race or creed.

The people in triumphant joy
With one accord shall gather here;
Or shadowed by adversity
Seek sanctuary from their fear.

For this we build; to this we give
Devotion winged with prayer and praise
Unto Thy name an house to raise;
Who gave Thyself for cornerstone.

[The building of Grace Cathedral is to be resumed from the bequest of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and her sister.]

"Kath" Wishes All a Merry Christmas

November 15, 1932.

My dear Jane:

I feel as if I owed you an apology for the "hodge-podgey" letter I sent you last month, and while I've always been told never to explain—your enemies won't believe you and your friends don't need it—still, I was rather sorry that it got into such a state. So enough said, and I hope you will understand and not vilify me too strongly for it—it was "just one of those things"—they happen every once in a while, as we all know.

I have been so engrossed in Dramatics this month that there has been little room in my mind for anything else. I made the remark just the other day that for the past few weeks the Club for me was divided into two places: the "Caf" and the Dramatic Section. However, if one takes on any kind of a job, be it large or small, somehow that thing looms up largest and most important in our minds and we give more time and thought to it than to anything else. And so that's the way it is just now with Kath and the Drama Section.

We surely are most fortunate in having someone like Mrs. Stoddard to lead the section. If energy, willingness to slave, knowledge of what she is after, and unbounded good nature and co-operation will put the thing over, then—it's over the top, for Mrs. Stoddard certainly combines all those qualities.

But—I haven't told you anything about it, have I? And here I go rambling on as if you'd been in on it all from the start. I forget sometimes, you see, that you are so far away, for your letters keep me in such close touch with you that the miles melt away, and I live over half the things you are doing, and, conceited me, expect that you do the same.

To get back to this Drama Section, however. It meets every first and third Friday of the month, and is strictly a study group. One week a play is read by some of the members. We choose a new play, something that everyone is interested in, and several members take the different parts. The third Friday is devoted to producing, in some form or other, a one-act play, and then a short talk on stagecraft and all of its outlying branches. And are there many of them! Well, you who have done that sort of thing for years do not need to be told that.

You asked me to find out about cards for you for the Clubs you will visit when you go abroad. They tell me that you will find reciprocity all over Europe and in England, and the office is sending you cards for all the principal cities which you will visit. You will, I know, find them most useful. It will be interesting to hear what the European clubs are like in comparison to our own. I know when I was East I did not find one club which I thought could compare, on the whole, with our own 465 Post Street.

There was such an interesting feature in the Club this month, which you would have enjoyed. The Club always has such worth-while events to offer, and this was a tea in honor of "the three Klumpkes," all members of our Club, who are now visiting San Francisco together for the first time in years. Be sure to read about it in your November Magazine. It is more than interesting.

The Pantry Sale, like the Talent Festival was last month, is the thing of the moment, and by the time you receive this it will be a thing of the past. It is looming up beautifully, and if it comes up to past standards (and you may be sure it will), it will be something worth while. I am going to serve, and am looking forward to a lot of fun as well as service. Much to my regret, however, I can't be with our dear "Seltzer" Garrett, who, so she tells me, is going to be the "Delicatessen Mam-

Continued on Page 20

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

FLOWERING WILDERNESS; *by John Galsworthy.*

WHAT WE LIVE BY; *by Abbe Ernest Dimnet;* Simon and Schuster. $2.50 (Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.)

AND LIFE GOES ON; *by Vicki Baum;* Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50. (Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.)

CONSECRATED COMMON SENSE; *by Nellie Olmstead Lincoln* (Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, member of Women's City Club).

Books Sent for Review:

NICODEMUS: A BOOK OF POEMS; *by Edwin Arlington Robinson;* the Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

LIFE AND LOVE; *by Paul Nami;* the Stratford Co., Boston. $1.00.

● Flowering Wilderness; by John Galsworthy.

"Flowering Wilderness" ends as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine* for November. A book of Galsworthy's is like a chapter of life, fascinating, stimulating, provocative, incomplete. Both leave one unsatisfied. There must be more to follow.

Perhaps his books seem peculiarly akin to life, because they make us acquainted with the generations of one family. For a while we walked and talked with the Forsytes, charming and sometimes quite objectionable English people, but always persons whom one is "delighted to meet." We were reluctant to tell them goodbye. Apparently, so was Mr. Galsworthy.

Now he introduces us to the Cherrells. The characters in "Maid in Waiting" and "Flowering Wilderness" probably seem more like persons we meet than like those we read about, because they occupy an easier walk in life than such folk as Mr. Bennett's. These pleasant English Cherrells talk much about one another; sometimes, rarely, they work, but that is in the background; and they have time to be torn by their emotion—and its analysis. All of which, expressed in Mr. Galsworthy's delightful English, makes good reading.

Family affection and solidarity form the background. The Cherrells, whose names are sprinkled thick with "Sirs" and "Generals," move in the same group with our old friends, Michael Mont and Fleur Forsyte. At their wedding Dinny Cherrell, very young daughter of the family, had met Wilfrid Desert, briefly but unforgettingly. His heroic war record and romantic reputation as a poet made her girlish heart flutter, but he disappeared into the mysterious East. When he returns ten years later they fall desperately in love.

Rumors creep about the clubs that Wilfrid, an agnostic himself, had become a Moslem somewhere in those lost ten years, renouncing the religion of his fathers at the point of an Arab chieftain's pistol. In the desert sands, what he gave up had seemed less real than his life. To Wilfrid's mind, there were no Ten Commandments east of Suez, or elsewhere.

But the suspicion of his having been "yellow" tormented him and others. To break the code meant more than breaking the Ten Commandments. In a new volume of poems he published "The Leopard," a mental analysis of his fatal choice. It becomes a best seller, but turns his friends' suspicion into certainty. To the minds of home-keeping little England such apostasy, agnostic or not, amounts to racial treason; and he is ostracized.

Dinny stands by her lover, through all his emotional storms, and the outraged family stand by them both, living up to the best English traditions in the conflict between their feelings and their actions. In the end Wilfrid cuts the hopeless knot by going back into the East whence he came —leaving Dinny and Mr. Galsworthy—and us—with a question mark till the next book appears.

● What We Live By; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Some writers say all there is to say in their first book; it is not so with Ernest Dimnet. His new book, "What We Live By," is rich in the sort of wisdom that made "The Art of Thinking" so worth while.

The Abbe approaches the subject of this book with the idea that "Our choice is between saying insignificant things, saying nothing, or reading and thinking before saying anything." What he so thoughtfully has to say falls in three parts "corresponding to the three aspects of 'Being' in classical metaphysics": Verum (the True), Pulchrum (the Beautiful) and Bonum (the Good).

The True, which should be sought for its own sake, comprises the philosophical attitude towards life or that which is beyond our narrow circle of immediate interests. And "whatever takes us away from common ways of thinking, from our habit of taking things for granted, of never doubting, never wondering, never varying our angle of vision, takes us away from nonthought."

Carrying out this idea, Ernest Dimnet reviews briefly and clearly the speculative questions, concerning man and the universe, that have been contributed for our consideration by the philosophers. These chapters form a very splendid short history of philosophy and may well be considered the finest part of the book.

The conclusion of Part I is that it is meditation upon these speculative questions, "which of its own nature, produces culture" or "intellectual sympathy." And furthermore, that "anxiety about those great issues is the evidence of the presence of God in us."

The Abbe feels that beauty (Part II) is so "multiform and elusive that a formula can never imprison it," but suggests for our meditation the Platonist definition: "Beauty is the splendor of truth." What every one does agree with, however, is that beauty is happiness, and that the artist is not an artist because of what he makes or says, but because of what he feels.

To the development of the idea of Beauty the author very briefly surveys the different arts and suggests for our consideration the effects of the beautiful in lyricism and music, drama and fiction, architecture, sculpture and painting. He skilfully leads up to Part III, Bonum, with the idea that "Beauty in art is indeed the natural introduction to beauty in life." Having changed one's outlook on life, it will be hardly possible not to change one's life as well.

The chapters of Part III treating of Wisdom, schools and the technique of a new life, including the idea of the "motive image" are not only practical but may also be creative of that "deep desire" necessary to the soul that is to "vitalize itself into what it used not to be."

The discussion of religion is self-contradictory in at least one quite obvious direction. The writer asks the question: "How can thinking people imagine that science and religion have the least contact at any point?" And then he proceeds in the chapter on "The Higher Notion of God" to say, "Over against the crude idea of the Supreme Being is another to which our

increasing knowledge of the Universe obviously points," and he moves through the processes of evolution from the "inorganic" to the human intellect and that "mysterious something which gives a meaning to the word sanctity." The Abbe does not look at religion from so wide an angle as that from which he views philosophy and the arts.

Nevertheless the book has great values; not the least of these is that reading it brings to the surface many things from the depths of the reader's own mind, as his thought answers the Abbe's challenge to the more abundant life. "Where we live or how we live is of little consequence. What is all-important is to live."

● And Life Goes On; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

"Entertaining," that's the word I've been hunting for! If one is in need of entertainment during the tortures of a permanent wave or any other trying occasion, "And Life Goes On" is just the book one is seeking. The characters are sufficiently real, sufficiently diverse and the situations well arranged.

● Books sent for review.

Our appeal for information about books by our own members brought one prompt response. Mrs. Lincoln graciously presented the Club Library with a copy of her book of thoughtful essays, "Consecrated Common Sense." These are bewildered years. Even the manager of the great Bank of England has said of problematic today, "It is too much for me. I cannot understand." But here and there we find serene thinkers, like Abbe Dimnet, who are trying to show us a way out of the morass to a new comprehension of "what we live by." From loss and bewilderment we turn to such books, if perhaps we may find in them the secret of the serenity that shines from quiet eyes.

Mrs. James Otis Lincoln is well known as a lecturer on "spiritual psychology." She made a practical application of her form of philosophy in St. Dorothy's Rest, a summer home for crippled and convalescent children, which she founded twenty-five years ago and which is still a haven of peace for children and young women.

The theme of her book is twofold, and might be called psychology and spirituality. In handling such themes as constructive thought, fundamentals, vision, the subconscious mind, the belief triumphant, her style is direct and thoughtful and free from well-worn mannerisms and phraseology which often, with the best intentions, hamper and repel the post-war generation. We of the nineties need not try to fool ourselves. We must talk the language of today if the young generation is going to think our thoughts with us, or we with them. Perhaps Mrs. Lincoln has learned this from her young women of St. Dorothy's Rest. At any rate, her books are free from cant.

She quotes, "Psychology is today demonstrating that the fundamental tenets of religion are correct." And again,

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Because my own will come to me."

She says, "You have a spirit which can show you the things of God, and of this infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed. Your conscious mind can be absolutely your will-control, and everywhere the law helps you." The theme of her book is

"This is the great Belief Triumphant,
Man and his Maker at one."

It ends with an old Eastern proverb, "The winds of God are always blowing, but if you wish to go forward you must keep your sails unfurled," which inspired Mrs. Lincoln's song called "The Winds of God":

"The winds of God are blowing,
So keep your sails unfurled,
For the winds of God would take you
To safe harbors of the world.
But they cannot do their duty
If you should reef your sail;
The winds would still be blowing,
But they'd blow to no avail——
So take the helm, be master,
Unfurling sails your part,
And the winds of God will take you
To the Harbor of your heart."

To the other two books, "Nicodemus" and "Love and Life," we may give only a brief word. Edwin Arlington Robinson is philosopher, historian, poet, rated high among the moderns. Sometimes his philosophy outweighs his melody. Sometimes one needs foot notes to clarify the background or the historic references, for a less learned mind. But once the background is clear, sometimes his vividness hits one like a blow, as in "Annandale" and "How Annandale Went Out." Always his feeling is poignant—sometimes painfully poignant, as in "Nicodemus" who saw "one that he had left alone, alone in a bare room, and unafraid."

I do not know who Paul Nami is, author of "Life and Love," a little book of short and sage observations. But he is said to be thirty years old; of Syrian, Spanish and English ancestry, and in his short life he has been soldier, aviator, laborer, draftsman, stenographer and editor, and has traveled in twenty-one countries. With so much experience, one would expect more originality about life and love. Perhaps, like wine (of which we are hearing so much just now), he will mellow with age. But who should know more about life and love —Youth or Age?

Continued from Page 18

ma" and dispense potato salad, etc. That would be even more fun than what I'm booked for.

I haven't been speaking of parties, but—speaking of them, nevertheless, I am sorry you won't be here November 30, to be with the crew when they have their big affair in honor of our captain, who comes back on the job this month, after bringing that mascot of ours safely into the world. Of course, there will be great fun and to-do that day for the whole crew, and—shall we sing "The Vacant Chair" for you, old dear? Well, perhaps that is a bit saddish—but we will miss you just the same.

The menu for the Thanksgiving dinner and luncheon reads—"yum! yum!"—made me hungry to see it! But then, Miss MacKenzie always puts forth something that's unusual and very worth while in the way of decorative and palatable food.

We had a gorgeous swim the other night —of course, on the men's guest night. (If I dared to go for a swim at the Club and didn't ask friend husband he'd be off me for a week.) Somehow or other, though, we always miss you more poignantly when we go swimming than at any other time. Guess it's because it was our "hangout" for so many months. It rather makes me ill when I think that instead of your taking a train for California next month, as we've all expected, you'll be sailing the briny deep for parts unknown (to us anyway). How I wish, too, that we might be trailing down to the dock of the *Majestic* to see you off, for never shall I forget the thrill of those midnight sailings from New York. I think it is the most logical time to have a steamer sail, for it gives you the whole evening to party in, and then—off with a bang, in a cloud of confetti and good will, and back to cry oneself to sleep—that is, if one is going to miss the traveler that much. However, my dear, we'll be with you in spirit.

Have you read your *Saturday Literary Review* for this month? Don't miss it—it's filled with the most fascinating reviews I've yet come across.

My heart is filled with "peace and good will" right now in this nearing Christmas season, and while I know you will be on the deep Atlantic Christmas Day, yet I know that wherever you are you will carry the spirit of Christmas with you. So *bon voyage*, my dear—good luck and a happy landing—and another year, when you are back with us, much work at 465 Post Street for you, and with your work a lot of fun.

A Happy, Happy Christmas and a Joyous New Year!

Affectionately your friend,

KATH.

One of the "Klumpkes" Pays Tribute to Club

San Francisco, California,
38 Hill Point Avenue,
November 9, 1932.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper,
Chairman of the Hospitality Committee,
Women's City Club of San Francisco.

My dear Madame Chairman of the Hospitality Committee:

I am extremely sorry that I shall not have the honor and pleasure of being with you, personally, this afternoon at the tea given for the Klumpke sisters by the Women's City Club of San Francisco, at which tea you will preside.

I am in bed with a cold from which, I am glad to say, I am rapidly recovering. My dear niece, Mrs. George E. Austin, a Red Cross nurse from France, will not allow me to leave my sunny room today. Therefore, my dear Madame Chairman, I beg of you kindly to excuse my absence from your Club today in person; I am with you in thought and heart and mind and am sending my heartfelt greetings to one and all.

It seems to me that the three Klumpke sisters have been with your wonderful work, the work of the National League for Woman's Service, for many, many years.

During the years of 1914 to 1918, never to be forgotten, you and we three were each working in our respective fields. My dear sister, Miss Anna E. Klumpke, herself an invalid, but of great heart and mind, organized, with the permission of the French military authorities, a convalescent home for the mutilated soldiers, in the park of her Chateau de By, where the wounded coming from the front were taken care of.

My sister, Miss Julia Klumpke, with her violin, brought comfort to their minds and bodies. Our dear mother worked with us, and I too did my little bit.

In the early days of your Club at 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, I had the great joy of meeting some of you, and particularly one very dear to us all, face to face; and I became identified with the League for Woman's Service.

I was present when ground was broken and the cornerstone laid of the Women's City Club of San Francisco. I had the joy of rejoicing with you at its completion. Ours is a stately building which will ever live for the betterment of mankind, as our dear President says in her November message.

Recently at your Talent Festival I had the pleasure of admiring the talents of so many of our members, in so many walks of life. Many of you were in your uniforms and caps, your badges of honor.

I inquired as to the meaning of your colors. They are "the colors chosen by each of us," was the reply.

Like the stars in the firmament, you radiate. You radiate the warm red and the infra-red, the brilliant yellow and hopeful green, the blue, the indigo, the purple, of azure hues.

You succeed in all your doings, because your deeds are deeds of altruism; you forget self in the service of mankind. You truly live the motto *e pluribus unum*, and onward you march to greater achievement and happiness for all.

In the Library at the time of the Third Talent Festival you kindly exhibited for a second time the copy of the atlas I had the honor to present to our Club.

The atlas comprises sixty charts and a letter press with introductory remarks and instructions. It is entitled Isaac Roberts' Atlas of 52 Regions, a Guide to Herschel's Fields. I wrote it in memory of those I honor and hold dear. At the international astronomical meeting at Leyden, Holland, 1928, I had the honor to present to the president of my section No. 28 of the nebulae, a copy of this atlas. At the international meeting of the Astronomical Union at Cambridge, Mass., 1932, I presented the Supplement to Isaac Roberts' Atlas of 52 Regions, a Guide to William Herschel's Fields of Nebulosity.

Both of these publications have been well received by astronomers and observers interested in this special field of celestial observation, which approval is a very great source of satisfaction to me.

Sir William Herschel, during his memor-

Continued on Page 28

After the last rubber

—it's the part of hospitality to serve steaming, delicious hot Ghirardelli's Chocolate, before sending your guests out into the cold. *You'll* sleep better, too. It's so easy to make, when you use Ghirardelli's!

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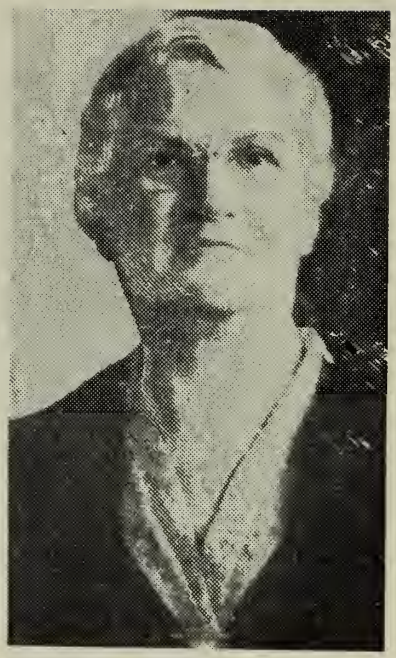
261

Dr. Pendleton Guest of Club

● Dr. Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, who was guest of honor at a tea tendered by the Women's City Club Tuesday afternoon, November 22, is not a bit concerned about the modern girl, particularly the modern college girl. Dr. Pendleton, who has been president of



Dr. Ellen Fitz Pendleton

Wellesley for twenty-one years and therefore is competent to make comparisons of eras, believes that the young woman of today is going back into the home rather than leaving it.

"Our young women are more serious-minded today than ever before," said Dr. Pendleton. "They are taking a more active interest in national and international affairs —those interests which formerly were thought to be outside the home.

"Despite this interest, I have found from personal talks with large numbers of young women that they are preparing themselves to assume their responsibilities as the center of homes.

"It is true that many young women are planning also to pursue part-time professional or business careers, along with their home duties, a thing which can be accomplished with our present-day facilities and inventions."

Dr. Pendleton stopped at most of the large cities en route to San Francisco from the East. Basing her opinion on conditions observed during her trip, she said she believed people throughout the country were generally in a more optimistic frame of mind.

The City Club tea for Dr. Pendleton was one of the interludes of the month. Mrs. Percy Hincks, president of Wellesley Alumnae in San Francisco, and Miss Mabel L. Pierce, her sister, member of the City Club Board of Directors, had charge of the tea.

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Continued from Page 17

years of married life are you convinced that you've married a butterfly?"

Mr. Baker wheeled on her. "Butterfly be damned! My dear, you're a sport! 'Let there be no more poor,' I said, and you said, 'Aye, aye, sir!' 'No more needy.' 'Aye, aye, sir!' said you. 'No more fool babies that have to be looked out for and fed, no more sick kids that have to be doctored, no more gentlemen who leave their families and have to be persuaded to return!' And you aye-ayed some more. And then I said, 'Madame, let me be your only care from now on, your only concern.' Isn't that the substance of what I said?" His eyes glistened down at her.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said a very low voice from the depths of the big chair.

"Well," Mr. Baker made a large gesture, "I rescind it all. I abrogate—isn't that the word?"

"No, I don't think so," meekly from the chair.

"I make a public restitution."

'Hear, hear!' from the chair.

"I, who have always believed in the private ownership of public utilities—I've changed my mind!"

"Stop calling names," said Mrs. Baker.

"And having changed my mind, I now wish to make a Christmas present to the world—my wife!" said Mr. Baker, and stooped and kissed her on her saucy, absurdly young, tip-tilted nose.

And the little Christmas tree twinkled and shimmered. And the big clock out in the hall struck twelve.

Get a set of this Porcelain Fruit for your Xmas Gift

Fruit dishes are 5, 7 and 9 inches in diameter and finished in turquoise blue. The fruit is attractively glazed in natural colors and is separate from dish and stand. The price now reduced to 85c, $1.15 and $1.45 set.

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American Women's Club Of Berlin Is on Our Reciprocal List

● The following letter affords comparison of a typical foreign club with our own:

"To the Women of the American Colony in Berlin:

"The American Women's Club of Berlin has recently moved to new and larger quarters at Bellevue Strasse 6a. We are now ready to welcome every American woman living permanently or temporarily in Berlin, and offer the increased facilities with the hope that the Club may serve in an added degree as a central point in the life of the American Colony here.

"The whole suite of rooms has been entirely done over under the supervision of one of our members who is an interior decorator. An added attraction is an auditorium, which can be used for recitals, dances, lectures and exhibitions. Three other rooms are available for private luncheons, bridge-parties or teas. One room can be used as a rest room when necessary, by members who wish to have a place to relax between engagements in town. In addition, a new and modern kitchen has been installed with facilities that permit us to cater for any type of social event. We plan to serve American dishes in our tea room, as well as take orders for home-made cakes, pies, doughnuts and other favorites.

"Our membership is of various types. We issue guest cards to Americans visiting for two weeks in Berlin. Our travelling membership is good for a month, with the privilege of a two months' renewal. Special rates are offered to student members. Our regular membership carries with it the guest privileges in Federated European Clubs, that is, in the American women's clubs of London, Paris, Vienna, Zurich, The Hague, Amsterdam and Antwerp. We are also affiliated with several women's clubs in the United States which exchange guest privileges with us.

"The activities of the Club are varied, but can always be expanded to meet new tastes and wishes. The following list gives some idea of what we offer our members:

"Social Affairs: Our 'at-homes' to which all members are asked monthly, the weekly Monday bridge afternoons and the monthly luncheon which is followed by a talk or music, are our regular social features.

"Music: Once a month, or oftener, a concert or recital is planned, and we have been fortunate to secure musicians of the highest order for these occasions.

"Lectures: Talks on art, psychology, current events, social conditions, history and international relations have been arranged during the past year, especially through the efforts of our active Committee on International Relations.

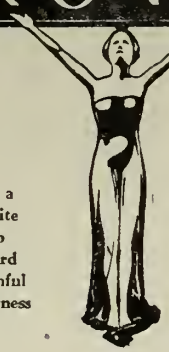
"Social Service and Charity: The Charity Committee holds a sewing 'bee' once a week during the winter months and all are invited to sew for local institutions. Benefits for German charity are arranged several times a year. We co-operate with the American Church and the American Relief Association in meeting the needs of Americans who come to us for help.

"Library: A well-stocked library of American and English books is at the disposal of our members, and is constantly being added to. On our tables are copies of current American magazines and newspapers.

"Student Activities: A committee is organized to welcome our student members and plan with them a program of social activities, as well as give them an opportunity to meet worth-while Germans in the homes of our members. Students of music and dancing often appear in recital before the Club.

"Information Bureau: The addresses of English-speaking doctors, dentists and nurses, teachers, schools, reliable shops, recommended pensions and hotels both in and outside of Berlin, as well as similar information supplied by other European American women's clubs, are available. A list of rooms, apartments and houses to rent is also kept at the office."

NOVA



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Reduce easily, without diet—no exercise, no harnesses, economically and with ABSOLUTE SAFETY. Thousands of women have taken this safe, sane and certain method —the scientific treatment — backed by testimonials and ABSOLUTE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. You owe it to yourself to at least investigate.

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JUDGMENT CAN NOT BE BEQUEATHED

You can leave life insurance and other property to your family . . . but you cannot bequeath them your *business judgment.*

Statistics reveal with what tragic speed estates are often dissipated by inexperienced heirs. Why not guard *your* loved ones against this danger now by setting up a

LIFE INSURANCE TRUST

A Life Insurance Trust perpetuates your business judgment. It empowers the bank to collect and invest the proceeds of your life insurance . . . pay regular, worry-free income to your wife and children . . . and finally distribute the principal according to your wishes. The cost of this service is small. The benefits in sound management are great. Write or call for the booklet, "Carrying on the Family Income."

TRUST DEPARTMENT

Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

Market at Montgomery
Market at Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

Home Economics

—HAZEL B. NOYES

Christmas by the Fireside

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
"Old Christmas"
By Sir Walter Scott.

● Christmas really centers around the "Homefires," with stockings hanging by the fireplace and plum puddings steaming in the kitchen. It gives us such a good excuse for cooking—for bringing out all the old cherished recipes that have come down to us from generations of famous cooks. Then, too, what greater joy can we give or receive than that of sharing the results of our labors with our friends?

Cookies, fruit cakes, mince tarts and plum puddings; candies, nuts, salted or spiced, and some special jars of preserves, conserves or relishes that we "put up" this past summer, are all such a treat to the friend who does not keep house. She in turn may think of many little things that the one who is so busy at home does not have time to make—such as those "tricky" little lid-lifters to match the colorings in her kitchen. Who ever does have enough of these? It is a good plan to have such things "on hand," too, just in case you are invited to "come Christmas Eve and help trim the tree."

Christmas really begins on Christmas Eve. In fact, to me, this is the most exciting day of the whole year—with all the hustle and bustle, whispers and giggles—everyone whisking around corners wrapping up last-minute packages. It would just spoil Christmas if I didn't have a lot of packages to tie up on Christmas Eve.

A tree-trimming party is such fun, too. All the family comes, of course, but ask several friends also, who might otherwise be alone that night. Get out all the tree trimmings—those boxes of treasures that have been in the family just years and years. What adventures they recall! There is the tinsel angel Jane got at the church social the year she sang Christmas carols, and those dangling bead things Lou wore for earrings at the Chinese masquerade, the long icicle for the top that has a piece broken out of the side where Uncle Jim pushed it down so hard, first time he put it on the tree. A dollar's worth each year—that was the rule—but really, this year we don't need any new ones, even though the tree is huge. There is a special box for the tiny red and silver trimmings for the table tree, as we always have a small tree for the centerpiece Christmas Day, both for breakfast and dinner.

If you have a tree-trimming party and want to carry out the holiday spirit, finish the evening by singing carols, and then serve hot spiced cider with doughnuts, cookies and old-fashioned popcorn balls.

A Christmas breakfast is a delightfully informal affair. If there are small children, there is great excitement over stockings, or if gifts are opened at the breakfast table, as is the custom in many families, there is more confusion, and breakfast must wait, so plan it with this in mind. This is a good menu, and easy to prepare and serve:

BREAKFAST MENU

Canned Figs or Apricots
Crisp Cereal Cream
Fried Apple Rings and Link Sausages
Toast Coffee Cake
Marmalade Coffee

Now for dinner. If you have had turkey

HALE BROS.
MARKET AT FIFTH . . . . SUtter 8000

Dyed Alencon Lace Tops This Delightful Afternoon Dress.....

$29.50

Here is a perfect afternoon dress . . . with high surplice neckline, adjustable waistline, young three-quarter sleeves. A Carolyn dress, exquisitely hand finished . . . of heavy sheer Georgette Canton . . . in Spring green and tile red.

Sizes 36 to 42

CAROLYN SHOP, HALE'S THIRD FLOOR

for Thanksgiving, you will probably want something different — goose, perhaps, or ducks, or follow the English custom of a huge roast of beef. Whatever meat you choose, the rest of the menu can be the same.

For the opening course nothing could look more Christmassy than a cranberry cocktail. Serve tiny canapes with them—Christmas stars or mistletoe canapes.

Oyster cream soup always seems an appropriate introduction to a gala day dinner —just don't serve too much. Goose really seems as appropriate to Christmas as turkey is to Thanksgiving, or if the family is small, a domestic duck is just the thing. Potato stuffing has a piquancy peculiarly suited to duck or goose. Tart accompaniments of currant jelly or apple sauce, or baked oranges and a horseradish sauce, are delicious, and such vegetables as tomato, onions or broccoli.

A festive salad for a holiday dinner is a cranberry wreath filled with Waldorf salad, but you will not want to serve this if you use the cranberry cocktail. Instead of salad this year, why not serve an assortment of snappy hors d'oeuvres — short lengths of celery stuffed with a sharp cheese mixture. Spiced prunes or peaches, sweet gherkins and radishes are a good selection.

For dessert, plum pudding, of course, may be served with brandy-flavored sauce and vanilla ice cream, or if you prefer a dessert not quite so rich, a gelatin plum pudding is delicious.

Here are a few recipes you may like to try, and may they add to your joy during this holiday season:

Fried Apple Rings and Sausage

Core apples and slice in rounds without peeling. Sprinkle lightly with link sausage. Cook in a very hot oven or in the broiler, not too close to the heat. It may be necessary to pour off some of the fat before serving.

Potato Stuffing

2 cups mashed potatoes
1 egg
2 tablespoons chopped onion
¼ cup butter
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon sage

Cranberry Cocktail

2 cups cranberry sauce
2 bananas
3 halves pear
2 slices pineapple

Dice fruit and pour a thin chilled sauce over it. Serves six to eight.

Cranberry Wreath

4 cups cranberries
4 cups sugar
2 cups boiling water

Wash and pick over cranberries. Add boiling water and cook until berries stop popping. Then add the sugar and stir until dissolved; return to stove and cook until the mixture sheets off the spoon as in jelly-making. Pour into a mold and chill until set. Arrange on large, round platter and fill with Waldorf salad.

Gelatin Plum Pudding

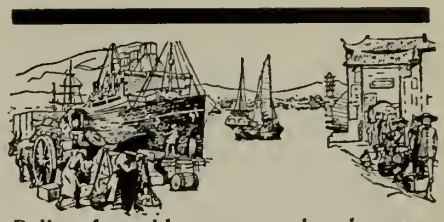
2 tablespoons gelatin
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons ground chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup seeded raisins
½ cup currants
3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
¾ cup dates
½ cup nuts
Salt

Soak gelatin in 4 tablespoons cold water 5 minutes. Put milk, chocolate and fruit in double boiler and let get hot. Add soaked gelatin, sugar and salt and remove from fire. When mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nuts and fold in beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Sewing Is Fashionable

● Be fashionable this winter and sew. While you are listening to the radio during winter evenings, turn your fingers to the dainty arts of crocheting, quilting or sewing of those thousand and one things which give personality to your home.

Tiny doilies, antimacassars or bedspreads, copied from charming old colonial designs, in mercerized crochet cotton, are very much in vogue at present and will become valued heirlooms to your children.



Relics of an old romance or loved ones—bring them to us and let us study how we can recreate them into beautiful articles of present-day usefulness. The cost is modest — at least you incur no obligation in asking.

Pre-Christmas Sale—25% off

on all precious, semi-precious, and antique jewelry.

LONG JADE NECKLACES **$7.50**

SOLID GOLD GENUINE STONE RINGS **$5.00**

CORAL NECKLACES **$2.50**

Our Jewelry Manufacturing and Lapidary department is the finest and largest on the Pacific Coast.

IN THE HEART OF CHINATOWN

Highest Award for Precious Stones and Cameos at Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915

PHILIP KLEIN

Importer and Manufacturer

519 GRANT AVENUE

Hours Fresher

MARIN-DELL MILK

ON THE TABLE

while other milks are on the train

Marin Dell, brought across the bay in speed trucks, is at your independent grocer's, pasteurized and chilled, hours fresher!

Sold Only by Independent Grocers

FREE! LIMITED COUPON FREE!

For the months of December and January (only) we will present a 75c tube of Gahns Swedish Tissue Cream with all purchases of $1 or more upon presentation of this coupon when purchase is made.

FOR A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS

G-A-H-N-S
Famous Swedish
TOILETRIES

Maniol—a truly marvelous creme for the hands. Tubes..50c
Tissue Creme.....Jar $2 Tube 75c
Cleansing Creme (cold Creme) Jar $1.50
Farena Creme (Oat Creme) Jar $1.50
Astringents for dry and oily skins.....Bottle $2 and $2.25
Powders for dry and oily skins.....Box $1 and $1.25
AND—Gahns, justly famous, soaps for the treatment of any and all types of skins.

SWEDISH IMPORTS & EXPORTS CO.
397 SUTTER STREET
AT STOCKTON

Table Displays To Be Exhibited

● In addition to the delectable foods at the Holiday Pantry Sale, November 22, there was a group of most interesting and unusual table displays arranged by Miss Marion Burr and her committee:

Mrs. Harry Allen
Miss Ruth Gedney
Mrs. Hans Lisser
Mrs. Helen Martin

The displays varied from the setting for a camp table and apartment dinette table to the most elaborate Thanksgiving and Christmas table, each one arranged by a member who used stock on sale in the League Shop or which may be purchased through the Shop. Those exhibiting were:

Mrs. Harry Allen
Miss Lucy Allyne
Miss Alice Burr
Mrs. Blake Darling
Miss Katharine Donohoe
Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood
Miss Ruth Gedney
Mrs. Meyer Levy
Miss Alicia Mosgrove
Miss Pauline Pierson
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
The Misses Scott

The Pantry Sale was for the one day only, but the table display will be shown until Christmas.

Trinity Vested Choir to Sing Christmas Carols at City Club

● At the City Club Christmas dinner Thursday evening, December 22, and "all over the house," Grace Cathedral choir will sing Christmas carols, as did Trinity choir last year.

Scores of dinner parties are being arranged for that night so that hostesses and guests may have opportunity of hearing this vested choir sing the gracious melodies and harmonies of Noel.

The choir carols last year still echo in the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to hear them and this year's program is planned to be similar in spirit and intent.

Come to dinner and experience the peace of Christmas pervading the Club.

And the Roof Garden Shall Bloom Like the Rose

● Miss Katharine Donohoe, chairman of the Flower and Decorations Committee, has some new and interesting ideas for the City Club Roof Garden. She shares the general belief that there should be an opulence of color on "the roof" at all times of the year, and to that end is asking members to bring to the Club specimens from their hothouses and gardens. Bring them to the Club.

Here are some of the plants and shrubs suggested by Miss Donohoe as suitable for the Roof Garden:

Geraniums, Aubretia, Bellis Perenne, Alyssum Saxatile, Pansies, Violas, Arabis, Begonia Boltoniensis, Cinerarias, Primulas, Fuchsias, Heathers, Diosma Ericoides, Dimorphotheca, Nerium Oleander (Mrs. Roeding), Campanula Isophyla, Trachelospermum Jasminoides (star jasmine).

Request for Evening Lectures by Mrs. Lucas

● So popular are the lectures by Mrs. Lucas on "Current Events" that a number of members have requested an evening each month as well as the regular first and third Wednesday mornings.

Mrs. Lucas states that she has an available Tuesday evening each month which she can give to this work if a sufficient number indicate interest.

Admission will be the purchase of scrip in the amount of 50 cents, to be used in any department of the Club at any time. Members are asked to signify their interest by registering at the Front Office. If there are a sufficient number the lectures will begin in January. Guests also will be admitted upon the payment of 25 cents each time.

AND
HAPPY
HOLIDAYS

SAMARKAND
ICE CREAM

THE SAMARKAND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
OAKLAND

Second Bridge Series by Mrs. Roedel

● The bridge lessons recently given by Mrs. Alice M. Roedel were so successful that we are announcing that she will conduct another series each Wednesday evening, beginning January 11.

The same lectures will be repeated Thursday mornings, beginning January 12. Those registering may attend either section. There will also be two sections of duplicate bridge meeting Monday afternoons and evenings, beginning January 9. Four prizes will be given at each session of duplicate. Fees for either course will be $5 for ten meetings or 60 cents for single admissions. Tickets may be secured at the Front Office.

Course in Piano by Mlle. Inayetian

● The gifted concert pianist and teacher, Mlle. Arpine Inayetian, who was for several years one of the principal members of the staff of Alfred Cortot's school in Paris, will form a class in Technic and Interpretation for a limited number of pupils at the Club.

Mlle. Inayetian has studied with Furlani and with the late Heghey, a pupil of Liszt, as well as with Lazare Levy and Alfred Cortot. She has appeared with great success as soloist in Paris and other musical centers of Europe, and in recitals and club programs in San Francisco and the Bay region.

As a teacher abroad Mlle. Inayetian has met with unusual success, winning the unqualified commendation of Alfred Cortot, who, on his last visit to San Francisco, said: "Mlle. Inayetian is a teacher of exceptional gifts. She can be depended upon not only to develop in her pupils a high degree of technique and musical appreciation, but to inspire them with a zest for finished and intelligent execution."

Mlle. Inayetian is now on the faculty of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. The course as planned by Mlle. Inayetian will consist of ten lessons, the fee $20 for the course. Each member of the class will be given twenty minutes' individual instruction, the rest of the class listening to the comment and criticism. Members who are interested in this exceptional opportunity may obtain further information at the Executive Office.

Look for
"Book Mart" Announcement
in January Magazine

Continued from Page 11

if there is an international viewpoint, you may have it. Most of them speak English and are intensely interesting.

The Women's Progressive College here is the outgrowth of an idea fostered by some of our leading educators. The girls are almost hand-picked and should become sort of international missionaries. The faculty and the girls are delightful.

I am enjoying Geneva—there is much to see and do. The people are independently friendly and intelligently simple. It is a great place for new ideas and you learn you must be friends with the world. I have been to two dinners for Dame Rachael Crowdt. She is worshipped at the League, but is leaving now.

All Suisse has broken out in huge apartment houses of the mass-production type. I hear many people are bringing their money to Swiss banks for safety. It makes the Swiss get a very low rate of interest for their loans, but money is cheap for building.

Zurich has a large new orchid-and-pink subdivision topping one of her lovely hills, but we seem to run to grey here so far; but nowhere in the world have I seen so much building.

De Wans
PERMANENT
HAIR REMOVER

Made possible through the skill and perseverance of a French chemist after years of experimenting.

Penetrating the hair follicles, it devitalizes the hair.

Easily applied. No offensive odor. No harmful ingredients.

Price $1.00 and $2.00
or Treatments
$1.00 up

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
BEAUTY SALON

DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR AND AROMA
at a lower price ●

In no other tea do you get such a fine flavor at so reasonable a price. Only the top-leaves of choicest teas are used. This means a more delicate flavor and fragrance. And Tree Tea is the only tea you can buy that's especially blended to meet America's different taste. Try this M·J·B quality product.

"BLENDED TO AMERICA'S TASTE"

TREE TEA

TREE TEA

ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE (BLACK) —AND GREEN JAPAN

Continued from Page 21

able sweeps of the heavens (1783-1802), discovered, besides the thousands and thousands of nebulae and star clusters which were classified by him and his faithful sister Caroline, fifty-two fields of faint diffuse nebulosity that no one but he was able to observe and the knowledge of which went to the grave with Sir William Herschel in 1822.

These faint nebulosities were re-discovered during the World War at Rome at the Observatory of the Vatican, by the eminent observer and director, the late Father J. G. Hagen. He used the charts of which you see copies in the atlas, and which are photographic reproductions of celestial plates taken by Dr. Isaac Roberts at his observatory starfield at Crowborough, Sussex, England, from 1896 to 1902.

With the help of this atlas and supplement entitled Isaac Roberts' Atlas and Its Supplement of 52 Regions, a Guide to William Herschel's Fields of Nebulosity, astronomers and observers of the heavens, possessed of telescopes either great or small, will be able to re-discover Herschel's diffuse extended nebulosities and thus contribute to the solution of the important problem of cosmic clouds and nebulosity that invites the attention of the astronomical world.

It is my joy and honor to have done my little bit in that respect.

With all good wishes to the members of the Women's City Club gathered this afternoon in the American Room of the Women's City Club at the tea given for the Klumpke sisters, with all good wishes for continued success and happiness to one and all, I have the honor to remain, my dear Madame Chairman,

Very sincerely yours,

DOROTHEA KLUMPKE ROBERTS, D.Sc.
(Mrs. Isaac Roberts.)

Class in Eurhythmics

● It is a dull day that doesn't bring the discovery of some new talent in the Women's City Club.

Now, it is eurhythmics!

I beg pardon?

Well, rhythmic movements, if you prefer.

Miss Beryl Johnson is the exponent of this latest talent.

For two years she has been a member of the Club and has hidden her light under a bushel. That in spite of the fact that she was for three years in Geneva—no, not at the League of Nations.

She had no time for that. Jacques-Dalcroze—greatest teacher of eurhythmics—was taking all of her working and almost her waking hours drilling and instructing her in the theory and practice of his method in his great school.

To be technical, eurhythmics is using rhythm in motion; rhythmic movements to keep one mentally and physically fit, to give freedom and therefore grace of movement, poise, self-control; for reducing or upbuilding of figure, and includes corrective exercises for feet, posture, carriage and proper walking.

All of this to music. Just the thing to calm your nerves.

Miss Johnson has consented to begin classes in the Club. Go to the Executive Offices and ask questions. Make appointments there to see Miss Johnson and discuss the matter.

Dr. Nitobe Guest of Club

● Dr. Imazo Nitobe, distinguished Japanese scholar and diplomat, and Madame Nitobe were guests of honor at a luncheon given by the City Club in November.

Dr. Nitobe spoke informally after luncheon, prefacing his more serious message with humorous and whimsical comment.

"We are all provincial in one manner or another," he said, referring to the lack of understanding between nations.

"If we could understand this flower (pointing to a chrysanthemum which decorated the table) we should know heaven and earth and God and man. But we know not whence it comes nor where it goes when it withers. Could we remember always that we are in the midst of mystery we would, I believe, have sufficient tolerance and sympathy and understanding of all peoples to make, finally, for world amity."

Reserve Seats Now for Children's Party Saturday, December 17

● Every child whose mother is a member of the City Club is expected to be present at the Children's Party to be held there Saturday, December 17, beginning with the Swim Party and ending along late in the afternoon following the distribution of gifts from the Christmas tree.

Seats may be reserved now for the three plays to be presented after luncheon. Children, 25 cents; adults, 55 cents.

The complete program of the afternoon will be found on page 16.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds (value $65,931,292.00) on books at	$ 62,640,540.16
Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Preparing for the Business of Living

MONTEZUMA

Mountain School for Boys

"The School Beautiful"

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
NON-SECTARIAN—NON-MILITARY

Accredited to University of California, Stanford and leading Eastern Colleges

Illustrated booklet upon request

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

CASTILLEJA

Home and Day School for Girls. Pre-primary through Upper School. Special preparation for College Board Examinations. Music, Art, Dramatics, Household Arts, Modern Gymnasium; Open-air Swimming Pool; Week-end Camp in Santa Cruz Mountains. 26th year opens September 19, 1932.

For Catalogue and further information address the Principal

MARY I. LOCKEY, A.B.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

The CAREY SCHOOL

EL CAMINO REAL
at
CLARK DRIVE
SAN MATEO

For Boys and Girls — Kindergarten to High School

RESIDENT AND DAY

An accredited, cultural school, well known for its child education and character building. French, Music, Art, Dancing, Swimming, in addition to regular public school curriculum.

Male Instructor for Athletics and Manual Training.

Enrollment Limited —
Always Open for Enrollment

BUS SERVICE — NOON DINNERS
Telephone: SAN MATEO 744

The Thirty-First Year
of
Miss Harker's School
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
will begin
Wednesday, September 14, 1932

Holiday Pantry Sale Allures

● The Holiday Pantry Sale November 22 proved to the hundreds of members who enjoyed it that food may be raised to the *n*th degree of attractiveness. In fact, food and its settings almost persuaded—by their artistic attributes—that the City Club "powers that be" were not justified in excluding "edibles" from the Talent Festival of the month before.

However, having been ruled out of the Talent Festival, per se, food, taking unto itself a pantry shelf investiture, galloped into Club favor a prime favorite—as the race-course writers say.

Delectables in gay containers, packages in cellophane wrappings, jellies in molds and puddings in colorful guise made the Club a fragrant and especially alluring place that day.

Tables set with china and crystal, tables spread with damask, satin or organdie, tables laden with flowers or decorated in conventional "della Robbia," provided a choice of artistic values. Daintiness reigned supreme — and another festival was instituted for annual repetition.

Miss Wilbur to Read "Cavalcade"

● Miss Elizabeth Wilbur of Palo Alto will read the play "Cavalcade" at the City Club in January.

Miss Wilbur is a City Club member, graduate of Stanford University, formerly with Jane Cowl and more lately with the Duffy Players of San Francisco. She will appear in appropriate costume in the reading of "Cavalcade" on the Broadway successes of its season.

The reading is in line with the new policy of the Club to have a different talented member read a play each month instead of having one member read the series of the season.

In February Mrs. James Ludlow, another gifted member, who in the past year has received excellent criticism, will give a reading of a play, the name to be announced later, and in March Mrs. Hugh Brown, who needs no introduction, will read one of the very newest plays. The season promises to be extremely interesting. Tickets will be on sale before the first of the year.

Beauty

"Beauty is not in the bush,
Nor in the tree,
Nor in the sky,
Nor in the sea,
But something bound in the blood
Of me."

Norman Strand.

RHODA-ON-THE-ROOF

The new fall hats are here. This season my models suit all types. Bring in **your** hats to be remodeled.

●

RHODA - ON - THE - ROOF
233 Post Street « DOuglas 8476

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels, Aprons, Etc.
furnished to
Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

●

Coats and Gowns furnished for all classes of professional services

●

GALLAND Mercantile Laundry Company

●

Eighth and Folsom Streets
SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone MArket 0868

Christmas Greetings

To our faithful old friends, our cherished new friends, and to those whose friendship we strive to deserve—we tender hearty Christmas Greetings.

JOSEPH A. CALDWELL'S
SUPERIOR
BLANKET AND CURTAIN CLEANING WORKS
HEmlock 1337 160 Fourteenth St.

DAIRY DELIVERY CO.

Distributors of Highest Quality

MILK
CREAM
COTTAGE CHEESE

3550 19th Street, San Francisco
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198 California Drive, Burlingame
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REdwood 915

BEAUTY SALON
Women's City Club

We Now Carry a Full Line of
CONTOURÉ PREPARATIONS

Make an appointment to have Mrs. Geist give you a Contouré Make-up on Wednesday, November 16.

Do You Know——

- That five clubs in the United States have thought our Talent Festival worth copying?

That on and after January 1 there will be a charge of 5 cents for passes if you have forgotten your membership card?

That January 9 is the date of the annual election for members to the Board of Directors?

That there are special winter rates for swimming and diving lessons? Why not give the children lesson tickets for Christmas?

That we are going to start a "workshop" early in the year? We will be glad to have suggestions as to what you would like us to teach in our workshop. We have in mind weaving, basketry, jewelry making, brass and copper work, wood carving, etc.

That courtesy makeups are still given one day a month in the Beauty Salon?

That the bedroom rates have been adjusted?

That all inquiries for lost and found articles should be made at the Check Room on the Fourth Floor?

That the League Shop has a fascinating array of inexpensive Christmas gifts on sale?

That you can form a group to "swim to music" in the Pool?

That some of the young members are rehearsing for a musical skit and several more are needed?

That a Girls' Swimming Class is being formed for Saturdays after Christmas? (See Swimming Pool advertisement.)

That scrip is a most satisfactory medium of exchange to use in the departments of the Club?

That tickets for the Children's Christmas Party are now on sale? It is going to be a "big day" for the youngsters.

That we are ready to have our first sections of duplicate bridge in January?

That you may place your orders in the Dining Room for Christmas pies, puddings and Christmas cakes of all kinds?

That new members joining the Club now will not have to pay dues again until March, 1934?

That we expect to have a lovely program of Christmas carols during the week preceding Christmas?

That the outstanding event in January is to be the "Members' Book Mart"?

XMAS EVENTS

IN THE

DINING ROOM

AT THE

Women's City Club

•

The annual Christmas Luncheon and Dinner, Thursday, December 22, in the Cafeteria
85 Cents

•

Christmas Day Breakfast in the Dining Room—7:30 to 11—75 Cents

Christmas Dinner, 1 to 8—in the Dining Room—$1.25

•

For the Children's Christmas Party, Saturday, December 17
Luncheon 50 Cents

Make reservations in advance.
Phone GArfield 8400.

•

SPECIAL DINNER
In the Dining Room and Cafeteria
Preceding the

Evening of Xmas Carols
IN THE AUDITORIUM AT 8
THURSDAY, DEC. 22

•

ORDER NOW

Christmas puddings, pies and all kinds of holiday cakes, including Scotch shortbread and fruitcake.

SWIMMING POOL

OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

●

Sparkling, Clear, Fresh Water

●

SWIM TO MUSIC
On Wednesdays, 11:30 to 12

Admission Fee Only

●

ADMISSION RATES

Members and girls to 18 years of age	30c
Adult guests and boys over 8	40c
Member's swimming ticket, 10 admissions	$2.75
Members' children's tickets, 10 admissions	2.50

(Daughters Under 18—Sons Under 8)

A guest card, giving a woman guest, unaccompanied by a member, the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member for 25 cents.

Winter Special — Private Lessons

Tickets for members and their children under 18:

During December	$3.00
During January	3.50
During February	3.75

Tickets for guests:

During December	$4.00
During January	4.50
During February	4.75

Tickets for private lessons entitle purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons WITHIN THREE MONTHS. Admission Extra.

Class Lessons

Classes in swimming, diving, junior or senior life saving may be formed with five or more persons. There is no fee for instruction in life saving.

An advanced swimming and diving CLASS FOR GIRLS between 10 and 14 will be held at 11 a. m. every Saturday during January and February. Registration in advance for this class.

Members' daughters	$1.75 for the 8-week course
Guests	2.50 for the 8-week course

Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: 9:30-7:30
Friday, 9:30-9:00 Saturday, 9:00-5:00

During December and January the Pool will be closed at 7:30 on Thursdays instead of 9:00.

Men's Guest Nights

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim FRIDAY NIGHTS, 5:30 to 9:00.

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

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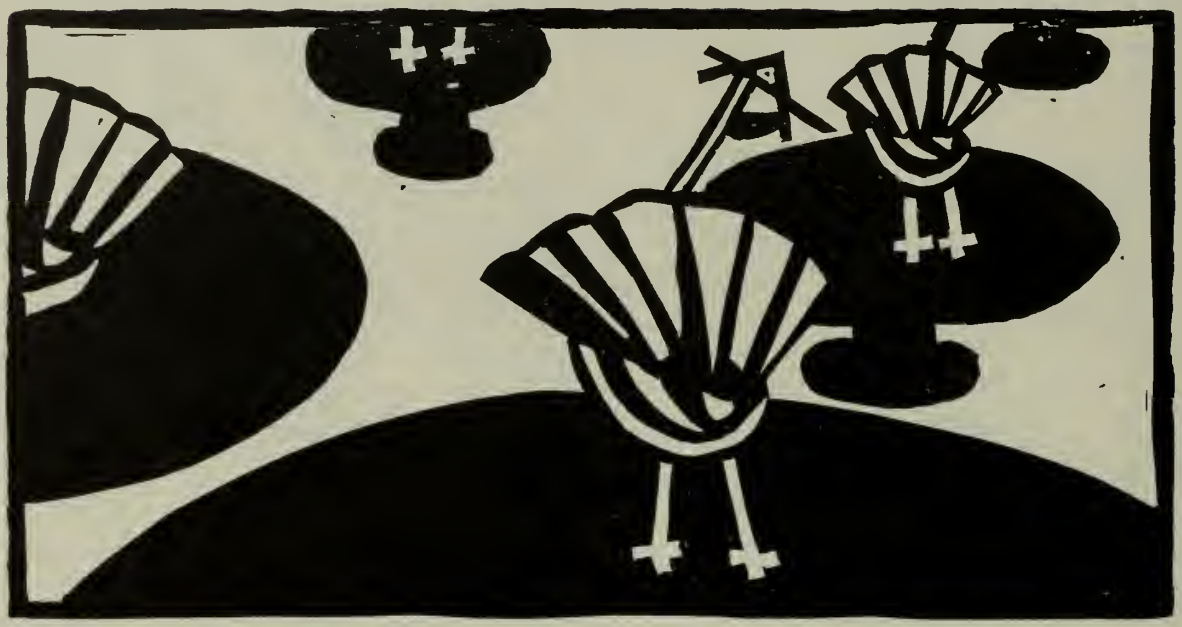
MAIN FLOOR — WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

EXPOSITION



# of TABLE DECORATION

NOVEMBER 22 TO DECEMBER 22

An opportunity to view the mechanics of correct table decoration. Settings for all functions—for different types of homes—stressing beauty and economy. Under the auspices of THE LEAGUE SHOP (owned and operated by the Women's City Club).

All merchandise displayed will be procurable through The League Shop by those interested in making purchases. There is, however, no obligation to buy.

AUDITORIUM OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC — **ADMISSION FREE** — **OPEN TO THE PUBLIC**

Hundreds of new and novel gift suggestions have been specially secured for this holiday season by The League Shop. Ornamental as well as useful items, from jewelry to garden aids, with wrappings, ties and stickers for decorating, are here for your choosing. The Shop has never been more festive.

The League Shop selection of Christmas Cards and special items, of help to the fastidious but overly busy shopper, was never more complete. An early visit to the Shop will materially reduce the strain of responsibility on the busy woman. And you'll also appreciate the modest prices.

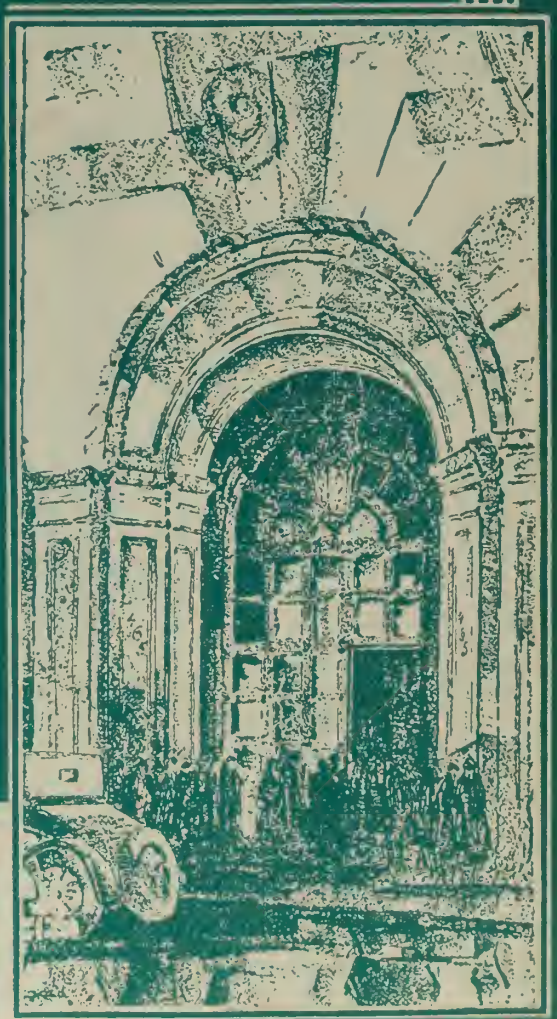
The LEAGUE SHOP

MAIN FLOOR — WOMEN'S CITY CLUB — 465 POST ST.

NEW YEAR NUMBER • 1933

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



January, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VI • No. 12

GUIDE to SHOPS and SERVICE

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Women's City Club, it's up to you to see this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy, that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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DOuglas 1833

● Into the New Year . . .

And we find a letter from Mr. Lyon, dated after the election, but none the less interesting to advertisers and members of the Club. "This advertising has produced some very interesting returns which should be profitable as conditions become more normal. With the election in the past and war debts close to some kind of a solution, the road to business recovery is at least open for traffic. For the investor the months ahead should hold many interesting possibilities. The highest grade short-time bonds are still the safest investment, with the addition of a few selected common stocks having a future rather than a past."

That was an interesting letter . . . a forecast both hopeful in tone and helpful in its nature. . . Readers, mark the date on your calendars; we make a new start in a new year . . . Advertisers, the Guide to Shops and Services of the Women's City Club Magazine is a dominat and valuable contact with the thinking women of San Francisco . . .

And we urge you to use this list of advertisers and the others who use the pages of the Club Magazine to the mutual benefit of all in this new year of 1933 . . . it spells profits for the buyer and the seller . . . and that, as Mr. Coolidge says, is America's business, business . . .

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Like a beautiful flower –

those complex attributes of the human body—the hands—folding and unfolding countless times in our lives—they stand apart to make our characters speak—speak with the same unique individuality of the unfolding blossom.

the beauty salon of the women's city club is prepared to handle this important matter of hand beauty for all women—who care—supplementing facial treatment concurrently with light massage and manicure of the hands —just another of the many services of the club's beauty salon—it isn't loyalty to the club—rather, it's a favor you bestow on yourself—phone mrs. grabow at garfield 8400 for appointments.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

JANUARY 1, 1933

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time is reserved for discussion. Admission, purchase of scrip in the amount of 50 cents to be used in any department of the Club at any time. Guests 25 cents.

BRIDGE GROUPS—Mrs. Alice M. Roedel
Every Monday Afternoon . . . . . *Auditorium* 2 P.M. & 7:45 P.M.
Beginning January 9, Duplicate Bridge Play will be held in the Auditorium every Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and every Monday evening at 7:45 o'clock.
Fee to be sixty cents each session.
Contract Bridge lecture course (in two sections) will be held every Wednesday evening and every Thursday morning beginning January 11, at 11 A. M.: and January 12, at 7:45 P. M. Ten lectures $5.00, or single admission, 60c.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
First and Third Wednesday of January . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Following the lecture there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. Members are invited to join Mrs. Lucas at her table. Cafeteria service.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
First and Third Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.
Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members and guests are invited. No fee.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.
French Conversational Table—Second and Fourth Wednesdays . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 & 7:00 P.M.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL—
Every Friday Night . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office.
Spanish Conversational Table—Second and Fourth Thursdays . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

BOOK MART
January 24 and 25
Auditorium — 11 A. M. to 9 P. M.

January 4—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.
Appreciation of Art and Letters . . . . . *Board Room* 1:00 P.M
Mrs. Charles Curry

5—Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Thekla Hall
Subject: Snapshots of Life in Central Africa

Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Subject: Young Woman of 1914, by Arnold Zweig

6—Book Discussion Group . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Drama Group . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

9—Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M. & 7:45 P.M.
Young Members' Luncheon . . . . . *Mural Room* 12:00 NOON
Annual Election—Board of Directors . . . . . *Polls Open* 9:00 A.M. TO 6:00 P.M.

10—Lecture by Miss Wana Derge . . . . . *Auditorium* 10:30 A.M.
"Color and How to Choose and Arrange Our Belongings"
(Preliminary lecture—no fee) open to public

11—Contract Bridge Lessons . . . . . *Auditorium* 7:45 P.M.
Mrs. A. M. Roedel

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 POST STREET

Telephone GARFIELD 8400

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VOLUME VI JANUARY, 1933 NUMBER 12

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use
Ghirardelli's
the original
GROUND CHOCOLATE
wherever your recipe calls for chocolate or cocoa. Use ¼ cupful of Ghirardelli's in place of each square or ounce of solid chocolate. Decrease sugar in your recipe by 1 tablespoon for each ¼ cup of Ghirardelli's used, if recipe calls for *unsweetened* chocolate.
GHIRARDELLI
SWEET
AND COCOA
MADE INSTANT
SAY GEAR-AR-DELLY to your grocer

January 12—Contract Bridge Lessons	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Flodden M. Heron Subject: Sir Walter Scott	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
16—Duplicate Bridge Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. & 7:45 P.M.
18—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Contract Bridge Lessons Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
19—Contract Bridge Lessons Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mrs. Noel Paton Subject: Scotland, the Land of Romance	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
20—Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
23—Duplicate Bridge Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. & 7:45 P.M.
24 and 25—Book Mart	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.
25—Contract Bridge Lessons Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
26—Contract Bridge Lessons	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
26—Dramatic Reading (in costume) "Cavalcade," by Miss Elizabeth Wilbur Tickets, seventy-five cents, including tax	*Auditorium*	2:30 P.M.
26—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: William A. Frazer Subject: Travel Talks	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
30—Duplicate Bridge Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M. & 7:45 P.M.
31—Lecture by Miss Wana Derge (First lecture of course) "Color and How to Choose and Arrange Our Belongings"	*Auditorium*	10:30 A.M.

Amelia Earhart, famous aviatrix, who will lecture at the Women's City Club Tuesday evening, February 7. The lecture will be followed by a supper and reception to the distinguished young flier.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

HAT does the New Year bring to each one of us? The youngest members, with a frankness born of an age in which inhibitions are descried, demand of the middle-aged now in the responsible positions of leadership, solutions of the problems which a modern post-war era *primo facto* has brought. The middle-aged, tired by the long years of readjustment to a new world bound together as one in its problems by radio and aeroplane, wearily demand a change and are willing to try any new order of things provided they themselves are asked no further sacrifice. The elderly, with a perspective all their own, having lived through three major wars, demand that the sacrifices of their youth and middle age shall not have been in vain and that strife and misunderstanding shall cease so that the winter of their lives may be lived in peace and in harmony with God and man.

A challenge indeed from each generation to every other! Is it any wonder, then, that we enter 1933 with thoughtful reverie? What are we going to do with this opportunity of a new leaf? The past few years have kept us busy doing "the next best thing" to meet fast-changing conditions. The time has now come to profit by perspective. It is to our credit as Americans that we have kept our heads despite unprecedented upheaval. At no time have we despaired of the ultimate success of our political system or of the proper readjustment of the blessings of life in a country provided by nature with everything necessary to the material happiness of its citizenship. To be sure, we of all three generations have grumbled and demanded reorganization, but never have we despaired of the final outcome.

And now it is up to us—all three—to answer the challenge of the other two; youth to resolve to preserve peace so that their middle age will not be blemished as was ours with a world war record; middle age to resolve to provide leadership which, profiting by the experience of the past two decades, will with proper perspective lead the world out of chaos into stabilized order; old age to resolve to accept a new world, changed beyond recognition from the world of its youth but with greater opportunity for the masses and with a finer democracy of purpose.

And we in the National League for Woman's Service embrace all three: we are young, we are middle-aged, we are old. Let us approach 1933, then, with the resolve of all three generations, for the lessons of toleration and of service we have been learning. We have been training leadership with an ideal. We have been working side by side in harmony. Young in outlook and expectation, middle-aged in experience and responsibility, old in the wisdom which understands true perspective, we of the National League wish each other a happy New Year and we pledge ourselves to "make good" by our practice of tolerance, mutual helpfulness and service to one another and by our support of the leaders we shall elect to point the way.

A Happy New Year to you all!

Have You Brought Books to the Clu

The Book Mart Provides for a Two-fold Opportunity
Other Books on Its Shelves that Ha

Bring Books, Old or New, in Sets or Single Volumes. Th

Report of Nominating Committee

Read at Board of Directors' Meeting, December 19, 1932

● The Nominating Committee for the Board of Directors of the Women's City Club maintained the policies adopted by the committees of previous years in presenting no alternatives on the tickets. This course was followed in order that members living in various districts, and groups with certain definite interests might have representatives, and also to insure that the Board would preserve its democratic, non-sectarian character. If a greater number of names were presented than there are places to fill some of these valuable candidates chosen for the above reasons would be automatically defeated. The Nominating Committee also followed precedent in not asking members to serve who have just completed a term of six consecutive years.

The Service given by those members retiring from the Board has been of such value as to render the duties of the Nominating Committee particularly difficult.

It is the pleasure of the Committee to present the following names of candidates for members of the Board of Directors:

Mrs. Sherwood Coffin, resident of San Rafael, has been most helpful and cooperative in her Club service. Selected for Board of Directors in order to represent Marin County.

Mrs. Joseph Fife, past president of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists and Chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Palace of Fine Arts, whose efforts helped maintain a museum within the Palace of Fine Arts from 1916 to 1923.

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Chairman of the National Defenders Club during the World War, member of this Board of Directors, 1928-1931, and Chairman of the House Committee.

Miss Ida J. Lord, past president of the Professional and Business Women's Club, member of this Board of Directors for one term, Chairman of the Bridge Committee.

Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle, graduate of Columbia University, recently of Tucson, Arizona; her affiliations there and her interest in this organization brought her to the attention of the nominating committee.

Dr. Ellen S. Stadmuller, a student of both Stanford and California Universities, obtaining her medical degree from the latter, serving on the Staff of the University of California Hospital and at present Chief of Bureau for Child's Hygiene in the State Department of Public Health.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat, member of this Board of Directors for one term, member of the Board of Directors of the Women's Service League of Palo Alto, Chairman of the House Committee of the Stanford Convalescent Home.

Mrs. Howell Ware, Treasurer of the San Francisco Musical Club for a number of years, whose knowledge of business and financial affairs makes her of value as a member of our Board.

Miss Violet Whitney assisted in the organization of the Alameda County National League for Woman's Service and selected to serve on the Board as representing that county. Member of this Board of Directors 1925-1928 and National League 1924-1927.

Miss Georgia Wiseman, resident of San Mateo County, graduate of the University of California, served as Executive Secretary and Assistant to the Dean of the Summer Sessions, University of California. Former Director of Girls' and Women's Housing Bureau.

Miss Ethel Young, past manager of the League Shop and active worker in the Women's City Club. Member of this Board of Directors (National League) 1917-1920.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. W. F. Booth, *Chairman*
Mrs. A. P. Black
Mrs. J. P. Coghlan
Miss Nellie Gillespie
Mrs. H. K. Shaw

BALLOT

JANUARY 9, 1933

Return this ballot on or before January 9, 1933.

Election of candidates for Board of Directors of the National League for Women's Service of California, 1933-1936.

The annual election of the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m., Monday, January 9, 1933.

Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 9.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

VOTE FOR ELEVEN

Mrs. Sherwood Coffin . . . . . ☐
Mrs. Joseph Fife . . . . . ☐
Mrs. William B. Hamilton . . . . ☐
Miss Ida J. Lord . . . . . ☐
Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle . . . . . ☐
Dr. Ellen S. Stadmuller . . . . . ☐
Mrs. Payson J. Treat . . . . . ☐
Mrs. Howell Ware . . . . . ☐
Miss Violet Whitney . . . . . ☐
Miss Georgea Wiseman . . . . . ☐
Miss Ethel Young . . . . . ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐

›r the Book Mart of January 24 - 25?

›lenish Your Library or to Clear It of Duplications or
:ome Unnecessary to Your Needs.

›me January 24 and 25 to Purchase at the Book Mart.

Upheld on the Wings of Youth

ELLA WISTER HAINES, Editor, *Women's City Club Magazine* of Philadelphia

[Suggested by the coming visit to the City Club of Miss Amelia Earhart, Aviatrix.]

● If you happen to be awake at midnight, or in the wee, small hours of the dawn, why not let your fancy soar to the heights of sixteen thousand feet above the Rockies or the Sierras, over the desert, the plains or the prairies, and picture the young, young girl who is flying through the star-lit skies in an air transport occuped by fourteen men, women, children, and even an infant or two. With her on this most perilous of all adventures are two young, young men. And in the hands of these three young people rests the safety of all on board. At the very moment that you read this our American youth is in the air, flying at terrific speed. Think of it!

On a recent round-trip flight over the mountains and prairies I had plenty of time to see our amazing new generation in action. I made two flights, by chance, with the same air stewardess, and learned her qualifications. Here they are:

She must not be much over five feet in height. She must not be much over one hundred pounds in weight. She must not be a day over TWENTY-FIVE years of age. She must be an expert trained nurse and a dietitian.

She is an adorable young thing, dressed in the snappiest of sport costumes, a jaunty little beret on her dainty little head. Her eyes are bright and clear and very, very steady. She produces an atmosphere of instant confidence. She is in charge of all passengers, and in some marvelous way she greets you by name as you come aboard.

"Mrs. Haines? So glad to see you! Your seat is number seven on that side. Do sit down; I'll strap you in, in just a minute!"

She must not only know your name, but be ready to nurse you if you are ill. If you bring your baby along she will just take it off your hands. She must serve appetizing and attractive tray lunches. She must be ready with steamer rugs and pillow, and it's truly funny to see her tucking in a big man, and tipping back his chair so that he can sleep!

She must be ever alert to hand out writing materials, magazines, newspapers, and also aromatic ammonia! She seems ever at one's elbow.

"Are you comfortable? We're about to cross the Mississippi——" or, "We're coming over Chicago, a marvelous sight——" or, "We're getting ready to land; is your belt tight?"

If she ever sits down on the long overnight flight from Chicago to the Pacific Coast it must be when every passenger is asleep, and she makes two complete round trips a week, this little Miss 1933 of ours.

We are a club of women. As in every club, the majority of our members, like myself, are mature. We are mothers and aunts and grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers. We have come, quite naturally, to see ourselves as age-old in experience, knowledge, reliability. Following the custom of the race, we have even been the self-established mentors of youth, even to the point of criticizing those we have brought into the world. We expect, even demand, their submission to our vision, our customs, our ideals. But stop just a moment —when responsible corporations who are developing a new industry and have millions of dollars at stake want reliable service, do they come after our generation—yours and mine? Do they ask you and me to safeguard the lives of hundreds of people, thousands and thousands of feet above the earth, at the mercy of the elements, day and night, for three hundred and sixty-five days of every year?

They do not. Only the very young man can be trusted with a plane; only the very young girl with the passengers.

Our Club has been unusually forward-looking in appreciating and cultivating the young generation. Let us increase our efforts along this line, for the young girl holds the future in her hands, and she is absolutely equal to the task. Let us open our doors ever wider to our glorious youth. Miss Nineteen Thirty-Three, we salute you!

San Francisco Is Bargain Counter

● You can very nearly see the world in a San Francisco shop window. Every country is represented, and the shopper soon feels that she has stumbled into a modern Arabian Nights bazaar. Hidden in every tourist's bosom is the desire to take home trophies to prove that he has traveled to a foreign land. Merchants are accommodating; they can supply the visitor with evidence that she has traveled in a dozen countries.

At this cross-roads of commerce, San Francisco collects bargains from every corner of the globe for her tourist visitors. Sophisticated French perfumes stand side by side with Bermuda's Lili perfume, extracted from her famous Easter lilies; Irish embroideries compete with Chinese; old Sheffield plate and copies of Georgian designs vie for a buyer's attention beside modern pewterware. Typical English fabrics —doeskins and the white drill cloth used in the British navy—are displayed in the same shops with the latest creations from the Rue de Rivoli, quoted at prices you could never get a Parisian to understand.

It is interesting to see in a San Francisco shop window fine Wedgewood pieces rubbing shoulders with Damascene brassware or a curio from the East Indies. But the cosmopolitanism of the stores adds a new zest to shopping. Brilliant colored cloths, rough-finished pottery and rare spices give a tropical note which nevertheless harmonizes with the modern finished articles from the European centers of fashion.

Here, too, are the products of California's own craftsmanship. There are fine pieces of furniture, both antique and modern, made from the indigenous redwood or eucalyptus. Hats, baskets and other palmetto products are also on display, and charming little etchings and water colors of typical western scenes are valued souvenirs of a California vacation.

The engaging mixture of wares shown in the shops rarely fails to make an actual purchaser out of the most hardened potential one. Bargain prices now abound. Few tourists depart without their full quota.

A PRAYER...

LET me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

MAY I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years.

SPARE me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments.

MAY I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars.

FORBID that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the glamour of the world but walk calmly in my path.

GIVE me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.

AND though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

MAX EHRMANN

(SUGGESTED BY MRS. A. P. BLACK AS APPROPRIATE TO THE NEW YEAR)

Reception to Noted Actors and Actresses

● One of the pleasantest events of the closing weeks of the year was the reception and tea given at the City Club in honor of the entire cast of the company of Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones, now playing "The Queen's Husband" at the Columbia Theatre. The distinguished guests were Grace Lane, Maizie Darrell, Joan Irons and June Lawson. And, of course, Messrs. Colbourne and Jones.

Assisting Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the City Club's Hospitality Committee, and her group were Mrs. Lucille Otto, president of San Francisco Branch, Association of University Women, and Professor F. W. Hart, president San Francisco Chapter of the English-speaking Union, which has its headquarters in the City Club.

The reception and tea was held in the Lounge, where Mr. Colbourne spoke on "The Modern Theatre."

"The Queen's Husband," a delicious satire, had a record-breaking run of fourteen months in London.

"The Queen's Husband" is by Robert E. Sherwood, author of "The Road to Rome" and "Reunion in Vienna."

It is a gentle satire on the institution of monarchy. It contains sentiment, drama and comedy. It presents a very human man who is "not the ruler of his country, but only its king." Between his imperious, ambitious wife and the jingo politicians who offer him a spurious loyalty, he is a nonentity, and knows it. Then comes a revolution and an opportunity for him to show the strength which underlies his real convictions.

City Club Receives Various Gifts

● Month after month the City Club is the recipient of gifts of one kind or another that come unsolicited and unheralded.

Members will be interested to know about some of these gifts; many of them are small but the sentiment attached is just as precious as if they were jewels of great price. In December three members of the Board gave checks in amounts of one hundred dollars, twenty-five dollars and twenty dollars, to be used toward the purchase of our own Gold Notes. Another Board Member purchased Christmas Tree ornaments, costing $6.50; still another member sent a beautiful book for our Library in memory of a member who had passed away. Another member is doing a special piece of work in the Club and another has paid her salary for a month. Also—several magazine subscriptions have been renewed by members.

Miss Wilbur

Elizabeth Wilbur to Read "Cavalcade"

● Elizabeth Wilbur, young actress-member of the City Club, who will open the series of play readings at the Club on Thursday afternoon, January 26, has chosen Noel Coward's epic drama, "Cavalcade," for her offering.

"Cavalcade" is considered by the leading London critics to be one of the great plays of the century. It is so colossal in production that it is said it will not be staged in this country, although film rights have been bought by Fox, the price, it is rumored, being the largest ever paid for motion picture rights of a play. Miss Wilbur will wear as she reads an "1899 afternoon ensemble," the date of the opening of the play.

Miss Wilbur is a graduate of Girls' High School of San Francisco and has many friends in the city. She has been on the professional stage ever since her graduation from Stanford, where she is considered the most talented actress ever to receive training behind that university's footlights. She is a member of Masquers, women's honor dramatic society at Stanford; her sorority is Alpha Omicron Pi.

Miss Wilbur has appeared with Jane Cowl, Marjorie Rambeau, Edward Everett Horton, Robert Warwick, Grace Valentine and other leading players. Her last appearance in San Francisco was with Miss Cowl in "Camille."

The reading will take place in the Auditorium of the Club, at 3 o'clock, thus leaving plenty of time for tea in the lounge later. Single tickets for the tea are 75 cents, which includes the tax. These may be obtained at the office on the main floor of the Club.

What Ho! The Book Mart

● Since the brief notice which appeared in the December Magazine, the books which are to be sold for the benefit of the City Club at the Book Mart to be held on January 24 and 25 from eleven o'clock in the morning to nine in the evening, have been fast coming in.

The Auditorium is to be turned into a second-hand book shop for these two days and there will be thousands, literally, thousands of books—there to choose from and buy at bargain prices. "Bargain prices" mean from 15 cents up, and not very far up at that. There will be new books and old, new novels which, having been read by their owners, are turned into the Club for this sale, biographies, books of travel, essays, poetry and standard classics and children's books. The knowing ones may even pick up "first editions," such as they boast of buying from second-hand bookstalls for next to nothing. There will be not only books but music. The Club has received a gift of a small collection of music played and sung by someone of distinction in an earlier generation, and this will be on sale, together with standard music and librettos which musicians have sent in from among their duplicates.

Remember the dates, January 24 and 25, and drop in to look over the books and see friends who will be there doing the same thing.

Stuart Chase Will Speak at Tivoli Theatre

● Stuart Chase, noted economist and author of "Mexico" and "The Square Deal," will speak in San Francisco February 14, at the Tivoli Theatre, under the auspices of the San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters.

Mr. Chase is a practical economist and in his lectures he submits a brilliant analysis of cause and effect with suggestions for the future. To his interest in our present problems he brings not only his native wit and wisdom but an unusual technical training and a varied experience.

In his only San Francisco lecture Mr. Chase will discuss current economic problems, and readers of his books appreciate his keen interpretation of our own machine-made world.

Mrs. Earl F. Treadwell is president of the San Francisco Center and Mrs. Ludwig Frank is chairman of the committee on arrangements. Mrs. Marcus Koshland is chairman of the committee which is arranging a Green Room reception for Mr. Chase immediately following the lecture. Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper will represent the City Club at the reception and other members are assisting on the general committees.

Color and How to Choose and Arrange Our Belongings

TO BE CONDUCTED BY WANA DERGE

● We want you to know why we have chosen to present this course to you. A full understanding of beauty and fineness and distinction and how to attain them has been very largely reserved in the past for the so-called talented and wealthy. Miss Derge believes that such an understanding is for all and is pouring her efforts into making of it not a mysterious luxury but a practical commodity easily within the reach of everyday home and business folk. In this brief course we are working together, in a spirit of service, to give you a basic understanding such as ordinarily may be acquired only by years of concentrated study.

It is to be presented in a simple and practical way, and those who have worked with her all declare it a fascinating adventure which has made life richer and happier. Miss Derge says: "It has been my good fortune to spend twenty years studying, working and playing with color and lovely form. It is now my privilege and joy to have a part in making it possible for busy housewives and teachers and for professional and business people to acquire in a few meetings an understanding of the very few and very simple points needed more fully to enjoy and appreciate the world about them.

Without effort we all believe what we see. It takes no talent to understand visual proof—only an open mind. Colors and proportions do things to each other even as chemicals, and those whose eyes are so wide open that they can shake off prejudice are the ones who can most keenly enjoy the world of color and things and help most to make it harmonious and interesting and radiant.

In these gatherings we will never theorize and we will use no technical terms. Experimenting with materials and objects, we will prove and establish for ourselves a few dependable guides by means of which each one can analyze color and form and acquire a working basis along his own line whether it be home making, professional decorating, craft work, or the painting of pictures.

We will make model rooms, putting into practice our findings. Members of the group will bring every type of experiment for discussion, and as the course progresses we will assemble table and desk groupings and the sort of happy little arrangements we call altars to beauty—by means of which some of us have discovered we can subordinate the less lovely parts of our environment and create for ourselves an atmosphere of joy and a lift from the humdrum.

The class will meet in the Auditorium sixteen Tuesday mornings from 10 to 12—January 31 to May 16, inclusive.

Fee, $18.50; materials about $1.50.

The course will be open to the public.

You and your friends are invited *as guests* January 10 at 10:30 o'clock. There will be a short talk, experiments and "altars of beauty."

Books Wanted

Many books have been brought to us in response to the request in the December Magazine for gifts of books to be sold at the Book Mart January 24 and 25 for the benefit of the Club.

For the convenience of members wishing to give books, a large box has been placed in the lower hall, near the elevators, where books may be dropped through the slot. Those sending in large consignments of books may leave them at the desk on the first floor.

Please don't refrain from giving a book because you think no one will want it. The very thing you have no further use for will be wanted by someone else. By clearing your book shelves to make room for the next books you buy you will be doing a real benefit to your Club by providing the stock which will be sold January 24 and 25.

"Petit-Point" Display at Club, January 16 and 17

● Mrs. Thomas Churchill, whose "Mayflower Tapestries" are famous all over the West, will show exquisite samples of her work at the City Club Monday and Tuesday, January 16 and 17. An admission of fifty cents will be charged and the proceeds given by Mrs. Churchill in equal portions to Grace Cathedral and the Danish Church of San Francisco.

On the second evening of the exhibit, January 17, Mrs. Churchill will entertain more than a hundred friends at dinner at the City Club, with the Danish Consul, Axel Sporon-Fiedler, and Mrs. Sporon-Fiedler as the complimented guests.

Mrs. Churchill's "ad" on Page 21 of this Magazine, will give patrons an idea of the beauty which they may expect to enjoy at the exhibit. Many of her handsomest pieces of "petit-point" now adorn chairs, tables and hangings of San Francisco homes and these have been lent by the owners to Mrs. Churchill for her exhibit. There will be both "petit-point" and "needle-point" in the display.

Are Parents People? Offspring Now Think So!

● That stronghold of yesteryear, the family cirle, which passed out during the jazz era, is coming back with a vengeance. The reason for its temporary suspension during the past few years, according to Miss Evelyn Keller, noted child psychologist, was the fact that parents and children lost their common meeting ground and children forgot that parents were people.

"Three or four years ago, during the height of the jazz age," states Miss Keller, "Father was regarded either as a strap wielder or an allowance supplier, depending upon the degree of wildness of his offspring. When Junior found that father couldn't help with the algebra lesson or was rusty on Latin verbs, his mental attitude towards his parent had a consequent reaction.

"Today the family circle is again coming into its own, a fact which I attribute directly to two reasons. The first is radio and the readiness with which the entire family will spend an evening at home listening to a popular program. The second is the type of games now in use, adult enough for parents to participate without feeling that they are wasting their evening in childish pastimes. This second reason I feel is even of greater importance than the first, as it places relationship on a comrade-to-comrade instead of father-and-mother-to-son-or-daughter basis.

"One example of the adult type of game may be found in the age-old game of parcheesi which many of us remember having played as children. The simple game of parcheesi has now become "club parcheesi," and with new rules and scoring features, as well as a peg scoreboard, requires alertness on the part of parents as well as children.

"One feature of this age-old Hindu game which has assumed modern dress is the duplus move. Under this rule a player in club parcheesi becomes duplus when he has one of his men home. When duplus, he is required to pay double penalties to his opponents.

"The paying of penalties as well as the actual scoring brings up another interest-point which is that in occasionally beating their parents in the game, children find that parents are really people instead of superior beings and that they can take a trimming as well as others."

Be Sure to Vote for Eleven Directors at ANNUAL ELECTION January 9

Good Resolutions for Public Health

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● *Personal.* I have a wonderful opportunity in talking to our membership about problems in personal and public health. And I wish I could measure you as they do the audition audience on the radio. One letter means 500 have "listened in." You are an ocular audience and if your Club Magazine interests you, I am going to count my audience at 500, or six per cent of the members. And this is my resolution for 1933 . . . to meet the dates Mrs. Davidson sets for me and try to give you food for thought.

In Personal Health each one needs not *fear* generated by general health articles; not *indifference* to facts of health risks in the various decades of life, but an intelligent survey of one's own health *when well* by one's physician, best; or by appreciating the opportunity offered for periodic health examination by one's Club; or by patronizing examinations offered by hospital groups or the Life Extension Institute, if you prefer a neutral group.

Public or Community Health. Your intelligent interest is needed in every Public Health program, be it fostered by the City Board of Health, by the Tuberculosis Association, or by the state or national public health agencies. Why is the first reaction of a health report from the schools to doubt its value, instead of offering co-operation *at once?* This resistance to accepting facts is increased by the group whose reaction is 100% negation. However, public health is a greater and a growing concern of cities, counties and states; the laity profit as they appreciate and co-operate with these efforts. For example: the San Francisco Board of Health has before it a new ordinance for *milk control*—to have all milk produced by tuberculin tested cows, the reactors to the test having been eliminated at each test. Securing tuberculosis-free herds is a reward of constant semi-annual testing and elimination. Then all milk will be pasteurized in San Francisco, as near the consumer as possible. This process destroys results of possible contamination in milking cows and transportation, and the package (the milk bottle) is sealed and delivered to the housewife after pasteurization. The only other grade of milk will be the certified milk (raw milk) produced *always* from tuberculosis-free cows, tested twice a year, chilled and bottled in the dairy and sealed and delivered on ice to you. The certified milk milkers are subjected to a most thorough health examination repeated at regular intervals, and the cows are free from the germs of undulant fever which is a milk-borne disease. In a recent study made in San Francisco, forty babies were fed on evaporated milk, forty on soft curd milk (recently advocated but now proven not more desirable than evaporated milk), while forty babies who were used as a control were given certified milk and they showed a steady and more rapid increase in growth. The *best* is thus proven to be best for our babies. Few of us could control the food and environment of 120 babies for a six months' study, and we all owe a great deal to the doctor who made this study. Certified milk has been produced for San Francisco under the control of the Medical Milk Commission of the San Francisco County Medical Society since 1906. The price has been reduced, and if you use the cash-and-carry method you can buy it for 15 cents a quart; or delivered it will be 17 cents, the latter price 8 cents below the price of the product at any time in the last ten years.

The San Francisco Board of Health is to be congratulated on this accomplishment for San Francisco.

Garbage Disposal is still before the Supervisors. In February, 1930, I went over the plant for the collection and incineration of garbage in Chicago, with the late Dr. Hassler, our Health Officer.

We have voted to incinerate garbage; have recalled a former vote setting a price which it was claimed was below a possible rate for proper work; and still, though the ground is cleared, we are using fill and cover and what a blot on the approach to our city such "fill and cover" fields are!

Sewage Disposal as our population increases will be a municipal problem of great magnitude. The municipal system of the metropolitan area of Los Angeles City and County with its treatment plants and escape into the ocean one mile offshore, is nearing completion. We are emptying raw sewage into the Bay and offshore between Mile Rock and Baker's Beach, thus polluting the ocean shore off the Presidio, and of our city. In some ways we are still primitive!

I can foresee that when we absorb the Peninsula to Redwood City and from Bay to ocean, we will have a municipal sewage disposal plant with its exit into the ocean after proper treatment, below the Olympic Club, the pipe running one mile (5000 feet) out to sea, and causing neither a health nor an esthetic menace. This is a problem for a great engineer—but voting bonds will demand an intelligent electorate. Hence we must begin to think.

Happy New Year! May you all be healthy, wealthy, and wise . . . in 1933.

A Toast for the Book Mart

This is the Day of the Book!
Just for a day, stop, listen, and look.
Golconda riches between two covers;
Hearth-fires of home, rose-dreaming of lovers;
Whatever the gleam that entices you most,
Distilled in the page of a book!
Just for a day, stop, listen, and look.
Let your right hand bring a book for the giving,
To deepen and richen the Club's daily living,
And your left hand bring a coin for the buying,
To fan the Club fires, lest they be a-dying.
Stop, listen, and look!
One day—our Day of the Book.
In richness of life you will drink to our toast:
A foot on the table, the book you love most,
And glasses held high, we give you—Books!

—*Eleanor Preston Watkins*

Velvet

—ISABELLE STEWART *(aged 15 years)*

● A girl walked slowly up the steps of the Bradford Egyptian Museum. Her face was grave, and the sunlight played on her blonde hair, giving it the appearance of a halo, which presented a weird contrast with her large slanting green eyes. She had a beautiful, yet evil, appearance as she walked idly through the rooms of the museum, between the cases which guarded the priceless treasures within — glorious remnants of glorious days, sheer, fine, elaborate works of art—garments that had, in ages past, belonged to court favorites in that darkly alluring land along the banks of the Nile.

The girl stopped before a huge case containing fine robes of velvet — heavy, gorgeous robes, which, in their time having bedecked princes of a mystic land, now were spread out with their romance still clinging to their luxurious folds.

Old Peter Ramsay, the caretaker of the museum, came up to her. The girl was no stranger to him now, for she had come almost daily to see this particular exhibit since it had been placed on view.

She was so intent upon the contents of the case that she was oblivious of everything else, and the old man wondered at the expression on her face, and stood back a little to watch her shrewdly. Her great green eyes were glassy, seeming almost like icy emeralds. Her red lips were parted, and she stood with her head thrown back a little. She seemed to be listening for something . . .

Certainly the Egyptian garments seemed to have a curious effect upon her. The caretaker was tempted to open the case and let her examine them more closely. There was no one near, and he felt that she would do them no harm. At any rate he would watch . . . He hobbled toward her with his rheumaticky limp.

"Mornin', ma'am," he began respectfully. "Back again this mornin', eh?"

She sighed, and smiled ruefully. "Yes, back again, I'm afraid. It is hard to stay away." Then, as though she had said more than she meant to, her expression changed to one of wariness, and she added: "The robes are so beautiful that I can't see enough of them."

Old Peter looked about cautiously, making sure that no one was near, and then: "Ye seem to be right-down interested in these gowns an' things. Wal, how'd ye like ter see 'em close?"

The girl's eyes widened curiously, and strangely enough, she seemed to cringe from him. If he could only have known it, her mind was in a turmoil. To her, he was not the kindly old man who was going to grant her a great favor by opening the case—he was rather a figure of Nemesis, that grim reaper of ancient Egypt, who was holding the keys of her doom, and was unlocking a cold, silent door which would shut only when she stood on the other side of the threshold. —This as vengeance upon her for — — but, no! It was too horrible. It seemed foolish to think in this way, but all the same . . . she *knew!* It had been childishly easy to escape the police, but this — this — awful thing that was hanging over her was inescapable.

With fear clutching at her heart, she watched the old man unlock the door of the case.

"Here you are, then, Missy," he said, turning to her. "Now ye can look at them to yer heart's content. There won't be anybody in this room for a while yet, on account of the lecture that's bein' held over in the main hall, an' I'll be keepin' watch just in case, for it might be kinda awkward if anyone saw the case unlocked. Sure an' it isn't everyone I'd let look at them like this, but I've an uncanny second sight, and I can see that ye've got an honest face on ye, an' I know ye'll be real keerful."

"Why, thank you," she murmured, though without feeling.

"Oh, an' while I think of it, ye'd be better to let me have yer name, jest as a precaution. I haven't my glasses, an' my hands aren't as steady as they once were, so if ye'll jest write it on this scrap of paper . . . ?"

"Certainly." She took the paper, and swiftly wrote upon it, then handed it back to Peter, who said pleasantly—

"The robes are kinda pretty, eh? So soft . . . ."

"They are. Very beautiful." Then, seeming almost to purr as she said it, she added: "I love Velvet."

The old man looked at her steadily for a moment, then, strangely, he said, "Yes, I know ye do." As she looked up, startled, he went on. "As I told ye before, I have a gift o' second sight. Lots o' times I kin tell what folks is thinkin' about as soon as I see 'em standin' in front of a showcase. As soon as I laid eyes on you, I thinks to meself, not knowin' where the thought comes from, I thinks, 'Here's one as'll be interested in the velvet.' Just like that I thinks it. An' right away I gets to wonderin' how ye'd look all dolled up in one o' them fancy dresses, so soft an' rich lookin', an' . . . ."

"Yes," she prompted, her green eyes wide, "Yes, go on. And what?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Well, miss, as ye wants to know, I'll tell ye. Something took hold on me heart, an' — well, it's kinda hard to explain, — the queerest feelin' — but I jest didn't like the idea of you—an'—*those!*"

She gazed at him breathlessly. "Yes. I understand. You could — feel it! You certainly *must* have second sight."

Peter shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Limping over to the doorway, he settled himself on a chair, and, pulling a battered magazine out of his pocket, soon was nodding over it . . .

The girl stood there, wondering over her eagerness to touch these things, when velvet meant so much that was unpleasant to her.

While she fingered the robes, almost gloating over them, the room seemed to be overhung with a thick bluish haze, as of incense. Suddenly she gave a soft cry, almost a moan, and slowly sank to her knees, clutching as she did so, at the corner of the robe. As her body became limp, she pulled at the garment, and slowly it glided, rather than slipped from the hooks which held it, and settled around her, half covering her . . . Alone in his corner, old Peter sat, sound asleep . . . The magazine slithered from his knees to the floor . . . Somewhere out of the stillness a sound, as of a deep toned gong, reverberated — and died away into the quiet again . . .

The girl stirred drowsily, as one under the influence of ether, and slowly her eyes fluttered open, and then dilated with horror. Before her stood the one whom she least wished to see—the one who had befriended her when she had no one else — the one who, though she had known nothing about her or from whence she came, had taken her into her home, and loved her as a sister. The one whose life she had taken with a cord of velvet because of jealousy! It was Beth — Beth Gordon, and she was wearing the white dress — the white *Velvet* dress which stood out so vividly in the memory of that awful night! The girl remembered how she had taken the scarlet cord of velvet which was the girdle of that dress, and twisted it slowly around the slim, lovely throat of the woman whose husband she loved, until Beth had grown tired of struggling, and had sunk lifelessly to the floor.

But this could not really be Beth! Could not be! Why, thought the girl, I can see right through her as she stands there! Yes, she could . . . See through her to where a velvet cord, thick and shimmering, and looking very much like that other cord,

(Continued on Page 26)

EDITORIAL

● The idea of the Book Mart has completely captured the imagination of City Club members.

January 24 and 25 have been set aside as the days when attention will be centered exclusively on the bartering of books and music.

The setting will be quaint and interesting, probably a replica—though the committee is jealously guarding the plans—of an old French bookstall, one of those musty old places on the Seine where priceless old editions have been found and bought for a few cents.

There will be "stalls" built about the Auditorium, and the books will be classified according to "color and previous condition of servitude," segregated as to author and general appeal to the bibliomaniac.

The program which will accompany the novel event will be in the nature of a "Cafe Chantant," with mediaeval elaboration and troubadours in costume. Mrs. Harry Allen is directing the decorations and general *millieu*. Miss Elisa May Willard, whose penchant for first editions and rare old volumes is well known, will be on the look-out for just that kind of a chance bargain among the books which are being sent to the Club in small and large consignments.

Old music, too, will offer an ingratiating invitation to musicians who will be on the *qui vive* for old songs long ago out of print. The possibilities are infinite. In fact the idea of the Book Mart and Music Stall is as clever as that inspiration of last year, the Peddlers' Parade.

The idea was presented to the Club by Mrs. Walter Allen, who had been told by friends of a similar event in Philadelphia.

The Book Mart will be as entertaining as the clever committee can devise. But entertainment is not the sole motif. The proceeds of the sale, it is expected, will be considerable, notwithstanding the small fees to be charged. The volume of "turn-over" must be considerable if the books are to be sold at really bargain prices.

Therefore it is necessary for the members to contribute in generous meed and for purchasers to buy in proportion.

Attics and basements, old libraries that have been closed for years or generations, will offer alluring wares. Who knows what the Book Mart may unearth?

January 24 and 25 are the days, and already luncheon and tea parties are being arranged for the event. The program will be announced on the Club Bulletins and in the daily newspapers.

The main thing at this early date is to procure a vast stock of wares, books, books and books. And sheets of music, old or new.

Members are urged to bring one, two, a dozen or a hundred books — whatever they can spare from their shelves. These will be sold at prices set by the committee, which is composed of Mrs. Marshall Dill, chairman; Mrs. Walter Allen, Mrs. Harry B. Allen, Mrs. John P. Coghlan, Miss Emma Noonan, Miss Elisa May Willard and Miss Ethel A. Young.

From the Executive Office

● The Annual Election will be held on Monday, January 9, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Your ballot is on Page 8. Cut it out and mail it or take it into the Club on or before election day and avoid paying the twenty-five cents fine.

If you decide, unexpectedly, to remain overnight in the Club you can secure a "Night Kit" at the Front Office. The kit contains a nightgown (which we ask you to return), a toothbrush, tooth paste, cold cream, cleansing tissue and a comb. The charge is very reasonable.

Many members are enjoying the privilege of issuing guest cards to their out-of-town friends by paying the annual fee of One Dollar. The new year will begin March first and each member who pays that fee will be entitled to an unlimited number of cards during the year.

The House Rules do not permit paging, but there is a book on the counter at the Front Office in which you may register, stating in which part of the building you will be, so that messages will reach you without delay.

Table d'hote meals at regular dining room prices may now be served in the bedrooms without a tray charge.

Amelia Earhart will lecture at the Club on Tuesday evening, February 7. After the lecture there will be a formal reception and buffet supper in her honor. Tickets are now on sale for both lecture and supper.

There is now a charge of five cents for the issuance of a pass to each member who forgets her membership card.

We need all your "cast off" books for the Book Mart, to be held January 24 and 25. Books of any and every description, music and librettos. What you have finished with another may want and what someone else has no further use for may be just what you want—so bring what you do not want and come and buy what you do want. REMEMBER THE DATE—January 24 and 25.

The Women's City Club
will present
AMELIA EARHART
in a lecture
TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, 1933
Reserved Seats $2.20 and $1.65 (including tax)
Lecture Amplified to Third Floor, Where Miss Earhart Will Be Presented to the Audience Preceding the Lecture
Seats (unreserved) 85c (including tax)
FORMAL RECEPTION AND BUFFET SUPPER
in honor of Miss Earhart, following her lecture
for those holding lecture tickets
$1.00
Reservations limited and must be made in advance.

Director of the Women's and Children's Division of the Central Casting Corporation Tells of Her Work

—MARIAN MEL

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Marian Mel, who contributes this interesting sidelight on the motion-picture industry, is a member of the San Francisco City Club and until she went south to take up the work which she here describes, lived in Berkeley and is a graduate of the University of California. She now lives in Hollywood, as the tenor of the article would indicate.)

● At the request of my old friend, Edna Osborn, I am submitting this little sketch of the way in which extra players are engaged for work in the making of motion pictures.

Even if you are a fairly faithful motion-picture attendant, I venture to say that your interest has not led you to a close observation of the extra players who represent probably 99 per cent of the human figures appearing in any picture. Your normal interest is in the unfolding of the story; in the leading man and woman and in the small cast of players supporting them. You are even aware of the old cabby or the Scotch housekeeper, even though they may be only "bit" players (players just above the rank of the extra player, who are entrusted with a few lines and a small bit of action), but beyond this, the men and women and children who are used to supply the atmosphere of the story form only a vague picture in your mind.

In the early days of the industry, extras traveled from studio to studio daily in search of work. This meant an outlay in both time and money. Distances were great and disappointments many. Employment agencies came into existence, where orders for extras were received by the agency and filled from the lists of extra applicants. For this service the extra paid a fee ranging from 7 to 10 per cent of the day's pay.

By 1925, the Association of Motion Picture Producers, including all of the major producing companies, had taken under serious consideration some better way of controlling the employment of extras. In studying the problem, the association sought and received the co-operation of the Russell Sage Foundation and of the State Labor Commissioner of California. In January, 1926, this study culminated in the establishment of the Central Casting Corporation, an employment bureau maintained by the producers, with services free to the extras. Fred W. Beetson, executive vice-president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, is president of the bureau. On the basis of a 10 per cent placement fee (which is still paid in one or two commercial casting agencies for extras employed by independent producers not members of the association), the extras were saved approximately $176,647 in 1931. More than 95 per cent of all producing companies are members of the association.

Over 17,000 men, women and children are listed with the bureau; each has his or her registration card with full description and photograph on file. You may wonder why, with an average daily placement of 606, so large a registration is required. In the first place, many of these people have been affiliated with the industry since the days of the old spectacle pictures when thousands of extras were used. Then it is imperative that the industry may secure, at short notice, every conceivable type of human being; every age, nationality; singers, dancers, ventriloquists, acrobats, swordsmen, riders and swimmers. All of these and many more are registered with the bureau.

You will be interested to know that in 1931, 189,589 extra "jobs" were distributed through this bureau, the extras earning $1,766,479.13 for their services. To complete this statistical picture, you learn from the records that the average number of daily placements was 606; divided into 382 for men, 202 for women and 22 for children; that the rates of pay were $3, $5, $7.50, $10, $12.50 and $15 a day and the average daily wage was $9.32.

Extra players are selected for the appropriateness of their nationality, age, physical characteristics and wardrobe to the background desired in a given sequence. This may be illustrated by a call for ten women, mothers of girls attending an exclusive school; the women to be between the ages of 35 and 45 and to be very well dressed in formal afternoon clothes for the fall of the year. If the school were supposedly located in Paris, the order would call for women of definite French type (which, from the motion picture point of view is the dark Latin type), and it might also be required that the women be able to speak French. An English locale would require that these women be of a blond English type and might further require an English accent. A call of this type discloses a fact not generally known: that the extra players, except when used in period pictures, furnish their own wardrobes. Thus the women in this set would own several changes of formal and informal gowns for daytime and evening wear, for the several seasons; each including the appropriate wraps, slippers, gloves, costume jewelry, etc.; riding habits, golf outfits, beach costumes and so on.

The Central Casting office maintains the largest switchboard in Hollywood, with forty lines. The engaging of extra players takes place entirely over the switchboard. First, the studios call in and dictate their orders in the most careful detail as to the number and type of extras required; their wardrobe, makeup, time of call and rate of pay. While these orders are being given, a visitor in the casting room can hear the telephone operators repeating aloud the names of the extras who are phoning in, seeking work. This calling continues from 8 in the morning until the board closes, usually at 8 at night. During the busiest period, from 4:30 to 8, the calls come in at the rate of between 800 and 1,000 an hour.

The operator calls out, "Mary Ames!" to the row of casting directors who sit facing the telephone operators with their orders before them. Years of experience and study of extras have made these men familiar with the personalities and the appearance of the extras seeking work. The man who is looking for good cannibal types makes no sign at the sound of this name; neither does the casting director who is looking for collegiate boys, two fat women for a circus and a snake charmer, in order to fill three sets. The third man recognizes in the name a good-looking, well-groomed woman of 45, with an excellent wardrobe. He calls to the operator, "Give me Mary Ames." The connection is made and he says briefly to her, "Working tomorrow? Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, rain or shine, at the A———— studio in smart-looking afternoon gown, hat and wrap for the fall of the year. You are a visitor at a girls' private school in New York. Panchromatic make-up. Your check will be $10."

We wish that this conversation might be the rule and not the exception, but few of those thousands calling in are lucky enough to be engaged for the following day.

Extra women are safeguarded by standards set for them by the Industrial Welfare

(Continued on Page 22)

Do You Play Bridge . . . or Garden?

—ISABEL STRADLEY

● It is difficult to do both. I no longer play bridge. Perhaps it would be nicer to say at once that I never really played. I *worked* at a sort of panicky card game called bridge when there wasn't a chance in the world of escaping! My heart still turns somersaults when I remember those bridge parties of my past where I sat so unwillingly, frozen with fright, my hands clammy and very cold. From the time that my glazed eyes met those of my partner I was always aware of that person's mental reservation as to my play. Nor were they ever disappointed! I always had to resist an impulse to swoon, or yell "fire" as a means of distraction when my partner raised my timid bid, knowing in my shivering soul that I would have to play the hand! Once, long ago, a partner of mine made quite a wonderful score for us in hearts, only at the end of the play to turn upon me furiously because I had not taken her out in spades! Had she spoken Chinese to me for fifteen minutes, I could not have been more at sea!

Well, those were the old days. They play contract now. That's to make it more involved! They tell me that in contract you must have two quick tricks to bid and then one-half a trick; or is it two quick tricks, and—— Ah, well, I don't have to worry about it. I can sit through a delicious luncheon or a tea and feel no wild panic clutching at my heart when the hostess snaps down the card tables and they begin to draw up the straight-back chairs. I'm not even abashed when people stare and remark, "You can't mean you don't play bridge!"

I nod happily at them, and talk about my garden. Once you go in for a garden, you know, you are lost to formal society. You should be lost to all society, really, for sometimes you become a little crazy. Your conversation abounds in words like Salpiglossis, Myosotis, Stokesia and Gaillardia. Should you go in for vegetables as a side line, you speak with much feeling and many gestures of your Sweet Marjoram, Hyssop and your lovely Chinese cabbage. In other words, your speech is very difficult to work into ordinary conversation, and rather trying to your friends. Once I remember at a dinner party in one of those sudden silences that occur sometimes, my voice rang out loud and clear, "But I can't do a thing with my Lobelia!" I had found a sympathetic listener who understood me, but a gentleman at my left was much distressed. He thinks to this day that I have an erring daughter!

When you have a garden you get up with the dawn and chase caterpillars; sometimes it is snails or slugs, sometimes it may be all three. You forget engagements, you neglect that latest book. You dig and weed and weed and dig and plant and transplant; you grow grubby and very earnest and more foolish and pleased with your efforts, as time goes on.

I do not offer gardening as a substitute for bridge, but I rise to state that until you have tried it you can't possibly know the excitement in store for you.

Now I was one of those who thought that flowers came out of boxes from florist shops. Of course I was vaguely aware that someone had to grow them, but of their growing I was unconcerned. I knew nothing of deeply spaded soil, of fine black loam, or of bone meal to be scattered through rose beds. Of such things as blight and mold, of solutions for aphids and red spiders, of antiseptic washes for pots and seeds, of capsules of plant food to be inserted in flowerpots, I was blissfully, oh, so blissfully unaware! I had never heard or read or been told of the strange flies that by night ate one's cherished plants, or worms that by day devoured the choicest buds. Ah, but I was to learn! I am still learning! In fact I am only one step ahead of the pests in my garden right now. It is a race as to who is going to win! But over all of this I draw a veil, lest you might imagine that gardening is only grief. It is not. It is sheerest ecstasy as well, and it gives serenity and joy in overflowing measure. But it is only honest to say that it has its terrific moments! Once, I remember, I thought it would be so nice to put some of the garden into lawn. Well, let that go. I might remark in passing that you have never lived until you have tried to grow a lawn. Perhaps it is because the statement is true that I read somewhere that it takes at least two hundred years to achieve a real lawn!

Now, at a bridge table, you can nearly always tell what is going to happen in a short time. I mean as a general rule, you understand. As I set forth at the beginning of this article, there are partners and partners! But you nearly always know where you are. In a garden, you never know.

Strange things happen in my garden. I have grown indeed to expect the extraordinary and peculiar! I have planted, for instance, in sublime ignorance, plants in July that never should have been put in the earth until the spring, and yet in October they have bloomed and prospered in defiance of law and order! I have put into the ground under careful direction, seeds in spring calculated to come up in a month's time, and four months later there was never a sign of them. I have painted flowerpots to hold geraniums, although those who know will tell you earnestly that nothing will prosper in a painted pot. I do not pretend to know the life and habits of the geranium, but I have them in many varieties doing magnificently in gay, painted pots, and they are the envy of my neighbors.

And then—there are the nasturtiums. Planted at one end of my garden, these invariably come up at the far end, in the greatest velvety profusion, at a spot where I never intended a nasturtium should be! These are great travelers, I find, and have an odd way of appearing in a flowerpot up on the veranda a long way from where they were planted in the first place!

But of all the strange phenomena that have occurred in my brief career as a gardener, I offer this. I would not dream of trying to explain it—I merely offer it as a fascinating glimpse of what I mean when I say in a garden you never know.

A friend of mine, expertly plant conscious, bulb and seed conscious and whatever, came one day bringing me two large seeds of the avocado. This plant, as you know, can be brought to grow a charming house plant by several methods, one of which is to suspend the seeds by means of little sticks over a tall vessel of water. The roots grow down into the water and you have the growing plant under observation and can, as it were, watch the wheels go round from day to day.

However, these seeds, it appeared, were very choice and larger than usual, and it was ordered that they be placed in a big pot deep in earth. So I found a large flowerpot, filled it with fresh earth, and the two seeds were duly planted, deep and very carefully. I watered this pot with the greatest care, set it in the sun, guarded it from winds and fog and from the birds. Two months was the time set for the blooming. The weeks passed slowly; I could hardly contain my impatience. And lo! Two months to the day, behold! in that flowerpot I had now the loveliest lot of gay yellow marigolds that it has ever been my lot to see! Of the avocado plant there has never been the slightest sign! What happened? How do I know!

It is just one of those things——
in a garden!

County Poorhouse

Women's Ward

Woman, centripetally wise,
Sits by her cot with secret eyes.
The floors are scoured and clean the glass;
Now she can watch the minutes pass.
Oh that she still could gently rock
And listen to her kitchen clock,
And pause to see, by merely turning,
Her wasteful neighbor's rubbish burning.
Then rise to stack the linen press;
Lightly fold her daughter's dress;
Measure out the salad oil,
Set the water on to boil,
Then mount through cool familiar gloom
To tiptoe in her grandchild's room.

For like a silk-worm, round and round,
She is most exquisitely wound
With miles of self-made silken thread.
Now she must sit till memory palls
Staring at the white-washed walls
That rise about her narrow bed.

Men's Ward

Here are noise and heat and smoke
And murky echoes of a joke,
And oaths and cards and games of craps
And hand-clenched tales of dark mishaps
To men whose crops had suffered blight;
To men who walked the streets by night;
And bitter tales of Arctic trips
Through frozen seas on knife-prowed ships;
Of frost-bite, scurvy and despair
And strangling in the hold for air.
Of rows in tropic bawdy houses
And women won in mad carouses;
Of packing-plants and slaughtered cattle,
Of lockout, strike and bloody battle.

Centrifugal the sparks that fly!
Oh men must toil and fight—and lie,
And sail all seas and brave all weathers;
Wear lion-skins and eagle feathers;
Light lamps for dim inglorious days,
Quote eagerly sparse words of praise;
And smoking pipes, cool credence lend
Each to each . . . until the end.

HELEN SALZ (Reprint from *The Survey.*)

English Novelist's Ideas on "Our Children's Education"

● The cost of education these days takes a tremendous slice out of one's income and it's up to parents to help their children make the most of that expenditure so that they will get an adequate return in the future, says Margaret Kennedy, author of "The Constant Nymph" and "A Long Time Ago," which promises to be one of the best sellers of the fall. The problem is one of special interest to Miss Kennedy, who is the wife of David Davies, a young London barrister, for she has two small daughters, Julia and Sarah, aged four and two.

Miss Kennedy believes that schooling is only the scaffolding of a child's education and that it is the parents' job to supplement what he learns at school by giving him resources, wide interests, general knowledge and all that is implied by that rather overworked word "culture." First of all, said Miss Kennedy, recently in the London *Daily Mail*, if we are to help our children we must drop the snob standard and not tie our children down to the conventional ideas of what is "done" and "not done" as regards dress, manners, parties and so forth. Not only do our "snob expenditures" drain our own resources but they give our children the same false standards.

"On the other hand," continued Miss Kennedy, discussing those parents who bring their children up with the idea that dress and even manners count for little, "it is unfair to the child to bring him up with so little discipline that he becomes a nuisance to other people. Self-restraint, good manners and good dressing on small expenditure are all assets in the wage-earning future."

But so much for generalities. What about the particular educational help which we can give our children at home?

"First of all," answered Miss Kennedy, "we must make it easy for those who are at day schools to work at home. Give them a study to themselves, even if it is only their own bedroom transformed into a bed-sitting-room, and have good heating, correct lighting and practical furniture. If they were at boarding school they would never have a late night except on very special gala occasions. Keep to this rule at home, perhaps making an exception on Saturday in favor of a theater, concert or party.

"No child of mine shall grow up entirely in town. Life will hold more for boys and girls if they know the 'feel' of the country and can take their pleasures simply there.

"I want my children to have infinite resources in themselves so that they will not feel cramped by lack of money nor dependent on it for their enjoyments later in life. They have little time to develop their resources at school; we must supplement them during their holidays. I would like to teach them the rudiments of all simple pursuits so that when they are old enough to choose for themselves there will be no barriers to their knowing what they like. I want to take them to picture galleries and concerts until I see whether they are bored or interested; read aloud to them from the earliest age, starting with extracts from Scott and other classics when they are

(Continued on Page 27)

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

PEOPLE OF THE SERPENT; *by Edward Herbert Thompson;* Houghton Mifflin Co., The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. $3.

ARABIA FELIX; *by Bertram Thomas;* Charles Scribner's Sons., N. Y. (Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.)

GOETHE: MAN AND POET; *by Henry W. Nevinson;* Harcourt, Brace, and Co., N. Y. (Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.)

● People of the Serpent; by Edward Herbert Thompson.

"People of the Serpent"! It is an intriguing title, and an intriguing book. As I sat reading it, on a deep sofa in the lobby of the International House, while the Christmas firelight gleamed on the Christmas tree, I noticed that the eyes of students of many nations glanced with interest at the gay cover and the interesting title. No wonder! The great red-and-green body of Kukil Can, the sacred Feathered Serpent of the Mayas, goes creeping around the border of the book, encircling the pyramid temple of Chichen Itza.

Some clubwomen were talking, another day, over the teacups. One had taken the *Malolo* trip, and was greatly disappointed in it because she had not been able to see Angkor Wat. She said, "Three things I have dreamed of seeing—the Alhambra, the Taj Mahal, and Angkor Wat." "And Chichen Itza!" I added, out of my own dreaming. For more enticing than the wonders of other countries are Mayan ruins of Central America, lost so long in the jungle —the undeciphered mystery of the first Americans!

"Thompson of Yucatan," as he is called by archeologists, has for more than forty years been identified with the study of the Mayan civilization. "Almost half a century, a lifetime, has passed since an eager-eyed youth, then the youngest consul in the Mexican field of service, first trod the red earth of Yucatan and saw its ruined cities. The intervening years, filled with taxing but congenial effort, have sped like a dream, and it is difficult for me to accept the fact that the youth has now grown old, save perhaps for an un-ageing enthusiasm. My active work completed, I must sit among the elders, and, as an elder will, review the days I have lived and weigh their accomplishment."

This, his opening paragraph, suggests the one criticism and dissatisfaction that one might venture to suggest concerning this really unusual book. Through a long life, Mr. Thompson has written of his work only in learned monographs, for other archeologists to read, to be deposited in museums and libraries; and this is the first story of his life-work in terms that a layman may enjoy. One feels too much that these are the remembered thrills of one looking back. If only he might have written this in the first fine rapture of discovery, the young dreamer capturing his dream! How the dead cities would have sprung to life!

Even so, it is a thrilling tale. Edward Thompson came to Yucatan by way of the lost "Atlantis." While still a student at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, he had written an article called "Atlantis Not a Myth," and it was published in the *Popular Science Monthly.* In it he "suggested that the mysterious civilization of the Mayas on the peninsula of Yucatan was a broken branch of the civilization that once existed on the lost continent, when, according to the records of the ancient Egyptian priests and philosophers, it disappeared in one day and one night, engulfed in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean." The article was read by Stephem Salisbury, vice-president of the American Antiquarian Society, which, several years later, offered to young Thompson the opportunity to investigate the ruined groups on the peninsula of Yucatan. To give him a free hand, the President of the United States appointed him American consul to Mexico, his territory being the states of Yucatan and Campeche. And so, with a young wife and a two-months old baby, and "an eager heart," he set out upon his pilgrimage—a pilgrimage which, like that of the Children of Israel in the wilderness, was to last forty years! It reads like a romance, the tale of his friendship with the Mayan Indians of today and yesterday, when he almost "went native" in order to learn their language, their religious rites, their unwritten history. First white man to find the "date stone" which helped to establish their chronology; first to stumble upon the unexcavated palaces and temples of Chichen Itza, over which the world since has wondered.

When Mr. Thompson decided that this was to be the scene of his life-work, he purchased the old abandoned Spanish plantation of Chichen Itza, and moved his little family from their temporary home in Merida, before even the workmen had swept out the plaster and the "various scorpions, centipedes, and tarantula" from their rooms! In order that Mrs. Thompson might be "the first woman to enter Chichen in a *volan* (or native cart)"—for all others had gone by foot-trail or mule-back—a new road was built through the jungle by the Mayan Indians and the workmen of General Daniel Traconis, who commanded the federal forces in the state of Yucatan.

It was an exciting manner of going to housekeeping in a new home, a home so strangely new and so inconceivably old!

But the most thrilling incident of the book is the story of the dredging of the Sacred Well, and Edward Thompson's diving into its depths, where no living being had ever been, to prove the old tradition that human beings had been offered there in priestly sacrifice to the God of the Rain who dwelt at the bottom of the Sacred Well. Incongruous! — the great modern dredge on the banks of the age-old well, swinging its metallic head over the obsidian waters, bringing up from the depths in its iron teeth the age-old treasures which were to have accompanied those virgin souls into another world! And a young American archeologist, in diver's helmet, walking about in the primeval ooze on the well's floor, and bringing up jade beads, in a land where jade has never been found! Where did it come from? Atlantis?

The "young, eager heart" is old now, and it must be sad. For a fire came and burned the plantation home, by the fruits of which he had planned to finance his scientific ventures. And the Mexican government, fancying that the treasures found in the Sacred Well were gold instead of pottery, attached his property for the sum of 1,300,000 pesos, and there the matter stands today. He has "competent lawyers defending his rights in Yucatan and in Washington, but the end is not even in sight."

In the meanwhile, he says, "the Carnegie Institution, which has leased my property, is carrying out in its own way many of the things I desired to do, in addition to its work of systematic exploration and restoration in the ruined group of Chichen Itza. It is calling to its staff medical and research workers who propose to study the plants of

medicinal value, and also to place their services without cost to the Indians of this region. Thus a part, at least, of what I wished to do is being carried out, if not by me. In place of the rough bridle path by which I first travelled to ruined groups such as Chichen by horse and pack mule, there now run modern highways with speeding motor cars. The specialist, backed by unlimited resources, has stepped in to complete the task of which I was among the pioneers. The task of reconstructing the story of the marvellous lost civilization of the Mayas is proceeding towards its accomplishment the faster because of these things, and in that fact I find a mighty satisfaction. I am proud to hope that the labors of my lifetime may have contributed something to this end."

● Arabia Felix; by Bertram Thomas; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Written from the point of view of one interested primarily in facts—the longitude, the latitude, the altitude, and the temperature, facts biological, geological, botanical and sociological, "Arabia Felix" pictures a hitherto unknown region. That region is the Rub'al Khali, and the story of its exploration is made more exciting and romantic (if one may use that word of a fact finding expedition) when it is realized that it was the last large area on the earth still unexplored.

Of his own part in the expedition Mr. Thomas writes very little and that little very impersonally. "To one who has experienced the thrill of the unknown, the mental stimulus that comes from plans in the slow process of precarious accomplishment, to one who has learned to talk with his only companions for months on end—rude and unlettered brigands of the desert though they be — and to admire some of their virile qualities, the camel-back and long marches go to make the magic of Arabia."

The book is highly objective and for that reason lacks the vivid awareness of the life of the people that is portrayed by Colonel Lawrence in his subjective account of "The Revolt in the Desert."

Nevertheless "Arabia Felix" is eminently worth reading. It pictures in minute detail the country where man "follows the primitive life his fathers have led for ten thousand years . . . the only life that short-lived pastures and inadequate or brackish water permits, a life tribal and nomadic, economically precarious, politically unstable, but socially fixed and unalterable."

The story of the collecting of desert animals, insects and birds runs through the book and adds one of its most human bits of detail. The collectors when presenting the creatures for the killing bottle often told some fairy tale about it. A tale of the sand-piper that had woven a web over the footmarks of the Prophet when he fled before the infidels, or of the white slug that lives in the nostril of the camel but for which the camel would have been as wild as the fox.

The book is well illustrated and has an excellent map.

● Goethe—Man and Poet; by Henry W. Nevinson; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

If one of your "man-gods" happens to be that one who said "Only he deserves his freedom and his life who must conquer them every day for himself," you will be delighted with Mr. Nevinson's "Goethe—Man and Poet." This book was written in celebration of the centenary of Goethe's death on March 22, 1832.

Goethe's long and active life seems to have inspired most biographers to discourses of great length, but Mr. Nevinson states in his introduction that the purpose of his book is to "seek a more solid memorial of the man as he lived, not day by day in the common routine which all must follow, but at moments or periods when his nature rose above itself and revealed the qualities which genius alone inspires." This purpose the author has admirably fulfilled.

For instance, instead of presenting in all their multiplicity of detail the months Goethe spent in Strasburg studying law, during which time he met Gottfried Herder and Friederike, Mr. Nevinson sums up that period which culminates in "The Sorrows of Werther." And "as sometimes happens with a work of genius, Werther gathers up the mood of a crisis through which the whole country, the whole world was then passing." Which mood Carlyle called "nameless unrest."

Mr. Nevinson sums up another period, that following Goethe's return from Italy when he felt out of harmony with his Weimar environment and became intensely interested in Spinoza's idea that "all nature reveals one uninterrupted process of growth." This idea of unity Goethe's genius developed into the discovery of the intermaxillary bone, the metamorphoses of plants, and the transformation of the vertebrae into the skull.

In reality, Mr. Nevinson depicts Goethe at the moments when life opened new doors, revealing to his genius ever widening vistas, and the author gives us those moments in terms of their significance to our cultural background.

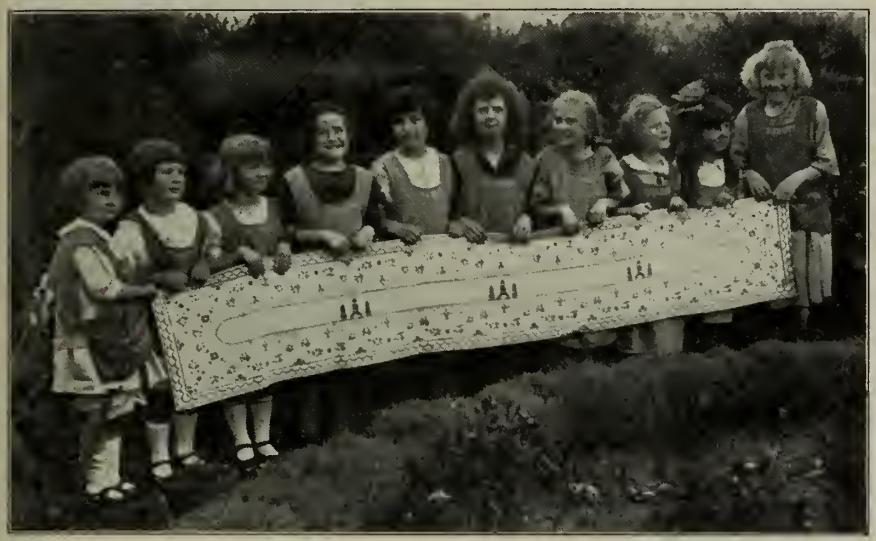
Furthermore, Mr. Nevinson has exemplified in the writing of this book Goethe's own philosophy which he expressed in these words: "Not what the dead have failed in, nor yet what they have suffered, but only what they have done, what they have achieved, ought to occupy his survivors. In their failings we recognize mankind, in their triumphs we recognize their real selves."

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!—
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

—*George Meredith.*

Exhibit of Tapestries . . . .

Auditorium of the Women's City Club . . . January 16th and 17th



The members of the original class of the Mayflower Studio—Jane Lea Cutler, Mary Van Pelt, Jeanne Thompson, Gertrude Fewer, Carol May Michael, Elizabeth Johnson, Jeannett Rosenfeld, Alexandria Little, Constance Bouchou, Ellen Lundun.

● The work of the Mayflower Tapestry Studio, founded in 1920, to be displayed to members of the Club and all others interested in the beauty of this handcraft.

An admission charge of 50 cents per person will be presented to the Grace Cathedral Building Fund the Danish church—the mother church of Mrs. Thomas Churchill—in memory of the American women who have been so gracious to Mrs. Thomas Churchill, founder of Mayflower Tapestry Studio.

We Hold No Sales . . . Our Designs Marked Reasonably

Medals Awarded According to the "Sampler"

Elephant	Elizabeth Charleston (Nee Forderer)
Spanish Crown	Lucia De Laveaga
Heart	Jane Lea Cutler
Camel	Gertrude Fewer
Umbrella Girl	Marion Dassonville
Anchor	Rhoda Olund
Stork	Mary Balentine
Two Dachshunds	Marian Shaller
Family Crest	Helen Graham
Clover	Elizabeth Little
Family Crest	Muriel Van Wrinkler
Light	Harriet Muller
Rosebud	Virginia Barnemuller
Pine Tree	Constance Bouche
Lilies of the Valley, Lady	Margaret Manning
Rotary	Lilla Goetting

WHY SEND TO FRANCE

When you can select at home . . . exclusive designs at reasonable prices for Wall Panels, Chairs, Benches, Phone Book Covers, Bell Pulls, Sport and Evening Bags, Petit Point Tapestry underlain with material to finish — to harmonize with your furnishings. Materials personally selected by Mrs. Churchill during a recent trip abroad.

FREE INSTRUCTION AT STUDIO

132 - 25th Avenue ● Near Sea Cliff ● Phone EVergreen 4392

(Below)—Costumed members class—Denmark, Evelyn Louis Salomon; Sweden, Elizabeth Thelice Johnson; Norway, Rhoda Olund; America, Jane Lee Cutler, who is working on Grace Cathedral chair—with her crest in center with official seal of Danish Consul.

—PHOTOS BY MOULIN

(Advertisement)

(Continued from Page 16)

Commission of California. They are paid for a basic eight hour day; in case of emergency they may be employed in excess of eight hours and must receive an additional quarter of a check for each two additional hours or fraction. They must be supplied with proper dressing rooms; with food and hot drinks if required to work at night after 11:30, and when public transportation is not available at night they must be furnished with transportation.

All children, that is, minors under 18, work under the supervision of the Board of Education of Los Angeles. Every child must have a permit to work, from that department. This requires a physical examination quarterly to insure their good physical condition; those of school age must maintain an excellent school rating. Whether the schild is of school age or over it or under it, he is accompanied throughout his day at the studio by a teacher assigned by the Board of Education to see that all the requirements concerning hours and conditions of employment are properly carried out. If the child is of school age, three of the eight hours he may spend on the lot are spent in school work; one hour in rest and four in possible work. Children under school age may be in studios for shorter hours, depending on the age.

Garden Class Developing

● The announcement in the December Magazine that a Garden Class would be formed under the direction of Miss Clara M. Schaeffer met with considerable response —so the first meeting will be held shortly after January 15, and each member who has expressed an interest will be notified of the exact date.

The course will consist of six lectures and the fee will be $6.00. Lectures will be held at the Club and the following subjects will be discussed: Seed sowing; roses; patio and house plants; ground covers; principles of pruning; window boxes; small greenhouses, frames and pot plants; care of seedlings; vegetative propagation; soils and fertilizers; pests and diseases; lawns.

City or country gardens will be visited when practical. Please register at the Executive Office if you are interested.

Employees Express Thanks

● The employees of the Club wish to thank the members and the Board of Directors for the very liberal bonus that was distributed to them the day before Christmas and take this opportunity of wishing them all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Thit Jensen

Many Interesting Events In December

● December was an especially gala interval at the City Club, with a special luncheon, tea or dinner to enliven every day.

Outstanding among the many pleasant events were the tea in honor of Mrs. Thit Jensen, Danish author and lecturer, the singing of Christmas carols by the vested choir of Grace Cathedral on Thursday, December 22, and the Children's Christmas Party of Saturday afternoon, December 17.

As the author of twenty-two books, Mrs. Jensen is well known in Europe; her works have been translated into many languages. Her books in English are published in London, England.

Mrs. Jensen is a leading champion of women, having devoted her entire life to this cause. She has traveled all over the globe and she has absorbed at first hand interesting material for her novels and articles. Last year she wrote a "best seller," "Jorgen Lykke," which went into many editions and soon will be translated into several languages.

CATERING DEPARTMENT of The Women's City Club

Attention is directed to the improved services—operating cafeteria, dining rooms and tea services —under the recent reorganization of the Catering Department.

●

BOOK MART DINNERS

ON JANUARY 24 - 25

MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY

●

EARHART LECTURE

A formal buffet supper will be served by this department at the reception in honor of Miss Earhart in the Lounge, following the lecture on February 7.

SEE BALLOT ON PAGE 8

Vote on January 9

Twenty-five Cents Fine if You Do Not

Election, January 9

Christopher Morley Bemoans Fact That Story Can't Be Written for Women Alone

Their Preconceptions Far Less Rigid Than Men's, Says Author of "Human Being."

● It's a pity, according to Christopher Morley, that a story can't be written only for women to read. "What a literature could be created," he says in his new novel, "Human Being," "if one were quite sure that men, with their rigid preconceptions, would never read it."

Though "Human Being" is a many-mooded story of the life and times, both good and bad, of Richard Roe, the Unknown Citizen, women play a large but unassuming part in it as they did in Richard Roe's life. In Minnie Hutzler and Miss Mac, Jenny Hoerl and Peggy Whaley, Mr. Morley has created four delightful, unforgettable women, all quite different from each other, yet each an expert in her own line in the business world and outside. Miss Mac was the pithy, efficient secretary in the sales department of Erskine Brothers, publishers. Minnie Hutzler kept Richard's business running smoothly but helped to ruffle the waters of his home life; while Jenny and Peggy were typical products of the post-war age. Though they occupied themselves endlessly with mirrors and curling irons, cold cream and nail polish, eyebrow tweezers and makeup, they never allowed their beautifying processes to interfere with their efficiency as telephone operator and typist respectively to Richard Roe, Inc., Stationery Specialties.

In "Human Being" Mr. Morley has many interesting things to say about women in addition to their attitude towards literature. "Like the small, efficient Japanese in the crumbling continent of China," writes Morley, "women have invaded the old easy-going empire of men, burst open its flimsy pagodas and antique fortresses. Flowers, perfumes, ribboned steamer baskets of rich, unwholesome nougats, aphrodisiac movies, trashy novels—all designed for women. Their most personal and physiological requisites flaunted everywhere in shameless display. Even the cigar store, the barber, the shoe-shine stand, old havens of masculine retreat, lay open to their triumph. Men were as helpless as the crabs packed in trays of ice and seaweed in the chop-house window, doomed and yet still bubbling a last heroic disdain.

"Well, more power to them, thought Richard Roe. Perhaps they'll make a better job of it than we have. But the thought of those network stockings and carmined finger-nails made him pause. Can we trust the future of the world to people who take that sort of thing seriously? Even white spats, even boiled shirts, are not quite as futile as that."

"A woman who thinks herself wronged," writes Morley in another chapter, "suffers so damnably that she sometimes manages to make everyone within reach of her suffer almost as much. She has a thousand ingenious modes of torture. Suspicion glows at her yard-arm like the green St. Elmo's fire, runs in sultry shock through all her rigging. By anguished alertness she creates the very thing she fears. It's queer that women, knowing themselves inflammable, so lightly toss these fireballs aboard each other's craft."

But as long as there are men in the world "every woman is a potential threat to every other woman. Only by standing together can they keep man in his proper subjection. But they can't pool their resources. The Life Force has created them for very definite purposes and man, the powerful helot, trades on their inability to co-operate."

Remember!

There is by virtue of the Constitution and By-Laws a 25-cent fine for not voting at the City Club Annual Election — January 9.

HALE BROS

Carolyn

Is Thrilled about Rabbit's Wool

$19.75

And San Francisco is thrilled about this Carolyn dress . . . a Vionnet copy, in gray, brilliant green, Worth blue and hyacinth. The little jacket has fur cuffs. The dress beneath is slim perfection. Sizes 14 to 20.

Carolyn Shop, Hale's Third Floor

A Doctor's Prescription For A Bank To Fill

The doctor ordered an immediate change of climate. A simple prescription. Yet under other circumstances it might have proved hard to fill.

Fortunately for this woman, her husband's life insurance had been carefully conserved . . . *in trust.* And now, though the income alone was not enough to cover this special expense, the bank as trustee was able to meet this emergency promptly with funds from the principal.

If, besides the everyday needs of your dependents, you would make sure provision for the *unusual,* investigate the

LIFE INSURANCE TRUST

A Life Insurance Trust is your guarantee that the life insurance protection you have provided for your dependents will prove lastingly effective. Write or call for the booklet "Carrying on the Family Income".

TRUST DEPARTMENT

Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

Market at Montgomery
Market at Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

Home Economics

—HAZEL B. NOYES

Looking at Both Sides of the Family Dollar

● Most of us pride ourselves upon the intelligence which we show in managing our family affairs, until it comes to the matter of budgeting the family income (you knew there was a catch in it somewhere, didn't you?), and there common sense leaves us—and so do our dollars. Most of us spend and spend until there is nothing left, and then we hunt frantically through purse or check book, sure that we have overlooked some money, until we count up as far as possible on our purchases and discover where it has really gone, never to return. So we limp and skimp along till next pay day, and as likely as not repeat the process. Most of us have given this plan more than a fair trial, so let's throw it into the discard and try to find a scheme that will work out better.

I think the real reason most of us fight shy of a budget is because we think it is going to be a lot of work and figuring when, actually, once we have devised some workable system, it saves us work, worry and much fruitless figuring.

A good start, if you do nothing more, is to keep track of all your expenditures for a month, then you will know, at least, what your dollars are *doing.* Going over this record, it should not be hard to find out what is wrong with the spending side of your dollars, and eliminate to some extent, at least, unwise division or appropriation of income. It also is a big help to list, some place where it may serve as an "awful example," all those things we bought which we felt we just had to have, but before the month was out sincerely regretted. We all do it. If we can train ourselves to the habit of going over this list before making any purchases outside of the general routine, we may save ourselves many such regrets.

Having gone this far, it seems only logical to try further to improve our plan of spending and make it fit our real needs, and include a certain sum to be put aside each month for saving or investment. It is a well-known fact that given an overwhelming ambition to provide a certain fund, we adjust our living expenses to save this sum.

You see, the first thing we know we are really following a real, practical budget. However, like everything else, a budget to be worth while must be kept up to date and changed whenever there is a change in living conditions or income. This is the other side of our dollars; and lately this side has looked pretty slim to many of us —but it's there and the more we study it and treat it like the friend it is, the better we'll get along with the spending.

Have You Tried Baked Apples This Way?

● Now is the time of year to feature apples on the family menu, since they are at their best this season. There is no better way to serve apples than baked. Whenever we have baked apples at our house, I wonder why we don't serve them more often. There are so many ways to vary them that they can be used at any time of the day. Nothing is better to serve with meat and, cut in halves, in points and glazed, they make a delicious and attractive garnish.

There is a simple little trick to cutting these attractive halves, but after the first apple it is easy. Make a diagonal cut about one inch long in the side of the fruit, then place the point of the knife at a right angle to one end of the first cut and make a cut in the opposite direction. Continue this way all around the apple, sticking the knife into the center each time and the apples will come apart in halves. Place

NOVA

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Reduce easily, without diet—no exercise, no harnesses, economically and with ABSOLUTE SAFETY. Thousands of women have taken this safe, sane and certain method —the scientific treatment — backed by testimonials and ABSOLUTE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. You owe it to yourself to at least investigate.

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these in a saucepan, add a syrup of equal parts sugar and water to nearly cover, and cook, tightly covered, very slowly until tender, but not mushy. Remove to a baking dish or pie pan, sprinkle with sugar and cook in a hot oven or in the broiling oven until glazed, basting with the syrup.

For those very professional looking glazed baked apples, remove the cores from large, firm fruit and peel one third of the way down from the blossom end. Put in a saucepan, peeled side down, partly cover with water, cover tightly and cook very slowly until tender, being careful not to over-cook (about 30 to 40 minutes over slow heat). Cores and skin may be added to the water and strained out later.

When the apples are cooked, with a large spoon and a broad spatula, remove them to a baking dish or pie plate (oven glass is ideal for this). Place apples, peeled side up, sprinkle with sugar and baste with syrup made from the water in which they were cooked and equal parts of sugar. Bake in oven (375° F.) until golden brown and beautifully glazed (20 to 30 minutes). Pour the syrup over them, chill and serve as a breakfast dish, an accompaniment to meat, or as a dessert, garnishing accordingly.

Suggestions for various glazes and suitable accompaniments: With orange—add ½ cup orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange to ½ cup water and 1 cup sugar. When nearly baked, sprinkle with broken pecan meats, finish glazing and serve with roast duck, goose or pork.

The halves cut in points and centers filled with mint jelly are just the thing for a roast of lamb and a really lovely garnish for a crown roast.

The apples, either whole or in halves, may be glazed with any kind of jelly (currant and quince are especially good). Melt the jelly and baste with it during the last fifteen minutes of baking. Children, particularly, like them with a marshmallow put in the center and toasted.

Stick the whole baked apples with salted almonds, allowing the nuts to show. Sprinkle with sugar and glaze with syrup, baking until all is a golden grown (450° F. oven). Serve hot or cold with cream. Honey or maple syrup gives a different flavor when used for glazing. Sprinkle with walnuts about five minutes before removing from the oven.

You see, you need never be at a loss for a new way to serve baked apples, and the family will demand many an encore.

THE BOOK MART
JANUARY 24 AND 25

Send Plants for Roof Garden

● Members were so occupied with Christmas shopping and festivities last month that there was not the response to the request for plants for the roof garden that we had anticipated; so we again list the plants or slips we would like. Here are required plants:

Geraniums, Aubretia, Bellis Perenne, Alyssum Saxatile, Pansies, Violas, Arabis, Begonia Boltoniensis, Cinerarias, Primulas, Fuchsias, Heathers, Diosma Ericoides, Dimorphotheca, Nerium Oleander (Mrs. Roeding), Campanula Isophyla, Trachelospermum Jasminoides (star jasmine).

Catering Department of the Club

● On December 12 Miss Mackenzie severed her connections with the Club and with the reorganization the responsibility has been placed with the employees who have served in the department so loyally and conscientiously. It is our purpose to find out just what appeals to our members in the way of menus. You will notice as the weeks pass that the menus will change in character and the dainty sandwiches, salads, entrees and desserts so popular with the majority of women will be found daily on the luncheon menus in the dining room. They say that San Francisco is the "city that knows how" — our motto is to be "the Club that knows how!"

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Marin Dell, brought across the bay in speed trucks, is at your independent grocer's, pasteurized and chilled, hours fresher!
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SAN FRANCISCO
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(Continued from Page 14)

hung in the glass case. The end of it had slipped down until it hung over the edge, and dangled there, swinging almost imperceptibly in the slight draught caused by an open window . . . It seemed to be reaching towards her, and she shrank back involuntarily . . . She must not look — must not! She looked around widly, half fearful of what she might see, and found that Beth had disappeared. She had gone — gone back into that somewhere to join other souls who had been robbed of life. The girl was glad to drift back into oblivion . . . Off in his corner old Peter slept blissfully on . . .

It seemed an eternity before she opened her eyes again, and when she did, it was to catch her breath sharply, for it seemed to her that she was back again, back at that house where she had — where that awful thing had been done. She was hiding, crouched outside on a narrow ledge of the veranda, where it was impossible for anyone to see her, looking into the room where she could see Dick, with the silken cord in his hands, looking down at something on the floor . . . The velvet rope was coiled into a soft loop, soft, but hard — sweet, yet bitter — for the girl with a shudder remembered the look on Beth's face when she had known — had known that she was being killed by the one whom she had trusted more than anyone else — killed by *Velvet!*

The girl watched on, and saw Dick crumple into a chair as three policemen, summoned by a housemaid's scream, entered the room, and — arrested him for murder! Murder! Why, don't you know that Dick wouldn't do that? He couldn't! Tell them, Dick! Tell them you couldn't! That was what she had wanted to cry out, but she could not. She could only sit there, crouched outside of the window, and see Dick led off, silent and unflinching, to take the blame for her. And the velvet rope which had slid from his hands to the floor, was so quietly sliding, gliding towards her, and soon she felt it creep softly, swiftly about her throat, choking her — so that she could not make a sound. Well, she knew now. She knew that Dick would not have to take the blame for her now, for she was paying her own penalty . . . As the velvet cord tightened about her throat, it turned darker and darker in color, and merged with the robe that was half covering her, until she was struggling in a mass of inky—Velvet!

Velvet — that was it, velvet — and she was dying in a sea of it. Struggling with the silken cords of it — choking in the blue sheen of it — despairing with the softness of it — closed in on all sides by the luxurious depth of it. Slowly being killed — cheated out of life by *Velvet!*

Velvet — as she slowly sank into oblivion, before her passed in procession those ancient folk of Egypt, sons of the land by the Nile — who had practiced the treacherous art of strangling with velvet cords, making the torture more soft — yet more cruel. They were strange dream things, belonging to another region; old, mystic, romantic, dark and *Velvety!*

There it was again — Velvet! Would it never go? Still the procession moved on — ancient people of an ancient and mysterious lore — and all clothed in velvet! She could hear the soft swish-swish of it, could feel it brush past her, catch her, sweep her up in its mystery — choke her in its viciousness — grind the life from her with its soft, sweet, false beauty, yet glide always on and on till slowly the uncanny cavalcade disappeared — fading into the somewhere from whence it had come.

And still she was caught in a sea of velvet, swept out to mid-ocean by its soft, treacherous, rending current, swirled in eddies of it and slowly, slowly, and yet surely pulled, dragged, sucked down, down, down into inky depths of it, down to join the hosts of dark, mystic ones in that world below — somewhere . . . Velvet! That was it — she knew — she knew — she was — drowning in velvet!

A little while later the old caretaker

1933

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THE SAMARKAND COMPANY

came upon her lifeless form, lying on the stone floor of the room — with the silk velvet strangling cord of the ancient Egyptians about her throat . . .

Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth the scrap of paper on which she had scribbled her name, and, adjusting it one way and then another in the light, he peered at it. Without his glasses he was just able to make out the name "V. Hastings." The old man wondered over the "V." What in the world might *that* stand for? Oh, well, no matter. He would have to report it to the police anyway.

Later he remarked to the Constable who had been investigating the case that while the young lady was admiring the beauty of the velvet robe, the end of the cord had slipped down about her throat, and as she had pulled away, startled, the cord had tightened, killing her. And the Constable had nodded his head in solemn agreement. Of course that was what had happened . . . Of course . . .

(Continued from Page 18)

about seven, and encourage them to read for themselves. I want to teach them enough horsemanship to keep their seat in the saddle. Almost more important than anything else, I want them to speak at least two languages perfectly. This would enable them to get the most out of traveling and to do it cheaply. It need not cost much to learn. There are the excellent schemes for 'swapping' children with families abroad (that applies, of course, more to England than America), or having a student over here *au pair* talk his or her language in exchange for learning English.

"But here," said Miss Kennedy, "I am faced with the problem which always confronts me when I plan the future for my two babies. If we 'cultivate' them too assiduously we shall spoil for them the joy of finding things out for themselves, of exploring and making discoveries. It is for each parent to decide how far she can prepare the way for them to make the most of their future."

The Book Mart of January 24 and 25 at the City Club promises an excursion into that far-away realm of "lost simplicities," towards which we have long yearned.

And the Club Was Filled With Music

● Hale's Choral Club, directed by Mrs. F. J. Porter, sang Christmas Carols at noon in the Cafeteria and Dining Room, December 22, to the delight of the patrons lunching there that day. The Choral Club is made up of fourteen employees of Hale Brothers' Store. The Choral called their entertainment "Older Children's Day," inasmuch as it was in honor of the residents of the Club.

On the evening of the same day the Boys' Choir of Grace Cathedral, consisting of twenty-two members, directed by Mr. Hugh Williams, sang Carols throughout the Club. Organist Lewis, of the Cathedral, was also among the group.

Prior to their singing, the boys, Canon Wright and the "Choir Mothers" were guests of the Club at dinner, with Mrs. William B. Hamilton and Miss Eleanor Franklin Simpson as hostesses.

Hugh Williams sang solos in the Auditorium, where the main part of the program was given. Miss Simpson also gave readings, appropriate to the season.

I wish the little crushed hopes that lie
So deep in my heart would not wake and cry
When spring comes. They have lain so still.

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is most reasonable in cost ●

In tea you look for a delicate fragrance and a smooth, pleasant flavor. But do you always get it? You do in Tree Tea. Only the tender top-leaves of highest grown teas are used. This assures the finest flavored tea obtainable. Try Tree Tea—an M·J·B quality product that sells at the most reasonable price.

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ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE (BLACK) — AND GREEN JAPAN

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STUART CHASE

Author of "Mexico" and "The New Deal"

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Tivoli Theatre

●

Tickets: $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c.
On sale at Center Office
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DOuglas 0617

Equal Pay for Women as Depression Remedy

● Equal pay for women, who are now receiving—in all occupational groups—appreciably lower wages than men doing the same work, is advanced as an important depression remedy by Henry Suzzallo, editor of the new National Encyclopedia.

"There is some important and fundamental work still to be done by the women of this country in establishing their economic equality with men," says Dr. Suzzallo, "and their present situation has a bearing on the nation's recovery from depression which should not be neglected.

"At the present time women are, with startlingly few exceptions, receiving appreciably lower wages than men doing the same work. The margin between their respective wage scales has tended to increase during the depression, and women's pay is now often less than 50 per cent of men's pay, even when output is the same.

"As a result, women too often enter into a disastrous competition with men and depress the wage standards, at a time when this in itself creates the most serious complications. In the work of preparing the new National Encyclopedia, we have made the first effort ever made by any encyclopedists to reflect fully the increased importance of women in all branches of national life, and this has led us into new fields which cannot fail to be of great value. We have found a surprising lack of leadership among women, for instance, in agitation for 'equal pay for equal work.' This seems to be a pressing need, which bears important relationship to the legal protection of women workers, child labor, and the improvement of laboring conditions generally.

"During the earlier stages of economic development, women were primarily used in production, since men were largely occupied with warfare and the chase. In the handicraft stage, although manufacturing centered around men, women had some part. With the introduction of power machinery, their employment greatly increased. Production was shifted from the home to the factory, and women left their homes and entered the labor market in competition with men.

"Except in a few occupations for which women are physically unqualified or those from which they have been excluded in the interest of social welfare, women are becoming an increasingly important factor. There are today more than 8,000,000 women gainfully employed in this country.

"The statisticians of the National Encyclopedia estimate that even at the bottom of the depression, one in every five American wage earners was a woman. They are employed in 532 distinct occupations, all but thirty-five of those recognized in our tabulations.

"About 20 per cent of women workers are in manufacturing, and about 11 per cent in agriculture. They make up a majority of the staff in offices of banking, insurance and real estate firms. Large numbers are employed in retail trade, in professional and domestic service and in transportation.

"About one-fourth of all employed women are married. Forty per cent of them are not more than 25 years old. Women predominate over men in seven distinct occupational groups. There are an increasing number of women in politics and government—mayors, governors, state legislators, etc.

"But the fact remains that in any average which we can compile, women's wages are lower than those of men, and that the tendency of the depression has been to increase this disparity. Just what ought to be done about it is another matter—and one which I fear the women must take up themselves, whether through their own labor organizations, through their network of women's clubs, or in a new and separately created propaganda.

"There are 250,000 women organized in trade unions who form a nucleus which should be able to do very effective work for better wages and better working conditions. There are perhaps fifty times as many women loosely organized in the network of women's clubs which covers the whole country and is banded together in at least thirty-four national organizations. These groups can have an important influence, if they will, in insuring that women get their fair share in the new economic set-up which must necessarily come with any gradual recovery from depression."

Private Cooking School

● San Francisco's only private cooking school, inaugurated in November by Mrs. Oscar F. Catoire, graduate home economist and practical home maker, at 417 Sutter Street, bids fair to help solve many a housewife's problem.

Courses in practical cookery, with marketing and budgeting, as well as specialty courses, are available either in class groups or private instruction. Advanced work in cake decoration and candy-basket making, puff-pastry and other culinary feats are offered to professionals who desire to perfect themselves in this art.

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June 30th, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds (value $65,931,292.00) on books at	$ 62,640,540.16
Loans on Real Estate	72,824,280.46
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,383,523.04
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,125,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value over $460,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund (value over $780,000.00), on books at	1.00
Cash	16,929,551.85
Total	$153,777,898.51

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$147,577,898.51
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,200,000.00
Total	$153,777,898.51

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$ 7,452,861.44
Expenses and Taxes	875,666.62
Net Profits	$6,577,194.82

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

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School Days Again . . .

● Members are urged to carefully study the educational facilities offered on this page. Both out-of-town and city schools are available, and it is not just the curriculum that counts in properly bringing a child to maturity, but the environment that contributes to a physical and mental development that will not be subject to vain regrets in later years.

* * *

Music as an asset in the social advancement of a youngster, boy or girl, is most important. The popularity and immediate acceptance in any social environment of a capable musician, pianist, singer, violinist or banjoist, is assured. It takes patience and courage on the part of the parent at the start in bringing the child to this viewpoint, but once a bit of talented display is made the child realizes his or her interest to others and has a firm foundation on which to advance the individual personality and establish that essential self-confidence.

To the end that music in all its beauty and value to the individual can be appreciated, the Arrillaga Musical College has entered its fifty-first year here in San Francisco. One cannot speak too highly of the value of consistent effort to maintain a school of music.

* * *

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Mrs. Roedel to Give Two Bridge Courses

● Acceding to insistent requests for a repetition of the course of contract bridge lectures which she gave this fall at the City Club, Mrs. Alice M. Roedel will begin her second course early in January. In addition to this series of lectures, Mrs. Roedel will conduct a course of plays in duplicate bridge.

The course of ten lectures on "contract" will be in two classes or sections, meeting Wednesday evenings and Thursday mornings, beginning January 11 and 12. The course will be $5, single lectures 60 cents.

Members and guests who are interested in these sections are asked to leave their names at the Front Office, so that the committee will know approximately how many to prepare for.

The "duplicate play" will be on Mondays, both afternoons and evenings, 2 o'clock and 7:45 o'clock, beginning January 9.

The fee for each session will be 60 cents.

There will be four prizes at each session for the winning North-South pair and the winning East-West pair. Each prize is a dollar money order on The League Shop.

Two people should enter as partners. However, if single players wish Mrs. Roedel to provide a partner she will try to do so.

She will use the Mitchell movement and match point scoring.

While, with the Mitchell movement, it is possible to take care of late entries, Mrs. Roedel would appreciate having reservations made by 1 o'clock for afternoon play and 7 o'clock for evening play.

Duplicate play is an excellent way to check up on one's game, and to improve it. The bidding slip that is in each board tells what others have done with that hand.

Children's Christmas Party Is Signal Success

● From the standpoint of attendance, the Children's Annual Christmas Party, held Saturday afternoon, December 17, in the Auditorium of the City Club, was almost a riot. However, the youngsters were on their very best behavior, probably suspecting that Santa Claus was checking up, and the affair sped along without a hitch.

From the standpoint of artistic excellence, the program was one of the most interesting and beautifully staged divertissements of the Club year.

Elizabeth Holloway, who directed the three plays, is well known in San Francisco as a producer of unusual children's plays.

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(Daughters Under 18—Sons Under 8)

A guest card, giving a woman guest, unaccompanied by a member, the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member for 25 cents.

Winter Special — Private Lessons

Tickets for members and their children under 18:
During January $3.50
During February..... 3.75

Tickets for guests:
During January $4.50
During February..... 4.75

Tickets for private lessons entitle purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons WITHIN THREE MONTHS. Admission Extra.

Class Lessons

Classes in swimming, diving, junior or senior life saving may be formed with five or more persons. There is no fee for instruction in life saving.

An advanced swimming and diving CLASS FOR GIRLS between 10 and 14 will be held at 11 a. m. every Saturday during January and February. Registration in advance for this class.

Members' daughters .....$1.75 for the 8-week course
Guests ..... 2.50 for the 8-week course

Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: 9:30-7:30
Friday, 9:30-9:00 Saturday, 9:00-5:00

During January the Pool will be closed at 7:30 on Thursdays instead of 9:00.

Men's Guest Nights

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim FRIDAY NIGHTS, 5:30 to 9:00.

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

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South and East from San Francisco Feb. 3
—From Los Angeles Feb. 4

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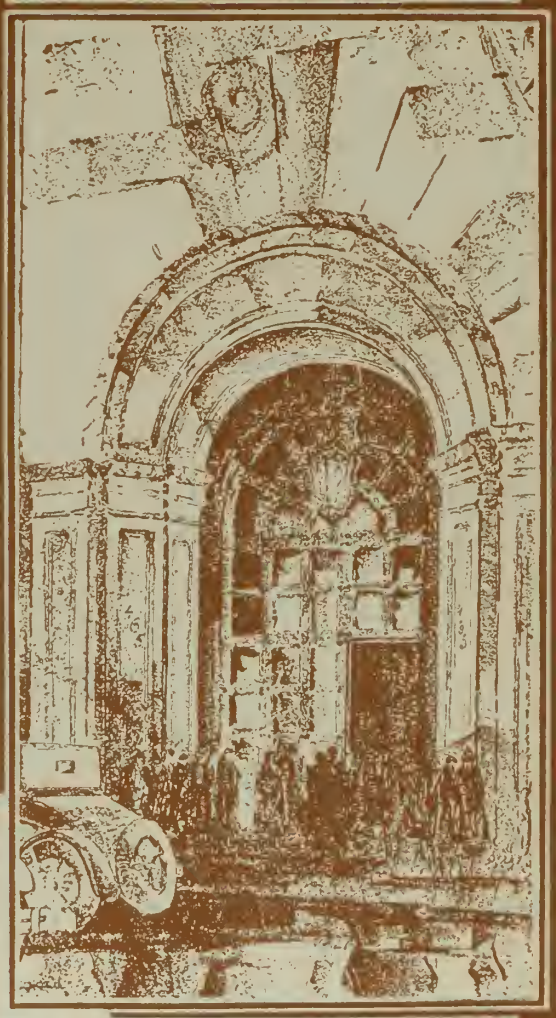
AMELIA EARHART • FEB. 7

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



February, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII ◆ No. 1

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Thirty days hath . . . but not February—twenty-eight and two holidays and four Sundays . . . and spring nearly here, in fact, one can almost believe it is here . . . and the new hat . . .

Marie Sweeney has made a statement that bears repeating, for it applies to others . . . "So many people think it is necessary, now that incomes are reduced, to go out and buy *cheap* merchandise. There never has been a time when it paid to buy *cheap* stuffs, and millinery has always carried its share of shoddy and poor quality; however, good materials and styles can be inexpensive. Inexpensive does not mean *cheap*, even in times such as these. Style is a priceless article in itself but it must not be associated with cheapness, for it thereby loses its element of style-value!" . . .

Say, it might be profitable to all of us to read that statement again . . . we know that the sentiments are those of Sloane's, who have maintained that viewpoint for years and years, and the values in their merchandise are entirely predicated on their lifetime value . . . and you can't buy lifetime values in furniture and floor coverings *cheap* . . . but that, again, does not mean expensive . . . Sloane's merchandise through the years has been doubly compensating to the purchaser, for the value to one's heirs of a treasured piece of choice furniture is not to be ignored . . . at least if you are proud of your family . . .

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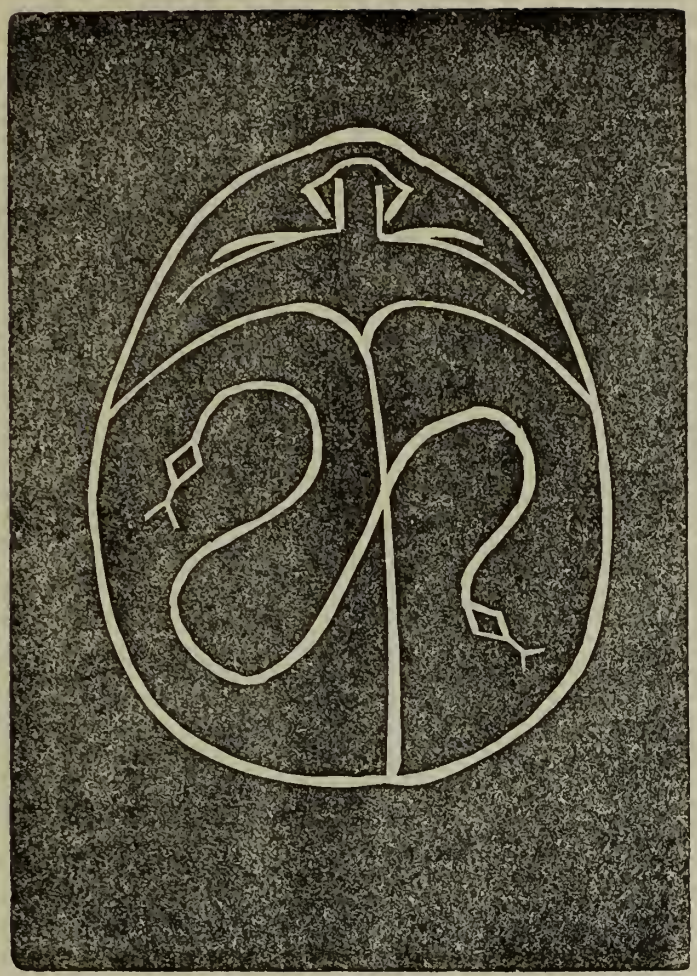

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MEDUSA—One of the three Gorgons, the only one of the number that was not immortal. Medusa was of so frightful an aspect, "a woman's countenance with a serpent's locks," that no living thing could behold her without being turned to stone. There are sundry tales of her, even that she suffered this transformation at the hands of Athena whose sanctuary she had violated; to be beheaded by Perseus while she slept, and then he, the brave (?) god who hid behind this woman's head in his further activities, presented Medusa's head, after many eventualities, to Athena to be used as her aegis.

all that occurred in the ancient days — before the modern woman and the beauty salon arrived to prevent such atrocities — and modern society does not recognize any need for the existence of such creatures as Medusa — the beauty salon of the women's city club offers a service you can ill afford to ignore — even though you be an athena let it be remembered she had to safeguard and protect her beauty — and it is a favor you render yourself when you patronize the women's city club salon — there is no better — phone mrs. grabow at garfield 8400 for appointments.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1, 1933

AMELIA EARHART — FEBRUARY 7
"FLYING FOR FUN"

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time is reserved for discussion. Admission, purchase of scrip in the amount of 50 cents to be used in any department of the Club at any time. Guests 25 cents.

BRIDGE GROUPS—Mrs. Alice M. Roedel

Duplicate Bridge Play will be held in the Chinese Room every Monday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Fee to be 60 cents each session.

Contract Bridge Lecture Course (in two sections) will be held every Wednesday evening at 7:45 and every Thursday morning at 10:30. Ten lectures $5.00, or single admission 60 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION —Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

Every Other Wednesday . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Second Tuesdays of Every Month . . . . . *Auditorium* 7:30 P.M.

Following the morning lectures there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. Members are invited to join Mrs. Lucas at her table. Cafeteria Service. The evening lecture for February will be omitted.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First and Third Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members and guests are invited. No fee.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office

French Conversational Table Second and Fourth Wednesdays . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL

Every Friday Night . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office

Spanish Conversational Table Second and Fourth Thursdays . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
Dinner — March 8

February 1—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters . . . . . *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.
Mrs. Charles E. Curry

1—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

2—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . *Chinese Room* 10:30 A.M.

Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.
Comparative Review—"The House Under the Water," by Francis Brett Young.
"The Pascarella Family," by Franz Werfel

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Lillian Birmingham
Subject: Musical Program—Betty Baird, Soprano; Dorothy Scholz, Pianist

3—Book Discussion Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

6—Young Members' Luncheon . . . . . *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.

Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

7—Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge . . . . . *Chinese Room* 10:00 A.M.

Garden Class—Miss Clara M. Schaeffer . . . . . *Board Room* 1:00 TO 3:00 P.M.

Amelia Earhart—Lecture on "Flying for Fun" . . . . *Auditorium* 8:30 P.M.

Amelia Earhart—Reception and Buffet Supper (following Lecture) . *Lounge* 8:30 P.M.

8—Contract Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

9—Contract Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . . *Chinese Room* 10:30 A.M.

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. William H. Taylor
Subject: "The Present Economic Crisis"

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 POST STREET — *Telephone* GARFIELD 8400

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VOLUME VII — FEBRUARY, 1933 — NUMBER 1

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MAIN FLOOR — WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

February 13—Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell A Talk on His Travels to Palestine	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
14—Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M.
Garden Class—Miss Clara M. Schaeffer	*Board Room*	1:00 TO 3:00 P.M.
Valentine Bridge Party Tables $2.00	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
15—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Valentine Matinee Tea 25 Cents	*Auditorium*	3:00 P.M.
Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
16—Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	10:30 A.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Robert Ganis Subject: "The Great Art of Living"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
17—Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
20—Lenten Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
21—Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
Garden Class—Miss Clara M. Schaeffer	*Chinese Room*	1:00 TO 3:00 P.M.
23—German Drama—Mrs. Evelyn Strauss Open Lecture (First Lecture of Course of Six Lectures, beginning March 2) Course $3.00. Single admission 75 cents.	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
Drama Reading—Mrs. James T. Ludlow "While Parents Sleep," by Anthony Kimmins. Admission 75 cents.	*Auditorium*	3:00 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Rodman C. Pell, Jr. Subject: "Peligrams of the South Seas" (Illustrated)	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
27—Lenten Lecture by Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
28—Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
Garden Class—Miss Clara M. Schaeffer	*Chinese Room*	1:00 TO 3:00 P.M.

They'll be at the Valentine Party at the Club, February 15, in the Dance Pantomime, "A Knave of Hearts," Directed by Mary Shafter.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

FOR four years I have been addressing you thus! Words sufficient to make a book I have written. With the end of the fiscal year and the election of new leaders, it behooves me now, does it not, as President to see that the summary of my regime is creditable, or if not, to explain why.

It is in a sense then the rendering of account of a stewardship which this message attempts, even though details await the annual meeting on March 8.

Four years ago the world rode the top of the wave, women bought hand-woven linen, wore sports costumes to match each day's mood, bought Persian rugs to freshen up a corner of the house which had grown monotonous, and rode in Rolls-Royces which drew up at their doors. The ultra-conservative said, "It's too good to be true," but the world said, "Modern life with its frank demand for the joy of living is being rewarded. It will last!"

Mindful, however, that we could not be carried away with easy living while a million-dollar project was our responsibility, we started the regime of 1928 with an analysis of income and expenditure to fit the future as we then saw it. But how far short of the picture we fell even then, and how lucky for us that we were innately a conservative group. As dividends were cut and salaries lowered, as necessities in the old order became luxuries in the new, our tenants sought help from us. Gross receipts started a down line, and only by ever-vigilant care and unanimous co-operation did the thirty-one leaders each year keep the ship afloat and our credit good.

An honest appraisal now, however, finds a 1933 purse buying a commodity priced in terms of 1924. The dollar sign stands before our figures as of yore but means something entirely different. And so those who visioned the 1923 scheme which with variations from time to time successfully carried us through 1931, must now turn their minds and hearts and service to the planning of a 1933 scheme which will fit financially the world of today—we must forget the past and plan a project as of today. It is with all this in mind, then, that we survey the four years with a certain amount of pride of accomplishment but with the quiet resolve to bring ourselves up to date so that we may meet the future with the same courage and determination, with the same wisdom of vision that our founders had before us.

Amelia Earhart to Speak February 7 at Women's City Club

● The outstanding event of February, indeed, of the whole year, at the City Club, will be the lecture by Amelia Earhart on Tuesday evening, February 7.

Each year the Clubs brings to its members an event of distinguished importance in the world of culture, be it a poet, novelist, scientist or painter.

Last year it was the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The year before it was John Galsworthy, English novelist. The year before, Thornton Wilder, American novelist, and before that the gentle and distinguished man of letters, Abbe Dimnet. And so on down the receding vista of City Club affairs.

Now comes the gallant girl who flew the Atlantic Ocean and landed, smiling, in an Irish meadow.

The feats of Amelia Earhart, like those of Charles A. Lindbergh, are too well known the world over to need enumeration here.

Miss Earhart will speak in the Club Auditorium and her lecture "amplified" to the Third Floor as has been done so successfully on previous occasions. The audience on the Third Floor will be given opportunity of seeing the young aviatrix and hearing a few words from her "in person." Then she will be taken to the stage of the Auditorium, from which she will be heard on both floors.

Following the lecture there will be a buffet supper and reception in honor of Miss Earhart at an admission of $1.00 extra for those who were at the lecture. No others will be admitted.

Reserved seats for the lecture in the Auditorium are now on sale at $2.20 and $1.65, which includes tax. Seats on the Third Floor are selling for eighty-five cents, which includes tax. Seats on the Third Floor are not reserved.

The reception and buffet supper will be a brilliant social affair, with a number of the directors on hand to welcome guests and introduce them to Miss Earhart.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat is chairman of the committee which has arranged for the lecture and will act as reception committee. Assisting Mrs. Treat are:

Mesdames

Frank Anderson
Henry Alves
William F. Booth, Jr.
E. E. Brownell
S. G. Chapman
Edward H. Clark, Jr.
Horace Clifton
John P. Coghlan
Sherwood Coffin
Charles Miner Cooper
Charles P. Deems
Edward Currier
Marshall Dill
Milton Esberg
Perry Eyre
William B. Hamilton
Lawrence W. Harris
Marcus S. Koshland
James Potter Langhorne
W. D. Olson
F. S. Moody
Howard Park
James Graham Sharp
H. A. Stephenson
T. A. Stoddard
Beach Thompson
W. Wilberforce Williams
Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller

Misses

Ella Bailey
Mary Hull
Marion Huntington
Ida Lord
Mabel L. Pierce
Edith Slack
Elisa May Willard

Annual Meeting to Be Held March 8

● Comes again the Annual Meeting of the Women's City Club, when the committees make reports and the business of the Club is laid before its members.

In these days of economic readjustment, members of an organization should know exactly the business in which they are engaged, and it is therefore urged by the Board of Directors that the members take seriously their responsibility and come to learn the facts as brought out in the reports and hear the prophesies for the coming year.

As it has been the custom to hold the Annual Meeting at alternating luncheon or dinner hours, this year will be a dinner, to be served between 5:30 and 6:30 o'clock, with the reading of reports after dinner.

Dinner will be eighty-five cents and reservations should be made immediately and accompanied by check.

New and Interesting Departure at Club

● Mlle. Polla La Garde, a talented young Russian woman who left her country during the days of the Revolution, will establish a service at the Club about February 1 that will be both practical and interesting to all women.

Mlle. La Garde studied under the most famous couturiers both in Paris and Vienna, and traveled extensively in Roumania, Switzerland, France and England before coming to this country. For the past five years she has been in Hollywood making the wardrobes and fancy costumes for some of the well-known stars of the movies and stage. She was associated during that time with the Maison de Blanc and I. Magnin & Co. in Los Angeles, and in addition to her skill and originality in costume designing and European handiwork and embroideries has an expert knowledge of linens.

Lingerie Making

Instruction in cutting, fitting and making lingerie from Mlle. La Garde's special patterns or from commercial patterns. Learning various stitches used in making the finest French lingerie.

One day each week, 12 to 4; $3 per lesson.

Children's Clothes

Advising and instructing mothers in making original and delightful children's clothes from patterns and applying them to different personalities. Copying French models for little money.

One day each week, 9:30 to 1 or 12:30 to 4; $2.50 per lesson.

Costume Designing

For those who understand the fundamentals of fine sewing and wishing to make their own chic costumes. Copying models, draping from pictures, etc.

One day a week, 6 hours; $5 per lesson.

Shopping

Mlle. La Garde will shop for or with her client. Consultation about wardrobes, especially travel outfits and trousseaux.

By appointment; $1.50 per hour.

Children's and Juniors' Class

International costume or dress designing, using their dolls as models. Mlle. La Garde plans extremely interesting and instructive days for them. As they sew, she talks to them of the history, customs, costumes, folk lore, music, etc., of the country under discussion.

Saturdays, 12 to 5; $2.50 per day.

Evening Course for Business Women

One night each week for ten weeks, 7 to 9:30 o'clock. Fee $10, payable in advance.

Lessons 1, 2 and 3—Lingerie making.

Lessons 4 and 5—French draping (demonstrating how to copy French fashion plates).

Lesson 6—How to apply commercial patterns to the individual.

Lesson 7—How to alter clothes.

Lesson 8—How to shop on a budget.

Lesson 9—Fashion co-ordination.

Lesson 10—Review and discussion.

Imported materials will be used when available.

With the exception of the Course for Business Women, one may take as few or as many lessons as one wishes and at any time, provided that appointments are made in advance, as all groups will be limited in number.

For personal interviews make appointment at Executive Office.

THE TREASURER SAYS

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the hasty, unkind word,
Forget the quarrel and the cause,
Forget the whole affair, because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storms of yesterday,
Forget the chap whose sour face
Forgets to smile in any place.
Forget the trials you have had,
Forget the weather if it's bad;
Forget the knocker, he's a freak,—
Forget you're not a millionaire,
Forget the grey streaks in your hair;
Forget the coffee when it's cold,
Forget the kicks, forget to scold,
Forget the coal-man and his weighs,
Forget the heat in summer days;
Forget to ever get the blues,
BUT DON'T FORGET TO PAY DUES!

—*Exchange.*

Guy Maier to Give Concert

● Guy Maier, celebrated pianist, will give a piano recital Sunday afternoon, February 5, at 3:00 o'clock, in the Community Playhouse, under the management of Alice Seckels and Elsie Cross, presenting one of his unique "Musical Journeys," which appeals to young people, as well as to the adult. He reveals some of the "joyous possibilities of music," to use his own words.

A pictorial contact wth the lives of the great composers themselves is afforded by throwing on a screen strikingly beautiful photographs taken the past summer when he journeyed through the towns and villages where these great musicians lived.

Who Would Miss the Valentine Party?

● Valentine's Day and its train of happy memories!

Here it comes again in the month of February.

Ordinarily the day would be celebrated on the Fourteenth, which is the real, traditional Valentine's Day.

But the City Club, for reasons of previous bookings, has chosen to celebrate the Day of Hearts on February 15.

So, on Wednesday, the fifteenth, there will be festivity supreme at the City Club.

At three o'clock, in the Auditorium, there will be a Dance Pantomime, "The Knave of Hearts," directed by Mary Shafter, whose work at previous gala affairs of the City Club is well and favorably known. The original play was written by Lucien Oldershaw, from which the dances have been arranged by Miss Shafter for the pantomime.

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr., has cast the following members for the delightful conceit:

The Knave of Hearts:
Miss Elspeth Hill

The Court:
Miss Julie Brun
Miss Virginia Chilton
Miss Frances Hall
Miss Gladys Hall
Miss Virginia Mysell
Mrs. Henry Poulerter
Mrs. Frank Z. Smith
Miss Margaret Zane

The Cards:
Mrs. Bradford W. Bosley
Miss Delphine Brun
Mrs. Oliver L. Johnson
Mrs. Boris Kitchen
Mrs. Thomas C. Lynch
Mrs. H. V. Perkins
Mrs. Walter Reilly
Miss Florence Thompson
Mrs. Donald C. Young

The Aces:
Mrs. Amos Hicks
Mrs. George Muller
Mrs. Ray Ochernel
Miss Bernice Strother

What the World Needs

"A little less KNOCK
A little more EASE
A little less ROCK
A little more PLEASE
A little less STICK
A little more FUN
A little less KICK
A little more SUN
A little less TAKE
A little more GIVE
A little less FAKE
A LITTLE MORE LIVE!"

Mrs. Ludlow to Read "While Parents Sleep"

● Mrs. James T. Ludlow, member of the Women's City Club since its founding, will read on Thursday afternoon, February 23, Anthony Kimmins' delightful English comedy of modern manners, "While Parents Sleep."

"While Parents Sleep" is considered one of the three great London successes of the season, the other two being "Cavalcade" and "The Rose Without a Thorn."

Of "While Parents Sleep" the London *Morning Post* says: "Full of freshness and sparkle . . . much . . . brilliant talk . . . a kind of 'School for Scandal' brought up-to-date."

The *Evening News* says: "Most rollicking and infectious good humor. Indeed, the general consensus of opinion is that the play is vivacious and intelligent entertainment conducive to refreshing laughter from beginning to end."

Mrs. Ludlow, who is a graduate of the University of California, has taken part in amateur theatricals and, during the past year, has done professional radio work. She has also given dramatic readings before many San Francisco groups.

The reading will be given at 3:00 o'clock in the Club Auditorium, and the admission charge will be seventy-five cents. Miss Ethel Young, chairman of the committee in charge of Mrs. Ludlow's reading, will be assisted by

Miss Ethel A. Young, *Chairman*
Mrs. Russell D. Carpenter
Mrs. Thomas A. Deasy
Mrs. Guy Stevens Farrington
Mrs. Joseph Fife
Mrs. Concil Julian Goodell
Mrs. Adolphus E. Graupner
Mrs. William G. Hoffmann
Mrs. Preston King
Mrs. Edward T. Maples
Mrs. James R. McDonald
Mrs. Frank Justin McCarthy
Mrs. William Phillips
Mrs. Edward Rainey
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Miss Ethel Way

Garden Class Excites Enthusiasm

● The Class in Gardening, recently formed under the direction of Miss Clara M. Schaeffer, will meet Tuesday afternoons from one to three o'clock.

Members interested in this class are urged to sign early as the number is limited. The course of six lessons is $6.00 to members and $7.50 to non-members. Much enthusiasm is being manifested in the class.

Valentine Bridge Party at Club

● A Valentine Bridge Party will be held Tuesday evening, February 14, at 8:00 o'clock in the City Club Auditorium.

Mrs. Nettie Metzger and Mrs. S. Walter are in charge of the decorations, and if they repeat some of their past performances, the Auditorium will run riot with hearts and Valentine tokens.

There will be a prize for each table. The committee has adjusted the admission fee to $2.00 a table, or fifty cents a person. Therefore, we hope all the bridge-playing members will be on hand to help the Spirit of St. Valentine to hold sway.

Miss Evelyn Larkin is chairman of the committee, which includes Miss Ida J. Lord, Miss Lydia Johnson, Mrs. P. A. Coxon, Miss Hariett Adams, Mrs. Nettie Metzger, Mrs. Pearl Baumann, Mrs. S. Walter, Dr. C. A. Crockett.

Mrs. James T. Ludlow

Rodman Pell to Tell of Travels

● Rodman C. Pell, who has recently returned from an extended trip to the South Seas, will speak at the City Club at the regular Thursday Evening Program of February 23. Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, will preside. Mr. Pell will show slides illustrating his travels, which took him into remote and almost inaccessible places.

Class in Color and Form

—WANA DERGE

● The Women's City Club takes pleasure in presenting a course on "Color and How to Choose and Arrange Our Belongings," to be conducted by Wana Derge. The course will consist of sixteen Tuesday mornings — 10:00 o'clock to 12:00 o'clock—beginning January 31 and ending May 16. The fee will be $18.50—materials $1.50. The classes are open to the public. Persons interested will please register at the Front Office of the City Club.

We give you Miss Derge's message in her own words:

"It has been my good fortune to spend twenty years studying, working and playing with happy color and lovely form.

"It is now my great privilege and joy to have a part in making it possible for busy housewives and teachers, and for professionals and business people to acquire in a few meetings an understanding of the very few and very simple points needed to more fully enjoy and appreciate and happify the world about them.

"Colors and proportions do things to each other even as chemicals. Experimenting with materials and objects we will prove and establish a few dependable guides by means of which each one can analyze color and form and acquire for himself a working basis.

"Members of the group will bring every type of experiment for discussion. We will make model rooms, assemble table groupings and happy arrangements we call altars to beauty, to subordinate the less lovely parts of our environment and bring a lift from the humdrum."

Swimming Pool Notes

● A Women's City Club Swimming Team will be formed this spring. Members and girls over sixteen who are interested in joining, are requested to leave their names at the Swimming Pool Office as soon as possible.

Two classes—one in elementary swimming and one in advanced swimming and diving, will begin at 5:30 o'clock Wednesday evening, March 8, and continue through May 3. The fee for members will be $2.00, and for guests $3.00.

Life Saving Classes will be formed at any time for groups interested in junior or senior life saving. There is no fee for instruction in these classes.

Mrs. Strauss to Read German Drama

● Mrs. Evelyn Strauss, A. B., M. A., University of California, where she is instructor in German, will give a course in "Contemporary German Drama" at the City Club, at eleven o'clock Thursday mornings, beginning March 2.

The course of six lectures will be $3.00 and single admission tickets will be 75 cents. Mrs. Strauss will given an open lecture, free of admission charge, at eleven o'clock, Thursday morning, February 23, at which time members will have opportunity of meeting the distinguished lecturer.

Mrs. Strauss is instructor in German at the Berkeley Junior College. The lectures will be given in the Chinese Room on the Second Floor.

The German Drama Course will consist of discussions of modern German plays as to their content and importance and position of the respective playwrights in German literature. The lectures will be illustrated with dramatic readings of plays representing the finest literary products of the modern school. The readings will be English translations.

Their Volunteer Service

● Miss Margaret Lynch, member of the City Club, has recently contributed a much appreciated bit of Volunteer Service to the Club. Miss Lynch is a notary public, and as such, her duties and hours prevent her from doing the kind of Volunteer Service which her friends do in the Cafeteria and Tea Rooms.

Recent business transactions of the Club which required acknowledgment before a notary gave Miss Lynch her opportunity, and the papers were "sealed" at her office and with her notarial services.

M. V. Collins and Bertha Riese Adler are other notaries who have contributed "Volunteer Service" to the City Club from time to time.

Dr. Von Kühlmann Will Discuss Germany

● Dr. Richard von Kuhlmann, one of Germany's foremost statesmen, is coming to San Francisco, February 17, for one appearance in the Bay Region, when he will discuss Germany's International Position.

As a speaker Winston Churchill proclaims him the foremost orator of Germany in the use of the English language. Dr. Kuhlmann speaks in the Community Playhouse as the third attraction of the Alice Seckels Celebrity Lectures.

Roof Garden Calls for Plants

● Plants wanted by the committee in charge of the Roof Garden of the City Club are:

Stocks
Pansies
Antirrhinums
Campanulas
Nemesias
Cynoglossum
Begonias
Schizanthus
Dicentra
Aquilegia

Members who are thinning out their garden plots are asked to remember the Roof Garden when they are disposing of their superfluous bulbs, shoots or slips. The plants may be left in the corridors on the First Floor at the Information Desk or on the Fourth Floor at the office. The Roof Garden is as susceptible to the first breath of spring as is any other garden and the committee is eager to have it in full burgeoning before summer. So send or bring in the plants above enumerated.

DUES

"Some pay their dues when due,
Some when overdue,
Some never do.
How do you do?"
—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Brown to Read "Distant Drums"

● Mrs. Hugh Brown will give a reading of Dan Totheroh's "Distant Drums" at the City Club, Thursday, March 23.

Mrs. Brown last year gave a series of readings of current plays of New York import and has an enthusiastic clientele which will be interested in the announcement of "Distant Drums."

Totheroh is a Californian who belonged to that startling coterie at the University of California which included Sam Hume and Irving Pichel. "Wild Birds," his first play, created a furor.

For every day has its sorrow, and every heart has its pain,
But a day is always coming when the birds go north again.
'Tis the sweetest thing to remember if courage be on the wane,
When the cold dark days are over, well, the birds go north again.

Lenten Lectures by Dr. Powell

● Dr. H. H. Powell will give a series of lectures at the Club, beginning Monday, February 13, at 11:00 o'clock. His first lecture will be a talk on his trip to Palestine, and on that day he will announce the subject of his Lenten lectures that will begin on Monday, February 20, and continue through April 10. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton is chairman of the committee. There will be no fee, but a voluntary subscription will be taken at the last meeting.

Dr. Powell is well and favorably known to City Club members, having given Lenten lectures at the Club for a number of years.

Interesting Luncheon Group at Club

● The Women's City Club entertained a charming and interesting group at a luncheon given in the National Defenders' Room on January 17, when the guests of honor were Mrs. Julia Lee Wright and the nine young women chosen by her to conduct her Safeway Cooking School demonstrations throughout the Western states. The territory to be covered by the group extends as far East as Denver.

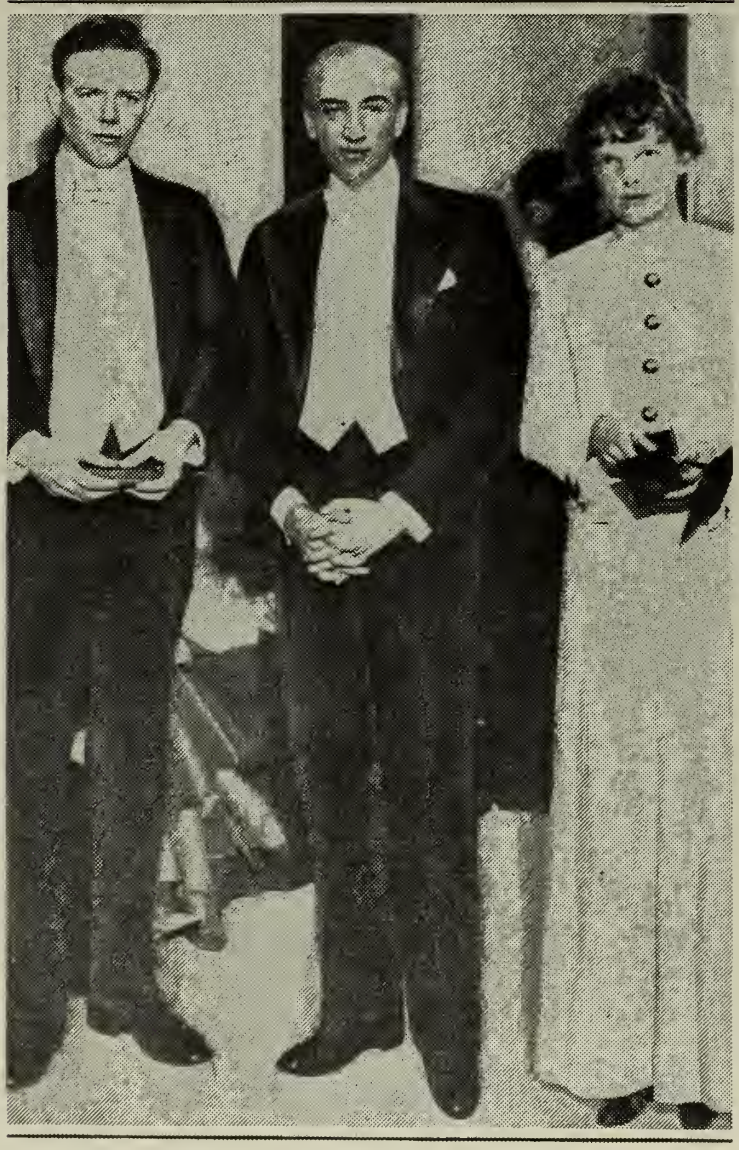
All of the young women present are graduates of colleges in the Northwest and hold degrees in home science and home economics. Seven of them made their home at the City Club while in San Francisco.

Miss Marion Spencer, Miss Frances Constantine, Mrs. Katherine Laughton, and Miss Katherine Shearer are alumnae from Mrs. Wright's alma mater, the University of Washington. Miss Amelia Samson and Miss Marjorie Coates are graduates of Oregon State College and Miss Helen Brown is a graduate of the Washington State College at Pullman.

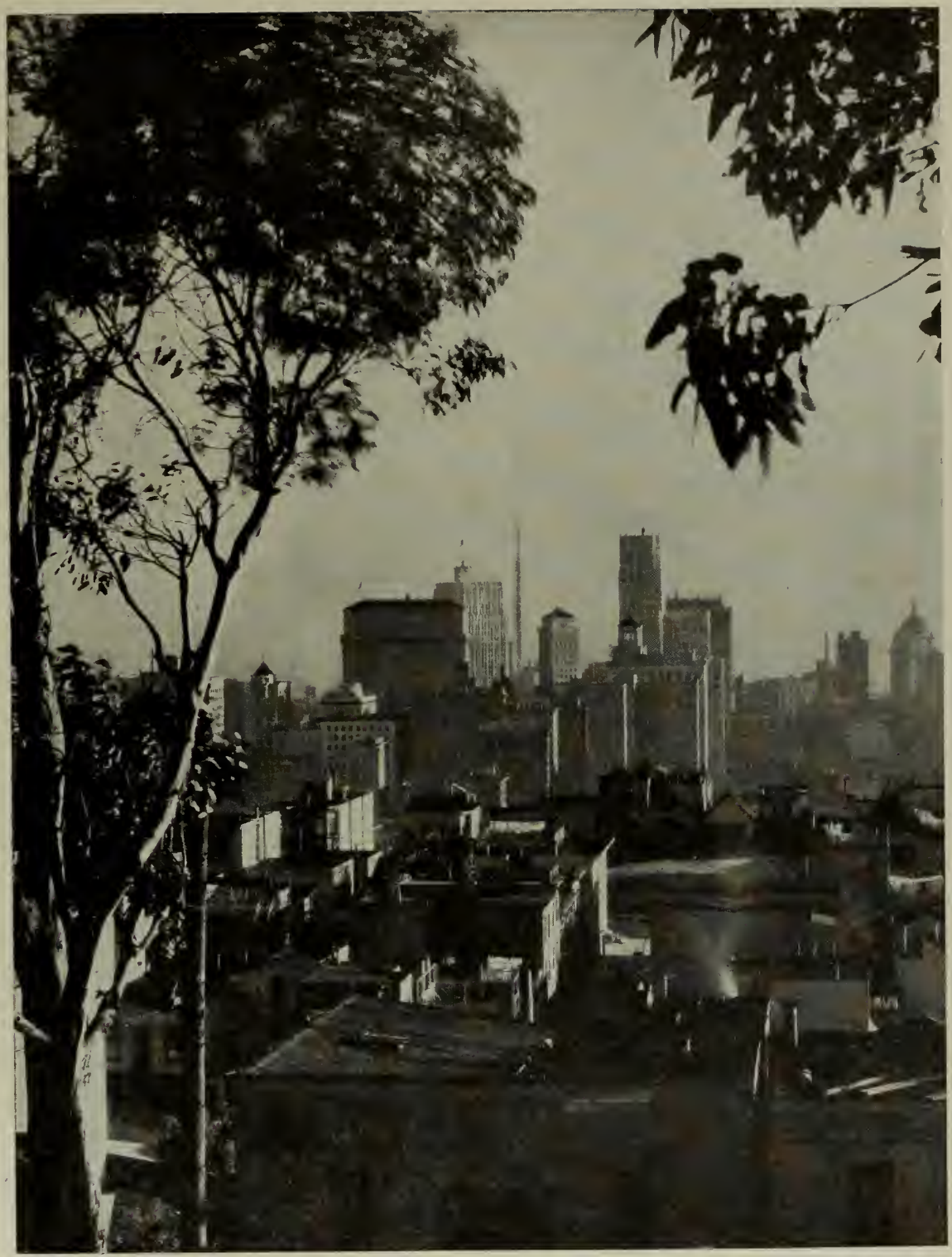
Miss Marjorie Black, Mrs. Wright's first assistant in the Safeway Homemakers' Bureau in Oakland, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and holds degrees from the University of Michigan and Columbia. Mrs. Hazel Noyes, another invaluable member of the Oakland group, is known to many of the City Club members.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Wright chose this group from more than fifty applicants. In addition to technical knowledge and that intangible but highly necessary quality known as "knack", the young women accepted for the responsible position of demonstrators must, of course, also possess outstanding and pleasant personalities. Those members of the Women's City Club who were invited to meet the guests of honor at the luncheon, are agreed that Mrs. Wright made an irreproachable choice in each instance.

The Women's City Club
will present
AMELIA EARHART
in a lecture
TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7
Reserved Seats $2.20 and $1.65 (including tax)
Lecture Amplified to Third Floor, Where Miss Earhart
Will Be Presented to the Audience Preceding the Lecture
Seats (unreserved) 85c (including tax)
FORMAL RECEPTION AND BUFFET SUPPER
in honor of Miss Earhart, following her lecture
for those holding lecture tickets
$1.00
Reservations limited and must be made in advance.



Colonel Charles Lindbergh and Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam were recent guests of honor at a banquet at the River Club, New York City, where they received flying achievement medals from Charles A. Davila, Rumanian minister to the United States.



COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

San Francisco's Skyline

Over Which Amelia Earhart Will Fly February 7

An Old Remedy Applied in a Brand New Place

—I. LILLIE MACRAE, DIRECTOR VOCATIONAL INFORMATION, WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

● Nineteen thirty-three is already one month old—only eleven more months in which to prepare for entering 1934.

How are we, members of the National League for Woman's Service, planning to use this time? So many thoughts crowd into my mind these days; nebulous, some may be; others are ideas that with the help of my fellow-members can be made to work.

I approach you as the director of the Vocational Information Bureau as well as a long-time lover of the National League for Woman's Service, asking for your support in any endeavor to help those of our number who are so bravely facing unemployment and discouragement.

For the present, and for some months to come, unemployment will be the serious and practically unsolvable problem confronting the community. Our task therefore is to lift the burden of discouragement and to bring an interest and feeling of "belongingness" into the lives of our unemployed members.

To mention Volunteer Service to one who is seeking work with a salary may appear to be striking a wrong note. But work with companionship is the antidote for discouragement. To lessen discouragement is our task. Now as never before Volunteer workers are called upon to supplement the efforts of the paid worker. To the many members who have not had time to share in the companionship of our Vounteer Service, here is your opportunity. Capitalize the commodity, Time, and find out for yourself what a warm welcome you will receive when you sign up for service. Remarks such as the following are sometimes heard: "There is no place for the business woman in Volunteer Service, only women of leisure are asked to serve." "I don't know anyone and feel out of it," etc., etc. What a glorious opportunity there is for you to find out how mistaken are those ideas! Why, one of the most valuable services in the Club is in the hands of the business women, that of ushering at evening entertainments. It is the business group who supplies the evening service in the Cafeteria. Don't you meet business women at the desk when you change your books in the evening?

In spirit we are not divided into groups of women of leisure and of business women. Conditions make it possible for one group to offer their spare time at one period of the day, for another at a different one. Now, when there are so many involuntary women of leisure, our daytime service should be perfect. Those who have not had the chance of serving during the daytime can learn to know those who do so, and a marvelous understanding will be the result.

This is just one suggestion: those who have tried it out find that there is something in it. I should like to meet as many of our unemployed members as possible. Come at any time between nine and three o'clock, to the Bureau Room, 212, and let us talk over conditions. Any suggestions will be most gratefully considered. As I said before, together we certainly can work out plans that will help to discourage discouragement, and will fill up leisure time.

Let us make a very good job of our undertaking.

Reverberations of the City Club Almanac

—JOSEPHINE BARTLETT

● Women are the world's leading progressive revolutionists. To prove this, you have only to observe the way a stupid traffic law is steadily and consistently broken by women. Never shall I forget the Christmas season, when an unhappy police officer was stationed in the middle of the block on Sutter Street between Grant Avenue and Kearny Street. For his sins, probably, he was given the task of trying to prevent women from crossing the street there. As it happens, the Sutter Street entrance to the White House and Goldberg Bowen's are directly opposite each other at this point. In three days the police officer was reduced to a nervous wreck. Women were determined to cross the street there because it was a short cut to the places they wanted or needed to go. And while one of them was being reprimanded by the gentleman in uniform, fifteen would be gleefully crossing the street behind his back. The traffic department never tried it again.

Now, will you permit the person who addresses you to suggest a short-cut out of our present difficulties? It may not seem so short when you consider that it requires us to wait for a whole new generation, but what is twenty-five years in the world's history? Less than a tick of the clock.

The idea came to me last autumn when I was helping to edit the City Club Almanac. Ever since that time I have felt more intimately acquainted with the months of the year. They now mean something more than thirty days, advanced age and another gas bill. Each month has significance, and above all the rest, February merits my deepest respect. For on every day in February, with the exception of two, the thirteenth and the twenty-fifth, some noted, famous, talented, worthwhile person was born.

Let me present the figures — not headachy figures like seven times eight, but human figures.

On February 1 we have the birthday of Victor Herbert; February 2, Fritz Kreisler. Horace Greeley was born on February 3, Charles Lindbergh on February 4. February 5 ushered Roger Williams and Dwight L. Moody into the world. On February 6 Sir Henry Irving was born, on February 7 Millard Fillmore and Charles Dickens. William T. Sherman was born on February 8 and William Henry Harrison on February 9; Charles Lamb came into the world on February 10 and Thomas A. Edison's birthday was February 11. Abraham Lincoln was born February 12. February 13 is still to be heard from.

Now we launch into the last half of the month. C. D. Sholes, inventor of the typewriter, was born on February 14, Silas McCormick, Elihu Root and Susan B. Anthony share February 15 as their birth date. Bodoni, the great printer, was born on February 16.

Rene Laennec, inventor of the stethoscope, was born on February 17; Jefferson Davis' birthday falls upon February 18, Copernicus was born February 19, Joseph Jefferson and Mary Garden on February 20. Cardinal Newman was born February 21 and on February 22, our George, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. That priceless old gossip, Samuel Pepys, was born February 23. General Burgoyne was born on February 24. The 25th day is still a blank. Victor Hugo and Buffalo Bill, romantic figures both, claimed February 26; Henry W. Longfellow was born on the 27th of the month and Sir John Tenniel on the 28th.

Religion, music, art, invention, science, poetry, drama, the military art, statesmanship and the humanities have all been enriched by someone born in February, the year's short-rationed step-child. And after thinking over this phenomenon I'm just tossing in the suggestion that on and after March 1, 1933, all people entering into matrimony do bind themselves to produce at least one February child.

Here would be woman's "Noble Experiment" indeed, with, of course, the necessary cooperation.

EDITORIAL

● It has been a long time since the members of the City Club have been reminded that they are in a strategic position to help the Magazine's Advertising Department.

City Club Magazine's readers are what is known in the advertising trade as "picked" and "preferred." That is, they are women who preside over homes or are buyers of the kind of commodities which are advertised in the Magazine.

Advertisers know that the Magazine is read because they know that it is the *liaison* between the Club and the member.

Therefore, if the member will mention to her dealer that she has read his "ad" in the Magazine the way will be paved for the solicitor to renew that ad, or for his neighbor's ad—or his competitor's.

It all comes under the general heading of "responsibility to the Club," for every item of increment, however small, is welcomed for itself and as a patent of more to come. Now is the time of year when dealers and merchants are budgeting their annual advertising quotas and the Magazine is naturally desirous of having its share. In normal times the Magazine should be a source of revenue to the Club and there is no doubt but that it will be part of the "upswing" with every other department.

There is a word which is half colloquial in derivation, wholly expressive in usage. It is known as "plugging." A little salutary plugging for the Magazine's advertising pages would be a gift quite as acceptable as any other bit of Volunteer Service. One can be a Minute Woman of the Army of Volunteer Service even if she doesn't wear a pretty cap and uniform and serve tea or stand behind a counter in the Cafeteria. Carrying a message to a place where it will do the most good for the greatest number is a pretty fine kind of Service.

The Magazine has gallantly weathered the stress of the last few years and expects to continue, but the sea has been choppy at times and a little oil on the waters would be greatly appreciated.

So, if you have an idea as to where an ad could be secured, let us have it. If you have a friend whom you know would be benefitted by an ad in the Magazine, let him know of your belief. He will thank you, and so will the Club. Remember that Reciprocity is a two-way street.

Amelia Earhart Will Speak at Club, February 7

NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS

As a result of the annual election of January 9, the following Board of Directors will guide the affairs of the City Club for the next year:

Mrs. William F. Booth, Jr.	Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland
Miss Jean Boyd	Miss Marion Leale
Miss Marian Burr	Miss Ida Lord
Mrs. S. G. Chapman	Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Mrs. Sherwood Coffin	Mrs. A. M. Meads
Mrs. John P. Coghlan	Mrs. May F. Riley
Mrs. Philip A. Coxon	Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle
Mrs. Marshall Dill	Mrs. Paul Shoup
Miss Katherine Donohoe	Mrs. Ira W. Sloss
Mrs. Julia Easley	Dr. Ellen S. Stadtmuller
Miss Georgia Fenwick	Mrs. Payson J. Treat
Mrs. Joseph Fife	Mrs. Howell Ware
Mrs. E. L. Grisell	Miss Violet Whitney
Mrs. William B. Hamilton	Miss Georgea Wiseman
Mrs. E. S. Heller	Miss Ethel Young

Miss Margaret Zane

Tea and Program on February 15

● The Valentine Tea and Program of February 15 is engaging the attention of scores of the younger set. Rehearsals are being held daily under the direction of Miss Mary Shafter, director of the "Dance Pantomime," which is to be the chief offering of the afternoon.

There will be two short plays, the "Knave of Hearts," dance pantomime, and another charming conceit, "An Old-Fashioned Romance." Between the two will be a group of songs appropriate to the day.

A Busy New Year

—MRS. A. P. BLACK, *Chairman Thursday Evening Programs*

● This year, 1933, came in with the usual shower of good wishes, but possibly the merry salutation of "A Happy New Year To You" may have been given with a shade more seriousness and received with a thoughtful, "Well, we surely hope so!" Will 1933 see the old sick world started on its way to recovery so that we shall not have to put it away with its three immediate predecessors as a time endured and gladly parted with? Many specialists, professional and amateur, are busily diagnosing the case but the remedies offered are vague and rather dangerous to apply, involving the risk of landing us in some situation equally bad or worse.

Mr. Maurice Colburne, of the English company of actors, now appearing at the Columbia Theatre, being an economist as well as a good actor, gave an address recently at the San Francisco Center, taking as his subject "The Signs of the Times." He recited theories and statements of the cause of the world's present predicament. He said that great bankers and financial experts confessed themselves powerless to explain such a world-wide condition of distress. As for a remedy and a way out to normal prosperity, he gave the general one of cooperation. Cooperation is fundamental and basic with any sort of plan. We use cooperation to prevent disaster and also to accomplish improvement. Cooperation, working together, uniting strength, combining energy, giving thought and effort to a common project, all these make for success and prosperity. Cooperation is God's principle throughout the universe. All things must work together for good if good is to exist. There must be cooperation between two people if they are to be associated happily. There is no successful family without cooperation. No company, no organization — business or social — no community can work out its problems successfully without cooperation. So in this light let us consider out own Club. We know, if we have given the subject a moment's sober thought, that the Women's City Club could not possibly escape the strain of changed conditions, or glide peacefully along untouched by the depression of the past three years. It is only because of wise management and strict economy that it has been able to meet its obligations and present its customary attractions to its members. Now, no one, however wise, can tell what the immediate future holds. All the learned essays appearing in the magazines and elsewhere, do not assure us that 1933 is to be a great improvement over the years which have just preceded it. So now, without doubt, this is the time for all good women to come to the aid of their Club. I have thought that our eight thousand or more members may be divided into three classes.

First, there are those of a group who scarcely think of the Club except in March when they receive a bill for dues, and when they remark: "Well, I never go to the City Club; I suppose I might as well resign, but the dues are only $6.00 a year and I may as well keep on for that small sum. I could use my privileges as a member if necessary."

Those of the second group are more interested: they do come to the Club on occasions. They have it in mind as part of their community life, but not quite in their immediate thought or responsibility. They wonder at times how it is getting on and suppose the women in charge are carrying it along. They are friendly and useful to the Club in a general way. They come to events and help with projects that attract them, but they do not hesitate to criticize without helpful suggestion.

Then there are those of a third group—and they are many—to whom the City Club is an important contributing element to the satisfaction of their daily living in this community. Its removal would be to them a "crown of sorrow, remembering happier things," with nothing quite its equivalent to take its place. They are loyal members contributing generously of their time, thought, energy and substance, but in return the Club is to them a field of self-expression and growth. It provides an opportunity for the development of talent and ability in unexpected and untried directions, not to speak of the good friendships formed for life, because nothing strengthens friendship like interest in a common cause. Now there is no thought that our Club is moving toward misfortune or death, but often while happy with beloved relatives and friends the thought comes as to what life would be without their love and influence. Long ago I learned these few lines which I have frequently called to mind:

"A spirit that from earth had just departed
Lingered a moment on its upward way,
And looking back, saw as if broken hearted,
Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.
It seems they loved me dearly, had I known it,
Life had been much happier, it said.
Why only at our parting have they shown it,
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?"

We are to have no dead Club and we do not want a sick one. It must be kept strong, vibrant and healthy with all its resources working. This can be accomplished by interest and cooperation, by realizing that while we belong to the Club, the Club belongs to us, and that we owe it not a barren duty but a friendly care and a deep, lively interest in its well-being.

So will 1933 be a happy year, giving the happiness that Aldous Huxley defines in the January *Harper's* in this way: "In its more solid and durable forms, happiness is always a by-product of something else. In the process of performing work which seems of value, in the process of doing something which is recognized as a duty, in the process of living for a good cause or a loved person, an individual can make for himself a certain amount of durable and solid happiness. But this happiness cannot come into being without the work, the duty, the self-forgetfulness."

It is not possible to outline here or now all the projects which will be taken up by the Club throughout the year or all the ways in which members may give help, but we know that whatever is selected will be presented for pleasure and benefit, and that, with the cooperation of all our members, the City Club must have a happy, profitable year.

The Middle Ages sleep in alabaster
A delicate fine sleep. They never knew
The irreparable Hell of that disaster
That broke with hammers Heaven's fragile blue.

Bicycling Through Europe

—MRS. E. N. KIERULFF

● Everyone who goes to Europe has one or several very special things that he or she wishes to accomplish. With some it is music in Salzburg; with some it is Oberammergau; with some it is the usual tourist trips and principal cities; with some a motor trip; but with me it was a bicycle trip.

Had I not been regaled for a period of two or three years with detailed accounts of the joys of this especial mode of travel by my husband and by a group of friends who had been students in Paris, and who during vacations had made grand and glorious adventures into the country? I was thoroughly convinced by their enthusiastic conversation and relating of amusing incidents that no one should go abroad without a definite bicycle trip planned, be it long or short.

Now, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee"—and so it was with me. For after weeks of pouring over maps and Baedekers, and plans made and remade the next night (yea, even within the hour, sometimes), the itinerary was settled, at last, with a great degree of finality, and I was not to have even the slightest hopes of my wild desire being realized. Across the continent, across the sea, that thought was ever with me. It was such a defeated feeling! I wanted to loiter along the roadsides; to stop and look at an entrancing bit of scenery; to rest and eat a bit of chocolate and then flash on; to dabble in brooks and refresh myself; to be under friendly trees and sleep.

My supreme moment of realization came about most unexpectedly and unplanned. We had made many trips in and around Paris in that month, and one day planned as a rest day (one does just have to have that kind of day now and then), we decided to go by train to Compiegne and then take a walking trip to Pierrefond. No sooner thought of and we were ready, in walking clothes and good stout shoes and ruck sacks on our backs. The short ride of one and a half hours to Compiegne passed quickly and we arrived mid-morning, going directly to the Chateau Louis XIII and XIV; it is quite charming and it was here in the chapel that Leopold I of Belgium and Princess Marie were married. There are lovely tapestries in the Salon des Gardes; the corridor leading to the Salle de Feles is hung with numerous oils depicting the principal events in that mad and amusing career of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Napoleon used this chateau, also, in consequence of which one finds fine First Empire furniture and carpets and lovely Beauvais tapestries. We were fortunately interested in the library of some two thousand volumes. We gazed out the windows into a beautifully kept forest used by the nobles and their ladies for hunting, fetes and in pursuit of their amours. Considerable time was spent here enjoying everything and going back to reenjoy something that had appealed to our fancy. Lunched, and according to our plans were to have left directly after luncheon for a leisurely walk to Pierrefond.

It was while waiting for dessert and black coffee that my "inspiration" came upon me—out of the nothing popped the idea. My emotions were confused, so glorious and wonderful it seemed, that here was the opportunity. Wise is the woman who waits till a good lunch and black coffee have had their effects! The subject was not broached humorously at all, but rather in a manner that would require yes for an answer. So off we hurried to find a bicycle shop. And hung on the door, "Fermee, a deaux heures!" We knocked, only to be informed that monsieur could not possibly transact business until 2 o'clock! I thought the hour and a half would never drag by, so feverish was I to be actually on the way. Finally two bicycles were chosen — not very elegant looking, to be sure, and much the worse for wear; but we gingerly tried the tires and inquired whether the brakes were in good order. Now, here it must be explained that I had had, in my childhood days, but a brief and very casual acquaintance with a bicycle. My parents held it was too dangerous for a girl, and so my experience was gained in surreptitiously taking my brother's bicycle, when he was away, and mother too occupied with other affairs to know what I was doing. As everyone knows, a boy's bicycle does offer some difficulty for a girl; but always very carefully the bicycle was brought to the porch and rested against the steps, and I sat me down on the seat and pushed away with one foot—never going very far without falling off. Those were the days of wooden walks, sharp edges and sometimes nail heads sticking up. My mother noticed at this time that obviously I had become suddenly very hard on my clothes, what with torn petticoat ruffles, holes in my stockings and grease on my pinafore. It is needless to say that these accidents were never fully explained, for to have done so would have led to complications with an irate brother whose pride and joy was being banged about. Lucky for me that I never punctured a tire! Thus did I learn to keep my balance and to steer a fairly straight course. But from that summer, when I was ten, till that moment in Compiegne when I found myself trudging along pushing a French bicycle, I had never tried, or had the desire, to ride. To be sure there were momentary and fearful doubts in my mind, and my husband very carefully and diplomatically gave me a chance to change my mind and walk by asking: "Do you think you can ride—that far?" Evidence to me that he had serious doubts as to whether I could ride, in fact that I had ever ridden at all.

However, I wasn't to be coaxed to ride through the cobbled streets, but suggested that we walk to the edge of the town and begin our trip from that point. We were in a gay mood and had dubbed ourselves, with apologies to Don Quixote, Sancho Panzo and Rozinante, "Donnie," "Pansy" and my bicycle "Rosie." I was most nonchalant and confident (far from my actual feelings), for hadn't I noticed that questioning, not-altogether-too-sure look in Donnie's eyes?

Came the moment to be off. Now I fussed around removing my coat and readjusting the packing in my ruck sack, till my husband became slightly impatient. 'Twas my moment, for which I had been waiting to say, "Well, ride along and I'll join you in a bit. I still have to adjust lacings in my shoes; they are tight and uncomfortable." (Cheerful pervaricator! Not for worlds would I have witness to any embarrassing moment!) Whereupon, he nimbly mounted his "steed" and was away. Waiting carefully till he had gone a sufficient distance, and hoping against hope that "eyes front" would be maintained, I grasped "Rosie" by the handlebars firmly but fearfully, and "we" started down the road. True, the front wheel wobbled and wobbled, till I was sure of myself and had that pleasant and gratifying satisfaction of knowing I wasn't going to fall off. What a moment!

The road, a hard-surfaced one, lay straight ahead and through the forest—and it was wide, thank goodness, and apparently there was not much traffic on this particular day. Everything was going smoothly enough, except for the fact that my skirt was a walking and not a riding one, and the motions of pedaling caused it to work well above my knees. It was because of this fact, and to save myself embarrassment, that every time a cart or motorcar approached, I jumped off and sedately walked till it had passed. I even, when it was opportune, used Donnie as a

screen, riding close beside him till we were well past.

I felt quite secure now, with the exception of trembling elbows and knees, which I knew was caused by extreme tension, so by breathing deeply and relaxing, but still remaining vigilant, felt I could enjoy the day. Never was the sky so blue nor the clouds so fleecy nor the air so invigorating! It was springtime! The floor of the forest was a solid mass of dainty white flowers; the tender green leaves just out of the bud, so that each tree presented a delicate, lacy design. Butterflies here and there; bees were busy about their affairs and interspersed with these glories was the constant call of the cuckoo.

We arrived in Pierrefond about 4 o'clock with promise of tea at the Hotel L'Enfer, where we quartered. A quaint and charming place and not all that its name implies, owned by Monsieur and Madame Chartier, who had at one time spent twelve years in the States. We chatted over teacups of the Americans they had come to love and enjoy; of the war which had saddened them, and questions asked and answered covering cities they had visited in America. They were friendly and gentle and we warmed to them, so that when Madame Chartier asked about American novels we promised her some on our return home.

The first thing that greeted us as we came into Pierrefond was the chateau—thirteenth century—of Louis, Duc d'Orleans. It stands on a high hill and dominates the whole area; restored, of course, and by some critics claimed to be too much so.

Refreshed and rested, we walked up the hill and entered through the postern gate and approached the ancient keep, over the moat, and under the portcullis and into the great central courtyard; there are splendid gargoyles and battlemented towers. As it was early in the season, we had a cheery little guide all to ourselves and with him saw the chapel, with fine glass windows, lovely stone; the guard rooms, the council hall, bedrooms—all with fine ceilings in lovely color—and beautiful fireplaces. The great Hall of Fetes has a particularly fine barrel ceiling, and the fireplace, a double one, dominates the whole room.

We climbed to part of the battlements and made a tour of the Chemin Rond; followed the guard path by the lower and outer defenses and down into the town itself. Pierrefond was lovely in the late afternoon sun and surrounded by the forest. We visited a rather splendid old church, 1532, but suffering from decay and neglect. Wandered a little more and were back at 7:30 for a delicious dinner and good wine.

Stiffened muscles prevented me from hurrying too much the next morning, so we started out leisurely to visit the Faience works. It was extremely interesting; the clay and molds and firing kilns; all processes —ready for firing, in the kiln cooling, and the final product being removed. We were so intrigued with the gargoyles that we purchased a lovely blue one and a pair of salamanders, which now have places in our garden and are constant reminders of that pleasant and joyous trip.

The sky turned dark and glowering, and rain was upon us before we cleared the town. We branched off the main road and took one leading to the Carrefour de L'Armistice and thence on to the road to Soissons. A distance of 5.5 kilometers brought us to that spot where that memorable meeting took place on the evening of November 10, 1918. A large open place in the woods, which is dominated by a huge, lovely monument of red stone and bronze; a naked sword and a dying eagle. Near one section of track is a granite block inscribed with the name of Marshal Foch. The other section has a similar block, and the inscription reads: Plenipotentiaries, Allemande. Between these two stands a third bearing this inscription: "Here Succumbed the Pride of the German Empire and Ended the Criminal Orgy Brought About by a Liberated People." For some years the treaty car stood in Paris subjected to the elements and fast deteriorating. Through the generosity of an American, Charles Henry Fleming of Pasadena, a huge concrete building was erected on this cleared place and the car was returned, and this priceless treasure in which history was made is now housed in a permanent shelter.

The trip back to Compiegne was made without incident, with the exception of my falling off Rosie, and all because I could not determine the traffic signals of a Frenchman soon enough. Put on the brakes, which operated on the handlebars, too strongly and skidded on the slippery pavement. Aside from skinned knees and ruined stockings and injured feelings, I was quite unhurt. Even though it thundered loudly and now and again forked lightning flashed and rain soaked us to the skin, our spirits were unflagging.

On arrival in Compiegne, our "steeds" were turned over to Monsieur of the bicycle shop for a minute examination for damages done, of which there were none. Thence by train to Paris. And then, to finish a grand adventure, we found our way to Maison Saperousse, on the Quai Grands Augustins, where one drives leisurely, without thought of time, and enjoys food as it should be enjoyed. It was here I witnessed a really, truly gourmet, but I'm sure his enjoyment was no keener than ours. It was here we decided to go to Mont San Michel by train the next night, not daunted by the absence of a sleeping car! It is the unusual and unplanned things that lend the keenest enjoyment to travel. I had vindicated myself on Rozinante, endured all stiffness and tiredness without murmur — bruised knees and rain-soaked clothing. It was a glorious adventure to me and A Bicyclette will be always verdant in memory as one of the happiest, not even dimmed by other experiences, as for instance "our assault on," not Mount Everest, but Vesuvius in actual eruption!

It's Poppies in California

Thistle bloom in Scotland,
Iris bud in Spain,
Wild tulips gleaming
All across Touraine,
Wine dark and burnished
More than Homer's sea,
White roses crowning Tuscany.
These can bring no nearer
Loveliness I know,
Locked in my lilac buds
Out in the snow.
Devon fresh with hawthorn,
Haughty with her heather,
All the Irish hillsides
Wearing green together.
Paris spiced with chestnut,
Tokyo with cherry,
Baden in pale primrose,
Garlanded and merry.
April, gypsy April
Gone a-truanting,
Unlock my lilac buds,
Yield me the Spring.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

A WILLIAMSBURG SCRAP BOOK; *compiled by the Williamsburg Garden Club;* Dietz Printing Co., Richmond, Virginia.

SKETCHES IN CRITICISM; *by Van Wyck Brooks;* E. P. Dutton and Co., N. Y.; $3.50; reviewed by *Daisy F. Reed.*

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP; *by H. G. Wells;* Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $2.50.

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING; *by J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullett;* Macmillan Co., N. Y.; $2.50.

CHINESE CHILDREN OF WOODCUTTERS' LANE; *by Priscilla Holton;* Friendly Press, N. Y.; $1.00.

OFF TO CHINA; *by Helen F. Sweet and Mabel G. Wagner;* Friendly Press, N. Y.; $1.00.

Verse:

LOVE WHISPERING IN MY GARDEN; *by Martha S. Kirkbride;* Parker Printing Co., San Francisco; $2.00.

CALIFORNIA POETS; *an Anthology of 244 Contemporaries; with a foreword by Helen Hoyt;* Henry Harrison, N. Y.; $3.00.

● A Williamsburg Scrap Book; compiled by the Williamsburg Garden Club.

Santa Claus would not be welcome at our house if he should forget to leave books by the Christmas tree. No matter how depressed he may be (and if he was depressed in 1932, he concealed it fairly well!), there are always some alluring pages to browse over, after the first tumult and shouting of the stockings and Christmas tree have died down. And some, on closer acquaintance, may be worth talking about.

The "Williamsburg Scrap Book" was sent from a Colonial home in Richmond, Virginia. It is unique—as Williamsburg is unique. That little Spotlesstown, with its small white houses on its broad, shady streets, is like no other place in the world. And good reason! For no other town, unless perhaps Pompeii, has been awakened from so long a sleep. Even Pompeii is still locked in dreams. But Williamsburg is like a darling little Colonial belle, quaintly demure, since Rockefeller waved his magic wand and dressed the town again in the Colonial furbelows (pantelettes and pointed slippers and all) which it wore when it succeeded Jamestown as the capital of the colony of Virginia.

The "Scrap Book" was compiled by the members of the Garden Club of Williamsburg. The chronicles of old wars and old love-making suggest that the editors searched the records of attics under gable

roofs, opened leather trunks long locked away, and delved in diaries whose ink is dim. The generous illustrations are woodblock prints by Orrin Bullock. They are delightfully suggestive, but, comparing them with my memories of one unforgettable day in Williamsburg, I think they fall short of the cameo-like quality which Williamsburg has since the restoration.

That section of the City Club members who search genealogical records, who wear ladders of ancestral medals for the D. A. R., who would not admit that they pride themselves upon being Colonial Dames, will find this a book after their own hearts. Miss Lottie Woods will envy its possession! I'll lend it, but not part with it, even to the President of the Colonial Dames!

It may be of interest to copy the Virginia editorial review which was sent with the book:

From the *Richmond News Leader,* December 19, 1932: "Again America is a debtor to Williamsburg, this time not for the restoration of 'buildings perfect in proportion and line'; not for the demolition of shoddy structures which pushed their way along the Duke of Gloucester street and broke the lines of stately homes with fish and meat shops; but for the rediscovery of an old field.

"This is exactly what 'The Williamsburg Scrap Book' has done. It has gathered the kind of anecdotes and reminiscences that are the common heritage of that community of peace and charm, and thereby made it possible for the harried denizens of this hurried world to step aside for a moment and forget the rush of automobiles and whirr of aeroplanes, as one returns to the day of chaises, when outriders swung airily to the high C-springs, and when messages went by the hand of some trusty Ethiopian instead of by clanging telephones.

"Like every real personality, the appeal of Williamsburg is not in the synthesis of a number of fortuitous attributes, but in the perfect whole itself. Williamsburg is more than the Wren building and Bruton church; it will be more, even, than the Governor's Palace and the Colonial Capitol when they are restored and thrown open. For Williamsburg is a tradition that welcomes and transforms those who come within the field of its vitality.

"To describe is not to explain, and to characterize Williamsburg is not to make it possible for any chance traveler to drop into that pool of restfulness and come out forever a Williamsburger. And yet, there is no one capable of appreciating the deep satisfactions of a life that is not disordered who will not carry away with him from Williamsburg the kind of stabilization and poise that perhaps have been never so much needed in the history of the world as today.

"For all such, for visitors and those who only visit by imagination, the small publication called 'The Williamsburg Scrap Book' is a *vade mecum* and a most medicinal potion.

"This little book of delightful anecdotes, full of beautiful illustrations and written with a verve and understanding that only the genius of the locality can give, is a notable addition to Virginiana, and once more Williamsburg shows how true it is that

" 'Out of the olde feldes comyth al this new corne.' "

● Sketches in Criticism; by Van Wyck Brooks; reviewed by DAISY F. REED.

Van Wyck Brook's "Sketches in Criticism" is a challenge to America. It should stimulate our most thoughtful minds to new efforts to speak in the name of the great values of life, and it should create in the minds of the less thoughtful, who vaguely sense the lack of the something that makes life worth living, a new faith, since there is one of us who sees so clearly the great issue at stake.

Mr. Brooks begins his book with the history of the critical movement in America. Only since the World War have we had anything like effective self-criticism. This is as it should be; when we were young we needed the uncritical attitude, for "with nations as with individuals, nothing is more paralyzing than a premature self-consciousness." Now that our frontiers are closed on the west and immigration in the east slackening it is time for an awakening of self-consciousness. However, the unconverted public is still "satisfied with a national state

of adolescence" and follows a "policy of indifference."

Since 1918 there has been a small, although vocal, group who would exact of America the traits and responsibilities of maturity. This small group Mr. Brooks calls "junior pessimists," of whom he says, "We are always well aware of what they hate; we are seldom aware at all of what they love, and only what they love can civilize us." The critical equipment of the members of this group is defective, and, however good their intentions, they devote themselves to the vulgarization of American life.

If America is ever to see the possibility of shaping its social life or to nourish the desire for any goal except that placed before her by the world of trade, she must have critics and prophets who "keep men aware that they have certain inalienable opportunities." If the critic is to create any such sense of opportunity he should, "instead of browbeating the public, and making demands on the public in the name of the writer, make demands on the writer only," to the end that the writer sees the importance of his trade to society and accepts the responsibility of being a leader—"a preserver of values which the majority overlooks."

Mr. Brooks challenges American literature to outgrow its "timorous flaccidity," its "amiable hollowness," its game of "learned spoofing," its "passion for experimentation in form," and create in its place a sense of "intrinsic substance," of "creative passion within," which shall bring about an American "aristocracy of the spirit" to take the place of the present aristocracy which exists only in the material sphere. The only hope American civilization has rests on the realization of the spiritual energy latent in American literature.

We have in Technocracy a body of research workers measuring our physical wealth in terms of energy, the aim of which is the conservation of that energy. We have in Mr. Brooks a research worker in the field of spiritual wealth in terms of literary energy, with the same end in view. (A field, it is true, in which there is no "metrical equivalent" but, nevertheless, one in which the real value does not fluctuate.)

Mr. Brooks has recently given us the "Life of Emerson" as an explicit expression of an American who was a spiritual aristocrat of the highest order. That book, together with "Sketches in Criticism," restates for our generation an infinitely old subject in a way in which it has not been done in America, one might almost say, since the days of Emerson himself. "If we really care for the conservation of our national resources, those that essentially matter, we shall have a more-than-ordinary concern for the welfare of American literature, in which largely lies whatever hope our civilization has, for a great literature is a reservoir of spiritual energy."

What will it profit us if we conserve our physical resources and do not at the same time make possible the worthwhile use of those resources in terms of living? Mr. Brooks makes this a searchingly significant question for the articulate ones of America.

● The Bulpington of Blup; by H. G. Wells. I'll Tell You Everything; by J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullett.

A friend telephoned that her friend was in the hospital, recovering from the flu (and who is not!). What books could I recommend—not tiring, not problematic, just amusing? Perhaps the two books of fiction from Macmillan would fill that need. (And by the way, Macmillan is a good friend to the Club. Too many of the publishing houses are unaware of the vast purchasing power of eight thousand Club members! Haven't any of our members and readers a publisher in the family? Why not make a New Year's resolution that the next bit of Club service will be to introduce him to the Magazine, and remind him that we, too, are reviewers?)

"The Bulpington of Blup" has this virtue, that it maintains interest throughout. It is an excellently drawn character study of "an average English boy who stumbles through childhood and adolescence companioned and consoled by an imaginary self whom he visions as a conquering hero —The Bulpington of Blup—clever, brave, equal to every emergency, applauded by all."

Personally, I do not particularly care for the books that devote several hundred pages to the development of a man's weaknesses, hereditary and inevitable, or otherwise. Romola is one of the saddest of books. But those who like Mr. Wells will like Bulpington; it is a good story and a good study of character.

Recently, in an older book of charming essays by Grant Overton, I found an allusion to Mr. Wells, in terrible comparison with the reticence of Mr. Galsworthy. I pass it on without comment.

Of Mr. Galsworthy: "It is as if he had long ago said to himself, as perhaps he did: 'I am myself, but myself isn't a subject I can decently be concerned about or expose an interest in. Let me forget myself in some one—in everyone—else!' And since then, if he has ever repented, the spectacle of Herbert George Wells has been before him, to serve as an awful warning and lasting deterrent. Mr. Wells, in ever-new contortions, like a circus acrobat whose nakedness was gaudily accentuated by spangles, began seeing it through with Ann Veronica and is still exposing the secret places of his heart, while dizzy recollections of marriage, God and tono-bungay yet linger."

And that's that.

Those who like Mr. Wodehouse will, I think, enjoy the maze of "I'll Tell You Everything." But those who wandered the green ways of England with the Good Companions will be disappointed. When Mr. Priestley has done such a lovely thing, why must he collaborate?

● Chinese Children of Woodcutter's Lane; by Priscilla Holton. Off to China; by Helen F. Sweet and Mabel G. Wagner.

The two small books from the friendly Friendly Press will appeal to another group of Club members—to those who still go to church, and are trying to convince the oncoming younger generation that there are things, in our continent and others, which are as interesting as movies and jazz. (Perhaps I fail to make myself clear that our groups may even overlap or coincide!) Well — anyway — "Off to China" and "Chinese Children of Woodcutters' Lane" give a picture, for children, of a child's life in that country which the world watches today. Several of these small technical handbooks have been added to the library by the Book Department, and they may be suggestive as a source of color and information for those who are interested in working with groups of children.

● Two Books of Verse.

Among my Christmas books were some books of verse. The little brown book of poems, "Love Whispering in My Garden," which is at Paul Elder's, was written by Martha Sims Kirkbride, who is a member of the City Club. The verses are light, like the petals of the flowers in her garden; not "poems of passion"; not always perfect in workmanship; but breathing of the gentleness and affection of one who would love to linger in a garden of Saint Francis' Wood. Some of them have been made into songs. I quote one set to music by Wallace Sabin:

"Do you love me, darling dear?
Tell me, tell me, all the year.
Tell me in the early dawn,
When light is still so pale and wan.
Tell me when the noonday sun
Calls that half the day is done.
Just an hour and then away
Till the evening shadows grey
Make it time again to say—
I love you."

Henry Harrison, of New York, is publishing poetry anthologies of the states. The invitation to submit material was extended to members of the writers' clubs — and

(Continued on Page 24)

That Radio

—OLGA L. SELLER

● Mary Pickford rolls over in bed. A coast-to-coast broadcast ensues. The Prince of Wales purchases a new hat. The entire international network becomes enmeshed in a recital of his sartorial embellishments, via short wave lengths. The most recent murderer dislikes fish. A general hookup.

One moves nowhere without encountering some sign of radio activity. What wire and press omit, radio conveys. Nothing is too insignificant to record.

We are a family of four, living in one of those cell divisions of an apartment house termed home. Until five years ago we placidly pursued the even tenor of our ways. Now, less placidly, we are pursued by the uneven tenors who trill over station P.D.Q.!

It happened in this wise. We decided, one day, to buy "a really good radio." By that we meant one which stretches its tentacles into the ether and absorbs everything from everywhere. Since then some one has been constantly twirling the dial and saying, "Now, let's see if we can get —" For five years one person or another has been perpetually trying to "get" something. So have I. I have been trying to "get" peace.

It sounds as though the home we live in were being constantly invaded by garrulous, unwelcome visitors who refuse to leave. Or that I am lost in the mazes of a music store, every floor of which contains a different type of instrument, and all of them playing at once.

Living in an age of publicity, personality, and the elimination of privacy, all that we do, say, think or feel is promptly relayed to an avid world.

From surrounding windows in our apartment house issue swelling diapasons of sound. Paeans from Persia. Panaceas for pains. Melody to MacDonald. I am surfeited with static.

Our day begins around six-thirty A. M. At six-forty, ere the final yawn is well out of my system, and I am aroused to the splash of husband's early morning shower, and attuned to the stropping of razor, an exuberant member of the household tunes in on a broadcast of the "Early Robin Hour." (I'm tempted to notify the Audubon Society!)

This "Early Robin" conceals nothing. It lays all its eggs on the table. It carols blithely to "setting up" exercises and to sitting down suggestions. It chirps cheerily of happy thoughts for the day. It commences with song and concludes with cereal, its sponsors being the "Modern Manufacturers of Moister Mush;" . . . or is it "Clean Creators of Crisper Crusts"? . . . At any rate, "apply to your neighborhood grocer for sample package, or write in to the station through which you have been listening." (I have not been listening, but I can't help hearing.)

Next we have "Sunrise Singers," followed by "Lift Your Lids" and "Rise and Smile." Whatever hopes I may have held for peace and security are now completely blasted.

Before one can reach the breakfast table, where coffee seductively steams, a band concert for the "shutins" blares stridently. Personally, a full orchestra on an empty stomach has never appealed to me. To the fanfare of trumpets I gulp down my eggs. To the rolling of drums I drink my beverage. The digestive process hasn't started before a deluge of "Reliable Recipes" retards its development.

My forces are now so completely routed, I feel the need of air. The departure of a nomadic family leaves me free to discontinue the early morning privileges of our instrument. Then I too don hat and coat, and to market.

The fresh morning air is a delight. My previous tension relaxes. At my destination, as golden oranges and fragrant melon are offered for inspection, I plan a tentative dinner menu. With cauliflower or sprouts in abeyance, a sound halts my thoughts. Across the street, from the local electrical shop, comes a dulcet, feminine voice . . . "And now, ladies, if you will try just a little of this cream before retiring, manipulating the skin well with the fingers" . . Abandoning the cauliflower idea like yesterday's bridal bouquet, I depart hastily. My buoyancy has been shed like a garment. Wearily I return.

Slumping into a chair, I find myself once more before the radio. Like a still, small voice, the thing seems to be insistently calling. Perhaps I have been prejudiced. Why not try out all the stations, and decide for myself? Turning the dial from zero to its ultimate limit, I may find immunity. I press the switch.

The zero hour discloses a femal voice of hybrid accent. It sounds like a cross between Irish and Russian, with a dash of Middle Western thrown in. The owner of the voice is apparently a full fledged member of the great Illiterati! She is expatiating on the Psalms. Evidently a church service.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, she classifies the Psalms into several groups. To wit—Psalms of Praise, Psalms of Salvation, of Travel, Education, etc. You may choose your own group.

She "Cooks Tours" with the Israelites out of Egypt through the Wilderness; pays a brief visit to Daniel in the lion's den; brushes cursorially over the afflictions of Job; then crashes from Moses to Matthew in one fell swoop.

Next, you are invited to come and be saved on Mondays and Thursdays from nine to eleven, during the reading of the first twenty-seven Psalms. If you find you have a previous engagement, there is still hope of redemption on Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of two and four, during the reading of the final fifty-seven varieties.

A nasal, masculine voice now interpolates that you have been hearing Mrs. Connelly, of the Joyous Message Temple. You twirl the dial with the feeling that all is not yet lost.

At station five we are given the market prices of poultry. These appear to fluctuate with the locations of the markets. After attending carefully, one has a confused sense of streets and telephone numbers denoting the best markets, with small quantities of fowl served in between.

Station ten gives stock quotations. Very depressing when you have no stock left.

Fifteen reveals an ingratiating feminine voice asking, "How do you think?" "What are the nature of your thoughts?"

Psychology, of course. Oh, no.

"Your thoughts are mirrored in your countenance," she tells you. "Your secret discrepancies make inroads on your complexion."

After probing your depths from the spleen to the epidermis, she suggests twenty-two personally conducted commodities for the skin, at moderate prices.

Now, I am no outstanding example of perennial pulchritude, but after five minutes of this, I reflect that, after all, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and switch off.

Twenty is accompanied by jazz and wise cracks. Two male hoofers can be heard tap dancing. This, they intersperse with humorous songs and sallies. They speak a pure United States unadulterated by diction.

Twenty-five is automobile finance. "Are you troubled about meeting the payments on the little car? Do not be disturbed. We are here to serve you. Pay us a visit. If you have already financed your automobile, we will refinance it for you. In fact, we will do more than that. We will recharge your battery; rehabilitate your home; reimburse your wife; and are faithfully yours, Hock and Hock, signing off."

Thirty resounds to a lilting tenor. He sings to a little bird which refuses to be caught. After listening to him offer every

inducement for three stanzas, you become uncertain as to whether you should shoot the tenor or the bird. However, after two more verses, you feel it is no less than your duty to slay the tenor! And you can't blame the poor little bird.

You hear: "There is now a brief pause for station announcements. . . . This is Station OOO, Mr. Blah-blah announcing. . . . You are listening to a broadcast of the 'Salad Dressing Hour.' . . . Why bother to blend the proper proportions of oil with your vinegar? . . . Let us soothe your troubled waters, so to speak. Buy the finished product. Slosson's Salad Dressing, palatably prepared! . . . The program now continues " . . .

A belligerent basso roars, "Where, Oh Where Is My Love, Tonight?" . . . It is morning, but he is so distraught that he has apparently lost all conception of time. "Where is she?" he howls. As he furnishes no description of the lady, nor gives one the faintest inkling as to her previous whereabouts, you feel you can be of no assistance.

Thirty-five produces a woman speaker telling what she has done in the matter of social uplift. During her campaign for "Sunnier Cells to Some of Our More Popular Criminals," her research had disclosed much.

She endeavored to specialize in the super criminal! Incidentally, so doing, she cites a pathetic case. The struggle of convict No. 29999. He wished to prepare himself for the time of his release. To improve his thought. So she had sent him some good literature to read. He was literal minded. He opened a book, and his eye fell on the title "Rape of the Lock." To him it signified just another safe cracking job, and he fell! . . .

This was too much! I could bear no more. Although our radio continued numerically through many more stations, my stamina was too exhausted to proceed further. I switched off.

While not trying to take anything away from the true wonders of Radio, I attempted to sum up the situation. Our opportunities are limitless. I have listened to discourses on the Holy See, the Red Sea, and "Oh Say Can You See!" Heard the Pope speaking from Rome, as I sat in my own living room, Mussolini, Marconi and Grandi. The accents of the King of England, Prince of Wales, Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Oliver Lodge, H. G. Wells, Mahatma Gandhi and the chimes of Big Ben have come to my ears.

I have thrilled to Le Marsellaise plus Laval. Hung on the words of President Hoover and ex-president Coolidge. Absorbed descriptions of inauguration ceremonies, receptions to visiting dignitaries and welcomes to heroes. Have been receptive to the tones of Eastern and European symphonies, and to brilliant artists. Heard lecturers on the unusual. Exponents of the obvious.

Been entertained by birds of song and birds of passage. Rethberg and Lindbergh. Gigli and Byrd. Hughes and Ochs. Conductors and nonconductors, prelate and playboy, Red Cross and Holy Cross. Toscannini and Giannini, Cardinal Hayes and Will Hays, Barton Payne and archbishops.

But these broadcasts do not come with sufficient frequency to drown out the local ones, and are in turn invaded by the voices of their announcers and the incongruity of their announcements.

A splendid southern pageant, vividly portrayed, over the air, was interrupted at ten-minute intervals by an eloquent discourse on well tailored trousers!

Our football contests are saturated in gasoline and lubricated by motor oils. Our murder mysteries are steeped in coffee. Our juvenile tidbits are served with wheatena. Our choruses are collected from canned goods. Our current events are carbonated with seltzer water. Our harmony is wafted on cigarette smoke. Our religion is delivered in sections. Our dialects are concentrated in tooth pastes. Our drama is flavored with spearmint. Our utterances are clogged with chewing gum. Our comments are charged with electricity. Our continuity is disturbed by comments. Our sound is shot with pyrotechnics. Our texts are illuminated by auto polish. We receive more correct time incorrectly, and more changes in time abjectly, and are gorged with gongs. Music is no longer harmony nor is harmony melodious.

For some time I have been contemplating joining the next expedition beyond the stratosphere. It has been told that giant rockets are even now in course of construction, by which humans, sealed in metal spheres, may be catapulted to Mercury or the moon. This would require much traveling, but of a quiet nature with no listening to radios involved.

Recently, however, papers and magazines were publishing accounts of even more advanced conceptions. It is expected that by means of super-projectiles, radio communication can eventually be established with Mars and between other planets. The vibration of their impact with the planets would create a necessary contact, and no personal representation would be necessary.

My tortured imagination visualizes some enterprising publicity agent inaugurating plans for a three ringed circus around Saturn devoted to broadcasting purposes only.

It is too much of a problem for me. I can only proceed on my way. My days are beset with buzzing and my nights with sound. At ten-thirty, as I dejectedly seek my enduring pillow and am gently letting go, a terrific shriek issues from some neighboring radio and enters my opened window. "Out!!" It is the concluding game of the night baseball series being played at a local stadium.

"Three strikes and he's out!" shrieks the voice of the announcer. And, as I once more wearily subside, I murmur to myself, "So am I out — down and out."

"The Wildly Wistful Face"

He is forgotten now,
And humble dust these thirty years and more—
He whose young eyes and beautiful wide brow
My thoughts alone restore.

Dead, and his kindred dead!
And none remembers in that quiet place
The slender form, the brown and faun-like head,
The widly wistful face.

And yet across the years
I see us roam among the apple trees,
Telling our tale of boyish hopes and fears
Amid the hurried bees.

When I am all alone
By the eternal beauty of the sea,
Or where the mountain's eastern shade is thrown,
His face comes back to me—

A memory unsought—
A ghost entreating, and I know not why—
A presence that the restless winds of thought
Acknowledge with a sigh;

Till I am half content
Not any more the loneliness to know
Of him who died so young and innocent,
And, ah! so long ago!

—*George Sterling in "Selected Poems" (Holt)*

Home Economics

—HAZEL B. NOYES

The Month of Parties

● This little month of February is about the most festive of all the year. Everyone has had time to recover from the Christmas holidays (I wonder if anyone knows just why this is necessary—but it is traditional) and we are all ready for some kind of a gay party, when along comes February, offering many opportunities for entertainment.

More and more, the memory of Abraham Lincoln becomes beloved by all Americans, and a party to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday gives us a chance to be wholly American. A Backwoods or Pioneer Party is most suitable. All suggestions of modern equipment should be discarded insofar as possible, and the room where the party is given made to look as much as possible like an old-time barn or kitchen, with strings of drying herbs or vegetables, even "shocks" of corn or wheat for decorations, if procurable.

An old-time barn dance featuring the square dances, with someone to call them off in the approved manner, would be most appropriate. Or, if you do not have space for this, a party of progressive games, the more old-fashioned the better, such as tiddledeewinks, jack-straws, parcheesi or checkers can be arranged. Have the games last about the same length of time, and progress as for any card game.

Refreshments may carry out the spirit of the time, and be all-American, too—individual pots or ramekins of hot baked beans with brown bread and butter, cole slaw or celery and apple salad, gingerbread or doughnuts and coffee. You might be allowed whipped cream on the gingerbread, and if you have never tried that good old New England pudding, you might like the doughnuts steamed and served with a liquid pudding sauce, flavored with brandy and plenty of nutmeg.

It seems to me that one of the best features — and there are several — of this present phase of economic development is the necessity for looking to our own homes for much of our entertainment. Not so long ago almost no one thought of giving a party, even a simple luncheon, at home. The guests were invited to a club, hotel or restaurant, and all but the merest details of the affair turned over to the caterer. It really was *anybody's* party. I, for one, am very glad to see the old-time spirit of hospitality returning to the home. There seems to be so much more friendliness and more opportunities for becoming better acquainted when we are asked to meet friends in their own homes. Of course, we all enjoy our clubs and the varied activities and contacts we have there, and these have a most important place in every well-rounded social life, but there is a certain undefinable joy in seeing a friend's individuality expressed in her home. So let's plan to celebrate one of the red-letter days in February with an appropriate party at home.

There are few holidays during the whole year that offer the possibilities for attractive decorations that St. Valentine's Day gives us. These decorations may so easily be made at home that they will not tax even the slimmest budget. Hearts of all sizes can be cut from red paper and hung by thin threads from every possible place. If cards are to be played, have one large heart for each table, cut it in four pieces, *a la* jigsaw, and put all together in a basket. The guests will find it quite diverting to match pieces for their partners and places at the card tables. The pieces may then be used as tallies, as the table and couple numbers will be marked on them.

Party menus include every variety of dishes served in heart shapes. Timbale cases filled with creamed chicken with bits of red pimiento, sandwiches, cakes and cookies, all can be cut in heart shapes. Tomato aspic or red gelatin salads may also be made in heart-shaped molds. Children especially love a Valentine party and all the festive trimmings.

Almost any day in the latter part of the month can be chosen for a Washington's Birthday party. This may have a patriotic motif, or take the form of a colonial party, with all the prim and flowery accompaniments. Truly, this festive month holds many entertaining possibilities.

These menus may give some suggestions which you will find helpful, and I would be most grateful for any requests or suggestions from members of our Club for subjects you would like discussed. Would you be interested in foreign cookery, unusual food combinations, menus of any particular kind, or for any special occasions? I would be very glad to help in any way with recipes or other problems, should you care to write to me.

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use
Ghirardelli's
the original
GROUND CHOCOLATE
wherever your recipe calls for chocolate or cocoa. Use ¼ cupful of Ghirardelli's in place of each square or ounce of solid chocolate. Decrease sugar in your recipe by 1 tablespoon for each ¼ cup of Ghirardelli's used, if recipe calls for *unsweetened* chocolate.

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VALENTINE LUNCHEON

St. Valentine Cocktail

Little Chicken Pies in Heart Shapes

Potato Puffs Mint Peas in Souffle

Heart and Arrow Rolls

Endive Grape Salad Fancy Sandwiches

Burnt Almond Parfait

Coffee

Heart and Arrow Rolls: Shape rolls with a small, heart-shaped cutter. Stick through each a small "arrow" cut from angelica, and when ready to bake, brush over with melted butter.

Burnt Almond Parfait: Caramelize one-half cup sugar and brown one cup finely chopped almonds in this syrup. Pour into large, flat dish to harden in thin layer. Beat well six egg whites and add one cup sugar which has been boiled five minutes in one-fourth cup water. Cook this in double boiler until mixture coats spoon. Strain, beat until cold. Add the burnt almonds broken into small bits, one teaspoon vanilla and one-half teaspoon almond extract. Fold in one pint cream whipped. Freeze.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MENU

Blockhouse Salad

Potato Chips Olives

Hot Rolls

Individual Cherry Pies or Washington's Pie

Coffee

Blockhouse Salad: For a blockhouse salad, build an enclosure of cheese straws. Inside heap shrimp or salmon salad. Serve on individual plates.

Washington's Pie: ¼ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter thoroughly, add the sugar slowly, creaming it into the butter. Separate yolks and whites of eggs and beat yolks until light and fluffy. Add to butter mixture and beat well. Sift flour; measure and sift again with baking powder and salt. Add flour and milk alternately to butter mixture; add flavoring and then fold in the whites beaten stiff. Do not beat. Bake at 375 to 400°F. in one thick layer. When cool, split and fill with cherry jam, serve with whipped cream and garnish with cherries.

(Continued From Page 20)

doubtless others—in California, a year and a half ago, but the book was delayed by financial conditions. Within its very generous limits, it represents almost every grade of those who dream of being poets, or have realized their dream—from verses of very stumbling steps up to the sonorous music of Robinson Jeffers. Perhaps all inclusive anthologies are like that. I think the bars should be higher, though I, even I, and You, even You, might be left out, and required to work longer and harder for admission. But this anthology has a large proportion of those worthy the name of poet, and here and there a touch of genius. The foreword is by Helen Hoyt, herself a real poet, and there are poems by such leaders of thought and music as Derrick and Eunice Lehmer, Stanton Coblentz, Harry Noyes Pratt, Margery Bailey, Yvor Winters, Sara Bard Field, Lori Petri, Marie de L. Welch, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Edith Daley, and many other old friends who are singers of songs. We miss others whose names should be there, such as Charles Keeler and Anna Blake Mezquida. But it is an interesting record of California's poetic aspirations and achievements. It has been said that when everyone tries to write poetry, it is a sure omen that the great poet will soon be born.

To some, the hats this season seem rather extreme, but my models are made to suit the individual. Bring in YOUR hats to be remodeled.

RHODA - ON - THE - ROOF

233 Post Street • DOuglas 8476

The Volunteers

To all the gallant women
Who give their hours and days;
Their time and strength and patience,
We sing a song of praise.

They wear their badge of service
Proudly, as knights, we're told,
Once wore their ladies' colors
In storied days of old.

All honor to the valiant,
Whether in peace or war,
Who strive for club or country,
Still following a star.

—*Mary Ogden Vaughan,*
(Mrs. Frederick W. Vaughan)

Women Are on Guard

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● San Francisco has not yet settled its milk ordinance. January 19 is the date for the proponents of the bill to appear before the Health Committee of the Board of Supervisors. Dr. Geiger will lead the group, being on duty again after a siege of pneumonia. The state is watching this decision. Los Angeles has a raw-milk problem; three hundred small dairies peddle milk in the city alone. There are thirty-five incorporated cities in the county limits, and they and the county have separate health departments with varying laws. The producers are initiated by multiple investigations and varying standards, hence a new milk law with unifying of the standards is being discussed. Meanwhile the raw-milk producers wish to secure an inspection equal in standard to that of certified milk, at the expense of the city or county or incorporated cities. This expense is met by the certified dairies and not by the city in the case of certified milk.

We have much to be thankful for in our milk law and dairy inspection as it stands; and by accepting the new standards Dr. Geiger is urging, we shall have an easily controlled supply of pasteurized milk from tuberculin tested herds, and certified milk as a raw milk. More than this our community health does not need.

The Housewife's League

I hope you are watching the splendid publicity the coal fight is getting. At present, with the price of coal threatened with a rise, and the family budget to be distributed for necessities taxed in most families to the breaking point, and in many thousands of families at the zero point, it is a serious time to discuss higher prices for a necessity.

The Housewife's League deserves our interest and applause for their courage.

Gambling With Slot Machines

Again the women have something to say. Dog racing, horse racing, and slot machines keep clothes off backs that need them; new shoes off children's feet; and proper food out of their mouths; rents go unpaid; and the hope of easy money lures youth on to gambling away the money needed in their homes. Again, let us cheer the brave women who fight for better things for children.

We soon come to the intersession in our State Legislature; the bills are put in and taken home to digest in this period. Balancing the state budget calls for clear thinking and just planning. Big cuts are suggested in public education, the state subsidy to the county hospitals for tuberculosis; to increase the age of the old age pension to seventy-five years. Economy we all believe in, but to climb to prosperity by limiting education for our children, and reducing the cure of tuberculosis patients where such one, hospitalized, reduces the risk of spreading the infections to other members of the family, or wiping out our state help for old people between seventy and seventy-five years—such balancing of the budget is unthinkable in the State of California. We should be thinking of the future for the many who have been hurled into dependency, and develop the young and protect the sick and the old by more, rather than less, kind consideration. So, as you meet our state senators and assemblymen during the intersession, tell them how you feel. As women with the ballot, we are not yet (and may we never be) a bloc. We work for a program we understand and believe in; and we are not ready for California to save money out of education, public health or social service, are we?

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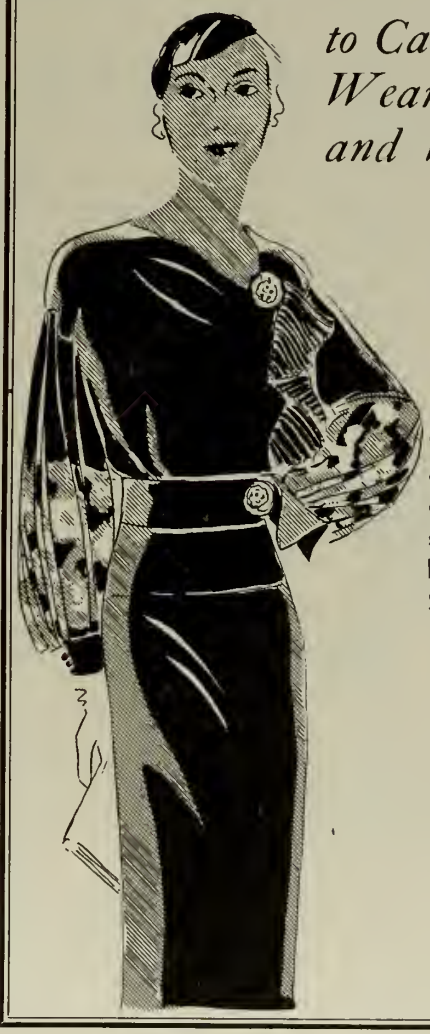
A Midseason Dress

to Carry into Spring and Wear . . . and Wear . . . and Wear



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One of the most wearable of the advance Spring dresses, with notes of gayety in the border print sleeves, the red sash lining, and the large buttons. In black rough crepe. Sizes 18 to 40.

Carolyn Modes, exclusive with Hale's, are selected by a committee of style authorities in New York. Always dependable, never expensive.

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Dress Shop, Hale's Third Floor

INNOVATION

In line with the leading hotel dining rooms and restaurants of the land, we inaugurate a new service for dinner (only) in the Club. Combining the advantages of the table d' hote service with à la carte, all dinners will include relishes, soup, salad, dessert and drink. The price of the entrée selected will be the price of the dinner.

An extensive selection of variously priced entrées makes this service reach the pocket-book of any diner. We are sure you will agree that this is a desirable innovation.

DINING ROOM

OF THE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

The Boomerang

—J. LLOYD CONRICH

"Lefty" Ryan shook hands with the warden and stepped through the outer gates of San Quentin Penitentiary, a free man. His debt to the people of the State of California had been paid.

Another hour found him gazing at the skyline of San Francisco from the upper deck of a ferry boat as it nosed its way into the slip. Walking up the gang plank, he passed rapidly through the Ferry Building, crossed the Embarcadero and went directly to Uncle Ben's pawn shop.

"I wanna look at some gats," he said.

Uncle Ben eyed him cautiously as he placed a drawer full of light artillery on the counter.

"I'll take dis one," "Lefty" said, quickly selecting a small automatic with the eye of an expert. "How much?"

"I gotta get seven dollars for it."

"O. K. T'row in a few rounds of slugs an' we'll call it square."

The deal consummated, "Lefty" walked out of the pawn shop to a telephone booth. Picking up a directory, he fingered the pages.

"Let's see. Madding—Maddock—Mader—yes, here it is—Madison—Alfred B. Madison, 333 Kearny Street, district attorney. Dat's da guy alright what sent me up.

"O. K., Mr. Madison. Twenty-four hours from now an' you'll be whistlin' a different tune."

"Lefty" looked at the clock on the Ferry Building tower. It was just four o'clock. Suddenly he was inspired by a thought.

"Maybe I could pull a job before I call on Madison. It would gimme some o' dat old confidence back. A stickup would be easy, just fer a little practice. I got a gat an' I may as well get used to handlin' it."

"Lefty" walked up the Embarcadero and turned into Pacific Street, a narrow, rather dark thoroughfare. It was deserted with the exception of a well-dressed man who walked ten feet ahead of him.

"Lefty" increased his speed until he was abreast of the stranger.

"Keep walkin'," he commanded, shoving the gun into the stranger's ribs. "Keep yer trap shut an' ya won't get hurt. Hand over what ya got."

The stranger put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a small amount of silver.

"Here, take this," he said; "that's all I have."

"Oh yeah? Wot's dat wallet stickin' outa yer pocket?"

"Lefty" reached for the wallet, and glancing through the slit opening, he saw a package of currency an inch thick. There were at least a hundred bills, and even if they were all of dollar denomination it was a "haul."

"Phew! T'anks! Gosh, I never expected to make a haul like dis!"

"I warn you, young man," the stranger said, "that money will bring you no good."

"Never mind da advice. Just keep walkin' down da street like nothin' happened. I'm slowin' up an' remember dat I'm right behind ya wid a loaded gat what ain't no toy. Keep goin' fer two blocks an' don't turn around. See?"

The stranger obeyed. The distance between them had increased to fifty yards when a taxi hove into sight. "Lefty" hailed it.

"Drive me to da St. Francis," he ordered.

Once safe within the cab, he opened the wallet. It contained one hundred twenty-dollar bills.

"Jumpin' Jackson! I'm rich! Two grand! Boy, what I can't do wid dis glue! An' so easy, too. Just like takin' candy away from a baby."

The cab rolled up to the St. Francis. The driver ran around and opened the door.

"Got change fer a twenty, kid?"

"No sir, but if you'll wait just a second I'll run into the hotel and get it."

"Lefty" stood at the curb humming to himself and thinking of his luck and the revenge that was soon to be his.

"The old town sure looks——"

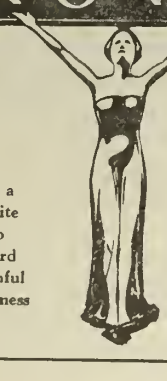
His reverie came to an abrupt end as he felt the muzzle of a gun at his back.

"Hoist 'em up an' keep 'em up, Ryan. Frisk 'im, driver."

"Lefty" swung his head and saw his old acquaintance, Patrolman Garrin.

"Youse guys sure woiks fast," Garrin said. "You ain't been outa the 'cooler' twelve hours yet an' I picks you up passin' counterfeit bills.

NOVA



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"Too bad, Ryan, Uncle Sam's a tough bird on you kinda guys."

The words of Ryan's late victim rang through his ears as Patrolman Garrin slipped on the "bracelets." "I warn you, young man, that money will bring you no good."

Duplicate Bridge Continues to Intrigue

● The course of Monday evening lectures by Mrs. Alice M. Roedel on duplicate bridge have been enthusiastically received and greatly enjoyed. They will continue indefinitely.

The afternoon classes in "duplicate" are requiring more registrations, and when sufficient names are listed the classes will be held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoons in the Chinese Room.

The lectures on "contract" are being held Wednesday evenings and Thursday mornings. The course is $5, single lectures 60 cents.

The fee for each session of "duplicate" is 60 cents.

There will be four prizes at each session for the winning North-South pair and the winning East-West pair. Each prize is a dollar money order on The League Shop.

Two people should enter as partners. However, if single players wish Mrs. Roedel to provide a partner she will try to do so.

The Mitchell movement and match point scoring are used.

While, with the Mitchell movement, it is possible to take care of late entries, Mrs. Roedel would appreciate having reservations made by 1 o'clock for afternoon play and 7 o'clock for evening play.

Duplicate play is an excellent way to check up on one's game, and to improve it. The bidding slip that is in each board tells what others have done with that hand.

Patronize the Club

● "If you had a home and did not use it —kept its most charming rooms shut off every day from the sunlight and knew it only as something to which you belonged —you would expect your friends to raise their eyebrows, would you not?"

This was the reply made by an enthusiastic Club member to another, just as loyal but not quite so ebullient, who had said, "Of *course* I belong to the City Club, but I don't get there as often as I'd like."

What the first speaker should have added, as she raised her eyebrows, was something like this: "Of course you know that it is your loss that you don't. And what is to hinder you?"

Using the Club is a habit, something that one falls into with ease, once it is started. Patronizing the Club is more than a habit; it is a duty and responsibility that the member owes to her constituents and fellow members.

The Sunday Night suppers, for instance. How they simplify the Sunday routine of the family if they are patronized.

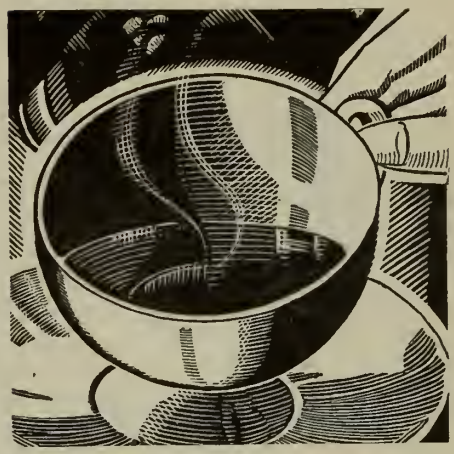
Or the Beauty Salon. It is just as accessible, just as light and airy as any other in the community and quite as comparable as to service.

Lunching and dining at the Club are part of a ritual to men who belong to organizations in which they take great pride. Why not to women? Why take the Club so much "for granted," as something to be taken or left as the spirit impels?

●

Come to the
VALENTINE PARTY
at 3:00 o'clock
FEBRUARY 15
in Auditorium
PROGRAM AND TEA

●



Mild, fragrant Tree Tea . . . the perfect blend suited to critical American Tastes.

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REGULARIZED EMPLOYMENT
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LEARN TO COOK

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SAN FRANCISCO
COOKING SCHOOL

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MRS. OSCAR F. CATOIRE
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and
Specialty Classes

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No Evening Lecture in February by Mrs. Lucas

● Owing to pressure of other affairs, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will be unable to give an evening lecture on "Current Events" during February.

ALICE SECKELS
ELSIE CROSS Presents

GUY MAIER in MUSICAL JOURNEYS

Famous Pianist (With Slide Illustrations)
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 5
Community Playhouse
Limited number half price tickets young people

RT. HON. RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN

Former Ambassador and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire.

"GERMANY'S INTERNATIONAL POSITION"

Friday Evening, February 17
Community Playhouse

Res. Seats for above, Sherman, Clay & Co.

Library Develops to Fine Collection

● During the last few years, under the chairmanship of Miss Elisa May Willard, the City Club Library has been built up from a rather nondescript accumulation to a collection of carefully selected books of non-fiction, reference and, of course, the most popular novels. These are forming the nucleus of a permanent Library of which the City Club may feel proud.

Use of the Library is extended to the member without charge and it would seem that there should be sufficient appreciation of this privilege to impel them to use the books and magazines with care and consideration. It is a shock to pick up a magazine from the reading tables and find pages torn out, advertisements clipped or a favorite etching or illustration removed. Books, new ones and older ones, have been found marked, page after page, with annotations on the margins or across the reading matter in the most irritating manner in pencil or even in ink. One who appreciates or loves books could not treat them in that manner.

Probably the most flagrant misuse of the Library is the removal of books from the Loan Desk or shelves without having them checked by the Librarian and kept for weeks and even months. For example:

"The Golden Years," by Sir Philip Gibbs, was taken and kept for four months and brought back and placed on the shelf.

"The Gods Arrive," by Edith Wharton. A brand new book, never checked out, was taken from the Loan Desk. Three and a half months later it was left at the Mechanics' Library and they notified us of it.

"Marshes of the North," taken March 25, 1931, and returned January 12, 1933.

"Vol. 1, Autobiography of John J. Pershing." Gone for six months and brought back and laid on the desk when Librarian was not there.

Can not these abuses be discontinued?

Move to Keep Children Out of Industry

● The desirability of keeping children out of industry and giving every available job to older workers was the keynote of the child labor message issued by the National Child Labor Committee on Child Labor, Sunday, January 29. Interest in child labor has increased tremendously during the industrial depression, the committee reports, and organizations and individuals in forty-five states are joining in the observance of Child Labor Day.

"Present economic conditions have thrown into the spotlight the spectacle of 2,000,000 boys and girls under 18 years at work while millions of adults are idle," the statement says. "Although the unem-

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One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

December 31st, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, (value $64,171,686.00) on books at	$ 61,081,697.82
Loans on Real Estate	73,596,959.27
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,278,738.75
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,135,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $500,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Cash	21,507,228.09
Total	$157,464,626.93

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$151,114,626.93
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,350,000.00
Total	$157,464,626.93

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending December 31st, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$7,564,580.66
Expenses and Taxes	906,735.60
Net Profits	$6,657,845.06

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

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An accredited, cultural school, well known for its child education and character building. French, Music, Art, Dancing, Swimming, in addition to regular public school curriculum.

Male Instructor for Athletics and Manual Training.

Enrollment Limited — Always Open for Enrollment

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The Thirty-First Year

of

Miss Harker's School

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

ployment situation has materially reduced the total number of employed children, many boys and girls are being driven prematurely into industry by the long continued unemployment of adult relatives. Some of the less scrupulous small concerns take advantage of the situation to work young girls excessive hours and at starvation wages. Beginners earning $3 a week or less in textile and clothing manufacture have been reported from Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In South Carolina, Georgia and Florida where long working hours are allowed the census of 1930 showed more children under 16 years employed in manufacturing than in 1920. The New York State Department of Labor reports an increasingly large number of girls going into domestic service, sometimes for as little as $2 a week for full-time work. In New York State there has likewise been a positive increase in the number of children injured while at work, although the total number of accidents for adults has been decreasing —an indication, apparently, that children are taking adult jobs. Such conditions are not only harmful to the children employed but tend to depress wages for adults who must compete in the labor market with them."

The National Child Labor Committee also calls attention to the difficulties which the schools are facing in attempts to provide suitable educational facilities for boys and girls who should be kept out of industry and in school. "The schools, which ought to be offering increased facilities, are faced in many sections of the country with reduced appropriations. School terms are being shortened, the teaching force curtailed, attendance work reduced, vocational training and guidance programs suspended, and building plans cancelled. Handicapped as they are, educational systems have been unable to hold or to recall a large percentage of the boys and girls for whom industry no longer has room."

The Child Labor Day statement closes with an appeal to the forty-four state legislatures which are in session this year to consider child labor and educational legislation, which will help eliminate child labor as a factor in industry. Specifically it urges adoption of a sixteen-year age minimum for employment, a maximum eight-hour day and forty-four-hour week for minors under 18 years, a higher age for school leaving, and promotion of vocational training and guidance in the schools.

Tapestry Exhibit Enjoyed

● Hundreds of visitors enjoyed the exhibit of tapestry and petit point of the Mayflower Tapestry Studio, held at the City Club, January 16 and 17. Mrs. Thomas Churchill was congratulated upon the beauty and success of the exhibit.

Paging the Executor

A thousand miles at sea and outward bound . . . an awkward place to be notified that he is needed at home as executor of a friend's will.

Awkward for him. More than awkward for the heirs, who may suffer serious loss due to the delayed settlement of the estate.

In planning *your* will, why not guard your heirs against delay by appointing a *corporate executor,* which can be counted upon to be present and ready to serve always?

YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

Executors' fees are fixed by law. It costs no more to assure a prompt and skillful settlement of your estate by appointing a trust company executor. See your lawyer about your will today. And write or call for our booklet, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future."

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Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

Market at Montgomery
Market at Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

Pillows Cleaned

Steamed — Sterilized —
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Let us make a NEW PILLOW
of the OLD—Moderate Charges

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SUPERIOR
BLANKET AND CURTAIN
CLEANING WORKS
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EMELIA
EARHART
FEBRUARY 7TH
BUFFET SUPPER
AFTER THE LECTURE
Served by the Catering
Department on the
Fourth Floor

Will Discuss Metaphysics

● Constance Houston will give two courses of six classes each on "Modern Applied Metaphysics" in the Chinese Room of the Women's City Club during February and March. She will emphasize the "Art of Self-Release."

Classes will be preceded with introductory free lectures Monday, February 6, at 12:10 p. m. and Thursday, February 9, at 3 o'clock. Regular classes will commence on the 13th and 16th at the same hours. For other than the free introductory lectures the admission fee will be $1, and $5 for the six-lesson course.

Additional information can be secured from the Executive Office or from Mrs. Houston, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in the Magazine.

Quirk

By HUGH BROWN

How the wind raged,
Humming its savage bass cadence,
As it pounced
With its strength
Upon the tall tree
Which bent far down, then,
Trembling,
Forced its way back against the wind.

"Be strong," a man murmured,
Feeling, as he watched,
The agony of each twisted branch.
It was so good to see
Something being strong,
Being strong in the fray.
So he thought—
He in his weakness,
He in his sheltered nook,
Out of the fray.
He had dreamed of being
A strong limb or a strong root
Of a strong tree.

He watched a leaf,
Wrenched free by a quirk of the wind,
Struggle awkwardly down the gale
To the lonely place
Where it should
Die and
Rot.

Looking for a place to LIVE?

Mrs. Kelly's at 2441 Jackson Street is one of those places one appreciates for its clean rooms, excellent food, nice congenial people, environment and other attractive qualities that interest discriminating people.

There are members of the Women's City Club who can endorse every statement we make.

Married couples will find arrangements to their liking — a rather unusual condition in such living arrangements.

Heat — Showers — Twin Beds

Car Service—No. 3 Sutter, Jackson Cable, 22 Fillmore—only 8 blocks from Van Ness

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Table Linen, Napkins, Glass
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Coats and Gowns furnished
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professional services

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SWIMMING POOL

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

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Sparkling, Clear, Fresh Water

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CLOSED
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

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ADMISSION RATES

Members and girls to 18 years of age..... 30c
Adult guests and boys over 8..... 40c
Member's swimming ticket, 10 admissions $2.75
Members' children's tickets, 10 admissions 2.50
(Daughters Under 18—Sons Under 8)

A guest card, giving a woman guest, unaccompanied by a member, the privilege of the pool, may be purchased by a member for 25 cents.

Winter Special — Private Lessons

Tickets for members and their children under 18:
During February $3.75

Tickets for guests:
During February $4.75

Tickets for private lessons entitle purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons WITHIN THREE MONTHS. Admission Extra.

Class Lessons

Classes in swimming, diving, junior or senior life saving may be formed with five or more persons. There is no fee for instruction in life saving.

Two classes, one in elementary swimming and one in advanced swimming and diving, will be held every Wednesday at 5:30, March 8 through to May 3. Please leave name at Swimming Office.

Members ..... $2.00 for course
Guests ..... $3.00 for course

Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: 9:30-7:30
Friday, 9:30-9:00 Saturday, 9:00-5:00

During February the Pool will be closed at 7:30 on Thursdays instead of 9:00.

Men's Guest Nights

Members may bring their families and men and women guests to swim FRIDAY NIGHTS, 5:30 to 9:00.

Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

GRACE LINE

Presents

4 NEW "SANTA" LINERS

FASTER · · LARGER · · MORE LUXURIOUS

via Panama Canal

VISITING
MEXICO
GUATEMALA
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PANAMA
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en route to

HAVANA and NEW YORK

Also to and from Victoria, B. C., and Seattle, Wash.

Coming! 4 palatial new liners to carry you from California to Havana in just 14 days—and give you opportunity for shore visits and inland excursions in 6 foreign countries en route!

First American ships having all outside staterooms with private baths. Single rooms. Double rooms. De luxe suites. Gay Club, perfect dance floor and smart orchestra. Every new convenience and comfort. Book for Santa Rosa Maiden Voyage Dec. 26 from San Francisco, or any *regular fortnightly sailing* from San Francisco or Los Angeles. Low rates. No passports.

Consult your travel agent or Grace Line, 2 Pine Street, San Francisco; 548 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles

INNOVATION

In line with the leading hotel dining rooms and restaurants of the land, we inaugurate a new service for dinner (only) in the Club. Combining the advantages of the table d' hote service with à la carte, all dinners will include relishes, soup, salad, dessert and drink. The price of the entrée selected will be the price of the dinner.

An extensive selection of variously priced entrées makes this service reach the pocket-book of any diner. We are sure you will agree that this is a desirable innovation.

DINING ROOM AND CAFETERIA
OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

VALENTINES

AND

GIFTS

FOR

Valentine Day

All kinds of Favors, Prizes and Accessories
for Parties and Bridge Games

THE LEAGUE SHOP

MAIN FLOOR

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

• GARDEN NUMBER •

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

March, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 2

GUIDE to SHOPS and SERVICE

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INSIST ON
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Your Grocer Can GET It for You
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Service from 8:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.
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Women's City Club, it's up to you to see this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy, that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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FURNITURE—CARPETINGS—RUGS
INTERIOR DECORATING
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THE NEW FILLMORE
QUALITY GROCERS
Imported and Domestic Specialties
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Confidential Assistance with Investment Problems
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JEWELERS—MANUFACTURING
R. BUJANNOFF
Established 1875
Designer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry.
Diamond and Platinum Work a Specialty.
Precious Stones and Watches.
51 Lick Place, bet. Kearny & Montgomery
DOuglas 1833

● The march of time is bringing more thoughtfulness — a greater effort at understanding and comprehension of the complicated civilization we live in . . . Mr. Ralph Lyon, the Investment Counselor, informs us that investors in stocks and bonds are investigating the relationship of the investment to the employment and public welfare situations . . . certainly a step toward stabilization, and sound reasoning . .

Sloane is in the midst of a great clearance sale this month . . . merchandise remarked to move it off the floor at once . . . we've seen a large amount of it and the old prices were values — now they are doubly so, and we urge you to see for yourself . . .

Bujannoff has developed some new items from the antique in jewelry that are strictly modern—gold and silver, some with stones —for this year, and suitable for Easter gifts and costume wear . . . by the way, Easter is the middle of April this year . . .

A few reminders . . .

Marie Sweeney is receiving new models daily from the style centers . . . prices are scaled down, but not to sacrifice chic and quality . . .

New coverings for reed furniture are being shown by Art Rattan . . . there's a thought for inexpensively freshening up for the spring and summer—a new suite for the living room or sun porch at the price of a thorough house-cleaning . . .

And the Little Cake Shop has some special Lenten items at their bake room—some cakes that are equally as good as home made and certainly easier to buy than the fuss and bother of doing it oneself . . .

Until April . . .

YOUR SHOPPING COUNSELOR.

MILLINERY
MARIE L. SWEENEY
Formerly of New York
IMPORTER OF FINE MILLINERY
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Child to Board
Private home few blocks
from beach at Alameda
. . Registered Nurse . .
PHONE ALAMEDA 5343-R

TEA ROOM
MARY-ELEANOR'S
LUNCHEON AND DINNER
Sunday Dinners—4:30 to 7:30 P. M.
445 POWELL—Bet. POST AND SUTTER
GArfield 0951 Opposite Sir Francis Drake

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RENA LAZELLE
SAN FRANCISCO CONSERVATORY
Private and Class Instruction—Assistant Teachers
3435 SACRAMENTO STREET
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Professional Pupils: Frederic Bittke, Marvin Freeman, Esther Green, Reba Greenley, Harriet Murton-Loftus, Herbert Maas, Irma Ritter, Andrew Robertson, Jeannette Sholl, Edith Trickler, Gertrude Turner.

Women's City Club, it's up to you to use this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

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The Modern Vogue—STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect
the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room . . .
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
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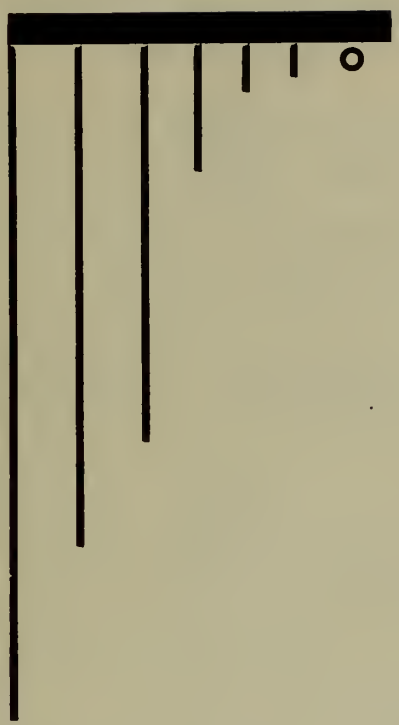

5-2-6-4-1-3

Way Back in the Days When They Printed Graphs — —

Remember the good old graphs of a few years ago that showed us just how things were going? What has become of them? Seems as though they were getting to be as extinct as the good old 'dodo.'

Which leads one to wonder on the value of the 'dodo.' Did the 'dodo' treat us right? Are we not better off without the 'dodo;' particularly as we are threatened with technocracy? These are problems for our scientists for they discovered the 'dodo,' prepared the graph and told us about technocracy.

The reason we re-introduce the graph this month is to illustrate that numbers do not necessarily prove anything. On the very fine chart on your left are lines that denote a diminishing order. The numbers under each line mean nothing. But right here we make it known that the lines correspond to the rapid progress made by the Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club, in bringing to your attention De Wan's Permanent Hair Remover.

• Here is a hair remover so mild, so fine, that it is recommended for use on the face. Harmless, of course; otherwise we would not carry it. Those who have used De Wan's Hair Remover tell us that they notice a retarding of the growth of hair with each treatment.

De Wan's Hair Remover is delicate . . unlike any you have used before. Try it and see!

Sold for home treatment and used in the Beauty Salon.

in all matters pertaining to the care of the skin, scalp and hair—as well as manicuring, the Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club offers the highest type of skilled service . . . it is not a matter of Club loyalty to patronize this department; rather, it is a favor you render yourself—prices are right, affording you the best at the lowest price commensurate with the operation of a first class institute . . . call mrs. grabow at garfield 8400 for appointments.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING DINNER, MARCH 8

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUPS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Mrs. Stoddard will review outstanding books of the day. Time is reserved for discussion. Admission, purchase of scrip in the amount of 50 cents to be used in any department of the Club at any time. Guests 25 cents.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First Thursday Evening of Every Month . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

On the first Thursday evening of every month Mrs. Stoddard will give a Book Review in the National Defenders' Room. Dinner is served at 6 o'clock, the review following immediately after.

BRIDGE GROUPS—Mrs. Alice M. Roedel

Duplicate Bridge Play will be held in the Chinese Room every Monday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Fee to be 60 cents each session.

Contract Bridge Lecture Course (in two sections) will be held on Wednesday evenings at 7:45 o'clock to March 22, and on Thursday mornings at 10:30 o'clock to March 16.

CURRENT EVENTS SECTION —Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

Every Other Wednesday . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Second Tuesdays of Every Month . . . . . *Auditorium* 7:30 P.M.

Following the morning lectures there will be a continued discussion at a table in the National Defenders' Room. Members are invited to join Mrs. Lucas at her table. Cafeteria service. The evening lecture is given for those who cannot attend morning session.

DRAMA GROUP—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

First and Third Friday of Every Month . . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

Reading and discussion of recent plays. Members and guests are invited. Tea is served at 4 o'clock.

FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office

French Conversational Table Second and Fourth Wednesdays . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays . . . . . *Card Room* 2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL

Every Friday Night . . . . . *Swimming Pool* 5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.

SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office

Spanish Conversational Table Second and Fourth Thursdays . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

GERMAN CONVERSATIONAL TABLE—Mrs. Evelyn Strauss

Alternate Wednesdays Commencing March 8 . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

A DAY IN MEXICO — MARCH 29 — AUDITORIUM

2 P. M. TO 10 P. M.

March 1—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles E. Curry . . *Board Room* 1:00 P.M.

Contract Bridge Lessons . . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

2—Contract Bridge Lessons . . . . . *Chinese Room* 10:30 A.M.

The Bible as English Literature—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Subject: The Literary Types: History, Prophecy, Wisdom Writing, Poetry

Book Review Dinner . . . . . *National Defenders' Room* 6:00 P.M.

Speaker: Dr. Adelaide Brown

Subject: Forty Years for Labrador, by Sir Wilfred Grenfell

Thursday Evening Program . . . . . *Auditorium* 8:00 P.M.

Lecture and Demonstration by Miss Marion D. Jamison and Miss Betty Crosby Robinson

Subject: The Value of the Dance as an Educational Medium

3—Book Discussion Group . . . . . *Chinese Room* 11:00 A.M.

Speaker: Mrs. Alfred C. Reed

Subject: Earth Horizon, by Mary Austin

Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard . . . . *Chinese Room* 2:00 P.M.

6—Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel . . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell . . . . . *Auditorium* 11:00 A.M.

Young Members' Luncheon—Cafeteria Service . . . . *Mural Room* 12:30 P.M.

7—Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge . . . . . *Auditorium* 10:00 A.M.

8—Lecture in German Drama—Mrs. Evelyn Strauss . . . *Board Room* 11:00 A.M.

French Conversational Table . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

German Conversational Table . . . . . *Cafeteria* 12:00 NOON

Annual Membership Meeting (dinner) . . . . . *Cafeteria* 5:30 TO 6:30 P.M.

Reports to Be Read After Dinner . . . . . *Cafeteria* 7:30 P.M.

Contract Bridge Lessons . . . . . *Chinese Room* 7:45 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street — *Telephone* GArfield 8400

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SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME VII — MARCH, 1933 — NUMBER 2

PEOPLE SAY . . .

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MAIN FLOOR — WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

March 9	Contract Bridge Lessons	*Chinese Room*	10:30 A.M.
	The Bible as English Literature—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: History: Old Testament, Especially Deuteronomy	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Robert E. Stevenson Subject: Chinese Cricket Culture	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
13	Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
	Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
14	Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
	Evening Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	7:45 P.M.
15	Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
	Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
16	Contract Bridge Lessons—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M.
	The Bible as English Literature—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Prophecy: Old Testament, Especially Isaiah	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Freeman Tilden Subject: The Debt Situation	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
17	Drama Group—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
20	Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Duplicate Bridge	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
21	Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
22	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
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	Lecture on German Drama—Mrs. Evelyn Strauss	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	German Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
23	The Bible as English Literature—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Wisdom Books, Especially Job	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dr. Alfred C. Reed Subject: The Curse of Ankor	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	Dramatic Reading—Mrs. Hugh Brown, "Distant Drums"	*Auditorium*	2:30 P.M.
27	Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Duplicate Bridge—Mrs. A. M. Roedel	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
28	Lecture on Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
29	Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	A Day in Mexico Mexican Refreshments to Be Served	*Auditorium*	2:00 TO 10:00 P.M.
30	Lecture on German Drama—Mrs. Evelyn Strauss	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	The Bible as English Literature—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: Poetry, Especially Psalms and Song of Songs	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Captain Paul Stinchfield Subject: Defending Our Heritage	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

The Women's City Club Monday, February 20, held its annual election, the result of which is the following Executive Committee: Seated, left to right—Mrs. William B. Hamilton, First Vice-President; Miss Katharine Donohoe, President; Miss Marion Leale, Treasurer. Standing, left to right—Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Paul Shoup, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Marian Burr, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Julia Easley, Third Vice-President.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Foreword:

● As I step into the group of past presidents, I am conscious of mixed emotions—sadness at leaving an office which carries with it the exaltation of an enviable position, thankfulness that four loyal Boards of Directors have supported my four successive administrations, regret that the dreams of accomplishment could not all be realized, grateful that some have been fulfilled. But above all, and dwarfing all else, is the consciousness that the honor of being President of the National League for Woman's Service of California has been a privilege which will ever bind me to the organization in loyal service of varying degree. This pledge, then, need not be put into words.

It is now one of my greatest pleasures of office and a fitting climax to many joys which have come to me because of office, to welcome in the name of the membership our next President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, whose unselfish services since our organization days during the war are familiar to us all. For years she has brought to us the beauty of the out-of-doors with its message of recurring springtime.

It is our privilege now to receive her at the Annual Meeting on March 8 as our President and to welcome her with the love and enthusiasm our hearts hold for her as she leads us forth to new paths of usefulness.

MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE M. DONOHOE

● Deeply appreciative of the honor shown me by the Women's City Club, I shall pledge myself to carry on the policies and fine traditions of the National League for Woman's Service, and hope that I may rely on the co-operation of the Board of Directors and the membership.

Some Hints on Improving San Francisco

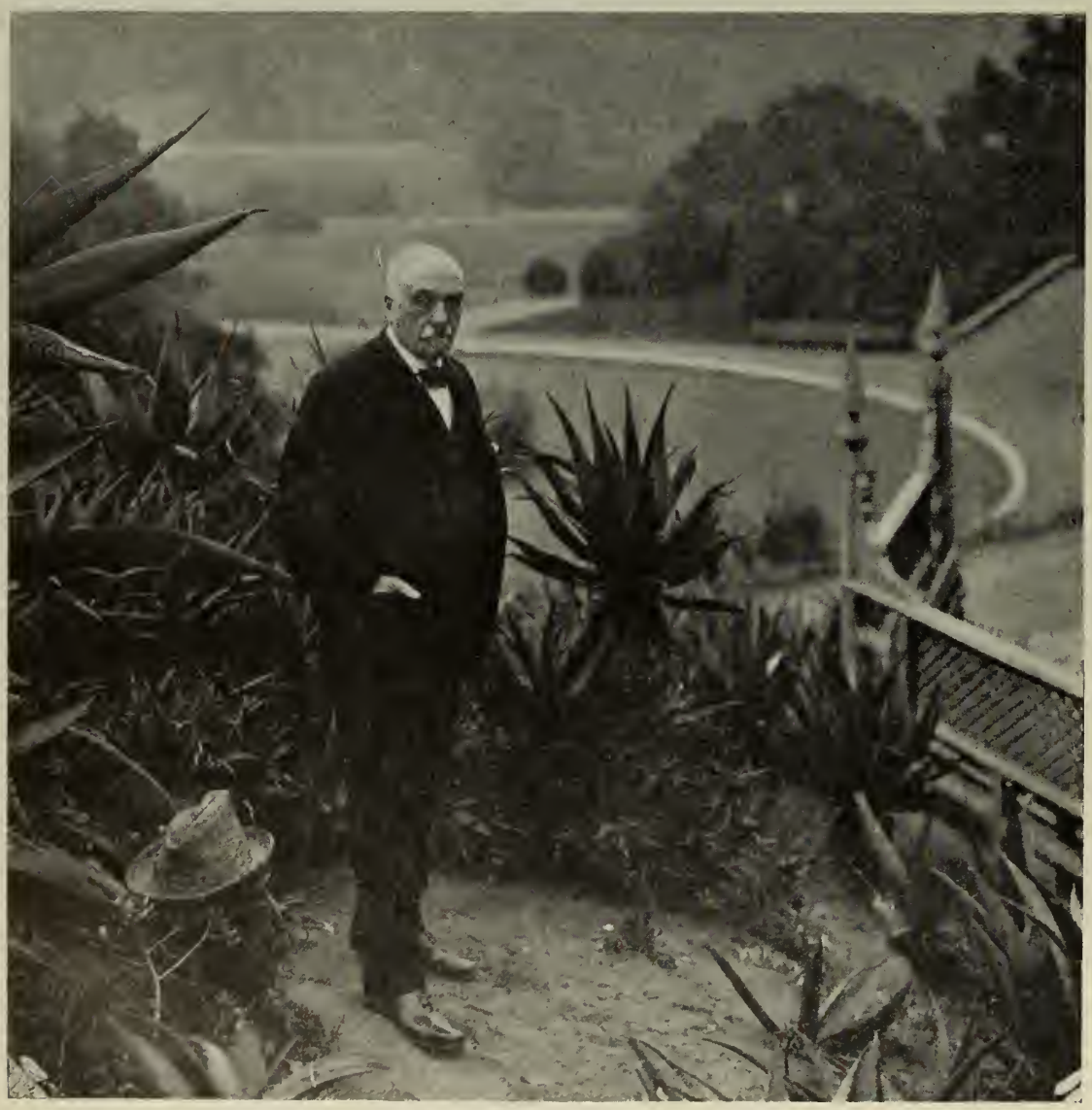
—As Suggested by MR. JOHN MCLAREN *to a Member of the Women's City Club*

● On thinking over the possibilities of improving San Francisco, the idea occurs to me, as it doubtless has occurred to many of you, of making this city more attractive by planting trees along the main streets. Right now San Francisco is the most nearly treeless city in the world —certainly a sad admission to be compelled to make. Picture to yourself the enhancing effect of rows of elm or sycamore trees growing along each side of California Street and Van Ness Avenue and consider whether it is not worth while to start a definite movement in this direction.

Another pet idea of mine is to restore the barren slopes of Marin County and Angel Island to their former natural state by planting them with pine and cypress, thus duplicating to a certain extent the impressive wooded beauty of Puget Sound.

Considering the gardens themselves, I would suggest by way of improvement the use of a greater variety of flowering shrubs. San Francisco's temperate climate is particularly well adapted to the cultivation of a great many different plants instead of merely a few. Compared to cities east, north and south of us, San Francisco has almost unlimited possibilities for variety in gardening. Almost all the shrubs native to the southern hemisphere, as the four hundred varieties of Erica of South Africa, and the Escalonia of South America, adapt themselves perfectly to this particular climate; and as they are winter flowering plants they provide us with the means of having color in our gardens the year around.

Why are there not more rhododendrons in San Francisco gardens? Considering that they are most easily obtained (they grow wild along the coast from Monterey to the northern border) there seems to be an unnecessary scarcity of these colorful plants.



John McLaren, Creator and Sovereign of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

Gardens — "He Who Has a Garden Has a Future"

—MRS. JOSEPH D. GRANT, PRESIDENT SAN FRANCISCO GARDEN CLUB

● After generous rainfall, well-spaced as one could wish, our gardening members are out in force hopefully stirring the soil, planting and transplanting. Days of sparkling clarity—Mediterranean days—have come again to remind us of how near akin our California is, in its growing conditions and characteristic flora, to the lands of southern Europe.

No wonder the *padres* and the *pobladores* fell in love at first sight with California, for it reminded them of their far-off homeland. Our native growth has much affinity with that of the Hispanic Peninsula; and, as we know so well, plants from the Mediterranean littoral prosper here as in their own clime. The olive and the grapevine, the orange and the palm—these were soon flourishing in the gardens set out by Padre Junipero and his companions.

Inspiring influences which are now manifest amongst lovers of gardens in California are a loving regard for the original flora of our fair state and a continuing interest in the planting program started by the padres—the introduction and culture of plants, such as those from Mediterranean shores, which seem to be especially appropriate to our landscapes and our climate.

The widespread and growing move to "domesticate" shrubs native to California merits our acclaim; and our home gardens are welcoming more and more of our flowers of the field. I shall not call them "wild flowers," in deference to the dictum of our friend Dr. Willis L. Jepson, Professor of Botany in the University of California, who once protested, "Please do not say 'wild' flowers. They are not nearly as wild as we humans! Why not call them the 'native' flowers?"

Well, some of those gardeners whom we know have "gone native" in a very charming way—they have become specialists in the aboriginal plant growth of our own region, and are creating gardens with these rich materials, in delightful combination. Of course, the planting plans for gardens of native growth vary in different places, the seashore garden calling for one treatment, the mountain garden for another. But in few lands can be found more attractive trees for background planting than our several varieties of native pines—the Monterey pine and the Torrey pine, for instance—or our Douglas fir, Santa Lucia fir or Monterey cypress. The lordly redwood adds a distinctively Californian touch to any landscape, and its cousin the big tree *(Sequoia gigantea)* flourishes at sea-level around the Bay of San Francisco, even though its present native habitat is several thousand feet above, in the Sierra Nevada.

As an instance of such possibilities for improvisation, if I may term it such, I call to mind a friend who has a few acres on the Carmel coast who is adding to the present "cover" a well-planned garden of native trees and shrubs —rigidly excluding from the planting plan any elements which do not belong to that region. A hedge of toyon and cascara ("coffee-berry" or "bear bush") and manzanita is taking form; California lilac *(ceanothus)* crowns a headland, wild plum *(prunus ilicifolia,* with its holly-like leaves) has been massed in a canyon, and above rises a new grove of Monterey cypress *(cupressus macrocarpa.)*

Many gardeners are heeding thus the appeal of the native flora, but the attention of many others is directed elsewhere, for one of the greatest charms of gardening, especially in California, is the diversity of interest—the many forms which the garden may be made to assume. We have commented on how the padres added to the floral wealth they found; and the early Spanish settlers took endless joy in their flower-filled patios. Entirely appropriate is it, therefore, that here, where the Hispanic architectural influence still prevails, gardens are set out as theirs were, graced with the flowering pomegranate, the oleander, roses of Castile, and the *datura* whose jasmine-fragrance pervaded those nights of romance in *Alta California.* Authentic Spanish-Californian patio gardens may be seen, such as that at the Casa Adobe below the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, to serve as models for the present generation of garden-lovers.

A tendency to bring the garden into conformity with the architecture of the house is notable, though there is happily no need to adhere to any rigid rules in this. But it is pleasing to see that the Colonial residence has often its garden of old-fashioned flowers, in beds divided by radiating paths, a sun-dial set duly in the midst of all; that the Ann Hathaway cottage, behind its evergreen hedge, is adorned with the blooms of Old England; that the crow-stepped Dutch Colonial mansion has, in keeping, its Dutch bulb garden of severe formality; the chalet has its Alpine collection, in a rock-garden isolated from all formal surroundings; and the Pueblo-style residence is likely to be approached by a driveway lined with agaves and cacti, with a wizard's garden of desert growth roundabout—*yucca* and *sahuaro, ocotilla opuntia* and *nopal.* The fitness of things guides in setting the style of the garden, or of sectors of the garden, and this increasing desire for harmony with the style of the house is indeed a hopeful sign.

What infinite variety can be given to the gardening art! Therein lies its abiding appeal. The care and cultivation of the garden, which should be shared if possible by the entire household, lend a set of interests to life not to be found elsewhere—and a solace which only the nurture of Mother Earth can give. As the old proverb has it, "More grows in a garden than a gardener sets there."

English Gardens in California

—JUDITH WALDRON-SKINNER

● Californians are fortunate because they are not limited in their choice of gardens. The climate and conditions are such that they may borrow their ideas from all countries, and in designing a garden it is largely a matter of the owner's desire influenced by the architecture of the house and the natural conditions and lay of the land. Therefore, an English garden is only one of the many that may be chosen.

In studying the development of gardening in England it is interesting to note that she cannot be said to have a national style unless we take as an expression of the English people the little cottage gardens with their flowering patches, simple paths, and clipped hedges. In the cottage gardens the natural conditions have produced a similarity of appearance which is more definitely a style that the design of larger gardens, and the love of gardening, and particularly of growing plants, is distinctly a national trait which long freedom from internal warfare has given the cottager opportunity to develop. Other civilizations and continental countries have often been a source of inspiration to the larger gardens of England. From Italian gardens they learned proportion and symmetry; from French gardens expansive ideas; from Dutch gardens quaintness and formality. England accepted and modified the styles of other countries, adapted them to her own use. But nevertheless the cottage gardens are the truest and most abiding expression of English gardens (with perhaps the exception of the landscape garden), and from them developed eventually the modern English garden —the garden of today, that influences the gardens of many countries.

The main characteristics of modern English gardens are:

1. Their wide open spaces, particularly the use of lawns which are used to set off the house, the rest of the garden, and give a sense of restfulness and repose.

2. The simple grouping of trees and shrubs, both deciduous and evergreen. Each specimen or group is important to the whole plan and used so that they give a telling note.

3. Restraint in planting around the house itself so that the best features of the house are emphasized. For while the house is "tied" to the ground very little foundation planting is used, but the choice of material is interesting and individual.

4. The development of the herbaceous or mixed perennial border which is definitely a child of the mixed cottage border. This owes a great deal to the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll, who devoted much time to the use of plants and combination of color in her gardens at Munstead, and whose delightful books have influenced both small and large gardens.

5. The development of special gardens, particularly rock gardens.

6. Their privacy, created by the use of hedges, walls and fences. By them the English secured their desired seclusion and safety from intrusion, and now they have become charming features.

How can the gardens of England help us in California, and how are they helping us?

In many parts of California typical English gardens have been developed and they are admirably suited to districts where sufficient water can be given. Judging by our garden at the California School of Gardening for Women at Hayward, they certainly have proved very desirable during so severe a winter as 1932-1933 because, owing to the variety of planting and the use of many hardy plants, little damage has been done by the frost.

But there are also certain principles that English gardens teach us that may be applied to all gardens:

1. In the use of plants and design, not slavishly to follow other countries, but to use the principles and apply them to our climate and surroundings; and for the backbone of our planting to use plants that are adapted to our conditions.

2. They should teach us the use of open spaces even though we may not always be able to use lawn. There are other substitutes, such as gravel and ground covers.

3. To be restrained in the use of plant material so that our gardens may be a coherent picture rather than a collection of plants. But at the same time we should experiment in the use of plants, for the English have always been indefatigable in their search for new plants and their use of them.

4. The use of color, particularly in the planting of perennial borders.

5. The use of hedges and walls.

6. The charm of small, intimate gardens, and that no garden is too small to be made a thing of beauty.

7. And lastly, perhaps the most important lesson they teach is the love of plants and the growing of them for themselves, and the patient developing of a garden by realizing that it must grow gradually if it is to be a place of real and abiding beauty. This is being realized more and more by the garden lovers of California, who through the work they themselves are putting into their gardens are making them worthy of the climate and the beautiful natural setting with which they are blessed.

Seal of the Garden Club of America

Annual Meeting March 8

DINNER BETWEEN 5:30 AND 6:30 O'CLOCK

REPORTS AND FORECASTS AFTERWARD

● That's the program of the Annual Membership Meeting of the City Club, to be held Wednesday, March 8. She who attends will be informed all about the affairs of her Club, the *modus operandi*, the bills payable, bills paid, plans and expectations for the coming year. Miss Katharine Donohoe, the new President, will be presented by Miss Marion Leale, the retiring executive. Reports of committees and officers will be made and the year's program outlined.

Miss Elizabeth Wilbur read Noel Coward's play "Cavalcade" at the City Club during the month just closed, drawing a large and enthusiastic audience.

Miss Virginia Chilton, Mrs. Harry Allen and Miss Catherine A. Allen were picturesque figures at the City Club Book Mart, the setting of which was medieval.

Spring Work in the Garden

—CLARA M. SCHAEFFER

● After the severest winter experienced in many years in the Bay district, spring is again here to lure us into our gardens. And oh! the tasks that are ready and waiting for bright sunny days to give us "spring garden fever"!

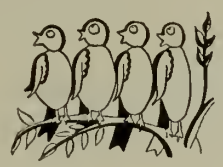
In colder parts of the country March, April and May are considered the spring months, while our spring ordinarily begins a month earlier. This year, however, growth in our gardens is several weeks late in starting.

Spring is a time of quick growth, not only of our cultivated plants but of weeds and pests as well. And how slugs, snails and aphis delight in eating the succulent young plant growth! So keep a sharp lookout for weeds and pests. While it is most necessary to cover all parts of the foliage and the ground under plants in dusting and spraying, one need not be wasteful in applying material, and a thin coating is better than a heavy one in dusting. Make your applications at frequent and regular intervals.

March is one of the best seed-sowing months of the year. All annuals except the most tender may be sown. If sown during March, some of the biennials and perennials will bloom this year. March is also the best month for planting semi-tender trees such as acacias and eucalyptus and for moving and planting succulents. Rockeries should be overhauled if this has not already been done and early-flowering rock plants such as aubretia and arabis top-dressed. A good spring top-dressing or mulch for alpines is composed of leaf mold or well-soaked peat, chip rock, some sand and a little well-rotted cow manure. Work it well up around the collar of the plants. Feed roses.

Divide your chrysanthemums and take chrysanthemum cuttings in March. It is a good month for planting herbaceous perennials, gladioli and tuberous rooted begonias. Don't delay cultivating and begin staking plants. This is a good time to sow lawns, provided the weather is open and mild, although fall is better. Spring fertilize lawns before the end of the spring rains. It is best to use a complete fertilizer, and where weeds are particularly bothersome sulphate of ammonia is advisable. All main plantings in the garden should be finished this month.

The tender annuals such as gourds, torenia and balsam are sown in April, as are also some of the hardier annuals for succession of bloom. Thin out shoots of plants such as delphinium and the herbaceous veronicas before they have attained too much growth. Begin disbudding roses as soon as the buds show and continue feeding the bushes. Start dahlias and trigridia and continue plantings of gladioli for succession of bloom. Most tender plants may safely be planted in April and plantings of herbaceous perennials are continued for succession of bloom.



Soft wood cuttings such as fuchsia, geranium, pentsecmon, verbena and viola are taken in spring.

For those having indoor gardens only, spring also has its tasks. This is probably the best time of the year to repot your house plants. Give them new soil and cut back the plants where necessary. A good compost for most house plants is composed of three parts good garden loam, one part well-rotted manure or leaf mold or a mixture of both, and one part clean sand. Add a little fine bone meal for reserve food supply—about six tablespoonfuls to a pail of soil. As plants are coming into bloom, feed with liquid manure, if available, or some of the quick-acting nitrogenous fertilizers especially prepared for this purpose. Never fertilize a weak or diseased plant, and be careful to keep fertilizer away from the foliage when applying. Soil should be moist when fertilizers are applied.

These are some of the tasks which spring lures us into the garden to perform. To the true garden lover they are not really tasks, however, but rather labors of love —and what rewards there are to look forward to!

We want to thank the many members who have so generously contributed to the Roof Garden. We even had a Valentine gift of several baskets of lovely pansy plants (from Miss Esther Rhine).

We feel that we are really beginning to get results in the Roof Garden and would like to get started on our fuchsia and fern courts off the Cafeteria on the Third Floor.

And we have a lath house on the roof where plants can be brought on for use throughout the Club.

During March we would very much like to have plants of dicentra (bleeding heart), cinerarias, ferns, fuchsias, nemesias, begonias (tuberous and fibrous rooted).

A new garden class is being formed to begin March 14. If interested advise Executive Office.

Lecture Aide

Mrs. Edward Rainey

Chairman of the committee in charge of the appearance of Professor Benjamin H. Lehman of University of California is Mrs. Edward Rainey of Women's City Club. The subject of the address is "The Bible as English Literature." The series is given Thursdays at 11 a. m.

Prof. Benjamin H. Lehman Lectures on "The Bible as English Literature"

● The second lecture of Professor Lehman's course will be held Thursday, March 2, at 11 o'clock. The meetings will be held weekly, and subjects are:

March 2.—The Literary Types: history, prophecy, wisdom writing, poetry.

March 9.—History: Old Testament, especially Deuteronomy.

March 16.—Prophecy: Old Testament, especially Isaiah.

March 23.—Wisdom Books: especially Job.

March 30.—Poetry: especially Psalms and Song of Songs.

April 6.—New Testament: acts and sayings of Jesus.

April 13.—New Testament: acts and sayings of the Apostles; Revelation.

Auditorium, Thursdays at 11 a. m. Course $4; single tickets 75 cents.

Committee: Mrs. Edward Rainey, chairman; Miss Ida Bourn, Miss Jean Boyd, Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. N. C. Frost, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Miss Mary Lansdale, Miss Victoria Lilienthal, Mrs. Beatrice Judd Ryan, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Elisa May Willard.

Judith Martinez to Give "A Day in Mexico"

● According to Miss Judith Martinez, one of our members, the outside world does not know the native Mexico, and because of her pride and love for her native country and its people and her appreciation of them as artists in their natural sense of beauty and ability to create, she has offered, as her service to the Club, to give an unusual exhibition of their arts and crafts in the Auditorium on Wednesday, March 29, from 2 to 10 o'clock.

There will be programs both afternoon and evening. Miss Martinez is a member of one of the old families of Mexico and is an artist of note, having exhibited her very beautiful photographs of Mexico at both the Stanford Museum and at Gump's, where they received much praise.

Miss Martinez will give a talk touching briefly the highlights of the indigenous life in Mexico—its picturesque background of costumes, customs, music and dances, covering the most representative groups from the north of the republic to the south and from the most primitive natives to the most civilized group.

After this short explanation, the songs and costumes of each group will be presented by different members of the group depicting the scenes from life in Mexico. There will also be a few of the most typical native dances.

Miss Martinez has collected the music of the country (which is all original in arrangement) and is directing the program.

Those taking part in the program are: Mrs. Robert D. Thompson (nee Celia Martinez); Miss Elena Lindeman, prominent in San Francisco amateur dramatics; Miss Carmen Sancedo, interpreter of Mexican and Spanish folk songs; Miss Lupe Lima, pianist; Francisco Navarro, guitarist.

All those taking part in the program were born in Mexico and have the background and natural ability to interpret Mexico through its music, songs and dances.

The day following the exhibition there will be a smaller exhibition with the addition of some pictures and other articles, in one of the smaller rooms in the Clubhouse. This will be open to the members and their friends for one week.

Mrs. Garfield D. Merner is chairman.

Mexican refreshments served both in the afternoon and at the dinner hour.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING — MARCH 8
Dinner and Reports

Judith Martinez

Drama Reading Group

● This entertaining unit has proved that it has come to stay. It is fast showing signs of being a very vital part of the activities of the Women's City Club. The unit is divided into two sub-groups, either of which a member may join.

The active group reads, studies and acts the plays and skits, and the associate group listens and enthuses by its criticism and attendance.

The meetings are held in the Chinese Room every first Friday and every third Friday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock, and are growing in size and enthusiasm every month. On first Fridays a play is read by a selected cast; on third Fridays a talk on various aspects of drama is given by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard. Also the play of the previous Friday is discussed, followed by a skit which is acted by two or three members who have prepared for the occasion. Those who come—and all are welcome—will be rewarded with a very pleasant and profitable afternoon. No fee is charged. Tea is served at 4 o'clock.

Swimming Classes to Start

● During March and April two evening swimming classes will be held every Wednesday at 5:30 o'clock. One class will be in elementary swimming and the other in advanced swimming and diving. They will both start on March 8 and continue through May 3.

The course will be $2 for members, $3 for guests. If interested, please leave name at Swimming Pool office.

Watch for the announcement of spring styles in bathing wear at the Pool.

EDITORIAL

● Greening hills across the Bay and out Twin Peaks way. Early spring flowers, narcissus, daffodils, freesias.

And Daphne, which deserves a line all to itself.

Rain and sunshine alternating.

Fleecy clouds piled high over sky-blue waters——

That's March in San Francisco.

That's when Gardeners' Urge begins insidiously to attack old and young alike.

It's a peculiar malady and yields to but one kind of treatment—digging in fragrant, moist earth.

Spring does not burst full-panoplied upon San Francisco. It sends many heralds; and then, at last, comes the year's renewal.

The City Club knows it is Spring because:

The vases of cut flowers and potted plants flaunt yellows and blues:

The Roof Garden takes on a more emerald green;

More than the usual quota of decorative greenery and bloom are brought in by country members when they come to town;

There is a new President and Board of Directors, and fragrance, vitality and the imperceptible breath of Nature's rebirth is communicated to all.

It's a gladsome time.

Living becomes a privilege and a sacred responsibility. The long hibernating is over. The sun has come over the hill. Let's get out into the garden of life.

"Gardening" is the theme of this issue of the Magazine of the City Club.

The City Club itself is a garden in which many have worked, turning over the soil from year to year and watching the harvest as it is garnered in the Fall, after the roses have bloomed.

Seven years have passed since the first Spring in the present building—it was a bonny April—and now the City Club stands firmly planted in the good, brown earth of San Francisco.

What Gardeners they have been, the pioneers!

No slugs, no mildew, no twisted roots, no tangled overgrowth or dubious undergrowth.

Steady has been the development of bud and branch; and fair the weather appears for the coming years.

The New President

It's a pleasing coincidence that announcement of Miss Katharine Donohoe's election to the Presidency of the City Club could be made in the Garden Number of the Magazine. For Miss Donohoe is perhaps the most enthusiastic gardener in the entire membership. Her gardens at Menlo Park and at the Donohoe home in Broadway furnish much of the decorative material of the Club and when there is a festive occasion, such as the visit of Miss Amelia Earhart, the Book Mart, the Talent Festival or the like, Miss Donohoe's services as chairman of the decoration committee are always in demand and if she is in town she always graciously consents.

Collectors' Exhibit in Near Future

● Miss Lucy Allyne will be chairman of the annual "Collectors' Exhibit," now one of the yearly events which City Club members anticipate with much enthusiasm. The date and theme of the Collectors' Exhibit will be announced in the next issue of the Magazine. Like the "Book Mart" of last month, it will have a distinctive setting and be accompanied by interesting features hitherto undeveloped at previous events at which collectors displayed their treasures.

▲

"He that planeth a tree is a servant of God;
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

—Henry Van Dyke.

Maurice Sachs Says Youth Abhors War

—EDITH BRISTOL

● "What if Napoleon Bonaparte were here today?" Maurice Sachs asked his San Francisco listeners, and then proceeded to answer the question for himself.

"If the first Napoleon were here today he would not make himself emperor. For emperors, you may have observed, have gone out of fashion. And one must be fashionable. But Napoleon would most assuredly make himself premier, or even dictator."

The outstanding trait of M. Sach's manner of commenting on current European politics is his tendency to bring the politics of the past and the politics of the present to an equal footing.

"We of Europe have made of politics an art, for we are very old in politics and America is very young," he confided to his audience.

Sachs, who is the author of "A Decade of Illusions," belonged to a group in 1918 to 1928 that centered around Anatole France, Paul Claudel, Picasso and Matisse. He is the grandson of the composer Bizet, whose "Carmen" is best known of Gallic operas.

In the elevation of Hitler to the German chancellorship, Sachs sees a forecast of the attempted return of the house of Hohenzollern to German government.

"Such a *coup d'etat* as that of Napoleon III in returning the French power to the house of Bonaparte," Sachs declared, "might be very easily attempted by Prince August Wilhelm, fourth son of the Hohenzollern house, now a member of the German Reichstag and possibly an aspirant for political supremacy.

"France sees in the rise of Hitler the dangerous results of the women's vote," Sachs stated. "France, always opposed to the franchise for women, looks at the elevation of Hitler and says, 'Behold, another effect of the emotional voter,' and is more firmly opposed to granting the vote to women than ever."

France's man of the future, according to Sachs, is Leon Blum, heir to the traditions of Briand, an evolutionary socialist of the type represented in America by Norman Thomas. Blum, according to Sachs, is the voice of the happy medium between the extremists of both political parties.

For the logical choice of France as her next premier, Sachs forecasts Phillippe Berthelaut, at present a power in the Chamber of Deputies, but a man who prefers the background of the political scene.

"France has been of late governed by the very old," Sachs said. "Behold Clemenceau, recognized as great when he was 74. The middle generation has been killed off in the war. The young generation has not yet attained its full measure of power.

"But it is the young generation that is determined to have peace," the speaker said. "It is the younger element that dreads war—even while France is always speaking of war, and that looks ahead to the United States of Europe, dreamed of alike by conquerors and by those who yearn for peace."

Monsieur Sachs, accompanied by his wife, who is the translator of his books, has been giving a series of talks on art at the Palace of the Legion of Honor and was first heard in San Francisco on politics in Europe, before a luncheon program of San Francisco Center.

This Kind of Transformation Can Take Place (With Proper Encouragement) on a San Francisco Porch in the Space of a Few Weeks.

Miss Jamison to Give Dance Program

● "The Value of the Dance as an Educational Medium" will be the title of the lecture and demonstration to be presented on March 2 by Marion D. Jamison of Berkeley and her pupil, Betty Crosby Robinson.

Formerly in charge of dancing at Mills College, Miss Jamison is qualified to speak with authority on this aspect of the dance.

The topic is of particular interest at this time, in view of the wave of enthusiasm for the dance and its possibilities which is spreading to the West.

Betty Crosby Robinson, whose debut on Tuesday, March 21, at the Women's City Club in Oakland will be an event of note in the spring calendar, will aid Miss Jamison by demonstrating her lecture.

Book Mart Proves Interesting and Profitable

● Members of the City Club, bibliophiles, the local press and all who attended the Book Mart at the Club last month, are unanimous in their enthusiasm over its beauty and originality.

The setting was medieval in character and the "vendors" were in costumes in keeping with the spirit of the "mart."

Miss Shafter Complimented

● Miss Mary S. Shafter was the recipient of much praise at the conclusion of the Valentine Party at which she staged a program of appropriate dances under the general heading of "A Knave of Hearts."

Mlle. Polaa La Garde

Subduing Clothes to Your Personality

—POLAA LA GARDE

● It is customary to accept Paris fashions as our guide in dress. That is all very good and useful, but we lose our individuality through the general dictation of fashions.

The great designers select things for style that seem lovely to their vision, but what are the people to do who are not fortunate enough to look well in such selections? I would like to contribute an account of my experiences in the different fields of costume designing.

Sometimes when speaking of costumes one thinks of the theater or a phantasy. Costume, in the French, means a dress. I would like to tell in my language what a costume is. A costume is a composition—the individual being the center of attraction. So often one notices a bracelet or fur piece on a person which seems lovely by itself, but the individual wearing it is forgotten. In that case, it does not justify the owner. The difficulty is that clothes, like other things, are offered in such mass production that individual needs are not considered. And with the rapid changes in style we are inclined to be more stylish than "our own true selves."

To be well dressed it is not necessary to spend a great deal of money. All one has to do is plan. We plan our homes, our gardens, our meals; but how many women plan their wardrobes?

In order to plan a wardrobe successfully, one should first know herself. By this I mean her temperament and type. Next comes the budget, then color, season and occasion. Try to do it systematically and you will find yourself practicing economy. We certainly all understand the meaning of the word these days. I feel that I can help you practice economy with wisdom.

It is indeed an art worth while to learn how to shop, compose and actually make one's individual ideas in clothes. You may find a service of this kind at the Club in Room 208 under the direction of Polaa La Garde.

Special Guest Card Privilege

● Upon the payment of $1 a year, from March 1, 1933, to March 1, 1934, members may have an unlimited number of guest cards issued.

These guest cards are for the usual two weeks' privilege and may be issued only to persons living fifty miles from San Francisco. The same guest may have two cards a year for two weeks, or one card for four consecutive weeks. All guest cards are issued at the Front Office.

—COLEMAN PHOTO

Mrs. Hugh Brown

"Distant Drums" March 23

● Mrs. Hugh Brown, dramatic reader of wide renown, will read "Distant Drums," by Dan Totheroh, distinguished young California playwright, at the City Club Thursday afternoon, March 23.

Mrs. Brown has given several series of readings at the Club in the last few years and her interpretations and presentations have been of outstanding artistic value.

Mrs. Brown's reading is being given under the distinguished patronage of the following members of the City Club:

Mesdames:

James T. Watkins, Chairman
Carroll G. Cambron
Charles Curry
Joseph De Forest
Clain Gelston
John Keating
Lester Morse
Ernest J. Mott
G. L. MacKenzie
William McPherson
John W. Proctor
Franklin Nutting
James C. Ray
Alfred Read
Edward Rainey
James Sheehan
Thomas A. Stoddard
Harry Torrey
E. P. Wilcox
W. W. Wymore

Misses:

Lutie Goldstein
Ida J. Lord

Plant a Tree

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must clim'
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

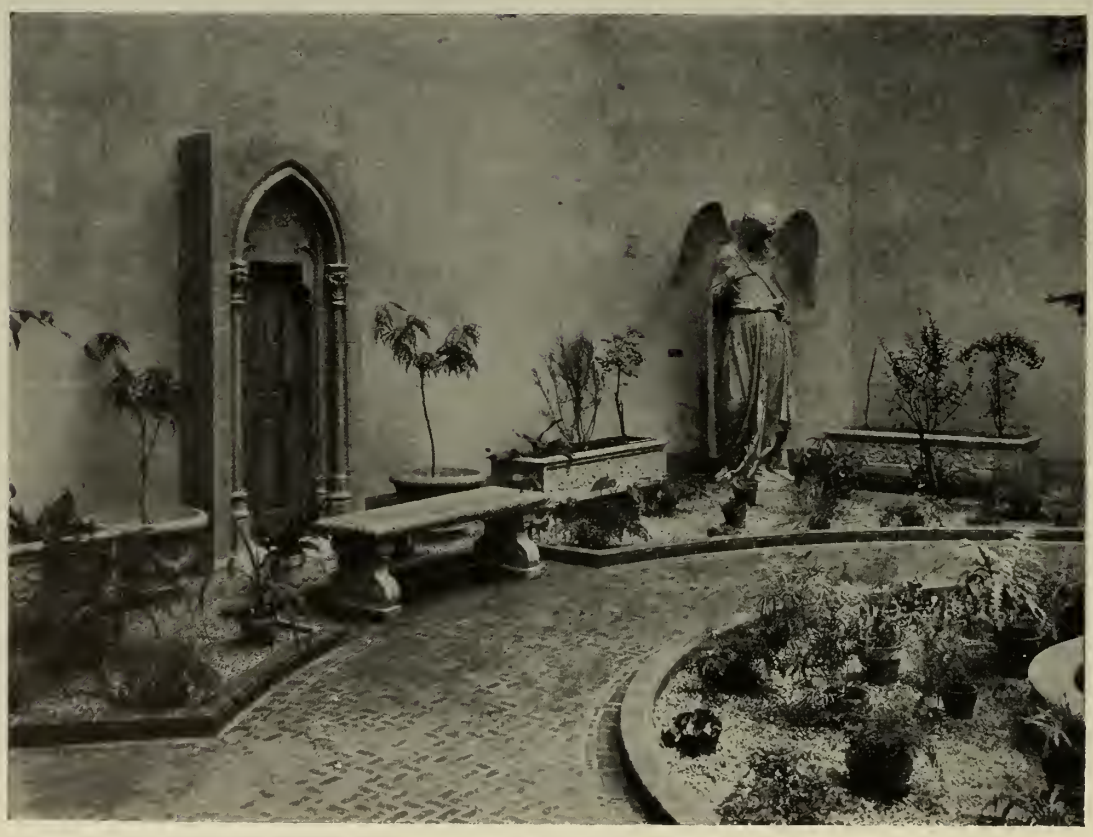
He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creature blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree—
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom
(Born March 5, 1824 (?); Died April 17, 1893)



I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

EARTH HORIZON; by *Mary Austin;* Houghton, Mifflin Co., Publishers; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

More Books of the Orient:

AN AMIABLE ADVENTURE; by *Amy Hemingway Jones;* The Macmillan Co. $1.90.

PEKING PICNIC; by *Ann Bridge;* Little, Brown & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NARIKIN; by *Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto;* Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

● Earth Horizon; by Mary Austin; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

The very name of the book lures to adventure. "Earth Horizon, that incalculable blue ring of sky meeting earth, which is the source of experience," is most significant, since the book is an unrolling of the experiences of Mary Austin's life as they are seen from the "middle place" of her own heart. It is the "subtle sense of relationship" between the heart and the earth horizon which is the "nurture of the spiritual life."

Mrs. Austin's experiences fall along the lines of a pattern which she feels was clearly indicated to her by the time she was thirty years old. So that the book is in reality the record of an accomplished destiny. The incidents which hindered or deferred the accomplishment seem in retrospect to be inconsiderable. "It matters very little where in a scale of achievement I have arrived, or by what incidents. The totality of my experiences is that I have been faithful to the pattern and it has not disappointed me."

One of the lines indicated in her destiny was the experiencing of "Folk." This she first entered by touching intimately her own ancestral history. Part I of the book is the "Saga of Polly McAdams." Polly was Mrs. Austin's great-grandmother. "Whatever in Mary makes her worth writing about has its roots in the saga of Polly and in the roots of which she grew up." Polly McAdams was of the soil, solidly middle class and middle west, and it is to the things she discovered that Mary's generation owed the "success of their revolt against the traditional estimate of women at the rating of an effect produced and re-established for them the criterion of a result achieved."

The book is starred with the things that Mary entered into and the things that she instigated on her own account—things that were a vital part of the American revolt against the traditional estimate of her sex. The temperance movement is one of these revolts. Mrs. Austin illuminates from a new angle (for, at least, one reader) the white ribbon movement mothered by Frances Willard. The light cast by Mrs. Austin on the W. C. T. U. reveals two things: the movement was a struggle against the "notion of the preciousness of women" (which preciousness existed not because of woman's need for protection, but in order to serve the "quality of protectiveness in her man"), and in addition to this the movement was a "measure of protection against an intolerable imposition upon child-bearing women."

Another revolt, in which Mrs. Austin was herself a leader, was that in which women were seeking to establish their right to "unspecialized humanness in a world where the masculine was the normal of human behavior."

One of the lines indicated in the destiny of Mary Austin was that she was to give herself "uncompromisingly to the frame of behavior called mystical." It is due to the illumination attained by the mystic that she was able to make her great contribution to the understanding of the American rhythm through her experiencing of the folkways of the American Indians of the Southwest. Mrs. Austin speaks of her accomplishment in these words: "Without apparently having any choice about it, progress has meant for me a series of forward flashes, long spells of concentrated observation, patient, even anguished inquiry, and suddenly thunder, lightning, rainbow and the sound of wings."

There is one thread running through the book that mars an otherwise great expression of the adventure of living; that thread is a sort of sulky resentment against her family caused by the fact that she was an unwanted child and had no affection or understanding from any member of the family except from her father and the sister, both of whom died while Mary was little more than a child. One regrets that these things seen in "retrospect" did not also "seem inconsiderable."

"Earth Horizon" is a book of intrinsically exciting ideas. Among the most exciting of these is the idea implicit in Mary Austin's life: that the material and the spiritual are different aspects of the same reality and the harmonious whole, which we call living, is the proper relating of the material and the spiritual.

● Books of the Orient!

Serious and not so serious, they multiply. They are evidence that our eyes are turning westward to the "Far East," trying to pierce the cloud of censorship and distance that obscures the truth. Each bit of knowledge contributed by an eye-witness adds to the mosaic which we are building in our minds, of those countries of question-marks, to which our yesterdays were so indifferent.

"An Amiable Adventure" is a tale of a journey around the world, told by Amy Hemingway Jones. We're all going some day, aren't we? Just yesterday, two wandering Virginia cousins telephoned—that unexpected telephone call which is the expected here in San Francisco! "We are sailing on the *President Hoover* around the world, to be gone twenty months." Doesn't that tug at your moorings? If it does, there are magic carpets waiting down at Pier 42. Sometimes I get the restless sense of them lying there, tugging, lifting with every breeze, every wave. I'm getting Dollar liners and magic carpets mixed up, I think! But some day! some day!

If that's the way you feel about it, or if you are sailing next week, read "An Amiable Adventure." The author-traveler has a light and charming touch, a nice sense of humor, and a discrimination which touches just the high spots and the unusual, without dragging one through a tangle of time-tables. At a luncheon of the International League for Peace and Freedom, we met Amy Hemingway Jones and her "partner in the adventure," Amy Gilbert, when they were on the first lap of their journey, from New York to San Francisco. Quite undisturbed, quite unexcited by the peril they were prepared to face. One looked at them with a little wonder at what two lone, lorn women can do today. Not that they were "lorn," for I am sure that they pierced Cambodian jungles, in a decrepit car, behind a wild-eyed Malaysian chauffeur, and with exactly the same undisturbed twinkle in their eyes. It is even

a bit surprising that they refused to climb the steps of Angkor Wat on elephant-back!

All through the story are suggestions for things and places that must not be missed. To add to the enticement, Louise Beckwith has illustrated the pages with exciting little sketches of ships and pagodas and prangs. (Do you know what they are? I didn't. You will have to read the book to find out. I advise you not to read the dictionary instead.) The travel-map, spotted with dragons and torii, sampans and richshas, camels and elephants and temples, is altogether delightful.

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Ann Bridge won the $10,000 *Atlantic Monthly* prize for the most interesting and distinctive novel submitted. Except "Jalna," "Peking Picnic" is the only novel that has been awarded an *Atlantic* prize.

An unusual it is. It is a first book, but one would never guess it. The author, an Englishwoman, has lived in China during these last tempestuous years, and she knows her Peking and her Chinese. And her Englishmen, too.

This is a story of Legation life in the city which the concessions still call Peking —though the new Nationalists have gone back to the older name "Peiping." The actors in the play are sophisticates, most of them. Laura Leroy, wife of an eminent official of the British legation, organizes a week-end picnic party to Chien T'ai Ssu, the Monastery of the Platform of Vows, in the hills beyond Peking. The personnel of the guests is sufficiently varied, besides the honor guests, Mrs. LeRoy's two unmarried nieces, Judith and Lilah. The Chinese call unmarried girls "Kuniangs," or virgins, and Judith, the singing sister, is "the singing Kuniang." Rather nice, what?

There are a young English secretary and a young French diplomat; an American novelist and an American girl; a professor of psychology just out from England, and vulnerable in his recovery from his own unhappy love affair; Hubbard, the cockney maid, and "the noiseless, competent Niu" in his white jacket; priests and donkeymen, bandits and Tommies — all in that "cool air of North China, shot with sunlight, strong and delicately heady as a fine white wine—having this peculiar quality of causing nervous stimulation, producing quite definite results—a lightness, a nimbleness of mind and body, a sort of emotional exaltation in which the most unusual behavior seems possible, normal and delightful. Old hands know this, and are prepared for it—but they feel it, nevertheless."

The tale of the unusual behavior runs merrily along with unfailing interest, as seen through the quiet eyes and nimble mind of Laura Leroy, lovely English chatelaine, not very moral but not quite unmoral, casually calm on the surface, shielding depths below, attracting by her poise the confidences of all the restless ones boiling and surging around her; and the other half of her mind and heart living far away with Tim and Sarah, being educated "at home" with the grandparents in England.

It will be a good play, and a gorgeous movie. It is an interesting tale, and splendid psychology.

Ann Bridge has the vivid gift of transferring what her eyes see. She brings China to us. Listen to this contrast between England and China: "What was the quality in this Chinese scene which so moved her, she wondered? She remembered with curious distinctness the distress she had felt during the first months of her sojourn in Peking at the sheer unfamiliarity of the face of Nature. Her mind, accustomed to draw nourishment from the well-known scenes of England, the great elms standing round the quiet fields, the broad sweep of distant downs, the white roads winding over de Wint-like sky lines, dotted with rick and barn, to the huddle of red village roofs, had ranged eagerly, vainly, over the Chinese countryside, finding no resting place. She remembered how alien at first had seemed these dusty flat fields, unmarked by hedge or tree, and the prevailing brown tone of the landscape; how unnatural the sharpness of outlines in crystal-dry air, the vivid color of the far-off mountain shapes—till her spirit had sickened for green, for the touch of dew, for the soft aqueous blue of distances in a moist climate. The stylized formal beauty of it she had seen at once—what had been lacking was beauty in familiarity. But gradually the alien beauty of China had awakened its own response in her, and now this scene, too, under the blazing, untempered light, had power to nourish her spirit. The eastern changes of the seasons, the sudden swing and rush from brown earth to a high waving sea of green, the autumn gold of willows, the pictures of Chinese country life — spring tillage, the blindfold oxen treading out the grain on the round threshing floors, the patient gathering of the stumps of maize and kaoliang for fuel as winter approached, had the comfort of familiarity, brought their own sense of stability and strength."

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We have not forgotten the vividness of "A Daughter of the Samurai." In "A Daughter of the Narikin," Madame Sugimoto has made us acquainted with another dainty Japanese maiden, and another mode of life in Japan. The "narikin" is the self-made rich man, who hates the name, and his own inferiority complex. Adoring his little daughter, Yukiko, yet he betroths her to a dissolute son of the impoverished nobility, tearing the tendrils of her heart away from Masa Ikeda, son of the housekeeper, whom she loves, and whom her father had earlier planned to adopt into his family, after the Japanese custom of carrying on the family name by means of the daughter's husband.

In the end we see little Yukiko as a pale priestess of a Buddhist temple—"a slender figure in trailing robes of gray at the top of the steps leading from the Hall of the Altar to the garden, the stillness broken only by the soft rubbing of rosary beads mingling with the whispered prayer, 'Namu, Amida, Butsu!' "

The book is dedicated to

"My little, ball-bouncing friend,
Yukiko,
A daughter of the Narikin."

"At Top of List"

● Says the San Francisco *Examiner* of February 22, commenting upon the election of Miss Donohoe to the presidency of the City Club:

"Miss Katharine Donohoe was elected President of the Women's City Club on Monday, succeeding Miss Marion Leale in the office. Miss Donohoe brings to the many activities of the Club a social and executive experience which has made her one of its outstanding members.

"Miss Leale's long and successful term as President has placed the Club at the top of the list of similar organizations throughout the country, and many of her ideas and plans have been copied in numerous cities. Miss Donohoe's executive ability will be built on this foundation.

"Assisting officers for Miss Donohoe will be Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, First Vice President; Miss Marian Burr, Second Vice President; Miss Julia Easley, Third Vice President; Miss Marion Leale, Treasurer; Mrs. Paul Shoup, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. William Sawtelle, Recording Secretary."

The Praying Tree

Within the forest stands a tree
That prays to God unceasingly;
Above her branches, reaching high,
She lifts her green leaves to the sky;
Her prayer rug spread for God to see,
Each quivering leaf an ecstasy;
In whispering murmurs every day
The tree lifts up her voice to pray.
Whene'er I see a tree at prayer
I lift my heart in rev'rence there;
And pray that God will help me be
As straight and upright as a tree.

Plant a Tree

● When asked what kind of a memorial he would like, Luther Burbank once said, "Plant a tree."

He now lies beneath a great Cedar of Lebanon at Santa Rosa, where he lived for the last few years of his life.

Amelia Earhart Charms City Club Members and Guests

● The very spirit of youth and feminine charm was Amelia Earhart as she stood on the stage of the City Club Auditorium on the evening of February 7 and told of her flight across the Atlantic ocean. Not vaingloriously, yet with the seriousness which such a subject and such a feat would merit, and not without a certain dry humor and whimsical turn of phrase which invited her audience to laugh with her at the very moment they were admiring her valor, did the lovely young aviatrix relate her saga.

The Club, naturally, was in its happiest mood and decoration, and the Volunteers in their crispest of uniforms. The stage was done to simulate a garden, with green palings above the footlights and earliest of spring flowers banked about the slim young speaker. She wore an evening gown of light blue, which accentuated the pale gold of her abundant curly hair, worn in the famous boyish bob as seen in her pictures. The resemblance to Colonel Lindbergh appeared more remarkable than ever. She used her hands, capable, long, slender hands, a deal as she spoke and every now and then laughed softly as she spoke of her early determination to be a flyer or of her husband's solicitude.

Miss Earhart paid sincere tribute to her husband's assistance and co-operation in her ambition to cross the Atlantic in an airplane and throughout her address alluded to his gallantry and sympathy.

"The United States is far ahead of any other country in aviation," she stated. "This country has more passengers annually, more mail planes, more express planes and more night flying.

"I flew before I learned to drive an automobile and I'll take my chances with a plane," she asserted with a little chuckle which punctuated her address.

"People's fear of airplanes is not logical," she argued. "There is about one casualty in a million miles, but in a few years I believe flying will be considered the safest form of transportation."

She told of a visit to Rome after her celebrated flight and of learning there about a proposed non-stop flight of eighty planes this spring from Italy to America.

Miss Earhart then told of the actual taking off May 20 at 7 o'clock in the evening; of passing three icebergs and a tiny fishing vessel; of debating with herself after she was three hours out as to the advisability of returning because of something going wrong with her altimeter; and of finally deciding that it was safer to go on.

"At 11:30 I plunged into a cloud formation and the plane was tossed about like a chip. Then rain. I had a feeling that I had been in a similar situation before. Then—ice. Flyers dread ice. So I had to come down nearer the surface of the ocean to prevent freezing, and with the altimeter useless, I had difficulty in knowing how near I was to the water.

"Then I got into what seemed room after room of golden light, and when I saw a fishing vessel I knew land was near.

"The last hour was the hardest. I had illusions of land, but knew they were illusions and knew that I absolutely had to follow my compass. At last I came to land and knew from the peat bogs that it was Ireland. It was near Londonderry, and as there was no airport I landed in a field.

"Now I've been accused of killing a cow," she laughed, with her incomparable chuckle, "but that is not true. although the cows did jump about a bit. When a farmer came to meet me I told him 'I'm from America' and asked for a drink of water. The rest has been told in the newspapers."

Thus the saga of the first woman's flight across the Atlantic was told, quietly, in the most feminine manner imaginable, with more modesty than a debutante would exercise in telling of her first party.

"When I hear young people saying that they have 'gone up' without their parents' knowledge I always want to say that mothers should take their children on their first flight. Then the mother's fear is calmed and the son or daughter is not put to the necessity of dissembling."

At the close of her address Miss Earhart was the guest of honor at a supper and reception on the Fourth Floor. The lecture was amplified from the Auditorium to an overflow audience in the Cafeteria on the Third Floor.

Miss Virginia Mysell was the Queen and Miss Virginia Chilton the King in the production, "The Knave of Hearts," given as a Valentine offering at the City Club February 15, under the direction of Miss Mary Shafter, one of the clever younger members of the Club.

Refresher Courses

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● Do you like the name? It is one of the coined terms of the White House Conference. To me it means a real contribution to better nursing and medical work.

Post-graduate courses lasting from four to six weeks for doctors are offered at large medical centers or as summer courses at medical schools. These entail breaking away from work for two months at least.

Refresher courses will be concentrated in one week, including round tables, conferences in the day's work at the hospital and general discussion of cures, with leadership from the medical teachers, and close contact with their clinical judgment and care of patients. A really refreshing experience, for seeing another doctor think and work is most stimulating to the doctor who meets his problems alone. Such courses will be offered in San Francisco this summer in obstetrics, and probably pediatrics.

For nurses refresher courses can easily include the technique of a well baby clinic and a prenatal clinic, which every hospital could easily have, the technique of the modern care of tuberculosis, of sanitarium care of children, in convalescence. The more technical preparation for blood transfusions, the Wasserman tests, spinal anaesthesia, could be demonstrated.

The work of a visiting nurse in a large city hospital and in the home could form a part of a course. A vivid review and refreshing contacts such a course would give and a better appreciation of the newer developments of nursing possibilities in service and technique, are obvious.

A refresher course in the milk industry is given each year at Davis by the University of California College of Agriculture. This month I went up to give the students a lecture on milk and public health. About 150 men and a few women were taking the course. Milk, butter, ice cream and cheese were being taught, with the highest type of dairy equipment and technique. I never spoke to a more attentive audience. The pasteurizing ordinance before the supervisors in San Francisco came in for many questions. I learned that the name "accredited herd" was awarded to a dairy herd having less than 2 per cent of reactors to the tuberculin test, the re-test to be given each year.

In accomplishing a tuberculin tested milk supply for San Francisco County, about 4,000 head of cattle were destroyed as positive reactors, and one herd had 100 per cent reactors. In the November test of the cows on the certified dairies, nine cases out of 2,267 reacted—or .003 per cent. These certified dairies are free of the organism causing undulant fever and are re-tested every three months for this.

The interest of the workers of the milk industry to their application of modern science and technical advance to the work was most stimulating to a teacher. It gave me a glimpse of what refresher courses could mean.

What our supervisors will do with the pasteurized milk ordinance is still problematical. The health committee presents a minority report, and Monday, February 27, the board takes up the reports.

The committee reported against Ordinance 2, for Ordinance 1. Jack Spalding, chairman, presents a minority report, backed by the Medical Milk Commission, the San Francisco County Medical Society, the Women's Physicians Club, the San Francisco Center. The decision is being watched all over the United States. All large cities and the best public health authorities stand for the prevention of any health menace from pathological organisms by controlled pasteurization. Pasteurization of milk should be done as near the consumer as possible and never be used to keep dirty milk from souring—nor can milk be repasteurized. It necessitates healthy animals, clean dairy technique, rapid handling and rapid delivery. The pasteurizing plants, by law, are limited to San Francisco. There are about twelve such plants and the word monopoly can hardly be applied to such a large competing group.

Now the opponents of the law are emphasizing any law about pasteurizing as monopolistic. The word monopoly has political value! To me the whole discussion is to protect a hotel and club milk and one other small dairy. The real object, as I see it, is to break down the health legislation on a food product. This is a neat ambition for a commercial group in whose hands, honestly administered, is the health of the children and babies of San Francisco.

Milk is too important a food product to be menaced. A board of health must be on the alert to furnish health protection, and juggling health protection laws is dangerous to our homes.

This will all be decided before we go to press. I believe the city fathers will act intelligently. I have written how it looks to me, after a careful following of the discussions of the pasteurizing bill; and I know that you are interested by your telephones and messages.

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Home Economics

—HAZEL B. NOYES

March—Menageries and St. Patrick

● Each month of the year seems to me to have very definite characteristics, and I always think of March as the menagerie month, with lions and lambs cavorting through its boisterous days. Alice in Wonderland with the Mad Hatter and the March Hare seem to belong here, too. Then, of course, there is St. Patrick ousting the multitude of snakes from Ireland. Even the zodiac signs line up with my menagerie, Pisces supplying inmates for the aquarium, and Aries, the ram.

St. Patrick, however, offers the best opportunity for a party featuring the "wearin' o' the green" and all true Irish emblems. It's an easy date to plan for and lends itself well to all kinds of food ideas and table decorations. You may have a perfect galaxy of decorations or feature just one idea. I chose green "high hats" and shamrock as the motif for the luncheon I am planning. For the centerpiece I covered a round can (a two-pound coffee can is about right) with green crepe paper, made a brim of cardboard, covering it with the green paper and fastening it to the can with a band of darker green with a neat flat bow at the side. Turning the hat upside down, I will fill it with yellow daffodils and a few clusters of artificial shamrock. Place cards are miniature green hats purchased at one of the shops or made around little paper cups. These, filled with salted nuts and small green candies, are pasted on slender silver cards and the guests' names painted with green oil paint.

The menu carries out the shamrock idea as much as possible.

MENU

Grapefruit Cocktail with Minted Cherry
Pat's Surprise
Green Pepper Salad Clover Leaf Rolls
Shamrock Ice Cream Sandwiches
Coffee

Grapefruit Cocktail

Halves of large grapefruit with the pulp loosened as for breakfast service, served with a thick, plain French dressing and three halves of minted cherries placed to form a clover leaf.

Pat's Surprise

Bake large potatoes. Cut them in two, scoop out potato and mash and season. Fill the potato skins with creamed chicken, veal, crab, oysters or anything you like; over this a layer of some vegetable like spinach or chard or asparagus, then the mashed potato heaped on top. Place in oven for a few minutes to warm the whole thing through and you have a full-meal potato.

Green Pepper Salad

Green peppers
Cheese
Chives
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

Fill well-drained green peppers with a snappy cheese mixture and let stand in the refrigerator several hours. To serve, slice in rather thin slices, arrange three to a serving on lettuce and pass mayonnaise to which finely chopped chives have been added in proportion of 1 teaspoon to 1 cup of mayonnaise.

Snappy Cheese Mixture

1 pkg. cream cheese
1 pkg. pimiento cheese
1 triangle Roquefort cheese
Worcestershire sauce to taste

Warm cheese slightly and mix thoroughly with Worcestershire sauce. Shape into a ball and serve with crackers.

Clover Leaf Rolls

The rolls may be biscuit dough or icebox rolls baked in muffin tins, arranging three small balls in each tin.

Shamrock Ice Cream Sandwiches

For these make a plain sponge cake, baking it in rather thin sheets. Cut this in squares and ice with a plain white icing, decorating each square with a shamrock of

SEEDS—
BULBS—
GARDEN
ACCESSORIES—

Here is an innovation for Club members and their friends — in the League Shop, NOW . . . all the fancy items of seeds and bulbs and the accessories for the city gardener . . . the seeds and bulbs will do well in the country too, but we feel they are exceptionally fine items for our city gardeners . . . and there are watering cans, markers, and a score of other items that will make the small garden, the window box and the house plant twitter with the birds in the Spring . . . and so accessible — at your League Shop . . .

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Medium —
35c Per Month
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Large —
50c Per Month
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SWIMMING POOL OFFICE

pale green icing, outlined with a pastry tube. To serve, split these, place a slice of ice cream on the lower half and replace the upper half. A few finely chopped nuts may be sprinkled in the outlined shamrock if desired.

Vegetables to the Front

Lenten foods hold the attention of many of us this month and turn us with increased interest to our markets and their beautiful supply of colorful vegetables. If you have ever lived where a green vegetable is an unobtainable luxury, you will never cease to thank California's sunny skies for our never-failing supply of both the usual and the unusual in vegetables.

Is there any one combination of food that has quite the "eye appeal" that a well-dressed vegetable plate can diffuse? Here it is only a matter of choosing which you will serve to make the most attractive meal, always with an eye to a balance of starchy and green varieties.

Feature one vegetable as your *piece de resistance*. This may be a stuffed vegetable, as peppers, onions or squash. Even mushrooms are delicious stuffed. You know, some one has called mushrooms the vegetable beefsteak. Certainly they are frequently associated in our minds.

Fresh mushrooms, however, may take the place of meat on the menu, as they may be used to make very hearty dishes. The large ones are most delicious stuffed. Here in California we have such an abundance of fresh mushrooms that we can revel in them. When you buy them in any quantity, pick out the largest to serve in this way. Allow two or three to a serving, depending upon the size. Brush the cap with a little stiff vegetable brush—don't peel it unless you feel you must. Break off the stem right at the cap. Put two tablespoons of butter or oil in a baking dish that has a tight cover, set the mushroom cups in this and fill them with a stuffing of bread crumbs seasoned with grated onion and a bit of summer savory. Place a piece of butter or thin strips of bacon on top of each, cover and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate (350° F.) oven. Just before serving, remove the lid and put the dish under the broiler for three or four minutes.

Artichokes are another vegetable that is delicious stuffed, and not at all hard to eat.

Baked Stuffed Artichokes

Select large-sized artichokes. Cut off the stem end and about an inch off the top; also remove the outer layer of leaves. Spread the remaining leaves apart and fill with stuffing made of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley and onion and grated cheese. Mix these ingredients together with butter and olive oil (a little garlic may be added if desired). Bake the artichokes in a pot with about one-half inch of broth or water until tender. A strip of bacon or slice of tomato may be placed on top of each artichoke if desired.

Bake Better
use
Ghirardelli's
the original
GROUND CHOCOLATE
wherever your recipe calls for chocolate or cocoa. Use ¼ cupful of Ghirardelli's in place of each square or ounce of solid chocolate. Decrease sugar in your recipe by 1 tablespoon for each ¼ cup of Ghirardelli's used, if recipe calls for *unsweetened* chocolate.
GHIRARDELLI'S
SWEET
AND COCOA
SAY GEAR·AR·DELLY
to your grocer

DIRECTORS—PAST AND PRESENT—ATTENTION

A luncheon for the past and present members of the Board of Directors will be held Tuesday, March 14, at 12:30 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. If you have been or now are a director, please attend.

DUES NOW PAYABLE

Dues Are Now Payable and Will Be Delinquent After April 1

Promoting Vocational Research for Women

—JAMES W. NIELD
Assistant to Professor E. K. Strong, Jr.

● In recent years there has been considerable research carried on in the field of vocational guidance. Most of this vocational research has been done for men, and in the occupations and professions into which men enter. However, there have been considerable agitation for, and interest in, the development of facts and instruments that can be used for women in giving them information as to the occupation or profession for which they may possibly best be suited.

One of the best-known men in this work is Professor E. K. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University, who has developed the Strong Vocational Interest Blank for use with men. At present this blank is scored for twenty-seven different occupations, and is generally considered one of the leading vocational guidance instruments.

Because of the demand for similar scoring scales for women, work has been started in this direction. In order for it to succeed, the co-operation of at least 1,000 women must be secured who will each fill out the blank and make up the "women in general" group. Women between the ages of 25 and 60, married or single, employed or unemployed, can assist us in this way, and in the end aid in the development of vocational helps for women. It is especially desired that this group include as many housewives as possible. The interests of the "women in general" serve as a basis for differentiating between the interests of women in specialized occupations.

This is the only way in which such scoring scales can be set up. You can indicate your interest by co-operating in filling out the blank used in this research.

Miss I. L. Macrae, director of the Vocational Information Bureau of the National League for Woman's Service, has offered her co-operation in this project. On Friday, March 10, at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m., a series of group meetings will be held in Room 212 of the Women's City Club, at which time I will be glad to discuss the present project with you, and an opportunity will be given to fill out the blank at that time.

Will you make a special effort to be present at one of these meetings, and assist in this way? Every one who does co-operate will help in insuring more reliable results, and will be taking part in a movement which, if successful, will be of immeasurable benefit to vocational guidance for women.

Inexorable Dark

Then fold me in your dim and pallid arms,
Inexorable Dark,
And shut me off for aye from sunshine's charms,
From lilting song of lark;
Or fall of summer rain in healing balm.
All Life's electric spark
Ceases, below your coffined, ebon calm,
Within your grim and stark
Embraces, your dim-enfolded, pallid arms;
Inexorable Dark!

—Edith Hecht.

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Spring is here and the League Shop undertakes to help you with your garden problems . . . Yes, the League Shop has seeds and bulbs, humus and fertilizer, markers for beds and markers for individual plants, vases and pots for flowers and plants, watering cans . . . almost everything you can imagine . . . drop in for a breath of that Spring atmosphere we are supplying with all these garden lover's things . . .

LEAGUE SHOP

◆◆◆◆ MAIN FLOOR ◆◆◆◆

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

A Day in the Life of a Great Woman as Depicted by Sinclair Lewis in "Ann Vickers"—Does a Career Without Love Satisfy the Modern Woman?

● Can a woman give herself to her profession as a man gives himself to his? Are her work and her love compatible? Do all her roads bend back, or do they not, to one overwhelming necessary end? Are feminists feminine? All of these questions and more concerning the modern American woman will be the subject of many arguments, pro and con, for the readers of Sinclair Lewis' new novel, "Ann Vickers," just published by Doubleday, Doran and Company. Mr. Lewis is the first American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature and as this is his first book since receiving the award, it has been awaited by the public with much interest. The publication of "Ann Vickers" also marked an important day in the publishing world, for it appeared simultaneously in sixteen countries and thirteen languages. These countries, in addition to the United States, are England, Canada, Australia, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Yugo-Slavia.

In "Ann Vickers," Mr. Lewis has portrayed the modern American woman, the business woman, the social worker, the successful feminist who in the last thirty years has lived a century in the history of woman. A career, success, fame, love, a home, a child—Ann Vickers wanted them all. And she achieves them all but finds them futile until she dares at last to be herself.

One of the most interesting, and poignant, bits in the whole book is Mr. Lewis' description of one day in Ann's life after she has become a Great Woman, one of the most important social workers and head of the most up-to-date and humane prisons for women in the country. The following paragraphs are taken from the account of that day, a day on which Ann receives a doctor's degree from Erasmus College in recognition of her work.

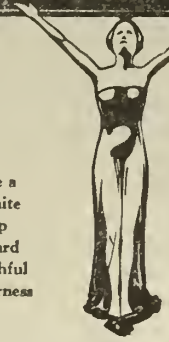
"Ann's apartment," writes Mr. Lewis, "was as modern as the Stuyvesant Industrial Home and though she didn't like it, almost as hard. It had a living room with the clean, hard, efficient brightness of steel and cement and prickly plaster. Tall windows with metal mullions. Unyielding floors of linoleum laid in cement. High walls — straight walls that went bleakly up and up to a ceiling of rigidly squared beams enclosed in plaster. She had made it as human as she could with her small store of kind, human, old things . . .

"Beyond this tall living room was a bedroom rather smaller than she had had in Waubanakee, Illinois, and a bathroom so small that she had only a shower bath. And the kitchenette—New York was the greatest city in the world, so she had no room for a spacious stove or a line of copper pots, but there was ever such a nice electric coffee percolator, and she had a large tomcat named Jones . . .

"Her train left the Grand Central at seven-thirty, and she had time only for a cup of coffee and a doughnut, sitting on a high stool at a counter in the station. She shook her head at the redcaps and carried her own bag, containing her academic robes, a private box of candy, and the latest prison handbook of the National Society of Penal Information. At five thousand a year salary, without quarters or maintenance, you don't carelessly give tips to porters, if you are the superintendent of a woman's penitentiary, because every woman prisoner has the same idea of borrowing from the superintendent when she is about to leave and enter upon a life of holiness and sobriety."

Ann arrives at Erasmus College, receives her degree—getting more applause than the men who are being likewise honored, addresses a large luncheon at the Faculty Club and "presently was on the train again, very tired and, for all her efforts at cynicism about honors, very proud of herself; and just before six she was bustling into the Stuyvesant Industrial Home for Women, of which she was superintendent. Immediately all purple honors and degrees were submerged in details of butter for the prison dining room, the unfortunate conduct of Prisoner No. 3712, who had been caught distilling alcohol in the kitchen at night, and the feeble pedagogy of the teacher of dressmaking . . .

NOVA



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"The staff rushed up to the Great Woman when she arrived at her desk at the Stuyvesant Industrial Home after the ceremony at Erasmus University . . . The telephone girl had a message from Mr. Lindsay Atwell and 'Gee, Miss Vickers, I was tickled pink! Say, Doctor, what do you do for a headache!' . . . The kitchen and dining room matron, a quiet woman, said, 'May I congratulate you, Dr. Vickers? We are all so pleased. About the butter, now. . . . Then a minor New York paper was calling, asking for an interview. And the Sevigne Club of Lima, Ohio, was calling, long distance, asking her to lecture for them . . . And her old Settlement, in Rochester, was calling, long distance, to invite her to Settlement Old Home Week. And the chief janitor was at her desk, cap in hand, muttering, 'Doc, I got to have a couple more ash-cans, right away.' And there were telegrams like yellow snow." And there was the matter of the woman who had been distilling alcohol to be attended to as well as a recalcitrant prisoner who had just been brought in on a blackmail charge.

"And so at last the Great Woman came home, by subway—not many Great Women can afford taxicabs—and in her apartment she sat by the telephone, thinking, 'I wish I had a date for this evening. I wish some nice person would call me up and invite me to dinner and the movies, the way they would Tessie Katz or Birdie Wallop.'

"For dinner, she made for herself, as women do when they live alone, a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and as she consumed them, standing before the drainboard of the sink in her kitchenette, she brooded: 'Funny how I hate the phone when it rings in my office all day long. But now—— I wish I had a husband, who came home nights—no, no, not every night, but sometimes, for a surprise, I wish I had a daughter! I would be proud of her. I'm afraid I'd send her to terribly conservative school, and be proud of her horrible smart friends, like any other Waubanakee mother.' "

"Ann Vickers brewed herself another cup of tea. It was bitter."

From an Old English Herbal

● Forward in the name of God: graft, set, plant, and nourish up trees in every part of your garden. The labor is small, the cost is nothing. The commodity is great, yourselves shall have plenty, the poor shall have somewhat in time of want to relieve their necessity, and God shall reward your good merits and diligence.

Rules of the Road—Tokyo

(Posted in the Central Police Station)

● The following rules of the road, taken from one of the City Club "exchange magazines," will amuse autoists who believe that we are too literal (or not literal enough) in our traffic regulations:

1. At the rise of the hand, policeman stop rapidly.

2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle at him with vigor, and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hai, hai!"

4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

6. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

7. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.—*Exchange.*

Club Has Use for Sewing Machine

● The City Club can make use of two more sewing machines, preferably with motors. If you have a machine that you are not using and will lend it to us, we promise to take excellent care of it.

To some, the hats this season seem rather extreme, but my models are made to suit the individual. Bring in YOUR hats to be remodeled.

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How It Feels to Be a Freshman

—SALLY BROWN

● College: Dread of a few—the dream of many.

From high school to college, a big jump. Stepping off the top of a pedestal perhaps founded only in your own imagination but which was very real, nevertheless, only to fall into a position that was far from that; at least it had seemed that way to you.

Can't we all remember that high school graduation speech that was to mean so much to each of us? "You are going out into the world to make you way—fight your own battles—be successful."

But—it's been different than that. You'll smile, you seasoned ones, and call it the age we're at. Perhaps it is, who can tell? However, it seems very real, very important, to us on the first rung of that ladder. Those things that our loving parents have told us about, cautioned us against, etc.; why, most of those have come naturally. It's the other, more subtle, less tangible problems that tend to catch us in their grasp and tear us limb from limb.

College itself—always regarded by most of us as our goal to be striven for, talked about in awed, envious tones, seems now to me after (is it only?) four months, quite natural and quite every-day. Perhaps a privately endowed college is different; I doubt it.

Maybe I'm not covering enough of the term "college," when I handle it in that manner. But when I first entered the gates of learning (that phrase is trite, but very effective), I thought of and classed *studying* as a matter that was going to be of primary importance. It still is. That probably sounds as if I didn't mean it; most of those that said it didn't. One of the episodes that impressed me most in those first startled days of getting acclimated was what was said to me by a stunning blonde girl. "Why, I'm going to study here as little, and make it as far between, as I possibly can. I'm here for a good time." In justice to most, however, I hasten to add that that is not the general attitude. We're here for a good time, yes, but along with it, the great broadening expanse of customs and traditions that makes up a great part of what college is, is always here to remind one that, after all, education is the primary factor. College itself, the workaday school life of it, is here to remind one of that. It was different in high school. There you went because you were required to, compelled to. Here, it's reversed. You're paying to be allowed to study. If you don't care for school (my parents want me to say "college"—"It's more elevating"), why, all you have to do is throw away your books and the next thing you realize is, you've "rolled," flunked out. Many have.

The first few weeks were a jumble where you were left gasping for breath. You met everybody who was anybody and you forgot all their names. Social engagements took all your time. Who will ever forget the much-dreaded, much-looked-forward-to "President's Reception"? Remember that long, long, receiving line with—President this, Doctor that. A "rat race," the supercilious upperclassmen called it. But what a "rat race"!

Then, before you'd had time to catch your breath, along came "rushing." Fraternities, sororities. What a lot they seem to mean. Petty, inconsequential—but, if you didn't get that especial one, why, life simply wasn't worth living. Broken hearts and shattered nerves are the result (this is no exaggeration). And yet, after all, what does it mean? You're able to be sheltered by one roof for three years, you see one small group of people, you pay large bills and you usually become a snob. All for the sake of being able to sport a little enamel pin on your chest. It's a funny world.

But, "Die Luft der Freiheit weht," and college goes on untouched, unperturbed.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

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INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

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MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

December 31st, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, (value $64,171,686.00) on books at	$ 61,081,697.82
Loans on Real Estate	73,596,959.27
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,278,738.75
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,135,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $500,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Cash	21,507,228.09
Total	$157,464,626.93

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$151,114,626.93
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,350,000.00
Total	$157,464,626.93

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending December 31st, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$7,564,580.66
Expenses and Taxes	906,735.60
Net Profits	$6,657,845.06

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

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The Beauty Salon is open to the public, but depends primarily for its support on the interest of Club members. The charges are moderate. There is No Tipping.

Class in Color and Arrangement

● The class in color and arrangement, started last month under the direction of Miss Wana Derge, is established and having a very happy time. The group has progressed to the point where it is making its own selections of household belongings, and all are enthusiastic over what they feel is a magic meeting ground where work is play and play is work.

Peter B. Kyne on the Air

● Peter B. Kyne, famous author, will entertain a radio audience with adventure stories and amusing anecdotes, beginning Monday, February 20. Mr. Kyne will be a regular feature on the M. J. B. "Demi-Tasse Revue" broadcast over NBC stations each Monday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. Kyne has earned a wide reputation as a story teller, and on the air he will

Peter B. Kyne

unwind many a humorous and adventuresome yarn in his fascinating, informal way.

Mr. Kyne is a Western man, a veteran of two wars, and one of America's most prolific and popular authors. He has written 1500 short stories, twenty-five novels and three movie scenarios.

Probably the most popular of his works were the "Cappy Ricks" stories, and the "Go-Getter," which was translated into eighteen languages. His foremost novels were "Pride of Palomar," "Kindred of the Dust" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

With the inauguration of the Kyne broadcasts, the M. J. B. "Demi-Tasse Revue" starts another lap of outstanding entertainment.

He'll be the man of *his own* family

Said this attorney, "I've seen too much life insurance money unwisely spent or wrongly invested.

"When this money is gone, the oldest boy has to become the support of the fatherless family. Often, his ambitions are sacrificed. The needs of his family may even postpone or prevent his marriage.

"That's the why of my Life Insurance Trust. I've made sure my dependents will be lastingly cared for.

"My son can lead his own life. If he ever becomes the man of a family, it will be *his* family . . . not mine!"

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The Post Secretarial School

AN APPRECIATION
—*By I. L. Macrae, Director of the Vocational Guidance Bureau*

● This article is not an advertisement, nor is it something that duty compels me to write. It is a very sincere expression of admiration for a group of neighbors on the Second Floor, and for youth, which is numbered among the neighbors.

For three and one-half years the Post Secretarial School, under the guidance of Mrs. Madge Morrison, Mrs. Dorothy Marden and Miss Winona Pierce, has been a valued asset of the Women's City Club. Starting in a small way, the school has gradually acquired extra space. Now, the last addition, a most attractive office, is the first thing that catches the eye of the visitor to the Second Floor of 465 Post Street.

The school equipment is of the latest type. The many mechanical devices which play so important a part in the training of the modern business girl are supplied. The rooms are light and airy, and the location is convenient for any car line. So much for the material aspect.

The real value of this school lies in the individual training that the students receive, in the personal influence of the teachers over the pupils, which is made possible by the small group system followed in all of the teaching, and in the care that is taken in the selection of pupils. This care is certainly apparent in the conduct of the students as we outsiders meet them. It is a joy to have them on the floor. Courteous, considerate, bright youth in its most interesting age is a welcome talent.

The school deserves great credit for what it has already accomplished. The future, we trust, will bring much satisfaction to the principals who are so conscientiously laying the foundation for a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the clerical world.

"Conversaziones" Hold Interest

● The French and Spanish Conversational Tables continue to hold the interest of small groups of members on the second and fourth Wednesdays and Thursdays respectively.

Under the direction of Mme. Rose Olivier and Signor Colmer Alvarez, members are given opportunity of conversing in these languages, with the assurance that all mistakes in pronunciation and grammar will be corrected and the hesitant member encouraged.

Those who speak or wish to listen to these languages are invited to join Mme. Olivier or Signor Alvarez at the table in the Cafeteria. Members may bring guests.

Looking for a place to LIVE?

Mrs. Kelly's at 2441 Jackson Street is one of those places one appreciates for its clean rooms, excellent food, nice congenial people, environment and other attractive qualities that interest discriminating people.

There are members of the Women's City Club who can endorse every statement we make.

Married couples will find arrangements to their liking — a rather unusual condition in such living arrangements.

Heat — Showers — Twin Beds

Car Service—No. 3 Sutter, Jackson Cable, 22 Fillmore—only 8 blocks from Van Ness

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OF THE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

HOURS

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
9:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

Friday — 9:30 A. M. to 9:00 P. M.

Saturday — 9:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

Friday Night, 5:30 to 9:00, is Men's Guest Night

PRIVATE LESSONS

(Six half-hour lessons or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Admission extra)

Members and Children under 18 . . . . $4.00
Guests $5.00

CLASS LESSONS

ELEMENTARY SWIMMING CLASS
Wednesdays at 5:30 P. M.—March 8 through May 3

ADVANCED SWIMMING AND DIVING
Wednesdays at 5:30 P. M.—March 8 through May 3

Classes in Swimming, Diving and Junior or Senior Life Saving may be formed with five or six persons.

Members . . . . . $2.00 for course
Guests . . . . . $3.00 for course
There is no fee for instruction in Life Saving.

MAIN DINING ROOM

OF THE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

CLUB DINNER

Soup
Choice of Cocktail or Salad
Entree
Dessert Beverage

Sea Food Cocktail or Tomato Juice
Fruit Salad, Golden Dressing
Onion Soup, Cheese Croutons Consomme with Rice

Entrees

Shrimps, Curry, with Rice and Chutney, Potatoes and Carrots Vichy 75

Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce, Rissole Potatoes and String Beans 75

Half Chicken, Governor, Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes 85

New York Cut, Mushrooms, Rissole Potatoes and String Beans 1.00

Vegetable Plate, Poached Egg 65

Corn Muffins

Desserts

Homemade Apple Pie Huckleberry Pie
Fruit Gelatin Cake Lemon Sponge
Assorted Ice Cream or Sherbet
Creme de Menthe Parfait
Tea Coffee Milk

To Order

Ginger, Corn or Rice Muffins, Cresent Rolls, Parker House Rolls — 30c Dozen
Snails, Pies, Tarts, Pastries

ANOTHER SCOOP BY M·J·B

PETER B. KYNE

NOW A REGULAR FEATURE ON THE

M·J·B "DEMI-TASSE REVUE"

DURING the past three years M. J. B was first to sponsor such famous stars as Bing Crosby, Donald Novis, George Olsen and John P. Medbury. Now, M. J. B scores another scoop in presenting to the radio audience Peter B. Kyne.

This famous author will tell of thrilling adventures and will spin many an interesting yarn on this new series of broadcasts.

Mr. Kyne is one of the world's best known writers and is the author of such popular works as the "Cappy Ricks" stories, "The Go Getter," "Pride of Palomar," "Kindred of the Dust" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

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EASTER NUMBER

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

April, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII ◆ No. 3

Bridge Luncheon

● Mrs. Philip A. Coxon will be chairman of two activities of special interest to bridge players. On Wednesday, April 26, there will be a Bridge Luncheon. Luncheon will be served at 12:30 o'clock in the Main Dining Room, and the game will follow in the Lounge. Tickets are $1 and reservations must be made in advance and accompanied by checks.

Mrs. Coxon's committee includes—
Miss Catherine Allen
Mrs. C. J. Goodell
Mrs. C. W. Davis
Mrs. John Speyer
Miss E. C. Rountree
Miss Ethel Young
Miss Margaret Zane

Bridge Luncheon-Lectures

● Wednesday, May 3, will be the first four Bridge Luncheon-Lectures to be given weekly in May. Buffet luncheons will be served at 12 o'clock, and promptly at 1 o'clock Mrs. Alice M. Roedel will lecture for an hour on the "New Bids of the Culbertson System of 1933."

After the lecture she will spend another hour going from table to table answering questions, but not supervising the play. The subjects for the four lectures will be:

May 3—The Four-Five No-Trump Slam Convention.
May 10—Inferential Forcing Bids.
May 17—Sign-off Bids.
May 24—Plastic Valuation.

Tickets one dollar, which includes luncheon, lecture and play. Reservations must be made in advance.

World Bridge Olympic

● Mrs. Alice M. Roedel will direct the Women's City Club unit of the World Bridge Olympic on Monday evening, May 1 at 8 o'clock. The fee is $1 per person and entrants must register and pay the fee in advance at the Front Office on the Main Floor of the Club.

Children's Day, Saturday, April 22

● The children will again have a party at the Club on Saturday, April 22. At 11 o'clock they will have a swim and play games in the Pool; at 12:30 luncheon; at 2:30 a Perry Dilley Puppet Show, "The Tinker and the Teakettle," a Japanese fable, and "Columbine's Birthday"—and then refreshments. The swim will be 25 cents, the luncheon 50 cents, and reservations should be made in advance; the matinee 40 cents, all seats reserved; and refreshments (ice cream and cookies) 10 cents. Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer is chairman and will be assisted by Mesdames R. C. Jenkins, Marshall Madison and L. A. Emge.

Report of Clubhouse Activities and Hospitality

—MARIAN BURR

● Among the regular activities throughout the year which have come under Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard's able direction are the Book Discussion Groups each first Friday morning; on the first Thursday the Book Review Dinner, and the Drama Group on each first and third Friday evening.

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas has given talks on Current Events to an average attendance of over 200 interested women.

The League Bridge Section, Miss Ida Lord, chairman, has met each Tuesday afternoon and evening. A special tournament was held from September 6 until October 18. Mrs. Alice M. Roedel has conducted two series of bridge lessons, besides the duplicate bridge games.

On the first Wednesday the "Appreciation of Art" Section has met under the leadership of Mrs. Charles E. Curry.

During the past year there have been forty-seven Thursday Evening Programs, presented by Mrs. A. P. Black.

There were fifteen special events during the year. On April 13 and 14 the Second Annual Collectors' Exhibit, under the chairmanship of Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, was held, with 112 exhibitors and an attendance of more than 2,000.

On May 16 the dinner and reception commemorating the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the National League for Woman's Service took place. A program under Mrs. John P. Coghlan's direction followed.

On June 15 the Paper Karnival was enjoyed. Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff was chairman.

July 14 was Children's Day.

On July 28, through the courtesy of Hale Brothers and under the chairmanship of Mrs. LeRoy Briggs, a Fashion Show was given. Members of the Club were the models.

On September 23 a Bridge Tea, with forty-two tables, Mrs. P. A. Coxon, chairman.

October 3 the Fourth Annual Firelighting took place in the Lounge with a capacity attendance. Mrs. W. A. Adams gave vocal solos and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas was speaker.

On October 12 and 13 the Third Talent Festival brought 5,809 people to the building. Of these 1,602 were guests. Miss Leale was general chairman and Mrs. John P. Coghlan chairman of the program. Mrs. P. A. Coxon had charge of the sales in the Auditorium and Mrs. Chapman directed the loan exhibit.

On October 31 the Hallowe'en Bridge Party was held, Miss Ida Lord, chairman.

On November 22, the Holiday Pantry Sale took place. Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., was the chairman.

On December 17 the Children's Christmas Party took place. Miss Hollaway and Miss Von Sabern gave the program. Miss Elsa Garrett as Santa Claus distributed gifts.

On January 24 and 25 the "Book Mart," under Mrs. Marshall Dill's leadership, was held in the Auditorium.

On February 14 a Valentine Bridge Party was given under the direction of Miss Evelyn Larkin.

On February 15 the Valentine Pantomime was staged, Miss Mary Shafter directing twenty-three members of the Club. Mrs. W. W. Adams sang. Two hundred ninety-five attended.

Hospitality Committee

—MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER

● The Hospitality Committee has been fairly busy throughout the year, as the following summary of events, presented in this manner to economize space, show:

Luncheon in honor of Mrs. B. O. Edey, National President Girl Scouts; tea for Miss Oleda Schrottky, National Director of Plays and Pageants of Girl Scouts; dinner for S. K. Ratcliffe, British economist, at the Club the same evening; tea for Mrs. Ernest Mott, just returned from China. Reception and supper for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, following her lecture at the Club. A word of praise is due the Volunteers for their splendid work that night. Tea for Dr. Allen Esther Gaw, formerly Dean of Mills College, now Dean of Women at the University of Ohio. Luncheon for Olin Downes, distinguished music critic. Sunday Night Supper for Dr. Margaret S. Miller of Liverpool, sent to us by S. K. Ratcliffe. Luncheon for Mme. Laura Dreyfus-Barney, of Paris and Geneva. Tea for the three distinguished Klumpke sisters of Paris, formerly of San Francisco, Dr. Dorothea Klumpke-Roberts, Miss Julia Klumpke and Miss Anna Klumpke. Luncheon for Dr. and Mrs. Inazo Nitobe, of Japan. Tea for Dr. Ellen Fitz Pendelton, president of Wellesley College. Tea for Mrs. Thit Jensen, Scandinavian feminist. Tea for Maurice Colbourne-Barry Jones Company of players. Reception and buffet supper for Amelia Earhart, aviatrix, following her lecture at the Club. Tea for Miss Grace Castagnetti, pianist.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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Marie Hicks Davidson, Editor

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OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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[The reduced size of the City Club Magazine is but temporary. With increased business, expected in the next few months, it will be restored to its former number of pages.]

BLANK FOR COLLECTORS' EXHIBIT

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

MEMBERS' THIRD ANNUAL COLLECTORS' EXHIBIT
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, APRIL 19 AND 20

My Loan for the Exhibition Will Be:

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....*Telephone*.....

I will deliver my loan to the Club Monday, April 17....., Tuesday, April 18.....

"In the Beauty of the Lilies" . . .

Will City Club Members This Month Find Easter Pervading the Gracious Corridors of Their "Downtown Home."

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

WE have begun our new year with a frank appraisal of conditions and, being optimistic, turn first to that vital factor of our Club life-membership. What does it consist of? 8500 women — no small matter—drawing its members not only from San Francisco and Bay region, but from the Coast from North to South. Many are scattered throughout the country; some travel or are domiciled in other lands, and yet from all these points and at all distances, membership ties us closely to that unit called the Women's City Club. It is a potent thought. Yet the annual turnover — i.e., vacancies created by resignations, delinquents and deaths will not be absorbed by the waiting list of this year. Is it not a challenge to our pride and sense of loyalty that an organization that can boast such strength in members should not be able to rely on that same strength in time of need? Think in these terms, and renew your membership for the pleasure and benefit it has brought you in the past.

Renew your membership and discover the varied interests and occupations.

Renew your membership promptly and show what a spirit of co-operation can do to our finances.

Renew your membership and hearten your fellow members whose devoted service in all departments and activities of the Clubhouse have made it so outstanding—and by your enthusiasm, add each one a new name to the roster for 1933.

Report of Departments -- March, 1932-1933

Read at Annual Membership Dinner of Women's City Club, March 8, 1933.

—EDNA H. OSBORN

● History records that clubs were organized as far back as the days of the Roman Empire. It does not, however, relate their customs or how they were operated, but we are safe in saying that they did not have the problems of the modern club. In the past two years the clubs all over the country have had many problems in common, first and foremost being the fact that a club is considered a luxury, and in times of depression the immediate reaction is that all luxuries must be sacrificed. Our gross receipts decreased so seriously from non-use of the building that it was necessary to concentrate more than ever on curtailment of expenses. Every purchase, from stationery to the installation of machinery, had to be watched with unusual care. Gas replaced oil for fuel; the Pool was filled with fresh water instead of salt water; and after the value of the dollar changed, adjustments were made in all salaries, and prices were regulated. Partial figures give but a false picture; the Treasurer therefore invites and urges every member to make personal appointments to see them as a whole.

Our house is clean, for Mrs. Cline would not have it otherwise. Certain repairs and renewals had to be made, but as our budget was slender we concentrated on only the most important things.

The bedroom occupancy declined sharply until July, when it began to climb slowly upward. Hours were spent in analyzing the figures of other hotels and clubs comparable with ours to determine what could and should be done to meet the downward trend in prices and at the same time keep in mind the rent charged against the department. A uniform reduction was made, but this apparently was not sufficient, for some of the guests were compelled to find less expensive accommodations. Next, an analysis was made of each room separately and when there seemed any possible justification the rent was lowered. The occupancy ranged from 49½ per cent to 74 per cent, or an average of 58 4/5 per cent.

Seven hundred fifty-eight cards were issued to interesting visitors from all parts of the world. Numbers of conventions gave us the opportunity to extend hospitality to women from all sections of the United States. Quite a number took advantage of the special guest-card privilege, whereby cards may be issued for a period of two weeks to an unlimited number of guests living fifty miles or more from San Francisco, upon the payment of one dollar. This privilege runs concurrently with the dues—March to March. Seven hundred twenty-one reciprocal cards were given to members about to start on their travels. This number included forty to the American Women's Club in Paris, in which the Club maintains an annual membership. Guest privileges have been extended to the Garden Clubs of America, and the Women's City Club of Little Rock, Arkansas, was added to our reciprocal list, making a total of thirty-two clubs with which we exchange courtesies.

The Restaurant had its share of problems. The department, however, was the setting for many interesting and jolly affairs — luncheons and dinners for distinguished guests, fashion shows, our fifteenth Anniversary Dinner and fancy dress parties. Everything from the sublime to the ridiculous. The French and Spanish tables continue to be a luncheon feature. Twice monthly each of these groups meet at the west end of the Cafeteria, under the direction of an excellent instructor, and those who enjoy speaking (or listening to) these languages are invited to take their trays and join the others at the table. It offers an excellent opportunity for practice in speaking and an assurance that pronunciation and grammar will be corrected.

The Young Members meet once a month in the Mural Room for a cafeteria luncheon and Miss Margaret Zane, chairman of the luncheons, extends a very cordial invitation to every young member to attend these monthly gatherings.

Attractive and unusual events have taken place in the Auditorium, Lounge and American Room during the past twelve months.

Our Library is always the center of an appreciative membership. During the past year there were 3,163 regular borrowers and 1,635 occasional borrowers—a total of 4,798. Four hundred eighteen names were filed and 531 inactive borrowers became active—an increase of 949 borrowers over the previous year. The average daily circulation was 120. In 1931 the fines amounted to $818.75, but in 1932, strangely enough, they were $718.75, giving us exactly $100 to the cent less to spend on new books! But with this amount, plus the $150 interest from the Hilda R. Nuttall Fund, we purchased 305 new books (178 fiction and 127 non-fiction) and duplicate copies of some; renewed magazine subscriptions, rebound 106 books, purchased another nine-draw section for the catalog cabinet, and necessary library supplies.

The League Shop has had its ups and downs. To counterbalance the slowest of sales years, it had a marked increase in business during the Christmas months. Mrs. Martin, the volunteer workers and the Shop Committee, with Miss Burr as chairman and giving most generously of her time, realized that an increased effort had to be made in order to offset the lack of the usual Christmas-card business this year. New lines of stock were put in and through the greatly appreciated co-operation of volunteer workers the Shop was open for business almost every evening and some Sundays in December. The satisfactory result is that we are carrying over the smallest inventory of purely Christmas stock since the founding of the Shop. Negotiations are being made to sublet the upper part of the Shop as a knitting school. An instructor will be in attendance and a supply of first-class yarn will be for sale.

Of outstanding importance in the Swimming Department was the change on May 1, from salt to fresh water. Unable to secure any concession in rates from the company that supplied the salt water, we were confronted with the alternative of continuing the salt water, making salt water or changing to fresh water. After thorough investigation the committee agreed that we should change to the fresh water, thereby effecting a saving, for water alone, of approximately $250.00 per month. The Pool was closed, necessary repairs made, new pipes laid and equipment for chlorination installed. Some of the swimmers were disappointed at first, but they were soon reconciled to the change. As for the younger swimmers, they prefer the fresh water. Income from admissions in 1931 decreased, but lessons (especially for the tiny children), increased, as did the sale of swimming merchandise. The other clubs watched our experiment with interest, and three have since followed our example.

Mrs. Harbour, who had managed the Beauty Salon for two years, bringing to us her years of experience in that business, passed away in July. Her loss was deeply felt by those who knew her best. Mrs. Grabow, who had been on the Beauty Salon staff for three years, was placed in charge, and has worked constantly and diligently to build up the business. Even with reduced prices it is impossible to compete with the neighborhood shops when their prices have

(Continued on Page 10)

EDITORIAL

• When Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues sat them down after the Revolutionary War to lay the foundations of the money system of the new republic, the first fact they faced was the fundamental one that any specie they would issue would but be representative of the power behind it. Be it paper or silver, gold or wampum, its value would be entirely in the integrity of the new nation.

And so, through the years, that fact has persisted. Your "greenback" is worth five dollars only because the United States government says it is. Your "five-dollar gold piece" does not fluctuate in value with the flights and swoops of the price of gold bullion. It remains stationary because Washington decrees it.

So with any kind of scrip. After all, any cash certificate or greenback is scrip, of its kind.

The City Club has voted to issue scrip, which will be sold to members at a discount. For four and one-half dollars a member may purchase five dollars' worth of scrip, negotiable in any department of the Club. It may be spent all at once or parcelled out over a number of visits to the Club. There is no time limit upon its integriy as coin of the Club, nor is there any limit as to the amount which a member may take at one purchase. The more the better. For nine and one-half dollars she may purchase ten dollars' worth of scrip. Thus, the more she purchases the more she saves in the ultimate expenditure.

The offer is made at this time that members will be encouraged to use the Club more than they have done in the last year. The Club has such capacity for use, offers such inducements in all its departments, that the Board of Directors have devised this means of spreading the message to the membership of the privileges which they have and do not take advantage of. Apparently this is because of a trait common to mortals, that of "failing to see the forest because of the trees."

We have taken the Club so for granted that we are apt to fail to fully realize its advantages. It is possible and probable that many, for instance, have not visited the Beauty Salon since the depression. Or the Swimming Pool since last summer. Or the Restaurant since the "New Deal."

Now this sale of scrip works two ways, to the profit of the member, who saves 10 per cent. The Club uses the funds thus assembled to defray its indebtedness. It does not require a financial wizard to see that it's a simple way of benefiting both Club and member.

Reduced to the last analysis, it means that City Club scrip is a currency which may be purchased at less than its intrinsic value and may be used as currency in any department of the Club.

If your bank handed you five dollars in exchange for $4.50 you would jump at the opportunity to take large blocks at that bargain price. Here is the same opportunity in the Club, with the exception that the currency thus purchased is negotiable only in the Club.

Do your bit to both yourself and the Club by purchasing scrip. It is a badge of good citizenship in the Club as well as currency.

Collectors' Exhibit

Committee

Miss Lucy Allyne, Chairman

Mrs. Harris Allen — Miss Alice Burr

Miss Edith Allyne — Miss Rosario Winston

Mrs. T. B. Wilson

Date—Wednesday and Thursday, April 19 and 20.

Hours—11:30 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admission—Members present membership cards. Non-members 25 cents. Open to public.

Tea—Served from 2:30 to 5 P. M. 25 cents.

Special Dinners and Luncheons—Served in Main Dining Room Both Days.

Members who wish to exhibit are asked to notify either a member of the Committee or the Executive Office what their loan is to be

Loans will be received Monday, April 17, and Tuesday, April 18, preferably Monday. Plan to take loans away Friday if possible

• **Solve the problem of the next two years by joining the Voluntary Aid Detachment.**

• **Every member can do something, each according to her own conscience.**

• **Encourage the Finance and Ways and Means Committees by your immediate response, and add your name to the Honor Roll in the Foyer of the Clubhouse.**

Report of the President of the Post Street Investment Company

—MRS. S. G. CHAPMAN

● For the information of those members who may not clearly understand the relationship of the three terms, the National League for Woman's Service, the Women's City Club and the Post Street Investment Company, perhaps it would be well to preface this report by a word of explanation.

The National League for Woman's Service, which was founded in 1917 for war service, was incorporated in 1919 under the laws of California as a non-profit organization for the continuation of service.

The Women's City Club is the peace-time offering of the National League for Woman's Service to its members, and was designed to house the organization and extend its service. It has no corporate entity and is merely part of the service program of the National League for Woman's Service.

The Post Street Investment Company was incorporated in 1923 to acquire, hold and administer the property at 465 Post Street, and all of its stock, except qualifying shares of directors, is held by the National League for Woman's Service.

The Post Street Investment Company executed a lease to the National League for Woman's Service, the terms of which provide for the payment of all interest charges, taxes, insurance and a sum equal to the serial maturities on the first mortgage bonds for any given year. These terms were all complied with up to January, 1932, at which time $95,000 of the first mortgage bonds had been retired. But it became evident early in the year that, because of abnormal conditions resulting in greatly decreased income, the amount of the bonds maturing January 1, 1933 — $35,000 — could not be earned. The Post Street Investment Company, with the consent of the National League for Woman's Service, at once set in motion a plan of re-financing, which contemplated changing the first mortgage bonds from serial bonds to sinking fund bonds. This was accomplished through the co-operation of the bondholders. A deferment contract was drawn up, deferring all maturities until 1950 and setting up a sinking fund equal to 50 per cent of all earnings up to $20,000, and 75 per cent of all earnings in excess of $20,000 for any given year. This deferment contract having been signed by more than 90 per cent of the bondholders, the plan was declared operative in December. By this action of the Post Street Investment Company the National League for Woman's Service has been relieved of the necessity of providing an increasing amount each year for amortization and is obligated to retire only such an amount of its bonded indebtedness as may be within its earning capacity.

Immediately upon the completion of this re-financing, a series of conferences was instituted between the officers of the Post Street Investment Company and the officers of the National League for Woman's Service, at which the whole problem was studied and a definite plan was worked out for augmenting the income.

The matter of raise of dues received first consideration. A survey was made of clubs throughout the country which had raised dues and the result showed a drop of from 20 to 25 per cent in membership. Applying this to our situation would mean that the additional amount received in dues (unless they were raised to a prohibitive figure) would not nearly approximate the sum needed, would eliminate 2,000 members and would shut the door on any further effort to place the obligation on the membership, for if undertaken at all this method should provide for all needs.

Consideration next was given to the advisability of an assessment. It was the unanimous opinion that this was the worst of all possible times for levying an assessment. It would inevitably implant in the minds of the members the idea that this was the forerunner of further assessments, and the lack of confidence engendered would result not only in a great loss of membership but would raise an almost insuperable barrier to securing new members to fill up the list.

These two compulsory methods, then, were discarded for the reasons given, and a plan of voluntary aid by the members for the next two years was adopted. This voluntary aid should take the form of contributions in sums of $1 to $100, each member being the sole judge of her capacity and her responsibility to the group. The raising of dues would be unfair to some who now serve. Voluntary aid, decided personally ($1 and up), is possible for all, in lieu of such a raise.

Of equal importance to direct voluntary aid is increased use of the departments. Experience had proved that the ownership of a scrip book brings members to the building just as a charge account takes you to a particular shop. This being so, it is part of the plan to inaugurate an intensive campaign for the sale of scrip books. These may be had in $5 and $10 denominations and will be redeemed in any department of the Club. To make this plan more attractive to the members and to offset the fact that payment must be made in advance, a discount of 10 per cent will be made on all scrip books. A study of the various departments was made to ascertain whether this 10 per cent discount could be carried, and it was found it could be absorbed readily with any material increase in attendance.

The normal annual turnover in membership is 350, and, there being no present waiting list, a prompt and unremitting effort must be made to fill the ranks.

These three things—the voluntary aid, the sale of scrip and new members—are definitely the responsibility of the individual member. The Ways and Means Committee will set up the machinery for this three-point program but must depend upon the ardent and active support of the entire membership for carrying it to a successful conclusion. The committee itself will assume the burden of reorganizing departments wherever needed, of securing membership co-operation, of seeking a reduction in taxes and insurance, and of finding tenants for the vacant stores and rooms.

With a thorough understanding of the situation and a definite program, we need only the *will to succeed* and enough of that invaluable substance of which violin strings are made—and this has never been lacking in an organization which launched and successfully completed a million-dollar building project.

VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT

VIGOROUS co-operation will solve the problems of the next two years.

ADD your name to the Honor Roll in the Foyer of the Clubhouse by using the attached slip immediately.

DO your part toward encouraging the Finance and the Ways and Means Committees.

Annual Report ◈ March, 1932 - 1933

—MISS MARION LEALE

● The Vice-Presidents have just reported the activities of the National League for Woman's Service and the service rendered in 1932. The record stands unadorned for your comments. There is nothing left for the President of that year to say by way of explanation.

There is a comment, however, which must here be made and which can be made by me alone. This is the expression of appreciation — sincere and heartfelt — of the untiring effort and service of those who supported me on the Board of Directors, in the membership and on the staff. A bird's-eye view of the Volunteer Service of this organization, embracing committee work of all kinds, uniformed and ununiformed, Volunteer Service behind and before the scenes, is known only to the Executive Secretary and to the President. It is my pleasure, then, as one of the privileges of the office I have held this year, to thank in your name those of you listed in the ranks of those who served. Your service has meant the support which has accounted for the success of "getting by" at a period which has unfortunately swamped many other organizations. It is our program—our purpose as outlined in our constitution—which has saved us at a time when only participation by many has kept the ship afloat.

Now in a most serious way let me repeat this thought: Our safety in the days to come, as in the days gone by, is entirely dependent upon the voluntary aid of the members as a whole. Miss Donohoe, assuming leadership at a time unparalleled in history, has thereby pledged to us her devotion to the cause which drew us together. Mrs. Chapman, in assuming the responsibility of leadership in the Holding Company, has pledged to us the use of knowledge learned through years of peculiarly valuable experience. We can do no less than dedicate ourselves to the task of carrying through the plan Mrs. Chapman has just outlined.

Members' Co-operation Committee will reach each member as quickly as possible, spread the word of voluntary aid and of sale of scrip. The Magazine will carry the news home, but the success of immediate results is personal member-to-member approach. You who are here at the annual meeting have thus signified your *genuine* interest. As Chairman of Ways and Means, I now appeal to you for help. We can finish this job and finish it quickly, if we will. Teams to secure pledges to the amount of $100 worth of scrip in 1933 will be started. Will you volunteer to be a captain? Or will you secure one or more pledges?

Secondly, will you pledge your voluntary aid immediately and send in your check or your subscription pledge as quickly as possible, now or a little later, and will you explain the plan to some member who has not heard it first-hand? Above all, will you put *enthusiasm* into your appeal?

Thirdly, will you yourself immediately set about to secure one new member or be responsible for some other member who will? Thirty-one dollars paid in three monthly installments is not too much to expect from 350 new residents in California, since the days when the length of the waiting list discouraged those who were eager to join without delay—*especially* when voluntary aid protects against increase of dues or assessment.

The National League for Woman's Service is more needed today than ever before. Its home is only partly paid for. It is perfectly possible to continue a modified program of payments provided these three premises are fulfilled. We have surmounted bigger obstacles than this. We will succeed now. Let us pledge to our new President the financial basis of success in 1933, leaving her unhampered to develop activities for service in the community which will reflect credit on us all.

been slashed out of all proportion to the service rendered, but our prices compare favorably with other downtown shops. Our Salon is roomy, restful and attractive, and all beauty requirements can be taken care of by courteous, competent operators.

The work of the Vocational Information Bureau for this year cannot be estimated by the results and figures alone. Much was of a constructive nature, a building for the future. There were fewer strangers and visitors from other countries than in former years, but an encouraging feature was the use made of the Bureau by many of the younger people. There were 1,159 personal callers. Miss Macrae made many outside contacts, among them being visits to the Mission Y. W. C. A., State Teachers' College, Travelers' Aid, National Recreation Workers, Morning Study Group of the San Francisco Center, where she read a paper on "The Handling of Employment in Canada"; co-operation with Dr. G. K. Strong, Jr. Survey for Vocational Interest Blank for Women. She was also one of the speakers at the State Nurses' Association Group meeting. Information regarding opportunities and requirements was kept up to date. Opportunities for women hostesses were investigated. By correspondence, information regarding courses for training in various professions was kept up to date. No means of accumulating accurate data was overlooked. Mrs. Edward Rainey resigned the chairmanship of the committee in July owing to pressure of private affairs, and the bureau has missed her leadership at a time when so many problems confront all who are striving to do something to help in these perplexing days.

The Health Examinations, with Dr. Adelaide Brown as chairman of the committee, were offered in April and again in October. Thirty-eight took the April examinations but only ten in October. On the recommendation of the committee, future examinations will be given in the spring only.

Miss Donohoe was chairman of the Decoration Committee and demonstrated how easily the Clubhouse lends itself to a variety of decorations. Whenever particular flower arrangements were required Miss Donohoe, with many willing volunteers, would turn the Lounge, Library, American Room or the Auditorium, as the case might be, into something unique and beautiful. Each function was so different that it is not fair to draw comparisons, but I think we will concede the palm to Miss Isabel Worn and Miss Donohoe when they decorated the Clubhouse for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia last April. Miss Worn, busy as she was, took her time to turn the Fourth Floor, especially, into a veritable garden. Mrs. Rettenmayer worked out the general scheme for Christmas, which was a decided departure from previous years and attracted much favorable comment. Mrs. Hamilton, with her committee, trimmed the Lounge tree, given each year by Mrs. Perry Eyre. Mrs. Coxon and her committee trimmed the Auditorium tree. Chuck as usual made the large wreaths which are always the admiration and envy of everyone. Like Miss Worn, Mrs. Ruth Darling, another of our "floral decorator" members, offered to do the decorating for Miss Earhart's lecture and reception. The Auditorium stage and the buffet supper table in the Lounge were lovely in the first blossoms of the season. The Paper Karnival, the Book Mart and the other special events will testify to the originality of the members and their untiring efforts to obtain "atmosphere."

December 22 was Christmas for the adults. Hale's chorus of mixed voices, directed by our own member, Mrs. Flora Porter, rendered a beautiful program of carols as the members and their guests sat about the candle-lighted tables in the Cafeteria at noon. The Christmas dinner was served at night and twenty-two small boys from Grace Cathedral choir were our guests. Mrs. Hamilton presided at the dinner and at the program which followed in the Auditorium when, before a capacity audience, the boys, in their vestments, gave a program of carols and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson read several Christmas selections most delightfully.

The employees of the Club had much to be grateful for when the bonus checks were distributed on December 24. Each one expressed to me individually his or her appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the members.

We, who have had the privilege of knowing and working with Miss Leale, rejoiced in the honor bestowed upon her last year—membership in the National Institute of Social Sciences, whose "gold medal is conferred upon men and women whose activities have been especially directed toward the betterment of man or who have rendered distinguished humanitarian or social service." Little did she know that the Institute had been watching her work in the development of the Volunteer Service of the National League for Woman's Service and her unfailing enthusiasm and vision which has been the guiding light of the organization since 1918.

I have not mentioned many names in my report because of lack of time, but I wish to thank the Board of Directors and the chairmen of committees for their unfailing helpfulness and consideration; also the host of volunteers, many of whom report daily and for long hours do their work with the utmost interest and care. Probably the outstanding piece of Volunteer Service is that given by Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, who has offered to continue as editor of our Magazine, although we were unable to continue her salary. The Magazine has gained constantly in interest to the members, and Mrs. Davidson must receive much credit for it.

And to the staff I again express my deep appreciation for their loyalty to the Club, for their helpfulness to me and their willingness to adjust themselves to whatever conditions might arise. There has been sadness for us this year, for two of our employees were called by death. Mrs. Harbour and Mrs. McKay passed away after serious illnesses. Mrs. Breck, because of illness, was compelled to give up her position as Night Secretary. Probably 75 per cent of the employees were absent at some time during the year because of sickness.

So that you will not forget it, I have left until the last the reminder that Club scrip has received a decided stimulus this week on account of the bank holidays. We are selling the $5 and $10 books with a 10 per cent reduction and will accept your checks in payment. If you get the habit of using it you will find it extremely convenient, for it may be used in any department of the Club at any time.

The Englishman's idea of a club is a "home from home," and as volume of patronage makes the difference between profit and loss we urge the wholehearted co-operation of every member in the use and support of their "second" home. Success of our Club this year will be determined not by what we gain but by what we give, by how close we come in matching up with the standard of our organization.

Do You Know —

1. Whether it is true that a person "comes up three times" before drowning?

2. If it is advisable to render a person struggling in the water unconscious by a blow in order to break his grasp?

3. Is the idea of "throwing them overboard to make them swim" effective in teaching anyone to swim?

4. What can be done to relieve muscle cramps while in the water?

5. How can a rescuer avoid being grasped by a drowning person?

The answers to these and many other questions of vital concern to swimmers and all persons interested in water safety will be found in the two courses in Senior Life Saving for members and their friends starting Wednesday, May 10 (11 to 11:30 a. m.) and Monday, May 8 (5:30 to 6 p. m.), and extending through the summer. There is no instruction fee for life-saving. Please register in advance at the Swimming Pool Office.

Annual Report — Programs and Courses

—MRS. PAYSON J. TREAT

● Included in this report are the series of nine lecture courses as well as the eight programs presented to the Club from March, 1932, to March, 1933. The resume reveals a wide scope of subjects made available to the membership in a significant, seasonal order.

Spring housecleaning must have found a stimulus in the course given last March by Doris Conner on "Decorations and Furnishings," and this was followed in April with further inspiration under Rudolf Shaeffer in his colorful series on "Esthetic Appreciation." The summer months were quiescent but in September there were four evening lectures given by Ninon on "Dressing to Your Personality," which reflected much interest among the members.

Other Club activities absorbed the energy and attention until January when, assured that the drab winter season was almost ended, it was the time to have a course in "Color" by Wana Derge. With the first stirrings of spring Clara Schaeffer's "Gardening" found enthusiastic response and "Fashion Advice and Shopping Service" was entered upon by Polaa La Garde.

Most opportunely, Dr. Powell began his Lenten lectures telling of his trip to the Holy Land, while late in February the course on "The Bible as English Literature" by Professor Ben Lehman of the University of California, opened and will continue into April. The Modern German Drama readings, conducted by Evelyn Strauss, began this month, bringing the cycle to an end, or rather to the auspicious commencement of another year.

Among the programs offered, drama readings were enthusiastically attended and this year each of the readers who gave a program was a member of the Club. Mrs. Hugh Brown completed a successful series of six drama teas last March, having read the current plays to her group most effectively. In October she gave an evening reading, "Of Thee I Sing," to an appreciative audience, and will read again on March 23 the New York success, "Design for Living." Miss Elizabeth Wilbur delighted a large number of members and their friends with her interpretation of "Cavalcade." This last month Mrs. James Ludlow presented to the great pleasure of her audience a modern English play, entitled "While Parents Sleep."

Lectures by British publicists, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe and Mr. W. H. Hemingway, were thought-provoking discussions of serious economic problems. Mr. Ratcliffe spoke on "England's Silent Revolution," and Mr. Hemingway's subject was "The Coming Century—America's Opportunity."

Despite the postponement, or perhaps because of the added interest and publicity, the Grand Duchess Marie's lecture on "My Old World Background as a Preparation for Modern Life," was a most successful affair in April and was one of these delightful occasions long remembered.

In February, Amelia Earhart was our guest speaker, telling of her solo transatlantic flight with such dignity and charming modesty that her auditors were convinced that it was "Flying for Fun." This courageous adventure was related with a whimsical humor that enhanced the pleasure of the audience and increased their admiration for this woman pioneer in aviation.

Among Our New Members

● Mrs. Bertha Walker Glass, one of the new members of the City Club and a painter of note, has recently come from New York to make her home in San Francisco. Mrs. Glass was chairman of the Gallery Committee of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; she belonged to the Artists' Colony of Gloucester, Mass., for eighteen years; exhibited at New York National Academy of Design, at All-American Painters' Exhibit at the Chicago Art Institute and at many other important exhibitions. Her land and seascapes are familiar to readers of the *Literary Digest*, where a number of her canvases have been reproduced on the covers of recent issues. Mrs. Glass assisted Mrs. G. D. Merner on the committee for the "Day in Mexico," and her charming bits of Mexican scenery on the posters about the building were much admired.

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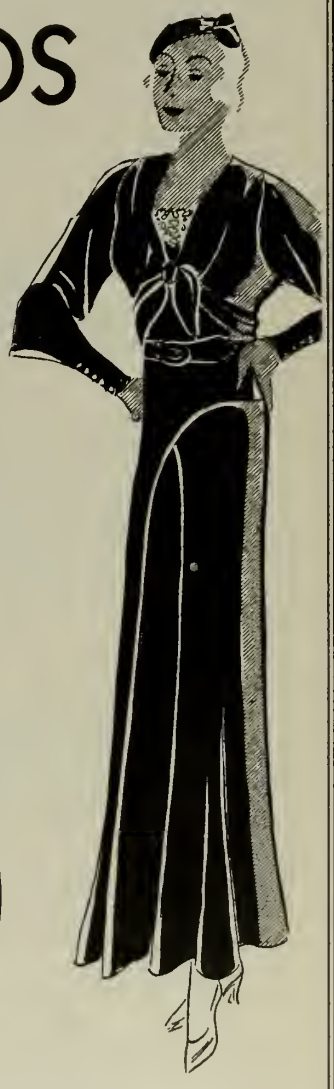

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Report of Volunteer Service

—MRS. W. F. BOOTH, JR.

● Ten thousand eight hundred forty services, amounting to 31,155¼ hours, speak for Volunteer Service given during the year 1932. These figures include the services given during such outstanding events as the Collectors' Exhibit when the service of forty volunteers amounted to 325 hours, the Book Mart with 114 volunteers serving 405 hours, the food sale demanding 538½ hours from ninety-one volunteers, and the Talent Festival when 400 volunteers gave 2,901½ hours. Over 500 members contributed gifts for the Talent Festival amounting to 5,142½ hours. To the Food Sale over 650 members' donations represented 955 hours of service. Impressive as are these figures, we must not forget that in practically every Club activity, whether it be receiving dues, counting ballots or assisting in hospitality, Volunteer Service plays a leading part.

There are ten activities within the Clubhouse where regular service is given by members. Other activities such as ushering, extra clerical work, donating and assisting at special teas, require concentrated service at definite times. Every part of the Clubhouse reflects the care given it by the volunteers of the Sewing Group, whose services total 1,049 hours.

Requests from ten organizations outside the Club were answered, including the Community Chest, the Mission Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Associated Charities and the Citizens' Relief for Unemployed Women.

Reassured by the accomplishments of the past year, Volunteer Service faces the increasing demands of the future with confidence.

My Conscience Hurt Me

—ESTHER B. PHILLIPS

● For six years I enjoyed our simple and gracious Kearny Street clubrooms. Then we moved. For seven years I have enjoyed the new home which combines so beautifully the grace and charm of the old time with the luxury and dignity of the new. And to tell the truth, for seven years my conscience has hurt me, pin pricks at times, sharp stabs at other times. And why? Because I was one of the charter members who joined before there were initiation fees, and never paid one! New members coming in made a direct contribution which I had never made. When at our annual meeting this March our Treasurer explained our financial needs, my active conscience begged to be soothed. Joyfully I contributed an initiation fee for myself and my own peace of mind. Joyfully I have made my charter membership the equal of a new membership!

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December 31st, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, (value $64,171,686.00) on books at	$ 61,081,697.82
Loans on Real Estate	73,596,959.27
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,278,738.75
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,135,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $500,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Cash	21,507,228.09
Total	$157,464,626.93

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$151,114,626.93
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,350,000.00
Total	$157,464,626.93

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending December 31st, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$7,564,580.66
Expenses and Taxes	906,735.60
Net Profits	$6,657,845.06

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

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Women's City Club Treasurer's Report

—EMMA L. NOONAN

● From our standpoint as managers of the Club, the facts most important to us are those contained in the statement of income and profit and loss.

The Club income has suffered from the economic stress now upon us. At the same time there has been an effective effort to reduce expense. It is the experience of all large organizations that it is well nigh impossible to reduce expense in step with the reduction of income. This is because there are two types of expense involved—controllable expense and fixed overhead. Such operating expense as rent, taxes, insurance and provision for bad debts was determined in the past when the plant was built, so that it can accommodate a greatly increased volume with but little or no additional overhead, and those costs continue whether the income is great or small.

In 1932 the total gross operating income was a little over $207,500, as compared with $258,500 for 1931—a decline of 16 per cent. Controllable expense was reduced 17.5 per cent, which indicates that we were entirely successful in reducing the expenses which we could control to a degree even greater than the decline in income. But the overhead, or fixed charges, affected the final result to such a point that the total operating expense declined only 11.3 per cent —a reduction less than that of the income.

Among the main reductions noted in controllable expense for 1932:

Salaries and wages reduced..... 10%
(Justified by the changing value of the dollar)
Positions eliminated..... 5%
Heat, light, water and power reduced..... 24%
House supplies reduced..... 29%

The non-operating income in 1932 declined $24,133.38. Had this been on the same level as last year, a small surplus for the year 1932 would have resulted.

To sum it up, it is evident that pressure directed toward increasing the income, without, of course, slackening the effort to keep down expense, would be the most effective method of overcoming the present adverse operating balance.

Five Past Presidents Were There

● The annual luncheon of the past and present board members, honoring the retiring board members, was held in the National Defenders' Room on Tuesday, March 14. The table was beautifully decorated by the Misses Worn, who used spring blossoms—daffodils, sweet peas, primroses, purple hyacinths and ropes of lavender heather. Miss Donohoe presided.

Five past presidents attended. They were Miss Marion W. Leale, who retired last month; Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas and Mrs. Elizabeth Hogue Moore.

Others present were:

Mrs. F. W. Booth, Jr.
Miss Marian Burr
Dr. Adelaide Brown
Mrs. Louis Carl
Mrs. J. P. Coghlan
Mrs. Douglas Cushman
Mrs. C. M. Cooper
Mrs. Sherwood Coffin
Mrs. Marshall Dill
Miss Katharine Donohoe
Mrs. Julia Easley
Mrs. Perry Eyre
Mrs. Joseph Fife
Mrs. William French
Mrs. Timothy Hopkins
Mrs. Alphonse Jeddis
Miss Ida Lord
Mrs. A. M. Meads
Miss Laura McKinstry
Mrs. Willis Polk
Miss Esther Phillips
Miss Mabel Pierce
Mrs. Edward Rainey
Mrs. Ira Sloss
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Mrs. Wm. H. Sawtelle
Mrs. Paul Shoup
Mrs. Payson J. Treat
Miss Georgea Wiseman
Mrs. Howell Ware
Miss Margaret Zane
Miss Ethel Young

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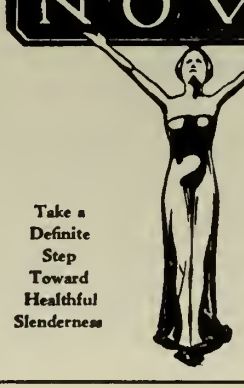

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The Collectors' Exhibit

On Wednesday and Thursday, April 19 and 20, the Third Annual Collectors' Exhibit will again transform the Auditorium into a museum in miniature.

Miss Lucy Allyne is chairman of the event where members share the enjoyment of their treasures with each other and with their friends.

There is hardly any limit to the articles which may be shown. Members will bring forth their heirlooms, their objects of rare interest from foreign lands, and whatever they have of historical or educational value. Old jewelry, pewter, textiles, *objets d'art*, old books and documents—the list is infinite.

The committee calls attention to the fact that previous exhibits have featured quilts and shawls around the balcony, and suggests that for variety an exhibit of rugs would be of interest.

If a member's collecting taste runs to flowers in her garden, it is suggested that these, too, may be exhibited. We all remember with much pleasure the exhibit of fuchsias at the First Collectors' Exhibit.

In order that the committee may have ample opportunity to arrange everything to the best advantage, members are urged to bring in their contributions to this loan exhibition preferably on Monday, April 17, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., but not later than Tuesday noon. Mrs. A. B. Stephens will be in charge of the committee receiving the exhibit and will exercise her usual care and efficiency. Members are asked to call for their things the day after the exhibit.

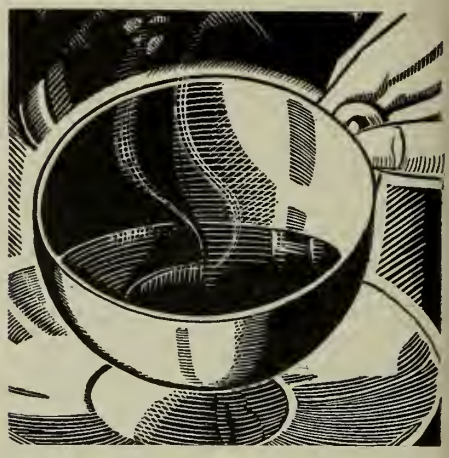
Tea will be served in the east end of the Lobby on both afternoons. A charge of 25 cents will be made. Special luncheons and dinners will also be served in the dining room both days.

Serving on the committee with Miss Allyne are:

Mrs. Harris Allen
Miss Edith Allyne
Miss Alice Burr
Miss Rosario Winston
Mrs. T. B. Wilson

Gifts to Library

The Library is the recipient of a registered set of "America" (Great Crises in Our History Told by Its Makers), published by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. The set consists of twelve beautifully bound volumes and is the gift of Mrs. John Speyer. The books may be obtained at the Library loan desk for reference purposes, but cannot be taken from the building.



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Women's City Club, it's up to you to use this Guide to Shops and Service . . . mention the fact when you buy that you are a reader of your Club magazine . . . it will pay dividends, both to you and your Club.

Garden Club Becomes "Reciprocal"

● The Garden Club of America, with national headquarters in New York City, has accepted the invitation of the Women's City Club, extended to its members to use our Club when sojourning in San Francisco. Branches of the Garden Club are all over the United States, and we look forward to the pleasure of meeting and greeting the garden lovers of America in our Clubhouse.

Another "Reciprocal" Club

The Women's City Club of Little Rock, Arkansas, has been added to the list of clubs with which we exchange reciprocal courtesies.

Swimming Classes to Start After Easter

● "Swim and Keep Fit" classes will be held this spring on Tuesdays (11 to 11:45 a. m.), April 18 through June 3. These classes will consist of instruction in intermediate swimming and reducing exercises in the water. Instruction fee for course: members $2, guests $3; admission extra. Please register in advance at the Swimming Pool Office. If there are enough applicants a class will be formed also on Fridays.

Diving. Members who are interested in joining an elementary diving class on Tuesday (6 to 6:30 p. m.), beginning April 18, or Thursdays (11 to 11:30 a. m.), beginning April 20, are asked to leave their names at the Pool Office. Instruction fee for seven meetings of class (admission to Pool extra): members $1.50, guests $2.25.

Class in intermediate swimming will start Wednesday, May 17 (5:30 to 6), and run through July 12. Instruction fee: members $2, guests $3.

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COLLECTORS' EXHIBIT - APRIL 19 and 20

	FRENCH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office		
	French Conversational Table Second and Fourth Wednesdays	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
	MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
	Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
	SPANISH CLASSES—Members interested will please register at the Executive Office		
	Spanish Conversational Table Second and Fourth Thursdays	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
April	1—Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
	4—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
	5—Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Chas. Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
	6—The Bible as English Literature	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Speaker: Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: "New Testament: Acts and Sayings of Jesus"		
	Book Review Dinner	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 P.M.
	Speaker: Mrs. E. J. Turkington Subject: "Pageant" by G. B. Lancaster; also descriptive discussion of "Lucrece," Katharine Cornell's latest play		
	6—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	Mr. Eugene Neuhaus will talk on Greek Drama, and Mr. Charles Cushing will talk on Greek Dramatic Music.		
	7—Book Discussion Group—Mrs. T. A. Stoddard	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	Drama Group—Mrs. T. A. Stoddard	*Board Room*	2:00 P.M.
	10—Lenten Lecture—Dr. H. H. Powell	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	11—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
	12—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	13—The Bible as English Literature	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Speaker: Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: "New Testament: Acts and Sayings of the Apostles; Revelation"		
	Thursday Evening Program	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
	Miss Doris Schoenwald, pianist; Miss Lorna Ulren, flutist; Miss Loraine Sands, soprano, in a musical program		
	18—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M.
	19—Collectors' Exhibit	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.
	20—Collectors' Exhibit	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.
	(Thursday Evening Program will be omitted.)		
	21—Drama Group—Mrs. T. A. Stoddard	*Board Room*	2:00 P.M.
	22—Perry Dilly Puppets	*Auditorium*	2:30 P.M.
	"Columbine's Birthday" and "The Tinker and the Teakettle." Admission 40 cents Children's Swimming Party and Games at 11 a. m.; 30 cents Children's Luncheon, 12:30 to 1:30; 50 cents Refreshments after performance, 10 cents		
	25—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
	25—League Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	26—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Bridge Luncheon	*Main Dining Room*	12:30 P.M.
	(Tables, $4; single tickets, $1. Bridge to be played in Lounge)		
	27—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	Speaker: Mr. A. A. Belford Subject: "Picturesque Europe" (illustrated)		
May	1—World Bridge Olympic—Alice Morgan Roedel Section	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	$1.00 a person. Prizes, 4 silver cups		
	3—First of Series of Bridge Luncheons.		
	Lectures (Buffet), Alice Morgan Roedel Luncheon 12 o'clock; lecture 1 o'clock Play 2 o'clock—$1.00 a person		

Latham Foundation Poster Exhibit—2 weeks. May 13 to May 27.

• V. A. D. NUMBER •

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

May, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 4

Are You Enrolled in the V. A. D.?

● V. A. D. means Voluntary Aid Detachment, and a full explanation of its purpose and its workings can be found in the reports in the center spread of last month's magazine. The pink slips which were enclosed were for use, and the response of the members who have used them is listed now in the lobby of the clubhouse. But this list is only in its infancy, for not until it contains thousands of names will it be a true picture of voluntary response from the membership.

Compulsory voluntary aid seems a contraction of terms, but in this particular case this is not so, for it is compulsory that financial assistance of some kind comes from each member or else uniform compulsory help from all must be demanded. We who live in terms always of volunteer service have chosen the former means of financing 1933-1935. We have voted to assess ourselves voluntarily according to our own consciences. We cannot leave it to others, for each of us individually is responsible for the life of the organization during these next few months. It is not the business of the Treasurer or Chairman of Finance only, it is up to each one of us, the members. We have been left free to raise our own dues as our conscience dictates, or to contribute more than others less fortunate are able to do. If voluntary aid is not forthcoming, compulsory measures (such as assessments) are the only alternative.

We would all like to contribute more than we can. We *can* all contribute *something*.

These next two years tell the story. We are proud of our history. Let us be equally proud of our present day accomplishments. This year tests our very right of survivorship. It is not a question of "I cannot afford to give," but rather "*What* can I afford to give?" No member can afford to miss being on the honor roll of the V. A. D. in the clubhouse foyer and no member should delay.

Sign a pledge, giving now in full, or paying later in installments. Let us put behind us the financial problems of 1933-35 and get on to the duties which lie ahead that we may devote ourselves to the activities which give us recreation and to those others which a serious crisis in world history demands of us—members of the National League for Woman's Service.

Drama Reading Group to Present "Inheritance"

● The Drama Reading Group will close its season of study with a production of "Inheritance" Friday afternoon, May 26.

The presentation of the crisp and charming comedy will climax a season of enthusiastic delving into the intricacies of the drama, discussions of plots, reviews of authors and general feuilleton of the stage. Many stimulating Friday afternoons have been passed since the inauguration of the group, and now it feels that it is ready to appear in public. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard is general chairman. Members and guests will be welcomed. Tickets, 35 cents, include entertainment and tea.

The play will be followed by music numbers and a special tea party in a spring setting. The curtain will go up on "Inheritance" in the Auditorium at 2:30 o'clock.

"Inheritance" is a one-act comedy, written by Elene Wilbur, a Palo Alto member whose daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wilbur, gave a reading of "Cavalcade" at the City Club a few weeks ago.

The cast of characters includes: Mrs. George Adrian Applegarth, Mrs. Edgar Kierulff, Mrs. Hobart Winchester Mears, Mrs. Cavendish Moxon.

The Friday Cafeteria Crew has consented to act as the Tea Committee. They are: Mrs. C. F. Stanley (Captain), Mrs. Arthur Babcock, Mrs. Charles Cooke, Mrs. H. K. Defendorf, Mrs. Bradford Deering, Mrs. Frank I. Ford, Mrs. Amos Hicks, Mrs. Denis Holman, Mrs. John Le Boyteau, Mrs. Hobart Mears, Mrs. Zoe Muller, Mrs. Henry Poultron, Mrs. Remo Sbarboro, Mrs. John Speyer.

Committees in charge of the afternoon are as follows:

Hospitality

Mrs. S. D'Ettel (Chairman), Mrs. Arthur K. Deutsch, Mrs. Rhoda Mills Moss, Mrs. Edward S. Taylor.

Stage and Decoration

Mrs. H. K. Defendorf (Chairman), Mrs. R. Ochernal, Miss Ada E. Ohleyer.

Properties

Mrs. Fred J. Coulter, Mrs. Lovell Langstroth (Chairman), Mrs. Victor Petry, Mrs. A. J. Aicher.

Publicity

Miss Jessie Ashley, Miss Mary Abbott, Mrs. E. Bailey, Miss Elizabeth Barry, Mrs. Clarence I. Berry, Mrs. C. F. Buckley, Miss Mabel Budford, Mrs. Earle Cohn, Miss Elizabeth Cohen, Miss Harriet T. Cohen, Mrs. Carol Collupy, Mrs. N. E. Conolley, Miss Sarah De Haven, Miss Margaret Du Mont, Mrs. E. B. De Golia, Mrs. L. H. Fall, Mrs. William Fallon, Miss Nelle E. Gillespie (Chairman), Mrs. E. M. Graham, Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, Mrs. William Goodwin, Miss Elizabeth Hitchens, Mrs. George F. Hampton, Mrs. M. C. Hasset, Miss Ada Harvey, Mrs. Robert Johnstone, Mrs. Moses Jacobs, Miss Elsie M. Johnson, Mrs. H. H. Karl, Miss Isabel King, Mrs. P. W. King, Mrs. R. Kuhn, Mrs. C. Mossler, Miss Marjorie Mills, Mrs. G. C. Macdonald, Miss Katherine Malony, Mrs. H. Morrow, Miss Ruth Nathan, Mrs. Victor Petry, Mrs. R. F. Powers, Mrs. W. W. Phillips, Mrs. Henry Poulterer, Mrs. Lester Roth, Mrs. M. U. Stevens, Mrs. Grace Serumgard, Miss Anna C. Timmins, Mrs. E. J. Torney, Mrs. John G. Tyler, Miss Blanche West, Miss Ada May Williams, Mrs. K. E. Whitby.

Members and guests are invited to reserve tables.

It is hoped that this initial contribution of the Drama Group to the Club may be the forerunner of many such. As this newly organized activity grows in ability, it looks forward to establishing itself as a group which shall present every year dramatic programs of marked excellence.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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● Our same excellent operators are with us in the Beauty Salon and prices are commensurate with the service and comfort you have when we are taking care of your beauty requirements. Have you had a French finger wave lately, and how about that new permanent you will need before going on your vacation?

Scrip

● The generous 10 per-cent discount on scrip may be withdrawn at any time. It therefore behooves each member to buy as soon as possible so that she may enjoy the departments of the Clubhouse, knowing that with her scrip she is getting more for her dollar than she may anywhere else down town. Books are available in five- and ten-dollar denominations. It means something when $9 buys $10.

It Pays—Sometimes—to Register a Protest

● After the article was written in the Magazine about two months ago, telling about the books and periodicals that are mutilated and removed from the Library, many books that had been missing for months were returned. Recently our complete set of Browning has been taken. We hope that it will be returned to us immediately.

New Members

● This is the beginning of the fiscal year. A member joining now gets the full value of her six dollars dues. Bring in your friends before the quota is reached for the year and the waiting list grows again. Thirty-one dollars is the total payment. This can be paid in full or in two or in three monthly payments.

Monthly League Bridge Party

● *Tuesday evening, May 23, 8 o'clock.* The third monthly party of the League Bridgers will be held on the evening of May 23. These monthly affairs are bringing out quite large groups, for with a fee of only 10 cents, the committee has prizes for every table. Reservations may be made at the Front Office or with members of the committee on Tuesday evenings.

Bedroom Rates Readjusted

● The Bedroom rates have been adjusted to meet the changing value of the dollar and the decreasing incomes of the members, the prices now ranging from $35 to $75. Tray charge for room service has been eliminated and club and table d'hote meals may now be served in the bedrooms.

Mrs. Harry E. Fossey was one of the Volunteer Service group which contributed to the success of the Private Collectors' Annual Exhibit at the City Club April 19 and 20. She is shown here at the display of "Household Shrines," which elicited much admiration. "Volunteer Service" as usual scored notably.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

HERE was an old lady lived in a shoe, she had so many children she did not know what to do . . . expresses the feelings of your President of two months while reviewing Club activities. Varied as they are—Book Reviews and Current Events, lectures on many subjects, dramatic readings and productions, sewing and now knitting, gardening and soon "culinary wrinkles," bridge classes and parties and not least, music, fill the monthly calendar. Yet the delightful Day in Mexico, the perfection of the more recent Collectors' Exhibit, the gay Children's Party and Puppet Show, though wide in their appeal, were enjoyed by so very few members that it gives food for thought.

The brief calendar notices of the Bulletin do not begin to tell all that goes into the planning and preparation of each event—and it has been a source of pleasure and inspiration to your President to share in the working out of the events. The talent of our membership is inexhaustible and ideas original and varied can be depended upon. So let us bring our rhyme to date, asking our faithful Volunteers to gather our many brain children into a happy parade of events, marching them through the Club Calendar to the applause of an appreciative membership.

Collectors' Exhibit Is Best Yet

—EDITH BRISTOL

● Whether it was the declomania screen from the collection of Mrs. William E. Fitzhugh with its rich patina acquired through the years—

Or the group of quaint teapots from the prized one hundred owned by Mrs. Herbert Hoover—

Or the rich pieces of Indian silver shown by Miss Marion Huntington—

Or the rare handbags that Mrs. Moses Heller has collected in strange ports of the globe—

Or the Japanese porcelains of Miss Cora May—

Whatever it was that first caught the attention of the visitor to Women's City Club's annual Collectors' Exhibit, held in the Auditorium April 19 and 20, one thing is certain. It was unique.

For in the entire Auditorium, filled with loan exhibits and admired by a steady throng of interested visitors, there was not a display that was not artistic, authentic, unusual in character and decorative in treatment.

To list the loans would require a catalogue. Mrs. Garfield D. Merner's collection of ancient ecclesiastical pieces was intensely interesting, consisting of wooden and alabaster statues of the saints, old vestments and altar pieces.

Mrs. Marcus Koshland's ivories and the collection of Japanese household shrines loaned by Miss Alice Burr occasioned admiration.

Rare prints were shown by Mrs. M. Meincke and a collection of bells by Mrs. Charles Slack.

The wide range of collectors' interest reflected in this year's exhibit was more marked than in previous shows.

This year's display was the most interesting ever shown at the City Club in the succession of years since the Annual Collectors' Exhibit was inaugurated.

Bridge Luncheon Lectures

—MRS. PHILLIP A. COXON, CHAIRMAN

● *Wednesdays, May 3, 10, 17, 24, at 12 o'clock.*

Mrs. Alice M. Roedel will give four lectures on the new 1933 Culbertson bids at a series of luncheon lectures on four consecutive Wednesdays beginning May 3. A buffet luncheon will be served at 12 o'clock, the lecture will start at 1 o'clock sharp and at 2 o'clock play will begin. Mrs. Roedel will go from table to table answering questions. The subjects of the four talks will be:

May 3—The Four-Five No-Trump Slam Convention.

May 10—Inferential Forcing Bids.

May 17—Sign-Off Bids.

May 24—Plastic Valuation.

Fee, $1 for each session. Reservations must be made in advance.

Swimming Notes

● Within the next few weeks several new classes are scheduled to start in the Swimming Pool, including vacation classes for young girls. Members who are interested are asked to sign up in advance at the Swimming Pool Office.

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

ADULTS (Girls over 15 may enter.)

	Instruction Fee (Admission Extra) Members	Guests
Elementary Swimming—		
Wednesdays—5:30-6:		
May 17-July 12	$2.00	$3.00
Fridays—11:30-12:		
June 9-August 4	2.00	3.00
Intermediate Swimming and Diving—		
Wednesdays—5:30-6:		
May 17-July 12	2.00	3.00
Thursdays—11:30-12:		
June 15-August 10	2.00	3.00
Tuesdays—12:15-12:45:		
June 6-August 1	2.00	3.00
Advanced Swimming and Diving—		
Wednesdays—6-6:30:		
May 17-July 12	2.00	3.00

LIFE SAVING—ADULTS

Senior Life-Saving Classes will be held if five or more register.

Mondays at 5:30, May 8, through the summer. No instruction fee.

Wednesdays at 11, May 10, through the summer. No instruction fee.

VACATION CLASSES (Girls 10 to 14 years.)

Each class will meet nine times; registrants may attend any seven.

	Members' Daughters	Guests
Elementary Swimming—		
Wednesdays—2:15:		
June 14-August 9	$1.50	$2.25
Intermediate Swimming and Diving—		
Tuesdays—2:15:		
June 13-August 8	1.50	2.25
Advanced Swimming and Diving—		
Mondays—2:15:		
June 12-August 7	1.50	2.25

Current Events

—MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS, SPEAKER

● *Wednesday mornings, May 3, 17 and 31, 11 o'clock.*

Because of the five Wednesdays in March there seemed to be some uncertainty about the days Mrs. Lucas would speak. But just remember that she will always hold her section on the first and third Wednesday mornings, and if there is a fifth Wednesday, as in March and May, she will lecture on that day also, which means that there will then be lectures on two consecutive Wednesdays.

Distinguished Women of Fact and Fable

● Under the chairmanship of Mrs. Frank Z. Smith, an attractive pageant will be given at the Club Monday afternoon, May 8, at 2:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson is in charge of the program, which will consist of a group of tableaux depicting womanhood. Mrs. Rudolph Smale will be in charge of the musical accompaniment and will be assisted by Miss Margaret Yost, violinist, a new member.

Tables are to be reserved for the program and the tea to follow. Please make reservations in advance. The admission is 35 cents.

Mrs. Simpson, who is in general charge of the pageant, has had many years' experience on the legitimate stage, especially in New York and the Southern states.

Mrs. Rudolph Smale and Miss Margaret Yost, who are contributing the music, too have had much artistic experience. Mrs. Smale is a composer, pianist, organist and also specializes in accompaniments.

Miss Yost is a violinist of distinguished renown. She spent most of her years of study in Germany. Both musicians are new members of the City Club.

PLEDGE, VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT

Date.....

I herewith pledge as a gift to the National League for Woman's Service $.....a year for two years: $.....1933, and $.....1934. I agree to remit as follows:

(1) Payment in full $.....

(2) Installment payments as follows:

(a) Monthly $.....

(b) Quarterly $.....

(c) Semi-annually $.....

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EDITORIAL

● Volunteer Aid Detachment!

The words roll off the tongue with a military precision that suggests promptness, alertness, shoulder-arms-ness.

Also a kind of geared-up quietness, as of things to be done and a matter-of-fact doing.

The Women's City Club was born of that state of consciousness. It was a bit grim in those days, back in war-time. And it's not at all grim now. But none the less insistent and challenging.

Volunter Aid Detachment. V. A. D.'s they were called. Sometimes they were termed Minute Women. Whatever the appellation, they got things accomplished.

And so the V. A. D.'s are again on the job.

Now, as then, they are not the result of conscription. The V. A. D. has always anticipated and always will anticipate the draft.

They are Valiant And Determined.

They are Versatile And Dauntless.

Their work is Varied And Daring.

For they are going to snap their fingers at the common enemy, Depression and even now have him beleaguered. It's only a question of time until this crack regiment of the City Club will have entered the last citadel. Then will come the covenants openly arrived at.

The Volunteer Aid Detachment's assignment at this time is to assemble a fund which will take the place of commitments which would have been available if incomes had not, beginning in 1929, begun to shrink.

Through nobody's fault, because of world conditions which could not have been foreseen, revenues in every line of human activity were decreased. The City Club, like every other institution, was affected in increment.

The directors met the situation with a quick rallying. The thing to do was the next best thing than that which had not, according to plan, transpired. Simple as that, with common-sense at the helm. And so the Volunteer Aid Detachment was reorganized from the demobilized forces of a few short years ago, and has already assembled gifts from members to meet obligations.

No one has been assessed, nor importuned. Many members who bought bonds before the Club was built have returned them as gifts. Others have given cash. Little or much, each contribution is accepted with deep appreciation.

Every woman, regardless of her means, has a pet project.

Some give their affections to orphanages. Others to hospitals. Or havens for the aged.

The City Club is dear to the hearts of many, both because of the unique place it fills in the community and for the sentiment that attaches to its foundation on the very ashes of war, growing as it did, lovely and benignly, out of a time of stress. Others are devoted to it for the same reason they would love a beautiful tree, or a puppy or a kitten—or a straight-limbed youth—because they have watched it grow.

They have seen that growth and they want to watch it further—in the years that are to come.

And so, the Volunteer Aid Detachment carries on. It will not surrender the torch which it lit in 1918.

Private Collectors' Exhibit Committee Does Stunning Piece of Work

● The artistic success of the Collectors' Exhibit held at the City Club, April 19 and 20, was largely due to the enthusiasm and unflagging work of the committee, headed by Miss Lucy Allyne. To the assembling and selection of the display Miss Allyne and her staff brought their widely acknowledged good taste, a knowledge of objects of art, which they learned by travel and study, and an instinct for beauty. Added to these qualifications was their devotion to the City Club, which urged them to a determination that this year's Collectors' Exhibit should exceed in scope and lure any that had gone before.

Their determination was amply rewarded. The contributors numbered ninety-three and the articles displayed were five hundred and sixty-four. To have handled that many precious objects, each dear to the heart of its collector, was no mean job. They have all been returned intact to their owners, and the City Club is the richer for another festival having eventuated as planned.

To Miss Allyne, and the following committee, the Club expresses its appreciation: Mrs. Harris Allen, Miss Edith Allyne, Miss Alice Burr, Miss Rosario Winston, Mrs. T. B. Wilson.

Health Examinations May 15 to 26

● Dr. Ellen S. Stadtmuller has accepted the chairmanship of the annual Health Examinations, offered by the City Club to its members free of charge except for the nominal fee of $10, which is to defray the clerical expenses of registration and bookkeeping for the event.

Dr. Stadtmuller, who is a member of the City Club Board of Directors, takes the place of Dr. Adelaide Brown, who has resigned after a number of years of splendid work as chairman and originator of the Health Examinations.

Appointments for the examinations must be made in advance and from now until the closing day may be made at the City Club Office. Any City Club member may avail herself of this opportunity of checking up on her physical assets.

She Thinks Her Dues Are Paid But They ARE NOT

● Will the member who gave a Crocker First National Bank check dated February 23, 1933, for $6.25, in payment of dues, please call at the Executive Office on the Fourth Floor to sign the same.

A Mohammedan Wedding in a Cairo Palace

—VALERIE HARISSE ARNOLD

● We arrived in Cairo one late December morning with a letter to Prince Naukuchoff which had been given to us by the charge d'affaires from Egypt to Spain. I was so impressed with the novelty of meeting a Russian-Circassian prince that as soon as we were settled I hurried my husband off to deliver the letter at the palace. When he returned with word that the prince was out of town I was disappointed, for our stay in Cairo was to be short.

That evening as we sat on the terrace sipping our cafe Turque, we were lost in the ever-passing picture. A call "Make way! make way!" attracted us to the railing. In front of the main entrance to the hotel we saw a milk-white horse looking as if he had stepped from the frieze of the Parthenon. He pranced, quivered, reared and curvetted, scattering the admiring crowd. The unusually handsome man who rode him held his seat with perfect ease and grace.

An Abyssinian *sais* stood near the horse's head. He wore a crisp white plaited skirt which dropped to his coal-black knees, a red jacket embroidered in glittering spangles and a stiff white blouse; a tiny red fez tipped on his jet-black curls completed this striking costume.

The rider threw his reins to the *sais* and swung to the ground, then he hurried up the broad marble stairway to the terrace. Immediately the portier came forward with a low obeisance. He took the prince's card and came toward my husband, who rose and received the card and hastened to greet the prince. The people near us murmured:

"That is the Attorney General of Cairo; his father is the powerful Prince-Governor of Upper Egypt."

The prince met us with the courtliness of the cultured Oriental. He was pleased that we had arrived before Ramadan, their most sacred of days. Tomorrow would be the beginning of forty days of fasting and prayer. During that time no pact would be legal, no wedding could be solemnized. This was the date set for the wedding of his cousin the princess and he was privileged to invite us to the reception. He asked us to excuse the informality of his invitation and suggested that we prepare to leave immediately. We hurried to our rooms, deciding to honor the princess by going in full dress.

As we left the hotel, all the natives and many foreigners made way for the prince, bowing low as he passed by. He greeted every one with a cordial smile which we found most intriguing. We were whirled away amidst the crowd of salaaming natives and the calls of "make way!" uttered almost like a wail by his outrunner.

As we drove through a narrow street where our wheels scraped the curbstone, and the fretted wooden balconies, heavily screened, almost touched high above us, we were stopped by a crowd. They seemed to be listening to ear-splitting sounds from kettle-drums and cymbals; the discordant notes of a distant pattering band mingled with the shouting of men who were fighting.

The prince said:

"This is only a mock strife between a bridegroom and the bride's father and relatives. They are adhering to an old tradition that on the wedding night the bride must be stolen from her family, even though the family have arranged for the wedding and are glad to have someone provide for her."

Children half clad and begrimed with dust, laughing with happy cries and shouts, pressed forward to see the bride between the fluttering silk curtains of the palanquin. Dogs barked and growled, camels snarled, women, both Copts and the native Mohammedans, gathered around in merry groups. A joyous mood seemed to dominate the crowd; native non-Mohammedan women danced and sang, the men grasped one another by the hands. All kinds of sounds broke through the music of pipes, the crashing of cymbals and the babel of tongues.

A mosque with its perfect dome, the symbol of the bubble of life, bathed in the crimson light of the fast-fading day, made a brilliant background for the bridal procession. Suddenly, the muezzin wailed out the evening call for prayer, and with one movement there was the spreading of prayer rugs; with a sweeping, rustling sound the mass of people bent their knees and bowed their heads toward the east, murmuring:

"Allah il allah, there is but one Lord, and Mohammed is his Prophet."

Finally the procession went on its way. The crowd dispersed. We drove for at least a mile through a causeway embowered with hedges of jasmine, the favorite flower of the Egyptians. Men wear the flower as a boutonniere and women sprinkle themselves heavily with the perfume.

Upon turning we found ourselves in the midst of orange and lemon groves. We stopped before a beautiful, massive, black iron gate; the footmen jumped down, announcing the name of "Prince Naukuchoff." The name was an open sesame, for immediately the keeper at the door appeared, drew a huge key from his sashbelt and placed it in the lock. There was a jangling and scraping as the gates opened; we drove through and were put down before a marble patio. Lanterns of all shapes and hues swung from the trees, sending their varied colors flickering through the leaves. In the center of the patio stood a marble Ibis from whose beak flowed a stream of water which bubbled and scattered rainbow lights into a carrara basin.

The *sais* and servants, clad in holiday dress, salaamed to the right and left of us, as we alighted. The prince said:

"We must leave you here; men are not allowed in the harem. We shall await you here later. You will find Madame Shoukra Pascha awaiting you at the head of the stairs."

We mounted a flight of luxuriously carpeted stairs. A beautiful, distinguished woman, unveiled, with hair as black as a raven's wing, the whitest of skins, the brownest of eyes, and small, perfect features, came forward to meet us. Her greeting was gracious, accompanied by a minuet courtesy. She was clad in a high-necked emerald-green satin, the latest Parisian creation. Her guimpe, belt and tiara were of emeralds and diamonds; her earrings dripped to her shoulders. She had a rare charm and her French was singularly fluent and pure. I learned that she, like most of the women of the nobility, had been educated in Europe.

The drawing room was crowded with friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The guests whom we met spoke French fluently, so we soon felt at ease. My American friend who was with me was a very fair and beautiful girl. Madame Salah Pascha, the wife of the Minister of the Interior, seemed much intrigued by her, and said:

"My dear young lady, I have a son who is about your age. I would like to make arrangements so that you two could marry, but when you become his wife you may never go decollette."

We accepted the rebuke for wearing full dress; we had forgotten that Mohammedan women never expose their necks.

I heard a chorus of turtle-doves and asked:

"Where are the birds?"

"There are no birds," Madame Salah Pascha answered, "only women who have been trained to coo on these happy occasions. It presages happiness."

"May we witness the marriage ceremony?" I queried.

"We have none, according to your idea. We have a legal and a religious ceremony only. The fathers or guardians and the muezzin, who is an official of the church

(Continued on Page 12)

History of the Marigold

—MRS. DAVID BROWN

● The marigold is one of our most universal flowers and has a very interesting history. It is found native from Persia to the Canary Islands, and was carried to England and other countries where it was esteemed not only for beauty but also for culinary and medicinal virtues.

The old books say this flower was called the Chrysanthemum of the Greeks, and they also said the flower was originally the nymph Clytie, who fell in love with the Sun, and gazed upon him all day till she was turned into the golden flower.

Romans called it "Calendula Officinalis," the word Calendae meaning "throughout the months," in allusion to almost perpetual flowering.

As the marigold was a solar flower the astrologers placed it under the sign of Leo.

In the reign of Henry VIII, the marigold was often called "Souvenir," and sentimental ladies wore wreaths of marigolds mixed with heartsease. To dream of marigolds denoted prosperity, riches and a happy marriage.

We also find these lines in an English book: "Some term it the 'Sun's Spouse,' or the follower of the sun, and it is of some named the 'Husbandman's Dial,' in that the same showeth to them both the morning and the evening tide."

"Gerard's Herbal," published in 1636, has the following: "The floures and leaves of marigolds being distilled and the water dropped into red and watery eies, ceaseth the inflammation, and taketh away the paine.

"Conserve made of the floures and sugar taken in the morning fasting, cureth the trembling of the heart.

"The yellow leaves of the floures are dried and kept throughout Dutchland against winter, to put into broth, in physicall potions, and for divers other purposes, in such quantity, that in some grocers' or spice-sellers' houses are to be found barrels filled with them, and retailed by the penny more or lesse, insomuch that no broths are well made without dried marigolds."

In medieval times the monks gave to this golden bloom the prefix "Mary," from the legend that the Virgin Mary loved to wear the flower in her bosom. Shakespeare followed this legend, and in his writings we find allusions to "Mary buds," and a devotion to the marigold expressed with poetic rapture. And in the "Rape of Lucrice," he says:

"Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed
their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day."

These are a few of many writings on the marigold, but the real poetry is well expressed by George Wither, a contemperary of Shakespeare, who said:

"When with serious musing I behold—
The grateful and obsequious marigold
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast where Phoebus spreads
his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him, her small
slender stalk;
How when he down declines, she droops
and mourns
Bedewed, as 'twere with tears, till he
returns,
And how she veils her flowers when he is
gone;
When this I meditate, methinks the
flowers
Have spirits far more generous than
ours."

Valiant as in Wartime, the Volunteer Aid Detachment is Armed and Engined; the Minute Women of 1933 are Determined to Carry On. The Honor Roll is in the Foyer

It's All a Matter of "Styling"

● In the gay nineties style was a word applied to clothes, related to fashion and the mode. There was style in architecture, in literature, in painting, in acting and even in the realm of music, but in those days style had not arrived in the kitchen.

Now we find stylists in every walk of life, in every activity and in every industry. In one of the most beautiful New York sky-high studios is a man who designs streamline bodies, hard at work "styling" a kitchen sink. We are style conscious. The mop, dishpan, fireless cooker, and even the garbage can must have style, be smart and look right. Furniture is styled, furniture coverings and fabrics must relate themselves to periods and to line. We are back in the mode of 1890 and the turn of the century in our fashion for clothes. Notwithstanding the great strides made by our so-called modern furniture and modern art, we are feeling the Victorian influence these days—in lamps, pictures, chairs and china, even carpets and rugs. Strangely enough, they combine charmingly with the severe lines of modern furniture interpretation.

New chairs, like the old, have gone back to Victorian times for fabrics, and are covered in plush, mohair and velvet. To be sure, the colors are dove grey—pearl beige, dull blues and cappucines or soft greens — but it's plush just the same; finer, softer, and with a long, luxurious pile. Mohair has taken on a new lustre, lost its harshness and become color-conscious.

Cottons in heavy-knitted weaves and even heavy wools are used for furniture covering. Ball fringe is again popular. The old-fashioned white and ecru type may be seen in any decorator's windows, fastened to white pleated shades which complete milk glass lamps.

Fabrics are the real news of fashion—in Paris and in America. From cotton up through to the finest silks and velvets, each fabric has tried to outdo the others in changing its construction, its surface markings and almost its identity. This has been good for trade because the appeal of the unusual counts these days. Novelties have been invented to intrigue the reluctant buyer.

To be sure, there is nothing new, and we are not being trite when we say that the Greeks had a word for the linens and amazingly beautiful thin, soft, gossamer-like woolens, long before America was discovered.

Flat weaves and pile fabrics have gone back to the Arabs and got their goat. Mohair is actually derived from an Arabic word, Muhayyar—and angora is the most fashionable wool of the moment and will carry on into fall because of its softness and surface interest.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

RE-THINKING MISSIONS: A LAYMAN'S INQUIRY AFTER 100 YEARS; Harper and Bros.; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1932; *prepared by Walter Lippmann;* reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

THE COLOURED DOME; *by Francis Stuart;* Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

Books Concerning the Psychological Right-About-Face:

SWEEPING THE COBWEBS; *by Lillien J. Martin and Clare de Gruchy;* Macmillan Co., New York. $1.

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY; *by Walter B. Pitkin;* McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York and London.

FOR SINNERS ONLY; the Book of the Oxford Groups; *by A. J. Russell;* Harper and Bros., New York and London. $2.

● Re-Thinking Missions: a Layman's Inquiry After 100 Years"; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

It is high time for some clear thinking about the values on which our civilization (not forgetting to include democracy) was established. Christianity was the bedrock on which our western type of civilization was erected. Is that rock less than the granite we have always thought it to be?

It is almost impossible for the average mind to think on this subject with anything like clarity because it is attacked from all sides by the confused voices of those whose understanding is limited. It is with great satisfaction that one finds a clear call to real understanding. "Re-Thinking Missions" is such a call; it is "expressed in the living forms of thought which should convince and persuade the mind today," unless that mind is inhibited by the recently expressed idea that that particular denomination is not "out to seek the truth but to win the world."

Missions are treated as a part of the universal situation, and the values set forth are those with meaning for mankind. The question answered is somewhat in this vein: What has Christianity that is worth offering to the rest of the world, in view of what it already has? It is a most pertinent and searching question.

Pearl S. Buck writes thus of the book: "I confess with enthusiasm and delight that having read it from cover to cover, I put it down with a sense of complete satisfaction. I have not read merely a report. I have read a unique book, a great book. The book presents a masterly statement of religion in its place in life, and of Christianity in its place in religion. The first three chapters are the finest exposition of religion I have ever read. The later chapters present a true and perfect picture of missions."

The book is in no sense a stock response to "missions." It is instead a revelation of the search for a "basic fund of common experience, the stuff of human brotherhood."

● The United States in World Affairs in 1932; prepared by Walter Lippmann; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

One of the latest acquisitions of the Club Library is "The United States in World Affairs in 1932," prepared by Walter Lippmann, with the assistance of William O. Scroggs and Charles Merz. The volume may seem, to most of those who are in the habit of looking over the new books on the right side of the Librarian's desk, important only as a reference book. But if the reader is at all interested in trying to understand current financial and political problems, she will do well to carry this book home and spend some thoughtful hours over it.

Those who have prepared this "memorandum written in the midst of affairs" have presented facts rather than passing judgment on policies or advocating their own views. The facts are assembled by trained observers and passed in review so that the record of the United States in world affairs during 1932 becomes as integrated a picture as it is possible to achieve in view of the fact that none of the great issues, "with the exception of German reparations," have been definitely settled.

The stage is set for the reviewing of the facts of 1932 by the nine months' interval when Mr. Hoover carried on without Congress from March to December, 1931. The resulting confusion of opinion and lack of co-operation between the President and Congress are the facts underlying anything like adequate understanding of what took place during the year 1932.

One of the issues most clearly set forth in the book is that having to do with the influence of short-term credits and demand deposits (part of which were due to expatriated capital carried in the United States) on the monetary crisis. This angle when placed in relation to the whole contemporary picture gives a somewhat different idea of the international and national economic situation than that obtained from a collection of snap shots taken at random from the current accounts published during the year.

Reviewing a review is a difficult task and the result gives a very inadequate idea of the scope of the book. But one idea stands out clearly and well defined in the mind of the reader: that our national affairs can be understood only when viewed as an integral part of world affairs. Domestic affairs, per se, are a thing of the past.

● The Coloured Dome; by Francis Stuart.

Francis Stuart finds the title of his last book in these lines:

"Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Garry Delea, the young Irish patriot, had a "passionate desire to share in himself the anguish of the broken heart of the world. Pitiful, and a little ludicrous. To willingly accept a part of that suffering, and in the measure of its acceptance to be filled with an understanding of the mosaic of life. To look through the coloured dome at the white, unstained snows of light beyond it. A white radiance fell through his consciousness unstained by that coloured dome. As though life had become simple with the translucence of eternity. . . . and while he waited, he humbly offered himself, in that cold and peaceful holocaust, to share the little, ludicrous tragedies of the world."

Garry Delea loved his dream of patriotic self-immolation more than he loved Tully McCoolagh, the almost-legendary woman-leader of the Irish revolution, called Tulloolagh by her followers.

Francis Stuart writes in a language of his own, half poetry, half mysticism. When we have found a book by an author who has his own language, we look for his next book. Maristan Chapman writes in the tongue of the hill-men, and we watch for each book in the saga of Glen Hazard. So Francis Stuart writes of Young Ireland, in his earlier book, "Pigeon Irish." It was more lucid in its symbolism, I think, than "The Coloured Dome." But in this latest story, too, "one catches glimpses of a many-sided Ireland—the flickering lights of Dublin in a misty evening—the dark line of woods and the cry of geese over Meath—the shiny flanks of horses at Phoenix Park"; and of the dreaming, reckless, mystical young patriots of Erin.

One of the Americans who came to San Francisco recently with the Oxford Group said, "People have never seemed so wistful

as they are now." One of the young men from Oxford made a surprising statement. It was Malcolm Ross, identified with the labor movement in the mills of Great Britain, who said, "I have never in my life seen so much misery as we saw this time in crossing the continent."

Many of the new books are seeking a way out, along the paths of psychological or spiritual change. Perhaps the two are the same. Certainly, the laws laid down by the wisest priests and seers were founded upon facts of mental and bodily health. It may be that most of us have yet to learn the highest law of all, which means release.

Daisy Reed has thoughtfully reviewed "Re-Thinking Missions." At the International House that book was reviewed viva voce by a group called the "Inner Circle," which included students from Persia, India, Japan, China, the Philippines, Canada, Palestine and the United States. Each controversial question was referred to Dr. Leighton Stuart, "a missionary and the son of a missionary," who is the President of Yenching University at Peiping. The audience may have wondered at the unruffled calm with which he agreed with each constructive criticism or suggestion for change. He had been "listening in" to earlier suggestions from the Source of calm.

"Sweeping the Cobwebs" is another constructive and illuminating book from the authors of "Salvaging Old Age." They conduct a successful clinic for the re-orientation of those whose minds and spirit have begun to stiffen with their arteries. Dr. Martin, herself a well-known consulting psychologist at the age of eighty, plans a trip to Europe or a flight to South America whenever she likes. Her brave books have much cheer for those who would like to believe that "the best is yet to be."

Walter B. Pitkin is a professor at Columbia University. He finds adventure and excitement in passing that fortieth milestone which used to mark the deadline. He sees in the compulsory shortening of working hours, through over-production, the gift of a vastly precious and productive leisure for the older generation, while the younger generation takes over the heavier responsibilities earlier than they do now. He outlines a millennial state, to come to pass about the year 1980, when most of us will not be here to prove or disprove it! But there is enough that is original and controversial in the little book called "Life Begins at Forty" to make it worth reading.

"For Sinners Only" is the history of the Oxford Group, whose flying squadrons have carried the contagion of enthusiasm (which means "God within us," doesn't it?) from that hoary university to South Africa, South America, China, Canada, the United States. The book is sympathetically written by the editor of a great London newspaper, who at first wished to make a feature story of the swift-running fire that had been lit by the Oxford Group. The title may seem to be ill-chosen, because many of us believe that there is no such thing as sin, and turn away from a book so entitled. But after a week of listening to the young Oxford voices talking of an earlier simplicity, of watching their radiant faces, of gauging by their uncompromising test of any act, any plan, according to the standard of "absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love," many things look scarlet which we had thought—or tried to think—were only a deliciously rosy pink. The comment of an unimpressionable medical student was enlightening. Most of us who are not of the youngest generation are inclined to jibe at any unbosoming of our own self-dissatisfactions, or warpings, or sins, even if it is only "under four eyes," in the Oxford parlance. The medical student said, "But that is sound psychology." And so it is!—to my surprise—whether used by Dr. Martin or by the Oxford Group. There is sound psychology in the New Testament. A club woman said, of the Oxford teaching, "But this is too childish!" Well, our greatest leaders have the simplicity of little children—Einstein, Jordan, Jesus.

To anyone who can recognize sincerity under mannerisms that may be strange to us, to anyone who is dissatisfied, or afraid, I commend "For Sinners Only."

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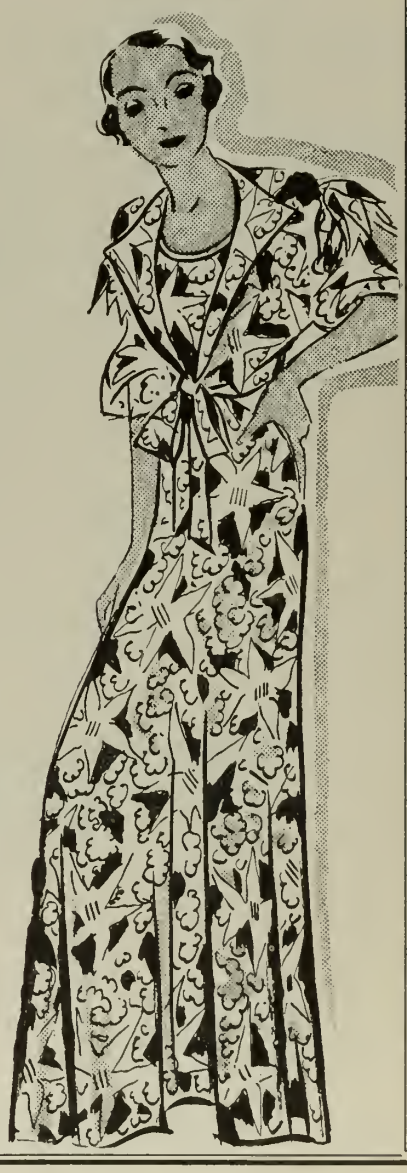

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(Continued From Page 8)

and the state, meet with a notary public to settle the marriage dot and legalize the marriage, which is consecrated by prayer; neither the bride nor the bridegroom is present."

A lady-in-waiting from the khedive's household was announced. The guests were told to follow her into the adjoining room, which was perfectly bare except for a golden dais on which sat an exquisite little girl. She was dressed in white satin; a crown of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, which we were told had cost $300,000, held her veil, which was of solid golden tinsel and hung to the edge of her very long train. Her beautiful brown eyes overflowed with tears. I asked:

"Why does she seem so unhappy?"

"Because," said the pascha's wife, "she does not love the man."

We were led into the bedroom to see the bride's trousseau, and the bridegroom's too. The room was as bare as all the others. It had a few carven chairs and a solid silver bed upon which was spread exquisite lingerie, tea gown and dainty robes. The bed cover was of red velvet embroidered in gold thread and pearls, some of which would have made a very attractive necklace. Involuntarily I started to brush aside some little black specks from the dainty, filmy gowns and coverlet; the princess said excitedly:

"Mon dieu! Do not touch the sesame seeds; they keep off the evil eye."

The women stood around us patting our necks, stroking our arms, gazing at us in wonder. Madame Salah Pascha said:

"I asked Prince Naukachoff to bring you to my home. You must see my garden where I spend much of my time reading and helping my husband in his many duties as Minister of the Interior, private affairs that his secretary may not become acquainted with. I have had flowers brought from all over the world and planted in my garden. I love to work in it."

The bridegroom was announced and we were hurried into the salon. Along the walls stood the gorgeously gowned women with their filmy handkerchiefs spread over their faces. The black slave women were seated on the floor hiding their heads with their print dresses.

As the elderly, grey-bearded bridegroom walked between the files of women, he showered coins of great value along his path. The slaves rushed forward scrambling for the gold. Looking at the elderly bridegroom, we realized that the little bride's heart could not be given to him. Madame Salah Pascha had whispered to us that the bride's father had arranged in his will that when his daughter reached her fourteenth birthday she should be given in marriage to this wealthy friend in order that the future support of the family might be assured.

The contrast between the gay wedding of the bride of the people and this sad one of the poor rich little princess was great. As I walked out into the bright night I felt as if I were leaving a prison. Whenever I thought of the little bride, especially when I heard the muezzin's mournful call to prayer, I whispered:

"May Allah bless you, sad little bride."

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Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, (value $64,171,686.00) on books at	$ 61,081,697.82
Loans on Real Estate	73,596,959.27
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,278,738.75
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,135,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $500,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Cash	21,507,228.09
Total	$157,464,626.93

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$151,114,626.93
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,350,000.00
Total	$157,464,626.93

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending December 31st, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$7,564,580.66
Expenses and Taxes	906,735.60
Net Profits	$6,657,845.06

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
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Mrs. Black Prepares Thursday Programs

● Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, which have contributed so largely to the cultural and entertainment side of the City Club's activities, has prepared a schedule which extends into June.

The list of speakers and their subjects follows:

AN HOUR OF SONG

Thursday Evening Program, May 4, 8 o'Clock

The Philomel Choristers, composed of women's voices, and the Fireside Singers, a mixed chorus, will give an hour of song under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. When the Thursday Evening Programs are musical in character they are usually given in the American Room, but on this occasion, because of the limited capacity of that room, the Auditorium will be used.

DR. THOMAS ADDIS

Thursday Evening Program, May 11, 8 o'Clock

Dr. Thomas Addis of Stanford University will give an explanation of the "New Economics," of which he is an exponent. Dr. Addis recently gave a course of lectures at the San Francisco Center, and because of them he is well and favorably known to a great many of our members.

MR. H. J. BRUNNIER

Thursday Evening Program, May 18, 8 o'Clock

Mr. H. J. Brunnier, construction engineer for the Bay bridge, will give a talk on "Prosperity Via the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge." Mr. Brunnier is a nationally known engineer, and his lecture on the bridge and its effect on the business in this community will be interesting to hear.

MISS DOROTHY SCOTT

DRAMATIC READER

Thursday Evening Program, May 25, 8 o'Clock

Miss Dorothy Scott, a young pupil of Mrs. John Cuddy, will read two one-act plays:

"Dawn" by Percival Wilde, and

"The Queen's Shift" by James Ingersoll.

DR. CHEN CHANG LOK

CONSUL GENERAL OF CHINA

Thursday Evening Program, June 1, 8 o'Clock

Dr. Chen, a graduate of Yale and Chicago University, and a resident of this country for many years, will be the speaker on June 1. Dr. Chen has chosen "Current Events in China" as his subject and as it is a most timely one and of deep interest particularly to residents of the Western coast, it promises to be one of the most popular of the month.

Culinary Wrinkles

● *Friday mornings, May 19 and 26, June 2 and 9, 10:30 o'clock.*

Elizabeth Bridge Currier, Columbia, B. S., and University of California, M. A., will give four lectures on Modern Cookery. As the time for vacations approaches, the camp cook stoves and barbecues are being brought out, and those not leaving town are planning buffet luncheons and suppers or other light and attractive refreshments. Mrs. Currier has taught cooking at Cogswell and Polytechnic and has given invaluable service training the San Francisco Girl Scouts in methods of outdoor cooking. When she gives the talks at the Club she will not do the actual cooking, but will prepare certain dishes at home and display them before and after the lectures, and then some of her recipes will be made up in the Kitchen and served in the Dining Room and Cafeteria at noon the same day. The subject of her lectures will be:

May 19—The Spring Fever Urge for Out-of-Doors. What to Take on a Picnic. Simple Outdoor Cookery.

May 26—Sunday Suppers.

June 2—The Simple Luncheon Without a Maid.

June 9—Emergency Shelf and Special Recipes; Written Questions Answered.

Written questions not relating to the subject of the lecture will be answered by Mrs. Currier at the last lecture.

Admission — members 25 cents; non-members 35 cents.

"Color"

—MRS. J. P. RETTENMAYER, CHAIRMAN

● *Tuesday mornings, May 2, 9, 16, 23, 10:30 o'clock.*

This series of lectures on "Color" by Wana Derge has been most successful. Fourteen members have taken the course and now are about to form an "alumni." One hundred students have worked with Miss Derge, and they will be invited to form the nucleus of the group, which will meet at the Club once or twice a year to talk things over and be mutually helpful, and once a year an exhibit of their "altars of beauty" will be set up for the enjoyment of themselves and the membership as a whole. Miss Derge will organize another class in August, and those interested may leave their names at the Front Office.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIVE?

Mrs. Kelly's at 2441 Jackson Street is one of those places one appreciates for its clean rooms, excellent food, nice congenial people, environment and other attractive qualities that interest discriminating people.

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Work You'd Rather Do Than Play! Why Not Make Your Living At It?

● Anne Shannon Monroe's book is brimful of hints for the City Club's Talent Festival, or the Private Collectors' Exhibit.

Do you love old things? Or bookbinding? Or gardening? If you must make your living or if you need extra money, stop and consider what interests you most and then do it, says Anne Shannon Monroe in her new book, "God Lights a Candle" (Doubleday, Doran).

She shows how women can use their special gifts and interests to make a happy and successful living in these difficult times.

"Dig deeper into your life," she advises. "Find your real, your fine, your waiting self; then use your time in a way to make this self lead. If you do this—if instead of worrying, fretting, wondering, you put your mind on some constructive work or study, and hold it there with recurrent regularity, little by little a sense of light will come to you. A new rhythm will begin to establish itself in your being. You will lift, slowly maybe — but surely — into poise, into strength, into understanding, until your own personality dominates the worrisome elements and brings you peace. And with peace at the center you can go forward and accomplish almost anything.

"My friend's husband is a jeweler," continues Miss Monroe. "Business was slack. After days of helping him worry about it, she came through with an idea, born of her ruling passion for old things. 'Repairs!' she suggested. 'Tarnished treasures made new! Forgotten heirlooms rehabilitated! I'll solicit them.' Her husband thought it a poor hunch. People didn't have to be told to repair their old stuff. When they wanted it done, they carried it to a shop, didn't they? But just the same she set out in her trim little roadster. And if you could have seen what she brought back! She kept it up day after day, her enthusiasm opening long-forgotten chests and cases and drawers, with the result that the jewelery shop had a rush of business right through its dullest season.

"Another, hearing the story, came abruptly to life: 'Why can't I do the same thing with old books?' she demanded. For several years she had given her spare ... to book-binding for the mere pleasure of it, working with a group of ardent devotees who managed a small studio together. But, lately, considering it an extravagant pastime, they had closed it. She started out hopefully in her little car; and she, too, returned joyfully with work to be done; and she was on the trail of other volumes that would keep her busy for months. Gloriously, she was now doing for profit what for years she had done for pleasure at the close of a tiresome day in a downtown office."

Another young business woman with a love for antiques hitched a trailer to her car and came back with it loaded with old chests and chairs and tables to be done over. 'Think of being paid to do the work you love!' she exclaimed, busy with sandpaper, stains, oils and varnishes. Growing flowers, grafting fruit trees, making over old houses and selling them at a profit, baking pies, whatever their hobbies may be, hundreds of women all over the country are making money through work they'd rather do than play.

Not only does Miss Monroe tell the story of these women who have already made successes of their hobbies, but she devotes the greater part of "God Lights a Candle" to helping those who have not yet found the right road to success and happiness. She not only analyzes the various types of minds—the artist mind, the catering mind, the artisan, the creative, the out-of-doors, the methodical, the managerial and the philanthropic-mother mind—but points out and discusses the work that is specially suited to these different types of minds.

"Many in wrong occupations," concludes Miss Monroe, "haven't had the moral courage to attempt making a change so long as the work they were doing provided incomes that met necessities. But a better day is just ahead! Uncongenial work has fallen

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away from many hands, and these may now set about finding a natural outlet for their energies. One based on aptitude.

"Brains that have been stultified will expand, long-repressed initiative awaken, deadened enthusiasms come to life! For with what eagerness we go to the task we love! What freedom of the spirit it brings! How full of plans we become! How ready to study and labor and experiment! All of life offers hints and suggestions! Materials contribute themselves! Ideas sweep into our galvanized brains! Our work prospers, our product improves, and we become better poised, better nerved, better balanced, better natured, happier—and happier for others to live with!"

Color Tones up Breakfast

● The Breakfast Room has taken on a new dress. Colored table cloths and napkins and the uniforms of the waitresses all match, and now the Cafeteria, not to be outdone, dresses up a bit for dinner each night. If you have not seen our new attire start your day right by coming in some morning for breakfast (it is served from 7 to 11:30). Club breakfasts 25 cents, 35 cents and 50 cents, or a la carte, will surely appeal to your appetite. If you belong to a club or organization that meets for luncheon or dinner regularly or occasionally, ask Mrs. Ashbrook to suggest some menus to meet your taste and price. Some of the members do not know that there is a 50-cent luncheon served every day. This is a typical menu:

Monte Cristo Sandwich
or
Tomato Aspic, Shrimp Salad
or
Clubhouse Sausages with Potatoes and Green Peas
Corn Bread
Strawberry Whip
or
Apple Pie Butterscotch Pie
or
Devil Food Cake
or
Fruit Gelatine
Choice of Beverage

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

MAY 1933

HEALTH EXAMINATIONS - MAY 15 to 26, inclusive

MOTHER'S DAY — AUDITORIUM, MAY 8, 2:30

"Representative Mothers" in Tableaux

	LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
	MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
May 1	—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
	World Bridge Olympic—Alice Morgan Roedel Section $1.00 a person—4 silver cups—prizes.	*Chinese Room*	8:00 P.M.
2	—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M.
	V. A. D. Meeting—Miss Marion Leale	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
3	—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
	Bridge Luncheon Lecture (Buffet Luncheon) Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel will lecture for one hour. First lecture of course, "The Four-Five No-Trump Slam Convention." Play will start at 2 o'cock and continue through afternoon. Fee $1.00 a person.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:00 NOON
4	—Book Review Dinner Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Subject: "Eva Gay" by Evelyn Scott.	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 P.M.
	Thursday Evening Program An Hour of Song by the Philomel Choristers (all women). The Fireside Singers (mixed chorus). Directed by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
5	—Book Discussion Group	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	Drama Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
8	—Mother's Day—Representative Mothers in Tableau Admission (including tea) 35 cents. Reservations in advance.	*Auditorium*	2:30 P.M.
9	—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
10	—Bridge Luncheon Lecture—Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel Second lecture, "Inferential Forcing Bids."	*National Defenders' Room*	12:00 NOON
	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
11	—Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dr. Thomas Addis. Subject: "The New Economics."	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
13	—Latham Foundation Poster Exhibit Exhibition of Posters by School Children. Will continue to May 27.	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.
15	—Periodic Health Examinations From May 15 to May 26, inclusive. Fee $10.00.	*Second Floor*	4:00 TO 8:00 P.M.
16	—Lecture in Color—Miss Wana Derge	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M.
17	—Bridge Luncheon Lecture—Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel Third lecture, "Sign-Off Bids."	*National Defenders' Room*	12:00 NOON
	Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
18	—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. H. J. Brunnier, Construction Engineer for Bay Bridge. Subject: "Prosperity Via the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
19	—Culinary Wrinkles—Four Talks on Modern Cookery— Mrs. Elizabeth Bridge Currier 25 cents, members; 35 cents, non-members. First lecture, "The Spring Fever Urge for Out-of-Doors. What to Take on a Picnic. Simple Outdoor Cookery." Drama Group omitted.	*Auditorium*	10:30 A.M.
23	—League Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
24	—Bridge Luncheon Lecture—Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel Fourth lecture, "Plastic Valuation."	*National Defenders' Room*	12:00 NOON
	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
25	—Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Dorothy Scott, will read two one-act plays, "Dawn" by Percival Wilde and "The Queen's Shift" by James Ingersoll. (Miss Scott is a pupil of Mrs. John Cuddy.)	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
26	—Culinary Wrinkles—Mrs. Elizabeth Bridge Currier Second lecture, "Sunday Suppers."	*Auditorium*	10:30 A.M.
	Play by Drama Group "Inheritance" by Elene Wilbur. Admission 35 cents, including Tea. Reservations in advance.	*Auditorium*	2.30 P.M.
31	—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

June, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 5

Fosters City Club Music

● Two contributions to the cause of music in San Francisco have been made by the City Club in the month just closed.

The Symphony Orchestra drive, of which Mrs. Marcus Koshland is campaign director, has had its headquarters in one of the ground-floor rooms of the Club, opening on Post Street, and the concert of the Women musicians for the unemployed musicians of San Francisco was held Wednesday evening, May 24, in the Club Auditorium, which was free of rental charge.

Two other concerts for the same cause and by the same artists' organization will be given at the Club this month, with the rental of the Auditorium contributed by the City Club.

New Use Found for City Club Scrip

● City Club scrip has been found useful and negotiable in many departments, but it remained for a member this month to find a new use for it.

She paid her bridge debt with it one night when her losses, negligible as they were, were greater than her cash on hand. Opening her purse, she found she had but thirty cents and her book of City Club scrip. The winner, also a City Club member, laughingly said she could use scrip. The score was squared then and there, the total being about a dollar and five cents besides the thirty cents cash.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy" could be aptly paraphrased.

Volunteers! Here's a Call to Arms

● Miss Donohoe has called a general meeting of Volunteers to be held in the Auditorium at 11 o'clock Wednesday, June 14. All members, whether giving service or not, are invited to attend the meeting and listen or take part in the discussions. Following the general meeting, round tables will be held in the Cafeteria at which time groups will discuss the problems of their special services. Members are asked to notify the Executive Office directly, or their captains or chairmen, at which tables they wish to sit. Regular cafeteria service. Volunteers having special points relating to Volunteer Service they wish brought up for discussion are requested to communicate before the meeting with Mrs. Frank Zane Smith, recently appointed Chairman of the Volunteer Service by Miss Donohoe.

June Bridge Party Intrigues

● In March the League Bridge Committee decided to have a "party" once a month, and set St. Patrick's Day, March 17, for the first one. At the conclusion of the game that night the winner at each of the seventeen tables received a prize. In April the number of tables jumped to twenty-seven, and in addition to a prize for each table there was a door prize, a $5 Club scrip book. It had been the decision of the committee to discontinue for the months of June, July and August, but enthusiasm ran high and at the May 23 party the 128 members present voted that they be carried on in the summer. SO—SAVE THE DATE FOR JUNE — Tuesday evening, June 27, at 8 o'clock. Reservations may be made at the Front Office.

Polaa La Garde Talks About Clothes

● Some of the members are finding that Polaa La Garde is offering a real service, and are refurbishing or adding to their wardrobes with most satisfactory results. Classes are held daily—appointments made in advance.

For summer she is ready to organize children's classes to meet twice a week (either in San Francisco at the Club or out of town), with ten in a group, the fee $10 for the five weeks, payable in advance. They may choose international costuming for the dolls or making clothes for themselves.

She is also ready to form evening classes for business women. Ten lessons $10, with not over ten in a class. Instruction will include making and altering clothes, how and where to shop on limited incomes.

Mlle. La Garde may be consulted daily except Monday in her studio, Room 208.

Girl Scouts

—MRS. MAURICE HARRISON,
MEMBER GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL

● Vacation time is here and San Francisco Girl Scouts are looking forward to a busy summer outdoors. Troups are holding final meetings to award special merit badges for distinctions attained in Scouting during the year.

An extensive summer program will be carried out by headquarters from June to August. For girls staying in town who cannot go to camp there will be two days each week at the new day camp site at Lake Merced. From 10 to 4 o'clock Mondays and Thursdays, beginning June 15, a regular camping program, including flag raising, games, handcraft, dramatics, nature work, map making, camp cooking, hiking and other Girl Scout activities will be carried out.

Did You Leave Your Uniform?

● After the Talent Festival last October a large number of uniforms were left in the lockers on the Mezzanine Floor of the Shop, and are taking up space that is greatly needed by the Shop. Most of them are without identifying marks. If your uniform is among them will you please call for it as soon as possible? All uniforms not called for by August 1 will be laundered and put into general use by the Club.

Mrs. Blanchard Presents Concert

● At one of Mrs. A. P. Black's Thursday Evening Programs, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard directed a concert at the City Club May 4.

The program was as follows:

Let Every Heart Be Merry.....*Vecchi*
Jesu, Priceless Treasure.....*Bach*
Fireside Singers
The Swan .....*Saint Saens*
Moon-marketing .....*Weaver*
The Dark .....*Stanley Smith*
Soloist, Mrs. Celene Olsen
The Alphabet .....*Mozart*
Philomel Choristers
Bless the Lord.....*Ivanoff-Ippoltiloff*
The Lord's Prayer.....*Gretchaninov*
Farewell .....*Brahms*
Fireside Singers
Children of the Moon.....*Warren*
My Johnnie Was a Shoemaker.....
.....*English Folksong*
Song to Bohemia.....*Czechoslovak Folksong*
Philomel Choristers
I Know a Maiden Fair.....*Basque Folksong*
Come, Friendly Moon.....*Basque Folksong*
The Twelve Days of Christmas.....
.....*English Folksong*
Fireside Singers

Children to Present Plays in French

● A group of tots, ranging in age from 4 to 7 years, belonging to the Child Garden School, will present a benefit matinee for children at the Women's City Club Auditorium Saturday, June 3, at 2:15 o'clock.

This group of children belong to the French Drama Class of the school, and although of American parentage speak French fluently, and will present two one-act plays entirely in French.

Carmeta Sacchi, 9-year-old pianist, will play a group of solos. The plays are "Hop o' My Thumb" and "Little John's Voyage." Madame Melice Sawin directs the production.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME VII JUNE, 1933 NUMBER 5

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Bonds

● The following gifts of bonds are especially acceptable at this time, when the coupons attached for 1933 and 1934 accrue to the benefit of the V. A. D. It is with grateful appreciation we announce for the month the following bond donors: May their example prove an inspiration to other friends of the National League for Woman's Service.

Miss Anna W. Beaver	$100.00
Mrs. Herbert Eloesser	100.00
Dr. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts	500.00
Mr. C. R. Johnson, in memory of Mrs. C. R. Johnson	500.00
Mrs. Franklin A. Zane	300.00
Anonymous	200.00

Doris Froelich with exhibit of Latham Foundation posters shown during May at Women's City Club. About 4,000 art students competed for scholarship and awards.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

RAVEL at home has possibilities, and is a probability for many these days, and rather than deplore the fact, there are ways of turning it into a very profitable pastime.

San Francisco has much to offer an exploring mind, but it also requires energy to cope with hills and fog and wind. Less strenuous, perhaps, it is to remain within our own four walls, and by changing furniture and bric-a-brac about, settle back again delighted with the transformation, however slight.

There is yet another possibility well worth your consideration, a combination of both suggestions—for most of us at least approach our Club from the surrounding city, country or across the bay.

Does it not intrigue you, fellow member, mounting from floor to floor, to realize the varied interests that are housed within this building of yours? From Beauty Salon to Pent House, is there not a great deal to interest, entertain, educate each one of us?

We refrain from enumerating lest we spoil this adventure for you—but try, and try it soon, with your membership card as passport and eyes as well as mind open to all the National League for Woman's Service has to give you. You will value the privilege of your membership more highly, and with renewed enthusiasm bring friends and new members (or potential members) to share in the delightful pastime of using your Club.

Dear Members:

We urge you to read carefully the articles in the two preceding magazines and in this number, which outline ways and means to fill the Treasury in 1933 and 1934. The goal these next two years can easily be reached if each member will personally assume her share of the responsibility. We have mounted greater obstacles in the past. Together we shall succeed now. Let us do it quickly.

Bring in a new member in June. Send your voluntary aid now. You can increase your pledge later if you so choose.

Sincerely yours,

Marion W. Leale, Treasurer,
May E. Chapman, Chairman of Finance.

It's Never Too Early to Begin

● Mrs. Norman Livermore's home in Ross will be the setting Friday afternoon, June 2, of a meeting of Marin County members of the City Club who are interested, notwithstanding the early date, in the annual Talent Festival, scheduled for the early fall.

Mrs. Sherwood Coffin is assistant chairman of the Festival group in Marin County and will confer with Mrs. Livermore and Miss Donohoe, President of the City Club, and Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman of the Talent Festival, in charting preliminary plans for the event, one of the liveliest and most interesting periods in the City Club's activities of the year.

Rose Petals and Pine Cones for Talent Festival

● To members of the Women's City Club it may seem a far cry to the Talent Festival, which will be held, as usual, in October; but the central committee, which consists of Mrs. W. F. Booth, Jr., Chairman, Mrs. Howell Ware, Miss Ethel Young and Mrs. Ira Sloss, already is holding meetings and planning for that important occasion.

The committee asks that every member of the Club suggest ideas that can be utilized. It also requests that members with gardens collect rose petals and lavender, and asks that members going to the mountains send donations of pine cones—large size preferred—to the Women's City Club.

Are You Going to the Chicago Fair?

● "The Cordon," an organization of Chicago women engaged in the arts and professions, has very graciously extended the facilities of its clubrooms to members of the Women's City Club during the Century of Progress Exposition, May 27 to December 1.

Mrs. Mabel R. Putnam, chairman of the "Century of Progress" committee, writes that the club is located on the eighth floor of the Fine Arts Building, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and is open from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. Luncheon, tea and dinner will be served. Members who are going to Chicago this year and who would like to be accorded the privileges of the Chicago clubs with which we have reciprocal relations are requested to procure cards of introduction from the Room Secretary at the Front Office.

Other clubs in Chicago which extend courtesies to the San Francisco City Club are:

The Women's City Club, Tower Building; the Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh Street; the Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson Street.

City Club Member Writes of Life Abroad

● [The following letter from Mrs. Wilson-Jones, member of the City Club, to a San Francisco friend, will doubtless be of interest to many because of the personal equation. To the majority of readers, that is, to persons who do not know her, it will be interesting because of the intimate picture it draws of a part of England familiar in literature.

The writer is Josephine, Countess Schwarzenberg, but she does not use her title in America. She is at present visiting her family in England after having lived in Northern California for about two years.]

10 Thurlow Road,
25 April Hampstead N. W. 3,
London, England.

My dearest Louise:

For your loving letter, the kind things you said, and for the list of books, please accept my best thanks.

I moved from the country to town, as I felt the country compensations did not make up for the things in town I was missing—the things I came all the way to England to be near, to see and to hear!

Have a little one-room apartment with adjoining bath and kitchenette. It is the house of an Anglo-American professor of economics at the University of London. He, his charming Australian wife and her chum occupy the lower floor and the top floor is let in two apartments. There is no one in the other at present. The house is beautifully kept by two maids, and I have nothing to do except to cook my meals, and I only have breakfast and a light supper here. I take my main meal out, often at a charming little sixteenth-century cottage where the food is excellent and the place spotless. Or if I am down in town I get it at my club or elsewhere. I have my piano, my radio, every comfort and convenience, and my own fireplace. It being a damp, dull day, I have a cheerful fire blazing away. I am quite happy, content and well.

Hampstead has always had a fascination for me. Its old-world spirit, its peace and quietness, away from the noise and bustle of the city, yet fifteen minutes from Piccadilly, the center of life. Famous writers, artists, actors and singers have lived here, also statesmen; and it has many sixteenth and seventeenth-century houses and is 400 feet up, overlooking all other parts. Galsworthy, among other recent great men, lived here. George du Maurier was from here, and "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," by his father, were written here. Constalle, Charles Lamb, James Barrie, Hannah More, Sir Walter Scott, Keats, H. G. Wells, Dr. Johnson, Mary Anderson, William Siddons, David Garrick, Romney and hosts of others. A restricted, well-built area with some splendid mansions and some tiny, quaint old cottages. The heath noted in history is nearly a hundred acres of common land belonging to the people and never to be built over. It has beautiful clumps of trees, ponds, playgrounds, bridle paths and jumping places and meadows and grass, all beautifully kept; and chairs and benches placed all over for those who desire to sit and read and rest and look at the view or the sunset.

Two very famous inns are still here, Jack Straus Castle, a hostelry beloved by Dickens and his friends, where he often walked from his home in Bloosbury across "Parliament Fields"; still fields are there! And "The Spaniards," famous old unspoiled inn, with its gatehouse and hostel with low-pitched rooms, its simple, old, comfortable fittings, and where the wayfarer can still get good bread and cheese and a glass of good beer. Jack Turpin lodged here, at the Spaniards, and his horses were shod along the road, where the old stone floor, carved ceiling and the bellows of the smithy are still shown with pride by the town councillor, who is now an owner of the hardware shop that contains these treasures, and where he says his ancestors lived for over 300 years; and one was the very smith who shod the highwaymen's horses! For some years it was a watering place called Hampstead Wells, and there is still well water in the Vale of Health! Dr. Johnson brought his ailing wife to take the waters, and so did Walter Scott.

So I am among the "shades" of the great, and perchance a mantle may fall upon my shoulders, so that I may write worthily.

The churches, the oratories and concerts, the lovely old places and the newer theaters all are so fascinating. I have joined a group called "The London Ramblers," and we go places, see things worth while, and it's most enjoyable. There is one American with whom I chum up. She is married to an Englishman and lives at Rew Gardens. She's a jolly soul and we see the funny side of much the same things and enjoy the outings together. I'd love to have you go with me; then it would be a happy time.

My son comes from China on Friday and we are all very excited.

I have no idea whether I shall stay a long or a short time. My daughter says a *long time*—forever! But she has her life and interests and they are not mine. I miss my loved ones—all my loving, kind friends—and find it much more difficult to feel friendly here. I have a kind of feeling that next year I shall be back in California. It is all in the hands of a higher power than my say so—so happily biding my time, I await events that will point my way, which I certainly shall delight to take if it leads back to all I love.

God bless you, dear sweet friend, and may peace, joy and happiness fill your life.

Your loving JOSEPHINE.

EDITORIAL

● Any institution which has expenses to be met at regular intervals can meet those expenses upon but two conditions: if it have an inexhaustible reserve fund; or if it have adequate income.

Any institution—and that means home, business, club, theater, automobile—which costs money for operation, cannot but come under those two alternatives.

The City Club is a going concern, one that has certain definite expenses to meet, and it has not, as yet, an inexhaustible reserve fund. It confidently expects to have a reserve fund in the future, possibly not an inexhaustible one (who has?) but one that will meet any possible emergency within reasonable limits.

But as yet, such a fund not being at hand, the City Club, according to the plan laid down by the founders and to date adhered to, must meet its current expenses by and with its own revenue. It literally must do more than that; it must not only meet current expenses, but lay aside funds with which to meet certain interests and "amortizations" and the like as they become due. But that is another story and belongs in the realm of the Auditor and the Treasurer and has but little to do with this article.

This story has to do with running expenses, the paying of employees, the buying of supplies and the upkeep of furnishings. These alone are not inconsiderable, and to meet them on the minute is no mean accomplishment in these parlous times.

It is quite possible to defray every obligation if the Club is used as its founders expected it would be, and as it has been used in the years just past. But this is an unusual year, the tag end of an unusual era.

Therefore, the members are exhorted to make use of their Club as they did before 1929, or, failing to meet that mark, as much as possible.

For instance:

Mrs. Esther McCormack, the new manager of the Restaurant and Cafeteria Department, has many interesting ideas about the cuisine, and already has put several of them into practice. This new deal should make it possible for the Board of Directors to count upon the Restaurant Department to add materially to the Club's income.

One of Mrs. McCormack's new departures is the cooking and preparation of foods in smaller quantities, or smaller quotas at one time.

Mrs. McCormack has been head of cuisine at Mills College for the last eight years. Before that she was manager of International House, New York, and comes to the City Club with high recommendation.

Tune in June 21 on Midsummer's Night Jamboree

● A mock radio jamboree, with high burlesque, song, instrumental music, speeches serious (but not solemn) as well as flippant, gayety and, it is hoped, a modicum of hilarity, will be the order of Wednesday evening, June 21, at the City Club.

Mrs. Josephine Bartlett is chairman of the evening. It was Mrs. Bartlett, together with Mrs. Christina Madison, who got out the City Club Almanac which was the official souvenir of the last Talent Festival. The salt of her wit and the delicacy of her humor were apparent on every page. It is expected that she will bring from her actual experience at National Broadcasting Studios enough of the essence of a real jamboree to make a joy of the mock jamboree.

Tune in and you may recognize some of your own foibles—or graces.

Today

I've shut the door on yesterday—
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hopes and smiles
And every Springtime bloom.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain.
And Envy, Malice and Distrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me,
Since I have found today.

Vivian Yeiser Laramore.

● Grateful acknowledgment of the gifts to the V. A. D. is the appearance of the name on the blackboard in the lobby of the clubhouse.

● Are you enrolled in the V. A. D.?

Compulsory and Yet Voluntary

● How can an act be both compulsory and voluntary? Compulsory because every member *should* give *something*, voluntary because *how much* she gives is left to her own conscience.

The Voluntary Aid Detachment is growing with splendid spirit, albeit far too slowly. Four hundred members have pledged, but what is that in respect to 8,500? Every member should by now be enrolled. Under present economic conditions this might be too much to expect were *any* particular sum to be mentioned as the price for the enrollment in the V. A. D.—but no amount is specified and every gift is valuable. When the plan was outlined and submitted at the Annual Meeting, one of its premises was that whereas an arbitrary assessment would work a hardship on many, a voluntary response would certainly be given by everybody; and yet, as the Magazine goes to press, less than one-thirteenth of the membership have responded.

July 1st brings to us the interest payment of $15,000. Are you volunteering with a cash gift or a pledge before that date? Are you bringing in a new member with her initiation fee paid during the month in whole or in part? Are you using the departments when you are down town, thus increasing the cash to meet operating expenses? Are you seriously considering yourself a member with a member's responsibility toward the solution of a problem at a time when your organization needs your active support as never before?

Each Tuesday and Thursday morning during June at 11 o'clock a meeting will be held at the Clubhouse, when the facts in more detail will be given. On Thursday evening, June 1, at 7 o'clock, a similar meeting will be held for those who are not free in the daytime, and on Wednesday afternoon, June 14, at 2 o'clock, there will be a meeting for those whose mornings are not free. This is your Clubhouse. As its owner you cannot afford to be ignorant of its budget and its program. Do not, through ignorance of the facts, continue either apathetic or an alarmist; June is a serious month for us, but taxes and insurance are behind us, and together the $15,000 can be put into the Treasury before the coupons are to be clipped by our bondholders on July 1.

Are you enrolled in the V. A. D.? If you are, interest other members by your enthusiasm; if you are not, do not hesitate to send in your gift or your pledge of a gift.

Bequests

● In answer to many requests during the past month, we print a form for the use of those interested in leaving to the National League for Woman's Service (founders of the Women's City Club) memorial gifts.

Our lists of gifts in memory of those who have in the past been part of our organization includes the names of those whom we love to remember. As this list grows, our ranks march on to fields of wider service.

"I hereby give and bequeath the sum of $.....
to the National League for Woman's Service of California."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

House Blessing

Bless the four corners of this house
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth and bless the board
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger as to kin;
And bless each crystal window-pane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the rooftree overhead
And every sturdy wall.
The peace of man, the peace of God,
The peace of Love on all!

Arthur Guiterman.

Scrip

● Scrip is a valuable substitute for a charge account.

It is sold for the purpose of increasing use of the Clubhouse.

It is redeemable in every department of the Clubhouse itself and in such activities as the Finance Committee may approve.

It is sold at a discount of 10 per cent, which means a bargain to those who use it.

It saves the burden of worry at the end of each month when the pocketbook is low.

It helps your Club by assuring the administration of your use of facilities they struggle to maintain at the high standard for which the Club is famous.

It is easy to carry around and issued in such small denominations that even a five-cent purchase has its discount.

It proves to a member who has not used the Club lately how much everything has improved during her absence.

It encourages the Treasurer by providing cash in hand now while other income builds up.

It saves one embarrassment when entertaining gentlemen, for it substitutes for the more usual system of signing a check.

Volunteer by buying scrip!

Volunteer by selling scrip to a member who otherwise forgets to use the Clubhouse!

New Members

● In bygone years we heard it said many times and oft, "I'd like to join your Club, but the waiting list is too long, and I can't be bothered waiting."

Today the waiting list is absorbed; a new member may come directly in; and to offset the economic condition which has caused this situation, the Finance Committee is allowing the initiation payment (initiation plus dues) to be paid in three installments, $11, $10 and $10. We know there must be more than 350 women waiting to hear that they can "come right in." If our members would volunteer to seek them out, our Treasury would in June be comparable to former years. And 350 multiplied by $31 is a goodly sum.

In another article in this same issue you will read why it is important that this group of new members come to us immediately. From the new member's point of view too, it is good business, for there is no pro-rating of dues and her $6 now gives her a year's use of the building.

Volunteer to enroll a new member during June!

Excerpts from Letters Received from Members

● (1) "My May Magazine came yesterday and on the inside cover the first thing I saw was 'Are You Enrolled in the V. A. D.?' I did not know what it meant. However, I immediately looked up the April number and found the pink slip * * * I will contribute something."

(2) From Hollywood a member writes: "Have not lived in San Francisco for nearly four years except for a few months, but hope that not far distant I shall be able to return, take my uniform from the check room, and again be one of the happy 'Volunteers' of our splendid Club. Best wishes to the Voluntary Aid Detachment—check enclosed."

(3) "The very clear and straightforward talk of yesterday should inspire every member to her very best efforts."

(4) "I am enclosing my personal check. I feel that we have had so much for so little cost in our Club, and all should do what we can to carry on. I hope to do the same next year."

(5) "I believe it is always a good thing to share burdens and your idea of meetings ought to prove fruitful. I shall be happy to attend the evening meeting."

Children's Program

● "Dutch Treat" program, to be given at the Women's City Club, Saturday afternoon, June 10, at 2 o'clock. Frederick Robbins, appearing first in a Dutch fisherman's costume. "Mijn Nederland," patriotic song. Exhibit of five four-foot-high sketches of Holland.

Wooden Shoes: 1, Walking; 2, Running; 3, Noislessly; 4, Jigging.

Thin man, fat man.
Comments on "he" costume, coins.
Down among the audience.
Story of "Pietje," who lived in a windmill.
Skating, sleeping, squatting, gossiping.

Appearing in Dutch boy's costume—"Koppig," song about a boy.

Appearing in a Dutch mother's costume — "Muisje Fooe," song about a mouse.

Comments on "she" costume.
Down among the audience.
"Zoem Zoem," song about bees and flowers.
"Marie," monologue.

If there is time after this, Mr. Robbins will answer questions which the children may ask about Holland.

Vacation time notwithstanding, the Volunteer Aid Detachment is carrying on and will be on Deck throughout the Summer.

Birthplace of Junipero Serra, Petra, Island of Mallorca

—GERTRUDE W. FOSTER

Paris, May 5, 1933.

● We have enjoyed our two-year trip very much and are to return to Boston next month, as we lived there before going to San Francisco. One of our pleasantest short trips was the day we went to Petra from Puerto Pollensa, to see the birthplace of Father Junipero Serra. It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny, on January 3, and the drive across the Island of Mallorca was delightful, for the fields were green, the almond blossoms just beginning to show, and the windmills and towns along the way very interesting. We went first to the church where Father Junipero Serra was baptized, and over the font found a large brass tablet with an inscription in Spanish about him. The church is large with many much-decorated chapels. In the Sacristy there were several scrap books, with clippings from California papers telling of the acceptance of the house of his birth by the city of San Francisco, for the town of Petra is very proud of her son. The house is small and made of cement, as most of the houses are. We passed through the entrance doorway into a room in which callers are entertained in the Spanish houses, and saw in one corner an American flag and in another the flag of the Spanish Republic. There were also an antique table, a chest and some chairs, and old china on shelves. From here we went into a narrow passage, on the left of which was the kitchen, a very small room without a window, but with a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out. There were ancient cooking utensils around the room. Back of the kitchen was the bedroom in which Father Junipero Serra was born. This was also a small room without a window, and the bed which was there almost filled the room. Across the passageway from the bedroom was the entrance to the stable, this being under the same roof as the rest of the house, and over the stable was a loft where hay was kept and where all the children slept. Between the bedroom and stable was the entrance to the garden, in which to the left and close to the house, was the oven. From the entrance room was a stairway which went up to a large open room used as a storeroom and for drying herbs and other things. At the head of the stairs, to the right, was a small room from which one could enter the "best chambe," the pleasantest room in the house. There was a rather primitive four-poster bed in this room which rested on wooden horses. In the square of Petra is a statue of Father Junipero Serra on a high pedestal. The town is agricultural, and they claim it is one of the wealthiest small towns in Spain, for each man owns his farm.

I thought you might perhaps be interested in this, as few people go to Petra.

With pleasantest memories of the years I spent as a member of the Women's City Club and best wishes for greater prosperity.

"Dutch Treat" for Children and Adults

● "Dutch Treat" is the very apt name given to the entertainment which the City Club has arranged for entertainment of children Saturday afternoon, June 10, the program to be given by Frederick Robbins, himself not so old, who writes from Berkeley, where he now lives:

"It might be only fair to yourselves to mention that thirteen years ago, when I was in school at the San Francisco School of Fine Arts and your organization was down on Kearny Street, you helped me through school by selling my efforts in the 'League Shop.'

"So I really feel sort of obligated to the City Club, in a way, as if, if I ever do get to expressing the immortal, you folks had a definite something to do with it.

"I am looking forward to the 'Dutch Treat,' which I am to present to the children. I hope they will enjoy it as much as I expect to."

The program is to be given in the Auditorium, where seats are being reserved for 40 cents. There will be a 50-cent special luncheon before the program, and many are planning a swim before the luncheon. Others are planning tea parties after the program.

Frederick Robbins

After being in the war, Frederick Robbins, artist, actor, author, took up art more seriously than ever.

He studied six years in various art academies throughout America, during which time he won scholarships and awards for his etching.

His dream of going to Europe to live for a while finally came true in 1926. One cold day in October he arrived in Amsterdam, Holland, to live. But it was not all a bed of tulips or hyacinths. He was so lonely that he had to learn to speak Dutch. All along Frederick Robbins has been forced to do things.

He was so enamored over the tales the fishing folk in Volendam told him that he had to learn to act and to write in order to bring back to America not only his etchings of their life, but the way they walk, talk, eat, look, run, lift sail, do wishing and so forth. The ways they are like us, the ways they are different. Having spent six preliminary years in one of the arts, it was not so titanic to learn to act and write, so he began all over again his ABC's in drama and writing, in order to write his own monologues and character studies.

Her Majesty, Koningin Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, had Mr. Robbins appear before her, and the fishing folk of the Zuider Zee found his work equally interesting.

Mr. Robbins takes his talents not proudly but gladly. He has etched, lectured and entertained all across the continent and is as much at home with little children as with a mature audience.

Summer Classes in the Pool

● Classes for adults and vacation classes for girls are scheduled to start during June. Those interested are asked to sign up in advance at the Pool Office.

SCHEDULE

Adults (girls over 15 may enter)

	Instruction Fee (Admission Extra) Members	Guests
Elementary swimming—		
Fridays, 11:30-12:		
June 9-August 4	$2.00	$3.00
Intermediate swimming and diving—		
Thursdays, 11:30-12:		
June 15-August 10	2.00	3.00
Tuesdays, 12:15-12:45:		
June 6-August 1	2.00	3.00

Vacation Classes (girls 10 to 14 years)

These classes will include games such as water polo, basketball and baseball. Each class will meet nine times; registrants may attend any seven.

	Members' Daughters	Guests
Elementary swimming—		
Wednesdays, 2:15:		
June 14-August 9	$1.50	$2.25
Intermediate swimming and diving—		
Tuesdays, 2:15:		
June 13-August 8	1.50	2.25
Advanced swimming and diving—		
Mondays, 2:15:		
June 12-August 7	1.50	2.25

Private Lessons

Instructors are available for private lessons. Single lessons may be taken or a course. The course ticket entitles the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months.

Private Lesson Tickets

Members, sons and daughters of members	$4.00
Guests (adults or children)	5.00

Admission

Members	$ .30
Ten-swim ticket for members, summer rate	2.50
Members' daughters under 18, sons under 9	.30
Ten-swim ticket for same, summer rate	2.25
Guests (men, women, boys over 9)	.40
Guests (girls under 18, boys under 9)	.30

Friday evenings after 5:30 men guests may swim in the Pool if accompanied by a member.

A member may have guest cards for the Swimming Pool issued to women friends so that they may swim unaccompanied by a member. The fee for a guest card is 25 cents.

Any member planning to have a swimming party of any considerable size is asked to arrange in advance with the Pool Office.

Small lockers may be rented in the Swimming Pool department for 25 cents a month or $1.25 for six months.

Caps (15 cents up), sandals (50 cents up), etc., for women and children, are on sale at the Pool Office.

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES FOR TEN SWIM TICKETS

Members	$2.50
Members' Children	2.25

Beauty Salon

● We take pleasure in introducing to our membership Gahn's Swedish Beauty Toiletries, world famous since 1867. In tube form, they are inexpensive and very convenient to take upon that contemplated vacation trip. Our ever-popular Contoure Preparations are also still on sale.

Old English

Give this house, O traveler, pray,
A blessing as you pass this way.
And if you've time, I beg your pardon
While you're at it—bless the garden.

HALE Hale's GOOD GOODS BROS

MARKET at FIFTH Phone SUTTER 8000

A new Wool Costume for a San Francisco Summer . . .

$29.50

Let's face facts. A wool costume is a necessity in San Francisco. Here's one worth its weight in gold. A Schiaparelli copy . . . yarn dyed wool with cire satin top and jacket lining. Tan, gray, black. Sizes 14 to 40.

Carolyn Modes Are Exclusive with Hale's Dress Shop, 3rd Floor

There are many new models to choose from . . . Turbins, Soft-Sailors, which cover the hair in back, High Drape Crowns or very low ones . . . all to suit your particular type. These are in Fabrics or Soft Straws. Bring in YOUR hats to be remodeled.

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GArfield 9278 82 SUTTER ST.
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Health Editor Discusses Milk Situation in San Francisco

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.

● This is the second month I have postponed my article because the final action had not been taken by the Board of Supervisors on the milk law. One would think that this final vote of eleven to two with two absent would discourage the advocates of guaranteed raw milk. The measure is now brought to the Mayor on Monday, May 21, by a petition signed by 250 people. The bill must be signed by the Mayor, or lacking his signature and not vetoed, it becomes law by the 26th of May. The delegates who backed Dr. Geiger's milk law and represent the Medical Society of San Francisco, the Medical Milk Commission, the Housewife's League, the San Francisco Center and the Women's Physicians' League, were called down again today to defend the law. The meeting lasted from 10 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and from 2 to 5:30 p. m. The defense which was heard last took one and a half hours. We listened to the proponents all the rest of the time.

Most cities of our size in the United States (Los Angeles excepted) have the law requiring pasteurizing of all milk except certified. This law as a public health measure is upheld by the American Public Health Association.

San Francisco has completed its first tuberculin test of its dairies; another test is due in July. Four thousand cows were excluded from our milk supply. One dairy lost 100 per cent of its animals.

Pasteurization at the place of milk distribution is an additional health measure. Pasteurization is not done to make milk keep during transportation. San Francisco has excellent modern pasteurizing plants, and the Board of Health has the process under rigid inspection, checking up the product by bacteriological examinations before and after pasteurization. The former count checks up the dairy technique and the chilling of milk, and the latter count the efficiency of pasteurization. Good dairy work, clean buckets, cans and chilled milk mean few bacteria. Controlled pasteurization means the destruction of pathogenic bacteria and low bacterial counts.

For the population, babies, invalids and those who prefer raw milk, certified milk which is produced under the laws of the National Medical Milk Commission and so recognized by the California state law, is protected by every known test from contamination by outside sources and meets the demand for a safe raw milk. *From the cow to the baby direct,* this milk is bottled on the dairy, delivered on ice to the baby and the milkers are subjected to rigorous health examinations and immunizations for diphtheria and typhoid and vaccination against smallpox, and constant throat studies. This supervision is regular, constant, and every new man sees the doctor before he goes on the dairy to work.

The cows have two inspections a month, two tests for tuberculosis a year and undulant fever is steadily excluded from our herds. Certified milk has been furnished to the Bay Region under the supervision of the Alameda and San Francisco County Milk Commissions since 1906 —twenty-seven years. The tests have been done for years by the University of California, whose veterinary service we employ. The fat content of the milk averages from 3.7 to 4 per cent and meets the demands of the best pediatricians for infant feeding. The herds are mixed herds, which has distinct advantages. The chemical and bacteriological tests are also done by the University of California.

To maintain similar requirements for one or two dairies would be very expensive for a board of health. The guaranteed milk group pledge themselves to pay for the in-

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

December 31st, 1932

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, (value $64,171,686.00) on books at	$ 61,081,697.82
Loans on Real Estate	73,596,959.27
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,278,738.75
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,135,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $500,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Cash	21,507,228.09
Total	$157,464,626.93

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$151,114,626.93
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,350,000.00
Total	$157,464,626.93

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending December 31st, 1932 were as follows:

Income	$7,564,580.66
Expenses and Taxes	906,735.60
Net Profits	$6,657,845.06

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Dividends on Deposits as declared quarterly by the Board of Directors, are Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

spection should the Geiger bill be defeated. When milk is produced carefully and the cows have a steady tuberculin test, and after arriving in bulk in the city that milk is pasteurized under Health Department control, the population has a *safe milk*. Why not leave the detail of higher standards to the Certified Medical Milk Commission, which has served the community for twenty-seven years?

How important bovine tuberculosis is to mankind these figures from England, reported in April, 1932, by the People's League of Health, show: "Forty per cent of the dairy cows have tuberculosis; 6.7 per cent of market milk samples contain living tubercle bacilli. Two thousand deaths occur annually from bovine tuberculosis in human beings; 4,000 cases develop annually (as neck-gland tuberculosis is not reported, this figure is really larger)."

In crippled children England reports that 10 to 15 per cent of cases of bone and joint tuberculosis are bovine in origin. In children from birth to 5 years of age, 21 per cent of all lesions of tuberculosis are bovine, and from 5 to 16 years of age 26 per cent were bovine cases. More striking are these cases from Toronto: In studying 340 cases of tuberculosis, 13 per cent were bovine in source. These cases all came from the province of Toronto, while *not one* bovine infection of a human being was found in *Toronto city, where milk is pasteurized.*

There has been a steady effort to reduce bovine tuberculosis and in a state where the milk industry is the only agricultural industry that has not felt the depression, it is truly an economic asset to have tuberculosis-free herds.

The Geiger milk law rests in the hands of our Mayor for signature. The health of the people, that is, public health, is watched over by our Health Officer and his advisory board. Health should be a clear-cut effort of the city and the issue should not be muddled.

Dr. Brown Recommends:

A "course in the psychology of childhood and youth," which will be given by Mrs. Ella Cabot of Boston, and will be given in the Summer School at the University of California.

Miss Meiere Wins New Honor

● The Auditorium stage curtain with its lovely design, coloring and workmanship, and one of our most valued possessions, was given by the Meiere family in memory of Mrs. Ernest Meiere, a former Board member and devoted worker in the National League. Miss Hildreth Meiere, a daughter, now an internationally recognized artist, designed the curtain and had it executed under her supervision by the famous Herter Looms in New York.

Since 1926 Miss Meiere has come more and more to the attention of the public, her most recent work being the wrought-iron metal designs that adorn some of the walls of the new Rockefeller Center. She is now finishing a commission to decorate the exhibit of the National Council of Women at the Chicago World's Fair.

Mrs. Wilder Bowers of Los Altos, and also a former Board member, is a sister of Miss Meiere.

May We Borrow Your Piano?

● If you have a grand piano which you are contemplating putting into storage, or if you have one already there, the House Committee would be most grateful for the use of it during the coming year, or for whatever length of time you can spare it.

For several years it has been necessary to rent a piano whenever a musical or any other event required the use of a large piano in the Auditorium. We obviously could not ask a guest performer to play on anything but a piano of fine tone and in excellent condition—requirements our aged veteran could not fulfill. If we could house a member's piano, it would save us this rental and would also save the owner storage costs.

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Ida Novelli to Talk on "Flying"

● A young woman in her early twenties, who has traveled more miles by air than any woman living, is Miss Ida Novelli, senior stewardess of United Air Lines' staff of thirty young women who serve as the third members of crews on the speedy multi-motored planes. Miss Novelli, who has traveled 400,000 miles by air, or the equivalent of twenty-six around-the-world flights, and for three years has been flying on the Oakland-Salt Lake City division of United Air Lines' Coast-to-Coast route, will be speaker June 8 at Mrs. Black's Thursday Evening Program at the City Club.

Miss Novelli also enjoys the distinction of having flown more miles at night than any other member of her sex, as practically half of her mileage as a stewardess has been registered while flying at night over the Rocky and Sierra mountain ranges.

At Carmel

● New cottage of three rooms, completely furnished, for rent by the week or month. Owner, Miss Edith Griffin—3130 Eton Avenue—Berkeley. Telephone OLympic 969A, or Box 1413, Carmel, Calif.

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Item

Things that I loved were few;
All of them hurt.
Scimitar moon, quite new,
Sharp gold that cut me through,
Prickle-stemmed flower of blue,
Gray winds that bent and blew.
These things, and you.
—Harriet Schleiter.

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City Club Activities Discontinued for the Summer

● The French and Spanish Conversational Tables in the Cafeteria have been discontinued for the summer.

The Book Review and Book Discussion groups under the direction of Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will not meet during June and July, but expect to have their first fall meetings August 3 and 4. Mrs. Stoddard's Drama Reading group will meet on the first Friday, as usual.

SUMMER RATES:

In June, July, August, and September, the daily rental of bedrooms will be reduced to $2.00 and $2.50.

Culinary Wrinkles

● The third and fourth lectures on Modern Cookery by Mrs. Elizabeth Bridge Currier are scheduled for two Friday mornings, June 2 and 9. At her first lecture Mrs. Currier gave recipes for American chop suey (which, by the way, was served in both the Dining Room and Cafeteria the day of the lecture); noochecta; noodeal a la chipped beef, weenie or tuna; new chowder; barbecue sauce; bean hole dessert; fruit dumplings. She also demonstrated the proper way to build an out-of-door fire.

"Sunday Suppers" was the subject of the second talk and the recipes were for rye ring, sandwich loaf, stuffed veal shoulder, sweet potatoes candied with apples, steamed prune pudding, quick, never-fail pie crust, lemon chiffon pie filling, meringue cake and gold cake.

The recipes have been mimeographed and are on sale at the Front Office.

The last two lectures will be:

June 2—The Simple Luncheon Without a Maid.

June 9—Emergency Shelf and Special Recipes: Written Questions Answered.

These informal talks have been extremely interesting, particularly to those who are going camping or to their summer cottages, or to those anticipating simple entertaining at home.

Evolution

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

—John Banister Tabb (1845-1909).

JUDGMENT CAN NOT BE BEQUEATHED

You can leave life insurance and other property to your family . . . but you cannot bequeath them your *business judgment.*

Statistics reveal with what tragic speed estates are often dissipated by inexperienced heirs. Why not guard *your* loved ones against this danger now by setting up a

LIFE INSURANCE TRUST

A Life Insurance Trust perpetuates your business judgment. It empowers the bank to collect and invest the proceeds of your life insurance . . pay regular, worry-free income to your wife and children . . and finally distribute the principal according to your wishes. The cost of this service is small. The benefits in sound management are great. Write or call for the booklet, "Carrying on the Family Income."

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

CHILDREN'S MATINEE—A Dutch Treat—June 10

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS JAMBOREE—Broadcast from Station NLWS—June 21

V. A. D. Meetings Every Tuesday and Thursday—11 A. M.

	LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
	MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
June	1—V. A. D. Meeting—Miss Leale, Speaker	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Chen Chang Lok, Consul General of China. Subject: "Current Events in China."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	2—Culinary Wrinkles—Mrs. Elizabeth Bridge Currier "The Simple Luncheon Without a Maid."	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	Drama Group—Will read a Modern Play	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
	Annual Marin County Meeting—At home of Mrs. Norman Livermore.		3:00 P.M.
	5—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	7—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Speaker	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
	Annual Los Altos Meeting—At home of Miss Janet Peck.		3:00 P.M.
	8—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Ida Novelli (Senior Stewardess of United Air Lines). Subject: "Across America in Twenty Hours."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	V. A. D. Meeting for Hard of Hearing	*Chinese Room*	3:00 P.M.
	9—Culinary Wrinkles—Mrs. Elizabeth Bridge Currier Emergency Shelf and Special Recipes.	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	10—Children's Matinee—A Dutch Treat—Tickets 40c. (Mr. Frederick Robbins.) Swim—11 a. m.; luncheon, 50 cents. Refreshments after matinee, 10 cents.	*Auditorium*	2:00 P.M.
	14—General Volunteer Meeting (Round Table Discussion of Volunteers, Cafeteria at noon.)	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	V. A. D. Meeting	*Auditorium*	2:00 P.M.
	15—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Play Reading Guild. Subject: Group Reading of a Modern Play.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	21—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Speaker	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	21—Midsummer Night's Jamboree—Broadcast from Station NLWS Tickets 40 cents.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	22—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. A. E. Kennedy. Subject: "A Tour Around the World."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	27—League Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
	29—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. L. B. Cheminant. Subject: "San Francisco Water Supply and the Hetch Hetchy Project."	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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She Has Eleven Reasons for Grinning as She Pays

—MISS GEORGIANA CARDEN

● Once I was admonished always to "smile when I paid a bill"——

With the paying of this bill I not only SMILE; I GRIN. Because:

1. Wanting quiet in my room, I get it, the walls being thick and the hallways without echoes.

2. Adoring breakfast in my room, I get it with surprising promptness, with the hottest coffee on record, with deft and cheerful service, and all without extra charge.

3. I have never returned to my room and found it "unmade-up."

4. That the care of my room is efficient and solicitous for my comfort.

5. There is an air of contentment and the whole service that is both restful and gratifying.

6. The telephone service is notoriously good.

7. Returning late at night, as I must frequently do, I experience a delightful sense of home and security.

8. The desk is courteously on the job every minute.

9. The elevators are excellent.

10. The heat and hot water are always on tap.

And——

11. I just do enjoy it.

JULY 1933 WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR JULY 1933

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
July 3—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
5—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
6—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Louis Chess Subject: "A Trip to the Century of Progress Exposition"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
7—Drama Group—Will Read a Modern Play	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
13—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Ada E. Ohleyer Subject: "Early History of Northern California"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
18—V. A. D. Meeting	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
V. A. D. Meeting	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
19—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
20—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Aunt Dolly of the *Chronicle* Subject: "An Evening with Aunt Dolly's Children"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
V. A. D. Meeting	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
25—League Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
27—Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. William H. Worden Subject: "The Activities of the Department of Public Works"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
August 2—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Appreciation of Art—Mrs. Charles Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
3—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

MANY members have visited the Clubhouse with renewed interest this past month. Stranger and friend alike exclaim their admiration as they are shown from floor to floor, and constantly are we questioned as to our Volunteer Service.

We are very proud of this distinctive feature of our organization, but do we ever stop to consider the almost "infinite variety" of Volunteer Service, and the hours that count a fabulous sum? The benefit to the Club is an important factor, but above all, it bestows most upon the Volunteer herself, to whom it teaches the great lesson of service to others.

Indeed the spirit of Volunteer Service inaugurated by the National League for Woman's Service during Canteen days is epitomized as well for us in times of peace in the "foreword" of the Volunteer booklet of Policies and Rules:

"Any member of the Club may volunteer service by applying through the Chairman of Volunteers. In all branches of service the uniform and cap, band and pin shall be worn. They are the symbol of service and link the work of the present and future with the accomplishments of the past. Service is a privilege carrying with it certain obligations. To uphold the policies established by the experience of the past and to abide by the rules are the obligations of each Volunteer."

A type of service to suit every taste, the activities vie in numbers with the shades of the uniforms, always such a striking accent in any Club gathering. To enumerate them is another story.

It may only be hinted here that soon a new field of wide appeal is to be opened which our Volunteers are sure to find both instructive and delightful. A wonderful thing is this Volunteer Service, the heart and soul of the organization, and those who have not shared the experience with her fellow members have missed the richest gift the Woman's City Club has to offer.

To Those Who Have NOT YET Joined the V. A. D.

● "I sometimes feel a slacker because I have never been in the position where I could give volunteer service. I hope some day I shall be."

The day has come! Every name in the V. A. D. means service, for what greater service can one give now than in helping the National League for Woman's Service to maintain itself afloat until such time as normal use of the Clubhouse returns. Last month's Magazine gave the reasons why dues had not been raised or assessments levied, but the present plan of V. A. D. is not fair unless every member participates. And so, you whose names are not yet on the board in the Foyer of the Clubhouse should seriously determine your own part in the picture and volunteer financially. Our debenture bonds which are held by our members are accepted as V. A. D. gifts in lieu of cash.

The compulsory part, as we have said before, is that each member give something. The volunteer part is the amount, and if the present ratio of givers to gifts continues, and if the numbers of pledgers accelerate as the Chairman of Finance and Treasurer have every reason to believe they will, the Treasury will be safe and the history of the years on which we are embarked will bring credit to the organization.

Over one thousand members have attended meetings the past two months to hear finances discussed. Any group of women who do that in this day of general financial depression can surely solve any problem. Let us do it quickly by common participation. This Magazine carries the announcement of three such meetings scheduled for July—one in the morning, one in the afternoon and one in the evening (for dates see calendar). If you have not yet heard the details of the V. A. D. expounded, mark your calendar now to attend one of these meetings. This is not a matter of dollars and cents only. It is rather the next step in the amalgamation of a membership which has accomplished much in the past by the "one-ness" of its efforts and by the widespread participation of a large and democratic group. This is an every-member service. You who are not yet a part cannot afford to delay. Sign your pledge today and feel yourself jointly responsible with your fellow members for the success of the 1933 and 1934 V. A. D.

To Members Who NOW Belong to the V. A. D.

● "Tell the members of the V. A. D. that yours is the only real estate loan of like magnitude in the State of California that has met its entire interest obligation to date."

This is the message sent you by an official of *our* bank at the recent conference when we faced the July 1 payment to our first mortgage bondholders and were asking for co-operation which would allow us time to fill the membership roll, at the beginning of a new fiscal year.

To you already in the V. A. D., appreciation is due for your immediate response to the financial plan for the two years 1933 and 1934, for your gift to the V. A. D. helped to make up the total which was quoted to the bank as already accomplished and as an omen of what was to come. The generous spirit in which each gift has been made—be it $100 or $1—has made the "gathering of the shekels" a *real* pleasure. Each giver has said, "I wish it might be more. I will raise it in 1934, if my exchequer improves."

There are all denominations (these gifts paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, annually or in full), each gift measuring what the individual feels she can conscientiously give as her share of the $50,000 goal—$25,000 for 1933 and $25,000 for 1934. The Board of Directors thanks each name on the roll and urges each member to spread the good news until the V. A. D. embraces every member in good standing. When one analyzes the spirit of the V. A. D. one is not surprised to hear that the National League for Woman's Service has made the grade to date. Now let us bring in the new members and finish the task!

Morning, Afternoon or Evening?

● Which shall it be? If you have not yet attended a V. A. D. meeting these three dates make it possible for you to hear the story which as a responsible member you should know. If for nothing else than to answer the men of our community who are genuinely interested in our progress, you should be informed. The Chairman of Finance and Treasurer have been at the Clubhouse each day to receive your gift and tell the story.

Mark your calendar now and attend a meeting—morning or evening of July 18, or afternoon of July 20.

Try These With Your Rose Petals

● Here are some recipes for making of sachets or "potpourri" for the Talent Festival, for which plans already are being made. There was such a demand last year for the delightfully fragrant sachets made by members that it has been decided that this year there shall be a plentiful supply for all purchasers. Many members have asked for "sure-fire" recipes for preparing these things, having pounds and pounds of rose petals and other growing things with which to work. Members who have not the time or inclination to make their own sachet or potpourri for the Talent Festival may send the ingredients to the Club and they will be utilized.

"Jane Friendly," whose real name is Dorothy Rankin and who is a member of the City Club, has printed this recipe in her department on one of the morning newspapers:

Have you been wanting to make a rose bowl, but hesitate because you think it involves a lot of work?

This is the time of the year to start your preparations, and although this particular method appeared in this column about a year ago, there have been several requests this week, so I am reprinting the directions.

The directions are quite simple, but you must be accurate and follow them carefully in order to get the "seductive fragrance that will make one more delight in the home," as one letter puts it.

The quantities used will make a two-quart bowl, but it is easy to cut them in half.

Scatter the leaves upon a table in a light, airy place and leave them until thoroughly dry. Then put them in a jar, sprinkling a little salt over half-inch layers of the petals. (This can be done until you have enough leaves to fill your jar.)

Let them stand in the jar for ten days after you have made your last addition, stirring the whole every morning to prevent mildew. Mix an ounce each of cloves, coarsely ground allspice and stick cinnamon, broken in pieces and shredded finely. Now scatter the spices over the layers of the petals. Cover the jar tightly and let it stand in a dark place for three weeks.

When transferring the potpourri to its permanent jar, a second mixture of a quarter of an ounce each of mace, allspice, cinnamon and cloves and half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of powdered orris root and a quarter of a pound of dried lavender should be added in alternate layers with the first treated leaves. A few drops each of essential oils of rose, geranium and bitter almond should be dropped upon each layer, and over all an ounce of eau de cologne is poured.

There are many other ways of making a rose bowl, and if some of the readers of the column know of tried and satisfactory methods I would be delighted to have them to pass on.

—JANE FRIENDLY.

Piesse's Recipe for Lavender Sachet

● Piesse, in his "The Art of Perfumery," says the materials employed in the manufacture of sachet powders are only those which retain their odor in a dried state, and these include what are termed "herbs"—lemon, thyme, mint and so on, also a few leaves of plants such as the orange and lemon trees. Few blossoms except lavender, rose and cassia have any fragrance when dried. Surprisingly enough, the jasmine, tuberose, violet and mignonette lose theirs.

Lavender flowers ground	1 pound
Gum benzoin in powder	¼ pound
Attar of lavender	¼ pound

And another:

Dried thyme	¼ pound
Dried lemon thyme	¼ pound
Dried mint	¼ pound
Dried Marjoram	¼ pound
Dried lavender	½ pound
Dried rose heels	1 pound

(This means the petals from which the white base has been removed.)

Ground cloves	2 ounces
Calamus powder	1 pound
Musk in grain	1 drachm

Another from Piesse is called "a mixture of dried flowers and spices not ground":

Dried lavender	1 pound
Whole rose leaves	1 pound
Crushed orris (coarse)	½ pound
Broken cloves	2 ounces
Broken cinnamon	2 ounces
Broken allspice	2 ounces
Table salt	1 pound

Salt is only used to increase the bulk and weight of the product, in order to sell it cheaply.

From "Gardening With Herbs," by Helen Morgenthau Fox. Published by the Macmillan Company, 1933.

Potpourri from "The Toilet of Flora"

● After reading some charming recipes for potpourris in "The Toilet of Flora," 1775, it seems one could concoct one's own kind of potpourris from the herb garden, provided the correct amount of fixatives are included and that the ingredients are kept dry.

Bags to scent linen, from "The Toilet of Flora":

"Take a thin Persian muslin and make into little bags about four inches wide in the form of an oblong. Take rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a gross powder and mace scraped; mix them together and fill the little bags with this composition."

Potpourri from "The Toilet of Flora":

"Take 1 pound of fresh gathered orange flowers, ½ pound of common roses, ½ pound of lavender seeds, ½ pound musk roses, ¼ pound sweet marjoram leaves, ¼ pound clove-July-flowers picked, 3 ounces of thyme, 2 ounces of myrtle leaves, 2 ounces of melilot stalks stripped of their leaves, 1 ounce rosemary leaves, 1 ounce cloves bruised, and ½ ounce of bay leaves. These ingredients mixed all together in a large pan covered with parchment, if exposed to the heat of the sun during the whole summer season for the first month stirred about every other day with a stick and taken indoors in rainy weather, will towards the end of the summer produce an excellent composition to perfume little bags by adding thereunto in order to heighten the fragrance, a little scented cypress powder mixed with coarse violet powder."

From "Gardening With Herbs," by Helen Morgenthau Fox. Published by the Macmillan Company, 1933.

Ode to Posture

Good posture is an asset
Which very few possess;
Sad to relate, the favorite ones
Seem to be growing less.

We see the folks around us
All slumped down in a heap,
And the way the people navigate
Is enough to make you weep.

Some elevate their shoulders,
Some hollow in their backs,
Some stiffen up their muscles
And some just plain relax.

The one who walks with grace and poise
Is a spectacle so rare
That even down on gay Broadway
People stop and stare.

Swimming Pool

● Instructors are available for private lessons. Single lessons may be taken or a course. The course ticket entitles the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months.

Private Lesson Tickets

Members, sons and daughters of members $4.00
Guests (adults or children) 5.00

Admission

Members ..... $ .30
Ten-swim ticket for members, summer rate 2.50
Members' daughters under 18, sons under 9 ..... .30
Ten-swim ticket for same, summer rate 2.25
Guests (men, women, boys over 9) .... .40
Guests (girls under 18, boys under 9) .30

Friday evenings after 5:30 men guests may swim in the Pool if accompanied by a member.

A member may have guest cards for the Swimming Pool issued to women friends so that they may swim ten times unaccompanied by a member. The fee for a guest card is 25 cents. A person holding a guest card is entitled to purchase a lesson ticket.

Any member planning to have a swimming party of any considerable size is asked to arrange in advance with the Pool Office.

Small lockers may be rented in the Swimming Pool department for 25 cents a month or $1.25 for six months.

Caps (15 cents up), sandals (50 cents up), etc., for women and children, are on sale at the Pool Office.

Class to Study Form and Color

● Intriguing and definite plans have been completed for the fall class in Color and Arrangements, to be conducted by Wana Derge.

There will be fourteen meetings spent in working and playing with color and painting pictures from objects.

Using household belongings and bits of lonely color and form, from rocks and flowers to potteries and fabrics, the group will experiment and learn the way to handle the world of things to make the best of one's surroundings and to evolve interesting and distinguished groupings to beautify the everyday world of home and office. The class will begin September 12 and finish December 5. A preliminary meeting will be held August 26, which will be open to members and the public.

An alumnae association of Miss Derge's students was formed May 16. It will meet twice a year, the first all-day laboratory meeting scheduled for Saturday, August 26, in the Auditorium. The members are enthusiastically working out "arrangements" to bring for discussion, and it is hoped it will be found practical for the group to share its interesting unfoldments with the membership a few days later.

We plan and plan,
Then pray that God will bless our plan.
So runs our dark and doubtful way,
So runs the life of man.

Josephine Bartlett Presents Jamboree

● The City Club is indebted to Mrs. Josephine Bartlett for her presentation at the Club Wednesday evening, June 21, of the "Midsummer's Night Jamboree," a burlesque radio recital.

Mrs. Bartlett wrote the continuity, took the leading part, that of "Petunia Plush," the announcer, chose the cast and coached it and selected the artistic music program.

The music program was contributed by Miss Marion Dozier, contralto; Salvatore Messini, tenor; Eugene Fulton, baritone, and Miss Frances Bliven and Val Ritschy, accompanists.

Taking part in the burlesque were Mesdames Thomas A. Stoddard, E. N. Kierulff, John P. Coghlan, Elizabeth Hogue Moore, Marie Hicks Davidson, Mrs. Hobart Mears, Mrs. Ray Ochernal and Mrs. Graham.

Mrs. Bartlett, editor of the "Woman's Magazine of the Air," brought to the production her wide experience in broadcasting and a genuine enthusiasm for the City Club, of which she is a charter member.

Four "Reciprocal Clubs" in Chicago

● During the "Century of Progress" Exposition at Chicago the Women's City Club of San Francisco has reciprocal relations with "The Cordon," 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago. This is for the convenience of members going to the Exposition and is in addition to the year-around privileges of the three Chicago clubs listed hereinbelow.

Reciprocal Clubs

● Here are clubs in the United States and abroad which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Members of the San Francisco Club may present their membership cards and credentials to any of these clubs and have virtually the same privileges in any of them that they would have in their own Club.

United States—

Akron, O., Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Mass., Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Ill., Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh St.
Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club, Tower Building, Ninth Floor.
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson St.
Cleveland, O., Women's City Club, 1826 East Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich., Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Woman's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas, Little Rock Women's City Club.
New York City, N. Y., Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo., The Town Club, 1120-22 Locust St.
St. Paul, Minn., Women's City Club, 345 Minnesota St.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 22 Jackson Place.

Abroad—

Berlin, Germany, American Woman's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club, Albert House, Albert St.
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club, Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club, 13-14 Charlotte Sq.
Glasgow, Scotland, The Lady Artists' Club, 5 Blytheswood Sq.
London, England, American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor St., W. I.
London, England, The Halcyon Club, 13-14 Cork St.
London, England, The Pioneer Club, 12 Cavendish Square, W. I.
Madrid, Spain, Lyceum Club, S. Marcos No. 4.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St. W.
Nelson, New Zealand, Nelson Women's Club.
Paris, France, The American Women's Club, 61 Rue Boissiere.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club, 77 King St.
Vienna, Austria, American Women's Club, Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, New Zealand, The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

EDITORIAL

● Summer is a trying time, from a business standpoint, for all town institutions.

That applies to shops, clubs and other places depending upon the patronage of regular clients or a fixed clientele. Witness the summer sales with which shops and department stores endeavor to keep alive the volume of business, with which they are not able to defray expenses.

So with clubs. There is an exodus from town and the moneys which ordinarily would flow through the several departments is poured into channels which take the "vacationer" blithely on his way.

The City Club is no exception, except for the fact that many who are spending their vacations in San Francisco are making up for those seeking change in other scenes.

To obviate this unbalanced state of affairs the member who stays in town has discovered that she can assist her Club and at the same time smooth out many difficulties of her own housekeeping menage. Hundreds who are this summer staying in town find that the Swimming Pool takes the place of river and beach.

The Sunday night supper at the Club affords a bit of festivity and change from the routine of the week. Dinner at the Club on the maid's night off has been the incentive of many an informal gathering of friends.

Purchase by members of cakes and pastry from the Club's catering department removes another chore from the necessity of baking during the summer months.

In short, the concensus of opinion among members is that the Club is a Summer Resort par excellence.

There's the Swim, then the Beauty Salon, then the Repast, then the Current Events lecture or the Library, where the latest books and magazines are available. Or, around the corner are the leading theaters and concert halls. What more could a Summer Resort offer?

●

Camel Bells at Dawn

For I have lived too deeply, roamed too far,
To be content with lesser things of life;
For I have heard the camel bells at dawn
And watched the fishing eagle's flight
And camped with caravans at night.

—Haji Abdu El-Yezdi

New Memberships

● The immediate bringing in of the new members at the beginning of this fiscal year is of paramount importance. The reason is obvious, for the initiation fee and dues of each new member are an integral part of our financial scheme. In past years the waiting list has brought this income to us in April. This year we must consciously seek it. The roll will soon be closed if each member now interests some one of the following groups: (1) women who have come into the community within the past two years, or (2) conversely, those who are about to travel and will benefit by the use of reciprocal cards which allow privileges in clubhouses abroad; (3) women who have hitherto felt thirty-one dollars a deterrent, but who will be glad to take advantage of this year's circumstances when the Finance Committee is allowing three monthly installment payments, $11, $10 and $10; (4) women who in the past have been apathetic because of the long waiting list, but who now must realize that this year is the only time in the history of the National League for Woman's Service, past or future, when immediate acceptance of membership applications is possible. A waiting list will be the order of the day in 1934, for this drive will continue until that is the case. (5) Brides or sweet girl graduates who wish to enroll in a volunteer service program; (6) women who are giving memberships as gifts.

Application cards can be obtained at the Front Office desk of the Clubhouse or from Miss Osborn, Executive Secretary.

Bring in a new member, and by so doing render what can this year be construed as a piece of Volunteer Service.

●

Sooner or Later

● The V. A. D. must enlist every member. We intend eventually to reach each member personally. You will help us tremendously and release our time for other Volunteer Service if you will come forward immediately with your pledge. Come to one of the three meetings in July and let us finish the financing for the years 1933 and 1934. You will not be told what to give, but you will be urged to give something immediately. Give in the end you must, if you are to be counted a loyal member of the National League for Woman's Service. Learn the facts first-hand and let "your conscience be your guide."

Sincerely yours,

MAY E. CHAPMAN, Chairman Finance,

MARION W. LEALE, Treasurer.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN LIFE; by J. B. S. Haldane; Harper and Bros. $2.50. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

THE LEGEND OF SUSAN DANE; by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; Appleton and Co., N. Y. $2.

THE TREES OF YOSEMITE; a popular account by Mary Curry Tresidder, with thirty-four linoleum block prints by Della Taylor Hoss; Stanford University Press.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

● Science and Human Life; by J. B. S. Haldane; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

The writing of those of sound scientific achievement has usually very little of that quality ordinarily known as human appeal. Mr. Haldane, however, does combine a highly intellectual scientific point of view with a warm humanness which makes his book delightful reading. He even writes of his own philosophy, his own thinking, and his own health, with not too much seriousness and at the same time with a fine appreciation of his own humanness.

The idea underlying the heterogeneous writings which comprise the volume is that "If we are to control our own and one another's actions as we are learning to control nature, the scientific point of view must come out of the laboratory and be applied to the events of daily life. It is foolish to think that the outlook which has already revolutionized industry, agriculture, war and medicine, will prove useless when applied to the family, the nation or the human race."

It is not the object of the book to support any scientific theory but merely the scientific standpoint. The author feels that until this point of view is generally adopted our civilization will continue to "suffer from a fundamental disharmony," since its material basis is scientific and its intellectual set-up is pre-scientific.

Among the things Mr. Haldane discusses are the possible effects on democracy, of the recognition of "human inequality," and of universal education based on real differences of talent. There was a time when socialism and civilization were incompatible, but that particular argument against socialism is no longer valid, since national income is large enough to admit of universal education, and the income could be more evenly divided without endangering science, art or literature. The "conclusions drawn from a study of human inequality are favorable to some forms of socialism, though perhaps not to all forms."

The author, who is primarily a biologist, sees the essential social problem of today that of determining the abilities of different people and "organizing society so that the demand for various kinds of human ability should equal the supply." There exists an oversupply of the lower grades of ability and a shortage of men and women with

the ability to run industries organized on a nation-wide or world-wide scale.

To attain anything like this sort of social organization it will be necessary for mankind to attempt to control his own evolution (direct human breeding). But there must first be a development of two sciences which are now in their infancy; namely, individual psychology and genetics. It is very important that the idea of mankind controlling the evolution of its own species be kept carefully nurtured by those possessing both creative imagination and biological knowledge.

Nor is Mr. Haldane concerned alone with the social and political outlook of mankind. "I believe that if the average man and woman can realize the facts which are now known about his or her position as a component part of the world, that realization will, to a very large extent, fill the emotional gap which is left by the collapse of the religious picture of the universe . . . The scientific point of view is lofty enough to satisfy any of the aspirations of the human spirit. I believe that the future of western civilization depends upon whether or not it can assimilate that scientific point of view."

The wheel of the year turns to summer. The northering sun almost touches Point Bonita, and as I look out through the west windows over the violet water, the sunset is red above the Bar and the Potato Patch. That means the coming of vacation days. Vacation in California—anywhere in California—is something to dream about!

In the May *American* Kathleen Norris has an article that is a song of a California vacation. Don't read it unless you want to put on the magic shoes which will run away from your job, with you in them, to the high Sierra! Mrs. Norris entitles her article "My America—Belittle It if You Dare!" But it is really a song of her own state—*her* part of America. She says, "No one of us knows how to begin to express what California means to her own people. Her bigness silences us; her infinite variety baffles us; her romance is the secret romance of our own innermost souls—we cannot vaunt it in the market-place. When we answer, 'Oh, from California,' it is with quiet, but fathomless assurance. 'Belittle that, if you dare!' says something within us."

That may be good stuff for Californians Inc., but it also reminds us who live in California to be thankful that our tents have been pitched in a place so lovely.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell's new book, "The Legend of Susan Dane," is just the thing to take with you on that vacation trip, all too brief. She has told a Cinderella story of early California days, whose beautiful, shy young heroine, Susan Dane, comes from New England for a year in turbulent California, by way of the Isthmus, leaving her one friend and chaperone, Miss Abigail Flint, dead of fever and buried in Nicaragua. This the tale of the things that befell her and the men who loved her there—or at least took a paternal or brotherly interest in her love story. For there was no man in El Pueblo de San Jose who did not take an interest in Susan Dane, as she carried her quaint New England aura through hold-ups and bear baiting, kidnapping and shanghai-ing, in the conflict between a New England conscience and Spanish romance. Phineas Winter, the old scholar who had found "gold in them thar hills"; Young Blake of Boston, who lost all his money in the hold-up; Missouri, and his friend Charley, the murdered stage-driver, whom Susan buried under a marble baby lamb; Carey Clay Breckenridge, and Feliz Enrique de Peralta y Alviso of the rancho of Las Lomitas de Lagrimas—"The Little Hills of Tears"—all these learned to call her "The Fighting Angel of San Jose."

On the last page, when Susan has rescued Feliz from the ruffian Son of Satan, "Phineas Winter stood looking at them, listening. This was the Legend of Susan Dane which he had helped to write, dipping his pen in golden sunshine and warm red wine. He had seen her safely to the end of the story—no, to the beginning! Plymouth Rock would be transported to a mellow patio beneath the Little Hills of Tears where a fountain gurgled drowsily and birds chittered in reed cages and winged free overhead, and great macaws, scarlet and green and brightly blue, perched decoratively on the lacquer-red limbs of madrona trees; glowing youth and gracious age; lyric, feudal, Arcadian; unhurried, unharried. They would fuse yesterday and today in tomorrow, the exquisite fair girl, the beautiful dark boy, all that

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was gallant and gay in Spain, all that was stern and sweet in New England—daughters with hair like a raven's wing, blue-eyed sons—California!"

It's a good fairy tale to read on a summer day. A book of a different kind for the summer vacation is "Trees of the Yosemite," a new nature book of the Stanford University Press. We have chronicled, from time to time, the very excellent series of outdoor books which Stanford has published. They have the very tang of the California hills! This, the latest one, is a help to those of us who like to call our friends, the trees, by name. The author, Mary Curry Tresidder, has every reason to be an authority on the subject, because she is the daughter of Camp Curry, beloved of all Yosemite lovers. I do not know the artist and illustrator, Della Taylor Hoss, but that does not matter (except to me!), for her lovely block prints are proof that she has long been a lover of trees.

When She Came Not

I thought I heard her when the wind would pass
Down through the piny trees, the tangled grass;
I thought I heard her exquisitely near
When no sound was.

I thought I heard her little feet
Over the gray beach-pebbles beat,
And that I need but lift mine eyes
And see her there without surprise,
Knowing that she had come again
To kiss from me her scar of pain.
I thought, also,
That she was exquisitely near
When no sound was,
And raised my head and threw my arms apart,
But she was nowhere 'twixt the forest and the sea.

Shaemas O'Shael.

Going Places

—HAZEL BRAGDORN NOYES

● When I no longer feel the urge, at this time of year, to pack up and go places, well, then I'll have to admit that I am getting old. But I wonder if the time will ever come when I don't enjoy packing up, at a moment's notice if necessary, and going on a picnic.

There are as many kinds of picnics as there are people to go to them, places to go, and means of getting there. In fact you can have a picnic most anywhere, even on the roof or in the back yard. A picnic in the rain is an adventure if you are dressed for it, and is usually the kind of picnic you have when you go fishing.

There is nothing like fresh air and the quiet of the country, beach or mountain to smooth out worries and inspire one to a renewed interest in life and in food—for food is always the climax and chief object of interest on any outing, and I defy any one to feel mean, grumpy or worried when the tantalizing odors of sizzling bacon or beefsteak are mixed with the fragrant aroma of coffee that has just boiled over to signify that it was done.

It always seems as though men excel in outdoor cookery and I think it is grand they do, but probably they wouldn't be quite so enthusiastic about impromptu meals if there was not a well-stocked larder or supply shelf to raid. Naturally, any week-end trip or a longer one takes careful thought and planning, followed by an extensive shopping expedition. But half the fun of outdoors meals planned on the spur of the moment is an inspection of the emergency shelf, which is part of every up-to-the-minute homemaker's equipment, and the wise homemaker doubles the quantities on her emergency shelf about this time of the year, and adds a few extras. When the family, struck with a bright thought, shouts, "Oh, can't we go on a picnic?" all she has to do is hustle things into the hamper or box and answer, "All right, let's go!"

One of the most joyous jaunts I remember was a picnic on a Sunday when the dinner to which the family had been invited had been called off and we raided the pantry, deciding we would go places and have a picnic. The picnic box was always packed with both paper and enamel plates and cups, camping silver, paper napkins and table cloth, a few substantial plain white towels, matches in a tin box, salt and pepper shakers, sugar and our special treat of a large shaker of sugar and cinnamon mixed for cinnamon toast or pancakes.

The pantry shelves supplied — several cans of sardines, a jar of cheese and one of pickle relish, ripe olives and of course jam and marmalade—a generous-size box of crackers, plain sodas and one of graham, and a tin of chocolate wafers and a box of marshmallows. Bacon and butter came from the icebox, and bread, of course, we had. Coffee was tied in a clean white bag, ready for the camp pot. As there were several children in the party, cocoa was made at home and taken in a large thermos bottle.

At this time of year it is wise to plan Sunday dinner with an eye to a sudden decision on the part of the family to pack it into a hamper and "take it for a ride." Everything may be taken, all ready to eat, even the coffee made, taken in a thermos bottle. These suggestions will help you to assemble the necessary equipment to keep on hand for all picnic occasions:

Paper Necessities

Napkins	Plates
Table cloth	Cups
Towels	Old newspapers

Cutlery

2 paring knives	Bottle opener
Large sharp knife	Corkscrew
Knives	Coffee pot
Forks	Grid
Spoons	Frying pan
Can opener	Long-handled fork
Corn popper	

Incidentals

Matches (dipped in paraffin)	Dish towels
	Salt and pepper shakers
Soap	
Rags	Jars for butter

Supplies of staples are generally on hand in any well-stocked pantry.

There are several nice little rules of etiquette that should be followed. Burn all refuse, or if it is not *burnable*, take it home with you. Leave the spot where you camped as clean or cleaner than when you arrived. Let the children play they are foiling Sherlock Holmes and covering every clue. Those who follow will appreciate your thoughtfulness and we hope will return the courtesy.

If there has been a campfire, all traces of fire should be put out before leaving. Use water if it is available, but if not, smother all fire with dirt, being sure to use plenty. Most states require a shovel as part of all camping equipment, and it is a good tool to have along anyway.

Food in the Home

—MARY DOWD REARDON

● No matter what you cook, or what method you choose for cooking it, the secret of its flavor is in the seasoning.

Cookery is an art, and it is in this matter of seasoning that much of the artistry comes in. The methods of cooking—baking, boiling and so forth—are the technique, which anyone can master with a moderate amount of patience and application, but in the seasoning, individual taste enters and the cook has opportunity to display her proficiency.

We have just as many flavors at our command as the painters have colors on the palettes—in fact, more, for all colors are but combinations of the primary red, yellow and blue, while we have the sweets and the sours, the salts and the bitters, and the pungent things, like pepper and sage, besides. Most people fail to realize the profusion of things available for their use in emphasizing or producing flavors in the foods they cook.

Take, for instance, vinegar. To most cooks vinegar is just so much sourness. They should know about the tarragon vinegars and the malt vinegars—seasonings as delicate as perfume. Do you know that good vinegar should be aged, as wine used to be? It should, and in the same sort of wooden cask, too. Only in this way can

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vinegar develop its most delicate aroma, its full flavor.

It is amazing what tremendous differences in flavor, what new and appetizing zests, can be created by just the slightest variations in seasoning. For instance, in creaming onions, if you add about a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, well worked up in flour and butter, to the milk used for creaming, you will give them a flavor that will have everybody asking what it is.

And the way you can trick up a salad by adding a little mustard to the dressing is amazing. Another way to improve a salad is to flavor the vinegar you use by letting herbs stand in it — some bay leaf, for instance, or a tarragon leaf, or a whole pepper, or a clove or garlic. In this way you can make a delicious salad vinegar, marvelously improving the flavor of your salad, at practically no expense.

As a matter of fact, the vinegar which should be used least of all is plain cider vinegar. That is more for pickling. Malt vinegar, which is actually made from barley malt, is fine for any sort of cooking, and as for the synthetic vinegars—they're not so nice.

The trick of steeping herbs in vinegar is just one of the things you can do to add a new tang to dishes with which everyone has become familiar. There are a great many others. I remember one time I wanted to do something new to a sauce for a crab cocktail. So I added mayonnaise and the juice of a lemon to the catsup, which is the basis of all such cocktail sauce. Then I tasted it, and added a little more salt, and do you know, a dozen women wrote me letters the next day asking the recipe for that sauce.

A little horseradish, too, sometimes makes a great improvement in cocktail sauce.

The main thing is that the cook should try to produce dishes which please the taste, and should educate her own taste and increase her knowledge of the seasonings available for her use. Then when she produces something that pleases her, she can be reasonably sure it will please the members of her family.

Household economy really means running a household efficiently, making the most of what is available rather than spending unnecessary money for things that are not really needed. The cook who knows her seasonings can produce a delicious meal although there may be very little in the cupboard, where one who takes less interest in her work might expend $5 or $6 for the materials of a really inferior dinner.

Ninety per cent of the cookery that is enjoyed owes its popularity to the seasoning. Study seasoning; it's worth while.

Here's a Way to Help

● The return of the slip enclosed with this issue of the Magazine is a service to your Club, for the returns will be proof of the reader's interest in our official mouthpiece.

Your name will be safeguarded, for one of the policies of the National League is the refusal at all times to allow the membership list to be used for anything except Club purposes.

You may be assured that you will not be deluged with importunings from any advertiser, but by returning the slip you will give our Advertising Manager the cooperation he needs in order to make possible the monthly bulletin.

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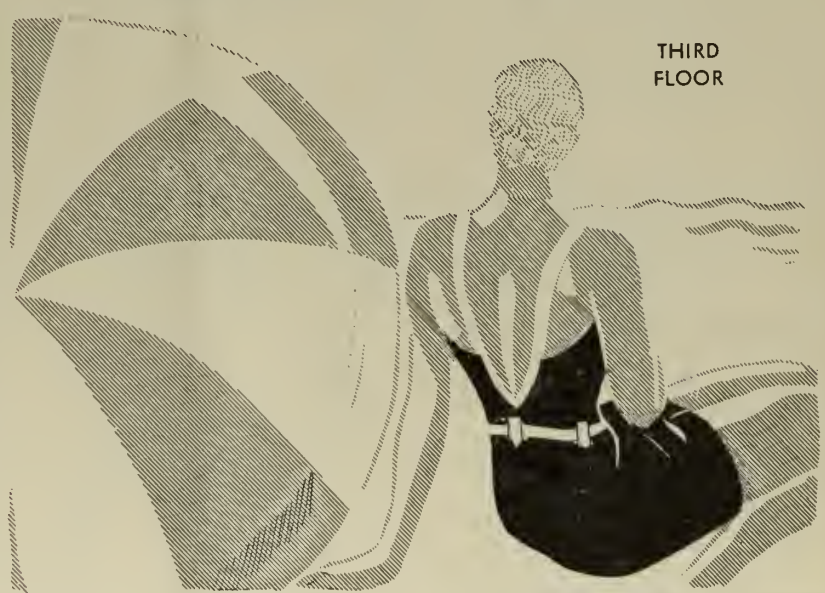

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Flowers Have Souls

—ELLA PIERCE BREYFOGLE

● I do think, and have always thought, that flowers have souls and possess a peculiar intuition as to environment and the spiritual side of those around them. They talk to me and I seem to understand just what they say. You know, in Japan there are many legends that have grown to be a part of their religion, which we know to be thousands of years old, and to this wise little race, poetic as it is wise, flowers are to be studied and understood. To all Oriental nations the lotus lily holds the spirit of this Nirvana, that state of oblivion wherein the good and beautiful remain in consciousness; in other words, it typifies the Kingdom of Heaven, upon which Bhudda sits enthroned. This same flower in the Grecian mythology too possesses spiritual qualities which affected the memory. In Java they believe that flowers are the reincarnation of beautiful souls who were cut off from life before their time, and so were sent back by the Great Benefactor to flood the lives of humankind with beauty. They, like all Eastern people, deal in esoterics, and while some of their beliefs may not quite coincide with those of the more material Western mind, the poetry and beauty of them cannot be denied.

The orchid, their queen of beauty, was imbued by God with the soul of a perfect woman. It had all the beauty and graces and fragrance, rarer and more exquisite than any other flowers. Then the other flowers withered from a sense of their own deficiency.

The Creator, out of consideration, took away the orchid scent and gave it to the rose. Then he decreed that it should grow by some other plant's strength and never live by its own efforts.

Although little credence may be given to these legends by the practical-minded, there are those who love the poetry of life and are so close to the ideal that they see into the heart of things. To these, flowers are living creatures and from their understanding of flowers they are given moments when they can sense the sympathy of things they love.

I feel that flowers are the incarnation of beautiful spirits and without them I am most unhappy. That is why flowers and plants always surround me.

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Garden Party for Muldoon School

● Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds, whose "Recipes in Rhyme" were published for more than a year in the early days of the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, will be hostess July 12 at a garden party at her home, "Little Farm," at Palo Alto, at a card party and tea for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Muldoon Military School, at Palo Alto, the "ad" of which appears on page 9 of this issue of the CITY CLUB MAGAZINE.

Let Me Go

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-borne music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers.
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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As We Pass By

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN, *Health Editor, Women's City Club Magazine*

● You all know I am off duty for six weeks and am to attend my forty-fifth reunion at Smith College.

Festivities begin tomorrow and so, before moving over to the Campus I am going to write a sketch of my days in Chicago.

En route I went to the meeting of the Western Branch of the American Public Health Associations at Pasadena.

One realizes at such meetings that each state produces leaders. Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Oregon and Washington each have problems of population and health control. Everyone is poor, adjustments must be made to smaller budgets, but the determination not to fall behind in ideals is sincere.

The Arden Dairy attracted me the last afternoon. Los Angeles teems with guaranteed milk. The health officer told me he preferred the taste of guaranteed raw to certified. And the Arden Dairy told me their surplus was sold as guaranteed. I know you see this joke.

Dr. Pomeroy, who is the county health officer of America, having the largest territory and largest health budget (the county hospital and health departments are not on the same budget), is the incoming president of the Western Public Health Association. He is an outstanding man and I hope San Francisco will draw the meeting.

Chicago and the Century of Progress Exposition

Well, it is all different, at Exposition. The architecture, gorgeous colors, wonderful contents of the buildings, illustrating the Century of Progress in every detail, are all daring, efficient and educative.

I saw the Science Building, especially Health and Medical Education. The booth on arthritis, cancer, tuberculosis, pre-natal care, the maternity center of New York on "Preparations for the Baby's Coming," were all most creditably presented.

The temperature was 100 degrees, and after four hours I went home. Later I saw the lighting at night and it was lovely.

The Children's Memorial Hospital attracted me and the Heart Clinic shows what Chicago does for its children. I spent a morning there. Their beds are largely endowed. I met generous, kindly physicians —as really big men always are—and was so glad to tell them how well I had always known Dr. Fleischner. It was thrilling to see one of our group of doctors so cordially remembered by them.

See the Century of Progress if you can and take in a boy or girl of fourteen to eighteen—for they can realize that way the great strides one American city has taken in one hundred years.

Beware of "bargain" milk!

The only bargain in milk worth considering is the best milk you can buy.

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Today

This little strip of light
'Twixt night and night,
Let me keep bright
Today!
And let no shadow of Tomorrow
Nor sorrow
From the dead yesterday
Gainsay my happiness Today!
And if Tomorrow shall be sad,
Or never come at all, I've had
At least—Today!

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Helen Grown Old

—EDITH HECHT

Here am I old
Within these palace walls;
And my fool, doddering lord
Has found a slave girl;
My own handmaid forsooth;
Captive grandchild of Priam's line—
A princess, Menelaus says—
And has forsaken me.
I did not think this ever
Could befall: my beauty,
That launched a thousand ships.
Who said that?
Was it the blind minstrel,
Begging his way from door to door,
Who ever sang of Troy and me?
Or do I hear it dimly,
As in a sleep,
From out the depths of unborn Time,
From some uncharted land,
Rolling out in song
As foam upon the seashore?
No, I do not think
The blind man spoke those lines.
I may have dreamed them.
What count they now?
What counts my glamorous past?
I am now old
In Menelaus' halls
And am supplanted.
He has his man's right—
Doddering fool—
Whom I twined round my fingers
In the years now gone.
But I am old
Who never thought
To see my radiance dimmed,
And all the faint allure
That held men bound
Is vanished;
While I am pushed aside
Like any other.
"Yea, yea, my lord,
"I come—
"Am I to bind my slave girl's hair
"With my own jewelled fillet?"
" 'What, she is not a slave girl
But a princess born—
Homeless through me—
Who caused such pain to many.' "
"Yea, yea, my lord,
I come and do your bidding;
But forget not,
I am a princess born,
Myself from mighty kin,
And from the Gods as well.
'You care not?' "
"Yea, yea, my lord,
I come and bring that band
Of gemmed acanthus leaves
Which Paris gave to me
The time he supped
In these same halls;
With eyes for naught
Save Sparta's queen."
"Yea, yea, I'll bring
My gleaming fillet
For her, my lord,
Since so the king commands."

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The doctor ordered an immediate change of climate. A simple prescription. Yet under other circumstances it might have proved hard to fill.

Fortunately for this woman, her husband's life insurance had been carefully conserved . . . *in trust.* And now, though the income alone was not enough to cover this special expense, the bank as trustee was able to meet this emergency promptly with funds from the principal.

If, besides the everyday needs of your dependents, you would make sure provision for the *unusual,* investigate the

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Crossing the continent by ship *in eight hours* is an experience you will never forget . . . And that day in the Canal is only one of many that everyone who has ever made this trip hopes to live over again. Days on a President Liner's ample decks, playing games—and swimming in the outdoor pool. Others just plain lazy. And thrilling days ashore in fascinating foreign cities. Nights beneath the tropic moon.

The President Liner you board in California will be a Trans-Pacific President Liner, bringing the unmistakable flavor of real world travel to this intercoastal trip. You will find gay cosmopolitans aboard bound from faraway storied places . . . And you will find that President Liner features planned for their long voyages add many pleasures to this short one.

Public rooms are charming and friendly. Staterooms are all outside, large and airy and high, midship—with deep-springed beds . . . Neither last nor least, the cuisine is excellent—menus are made up from the best of the good things that all the President Liners' wide-spread ports of call provide.

There is a sailing every other week from San Francisco. Fares are from $300 First Class and $220 Tourist. These are the complete roundtrip fares. They include your President Liner voyage—your meals and your stateroom, to New York (with stopovers if you wish), then a rail trip to Chicago, and when you have *done* the Fair, a speedy trip home by train.

We will be happy to tell you all about the various President Liner services: Between California and New York, to the Orient via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route or via the Short Route from Seattle, and Round the World . . . on any of these trips you go as you please, stopping over as you choose, continuing your journey on another of the President Liners that sail on regular schedule. Get all details from your agent or Dollar Steamship Lines, 311 California Street, San Francisco.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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AUGUST 1933 WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR AUGUST 1933

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
Every Wednesday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 7:30 P.M.

FRENCH CLASSES—Mlle. Marie L. Lemaire

Classes will be organized last week in August. Day and Evening Classes. Fee—Theory—Members, $6; non-members $7.50. Fee—Conversational—Members, $7.50; non-members, $9. French Conversational Table every second and fourth Thursday in Cafeteria at noon. No fee.

SPANISH CLASSES—Senorita Angela Montiel

Classes will be organized last week in August. Day classes only. Fee—Same as French Classes. Spanish Conversational Table every first and third Wednesday in Cafeteria at noon. No fee.

August 2—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Appreciation of Art and Letters—Mrs. Charles E. Curry	*Board Room*	1:00 P.M.
3—Thursday Evening Program	*Chinese Room*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Miss Esther Phillips		
Subject: "All in the Day's Work; Gathering Evidence in the Aleutian Islands"		
7—Young Members' Luncheon—Cafeteria Service	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
9—V. A. D. Mass Meeting (For those who have not attended a V. A. D. Meeting)	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
V. A. D. Mass Meeting	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
10—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Captain Duncan Matheson—"Rackets and Racketeering"		
11—V. A. D. Mass Meeting	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
(For those who have not attended a V. A. D. Meeting)		
16—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
17—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Nadja Manito		
Subject: Dramatic Interpretation of Two One-Act Plays		
21—French Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	11 A.M., 1:00, 2:00 P.M.
22—French Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
23—Spanish Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	11 A.M., 1:00, 2:00 P.M.
Spanish Class—Conversational	*Board Room*	3:00 P.M
24—French Conversational Class	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. Waldo J. Mara—"Letter Writing and Vocabulary Building"		
26—Color Class—Miss Wana Derge—Alumni Meeting	*Auditorium*	ALL DAY
28—French Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	11 A.M., 1:00, 2:00 P.M.
29—Color Class—Miss Wana Derge—Open to Public. No Fee	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
French Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
29—League Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	8 P.M.
30—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Spanish Classes—Theory	*Board Room*	11 A.M., 1:00, 2:00 P.M.
Spanish Classes—Conversational	*Board Room*	3:00 P.M.
31—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Concert by Tuesday Morning Call and Schubert Trio. Directed by Jessie M. Kline		

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

WHEN the Talent Festival was launched in the City Club four years ago there was more than ordinary vision behind the idea. That it was so recognized has been proved by the interest aroused in other groups in various parts of the country, and their enthusiasm in writing of their success. So we may well be proud of this unique event of our calendar year, and far from feeling that Talent has been exhausted, realize that like many a treasure the surface only has been scratched.

Resourcefulness is an essentially feminine quality that in the rush of modern life has been too often neglected. The stress of reecnt years, however, has reawakened this priceless thing to a new activity, and so our Talent Festival, product of resourceful minds, finds itself ready and up to the minute's needs. Your idea and my need, added to another's cleverness of putting two and two together, produce a fascinating article that sells like the proverbial hot cake!

The interest that has been evinced by out-of-town groups this summer is most promising, and our meetings with them have been delightful and inspiring. Gathering materials and ideas from all sides, groups are now working within the Clubhouse, and interest increases from day to day. To those members far afield we hope they will keep their Talent Festival in mind so that on October 11 and 12 the wide range of Talents will prove the resourcefulness of our members, and the Festival a happy reunion of old, and a welcome to new, members of the National League for Woman's Service.

Fourth Talent Festival, October 11 and 12, Challenges Ingenuity

● The Fourth Talent Festival is upon us—no more need to explain it; it has come into its own.

Already members are working on their gifts for 1933, and secrets of new ideas are being whispered as groups gather at the Clubhouse to work out talents hitherto lain dormant.

In the counties about the Bay and down the Peninsula members gather each week to transform suggestions into attractive and saleable articles for October.

This year everyone has found that ingenuity has been required "to make both ends meet" and talents have been unearthed which modesty or diffidence hitherto concealed, and so the Fourth Talent Festival will benefit by the general condition which has sent us foraging into our talents.

The Talent Festival table in the Cafeteria is again to the fore on Thursdays at noon.

Join it in August without further invitation and sign up "for your loan and your gift."

The Talent Festival is now an institution in the City Club, one that has discovered much talent that otherwise would have been unrevealed.

Loans for the Festival will be received October 7 and 9. Articles for sale will be received October 9 and 10.

Voluntary Aid Detachment

● "How is it getting along?" This is the question asked by the Detachment members as they watch the board in the Lobby of the Clubhouse to see how the figures grow each day. These members have done their bit and are interested to see the list spread on the blackboard. The names now include members from abroad as well as at home who have read the Magazine, and gradually it is getting to be "the thing." We say *gradually* because the growth is not fast enough to relieve us from the pressure of meeting the financial obligations as they crowd upon us each month. The vacation period has been an unfortunate time for meetings, and yet over 1,000 women have attended the V. A. D. meetings to hear the story. This is your personal invitation, if you have been vacationing before, to come on August 9 or August 11, or to send your pledge before that date and then come to hear the actual figures of income and expenditure, which are extremely interesting. Raise your own dues for 1933 and 1934, and then if conditions later improve, raise your pledge. Don't be off the list just because your pledge cannot be as large as you would like to have it. The goal now is "everybody enrolled." A gift in cash, paid in full or installments, or a bond puts your name in the V. A. D.

City Club Magazine Goes Into Action

● The City Club Magazine in Action is the title of an evening which promises all that it implies. There will be dinner, of course, at which guests will be expected to be garbed as one of the ads in the Magazine, or as any famous ad which has become nationally known by its picture or slogan. The date is Thursday evening, September 14.

The evening offers great possibilities. For instance—Samarkand Ice Cream. The costume could simulate a dish of pink or green or white ice cream, or even a Samarkand castle in Persia. Hale's ad could be any of a number of costumes, even to the advertising cases in the corridor.

The price will be one dollar for dinner and admission to the Auditorium, where the parade of ads will be held and prizes awarded. Dinner alone without admission to the Auditorium will be 85 cents and admission to the Auditorium (without dinner) will be 50 cents.

Begin now to plan your costume. Come as one unit or be one of a group. Groups are being arranged even now. As for instance, Rhoda-on-the-Roof, a girl and her hat.

The City Club Magazine in Action will be a preliminary to a number of interesting evenings being planned for the early fall.

Are You Studying Up for the Bridge Tournament?

● Mrs. Alice Roedel is making extensive preparations for the Bridge Tournament which will be held Friday evening, September 15, and Monday afternoon, September 18.

Groups are polishing up on their rules and planning to "get into" the tournament. Pairs, especially, are going over their lessons of the last few months and are determined to walk away with the honors.

There will be a committee of twenty Club members in charge. Their names and the specifications for entering the tournament will be published in the September Magazine.

TALENT FESTIVAL — 1933

The product of my talent to be offered the City Club will be.....

.....

.....

My loan will be.....

.....

Name..... Address.....

Telephone.....

(Delivery shall be made not later than October 10, 1933)

Mail to Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

City Club's Paintings Command Admiration of Visitors

● Two paintings by the late William Barr are now hanging in the National Defenders' Room.

Mr. Barr, a Scotsman by birth, had been a resident of San Francisco for the past seventeen years until his death in February of this year. He visited California in the year 1912 and was so delighted with the many beautiful spots around San Francisco and Marin County that he returned with his family in the year 1915. He loved to paint the rolling sand dunes and wild flowers and he has preserved on canvas the beauty of sand dunes that once bordered the ocean, scenes which now have given way to the modern home. Mr. Barr painted many of the California missions, his especial favorite being San Juan Capistrano. One of the pictures in the National Defenders' Room is of Mission San Juan Capistrano, a scene bright with sunshine on gorgeous flowers and historic adobe aches. The other canvas entitled "A Cottage Garden" has an old-world atmosphere in the simple flowers that clamber up the whitewashed walls to the thatched roof.

Both of the pictures illustrate the power of the artist to capture the true glint of the sunlight and the luminosity of flowers. So lifelike are the blooms that they have been referred to as being redolent with the perfume of the garden. These are two excellent examples of Mr. Barr's work.

Theodore Wores' two paintings that have long given such joy to the members, "Prune Blossoms in the Santa Clara Valley," and a lovely seascape painting now hang in the Main Dining Room with "Helen," painted by Matteo Sandona especially for that particular spot in the Dining Room. Visitors coming to the Club for the first time are wont to ask where "Helen" is, for they have been told of its beauty of line and coloring and the appropriateness to its surroundings.

Painting by William Barr.

Two of his paintings hang in the National Defenders' Room.

In the Lounge is the portrait of one of our most distinguished members, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, painted for the Club by Peter Ilyin because of his deep admiration for Mrs. Hoover and his interest in the ideals of the National League for Woman's Service.

With extremely limited space in the Clubhouse for hanging pictures, we are most fortunate in the really beautiful ones that adorn our walls.

Miss Margaret Barr, daughter of the late William Barr, Mrs. Theodore Wores, Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Matteo Sandona are all members of the Club.

Nadja Manito to Give Plays at Club

● Miss Nadja Manito, graduate of the Cornish School of Music and Drama in Seattle, will give a dramatic interpretation of two one-act plays in the Club Auditorium August 17.

Miss Manito received much of her early training under Maurice Browne and Ella Von Volkenburg and then did graduate work with Margaret Prendergast McLean of Columbia University.

Although comparatively new to San Francisco, Miss Manito is recognized as an artist of unusual ability and talents. She brings to her work a fine dramatic understanding and a charm on the platform which immediately win her audience. Miss Manito established a reputation in Seattle for her fine work and is widely known throughout the Pacific Northwest, particularly as the producer of the spectacular outdoor pageant "Hiawatha," which was given on the shores of Lake Washington and created such interest that the Seattle Chamber of Commerce sponsored it for two succeeding years.

Special Luncheons

● In keeping with the spirit of service the Cafeteria has been offering during the past few weeks two types of 30-cent luncheons designed to meet the needs of the present day.

The special salad luncheon offers a choice of two salads, a hot roll and butter, a choice of certain desserts and tea, coffee or milk.

The special hot luncheon offers a choice of two entrees, potatoes or one green vegetable, hot roll and butter, a choice of certain desserts, and tea, coffee or milk.

These luncheons are planned to meet dietetic needs and fulfill all food requirements.

The price is low but it is most satisfying to know that only the best and purest of foods are used.

The 40-cent luncheon is also served in the Cafeteria and, as one member said, "The best in the city."

To maintain the standard and to meet the business obligations contingent upon operating the dining rooms, the Club needs the patronage and encouragement of every member during these months when business conditions are still far from normal.

French Film at City Club

● The latest French film success, "Marius," which had a run of one year in Paris and of several weeks at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, New York City, will have its western premiere August 18 at the Women's City Club Theater Auditorium. It will be shown for three days, from Friday, August 18, until Sunday, August 20, inclusive.

Tickets are now on sale at 40 cents for general admission (55 cents reserved seats). Family tickets (good for three adults) may be had for one dollar, if purchased in advance.

Reservations may be made in the Club Lobby, at the City of Paris ticket office, or at WEst 4116.

"Marius" has created a sensation all over the continent and it will please those who speak French or have studied the language. The photography of this picture is especially good. The entire action takes place in Marseilles, France, and shows the life of that community. The picture is full of humor, adventure and romance. The film is being shown under the auspices of the local French daily, *Courrier du Pacifique*, and under the management of the International Theater.

Mrs. Van Dyne Tells Why You'll Enjoy "Whys of English"

● Today almost everyone is interested in self-improvement. When my students are asked, "Why study English?" they reply: "To get on better in the business world"; "to fit better socially"; or, "to get more joy out of life." One answered: "I can live without grammar, certainly; but not so well! As I began to realize that a word represents thought, I decided to use the word that exactly expresses my thought. And this correctness has become profitable."

This course, "The Whys of English," is unique. It is the only course, I believe, that teaches entirely on the basis of WHY something is true; for, when we know why something is true, we understand and remember. As a result of these new values, a new world will open up to you. Do you know that the expression "you were" shows the idiosyncracies of our ancestors? Have you ever thought that the marriage vow would have less meaning if one answered "I shall" instead of "I will"? Do you realize that the words *farther* and *further* are needed to show whether we are referring to the material or to the mental world? As the course is interesting, you will find life more interesting.

Besides being interesting, the course is concise for busy people like you, who want to speak or write correctly in the shortest possible time. Pupils in the school where I, together with Mrs. LaVaun Nickel of Ohio, developed this method, learned in *three* months what others required *thirty-six* months for learning. This difference is so great that the record was verified by the school and recorded in an educational magazine, the *English Journal.* One learns, I believe, that rapidly only if he has interesting and necessary material.

Have you revised *your* English since school days? People are finding that interest in correct speech and writing is a way to stay young. On the other hand, certain expressions "date" one as much as an old hat.

You will appreciate the fact that instead of memorizing long rules, which do not help when you want to speak and write naturally, you learn the REASONS in English, WHY certain forms are correct and others incorrect. This assures you of poise, as no other method can. Do you know why sometimes you say *good* and other times *well?* Why sometimes you say *who* and other times *whom?* Or, sometimes *I* and other times *me?*

Then, too, I have a system by which you see your progress; this particular part of the course—actually to see progress—delights everyone.

You learn to write correctly a business or a formal and informal social letter. Can you find the THIRTEEN errors in the letter at the end of this little "chat"?

Everyone starts on an equal basis: at the beginning of grammar. I have found this is the logical place for all to start; in fact, I have students from those with a sixth-grade education to college graduates and professional writers. All are glad to start at the beginning.

You'll enjoy this course and I'll enjoy working with you. The classroom is a combination of workshop and seminar. I answer whatever questions arise.

"Grammar is your representative." Let us always keep it a worthy representative.

Confidence and assurance start at once. Mastery at the end of the course.

Find the THIRTEEN errors in this letter:

300 20th Street
Chicago, Ill.
Dec 21, 1900.

Miss A. B. Student,
Trenton, N. J.
10 Post Street
Dear Friend: —

I will arrive at 2.15 P. M. tomorrow. Come and meet me.

Hoping to see you.
Yours Truly,

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne will give a course in English (writing and speaking) at the City Club beginning September 11.

Her article, published herewith, will give an inkling of how careless the average person is in speech and writing.

Mrs. Van Dyne has a Bachelor of Arts degree from Wooster University and Ohio State Univesity and also took post-graduate work at Columbia University.

Classes will be given:

Mondays at 11 a. m., beginning September 11.

Mondays at 7 p. m., beginning September 11.

Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11 a. m., beginning September 12.

Other classes will be formed upon request.

For details inquire at the Executive Office.]

In Memoriam

● Two of our devoted members and loyal Volunteers, Mrs. Phoebe Rockwell and Mrs. Bert Lazarus, passed away in the last few weeks, and some of their friends in the Club have established a fund for the purchase of Club bonds in their memory. Both were charter members of the City Club. The amount is not yet sufficient to complete the purchase and members who want to have a part in these memorials are asked to send their contributions to the Executive Office.

EDITORIAL

● A young woman visiting the Chicago Exposition, to her momentary discomfiture found herself being introduced at a luncheon as one who had done a noteworthy piece of public work. Who she is and what she was complimented for are not part of this story. The point is that, when asked how and by what impulsion she started that particular piece of work, she did some rapid thinking.

"To my utter surprise, I realized that never before had I given thought to the beginning of my work. I had been too occupied with the doing of it.

"What was the motivating impulse? I asked myself as I arose to my feet to acknowledge the complimentary introduction.

"Then I realized in a blinding illumination that it was my early association with the National League for Woman's Service in the Clubrooms at 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, that had given me my first taste of the sweets of doing for the community in which I lived.

"As I stated this fact I found myself engulfed in a wave of homesickness for San Francisco, and I waxed positively eloquent about my town and its City Club," she writes.

Perhaps that is what vacations are for—to make us appreciate that which we left at home. That is why we return with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

Through the City Club is San Francisco's hospitality extended to distinguished visitors, and by her membership in the Club the individual senses a feeling of being part of her city, sharing a civic pride which it is good for every woman to feel. Otherwise she has no vision.

The determination of the City Club group now carrying on the work of the V. A. D. (Volunteer Aid Detachment) is a projection of the enthusiasm which fired City Club founders less than a decade ago. It is a ramification of the feeling which possessed that "homesick" visitor to the Chicago Exposition, where she was guest of the Chicago City Club, which has reciprocal relations with the San Francisco City Club.

Pride of citizenship is fundamental in the human soul. Paul of Tarsus was animated by that fine sentiment when he said, "I am a citizen of no mean city."

City Club members feel it passively, at least, fifty-two weeks in a year, and acutely when they act as hostesses to the wives of visiting governors or other distinguished guests who pass through San Francisco. At such times they have renewed awareness of the dignity and beauty of the City Club and are reminded all over again of its high place in the community.

We Are Still ——
The National League for Woman's Service

● The National League for Woman's Service was first conceived in war time for war service, to help win the war; and the women who banded themselves together at that time did so in a spirit of devotion to those who were dedicating their lives to winning the war, that future women's sons might find the world a safe, happy place in which to live, because of their courage and their sacrifice. After the war that same spirit of devotion led this band to continue work; devotion in war became helpfulness in peace. And born of this same spirit was the League Building, conceived in the brave new courage of triumphant democracy. We were the deciding factor in victory, our boys, our munitions, our ships, turned the trick—it was democracy militant and triumphant. And in this spirit our world went on to do big things, wages went up, sales went over the top, and our vision was of a world triumphant, for the first time, in giving all our people the means to enjoy life, and then more life. Our building was only a conception of this spirit, a thing of beauty, dear to us, helpfulness housed as was its due. Our funds were not great; what of it, we were assuming a debt meager compared to the magnificent debts of our succeeding males and their winning system. What man could do, women should.

Today we look at a changed world. Affairs are not going over the top. Where the top is, even we do not know. But it is true that this vision was worth while and living up to it is worth while. We can put ourselves over the top, we can again be of vital service in this economic war, most sanguine, that is besting all people, by putting into our own responsibilities that same brave spirit that has made our past of worth. We can meet our responsibilities with laughing, lilting courage, never downed. We can give of our courage to the sick world of men, our men. We can still be the help our tired, discouraged women need. Beauty of conception and devotion of service must go over its top. We are still the National League for Woman's Service, continuing, winning, devoted in spirit.

The founding band has expanded; we have become as the sands of the sea and we are of the infinite strength of these sands if we each see the power we are as a greater group, each one aflame with the spirit to win, not only a building for which we have assumed responsibility, not merely the money, these details, the sea's support, concrete, glass, children's play, these sands are willy-nilly in all use today and must continue in the old spirit if these things are to continue. This is the call to arms of the Sands of the League.

ADVERTISING COSTUME PARTY—SEPTEMBER 14

Auditorium 8:00 P. M.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

OUR GENIAL ENEMY, FRANCE; *by Edwin D. Schoonmaker;* reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

BRITISH AGENT; by R. H. Bruce Lockhart; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

For Social Service Workers:

CRAFTSMEN ALL; *by Edward Shillito;* Friendship Press, New York. $1; paper, 50 cents to 75 cents.

YOUNG AMERICA MAKES FRIENDS; *by Mary Jones and Rebecca Caudill;* Friendship Press, New York.

HOW FAR TO THE NEAREST DOCTOR?; *by Edward Dodd;* Friendship Press.

CHILD NEIGHBORS IN AMERICA; *by Elsie Rodgers and Dorothy McConnell;* Friendship Press, New York.

CHRISTIANITY AND INDUSTRY IN AMERICA; *by Alva Taylor;* Friendship Press, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN AMERICA; *by Hugh Kerr;* Friendship Press, New York.

TODAY'S YOUTH AND TOMORROW'S WORLD; *by Stanley High;* Friendship Press, New York.

BUILDERS OF A NEW WORLD; *by Robert Bartlett;* Friendship Press, New York.

● Our Genial Enemy, France; by Edwin D. Schoonmaker; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

A recent book, presented by a friend of the Club Library, is entitled "Our Genial Enemy, France." The book is not history; its facts are arranged to present a given idea. Therefore, it may well be considered to be a form of propaganda.

The idea propagated is that our "sentimental" 150-year-old attachment for France, based on a quite distorted version of the real facts concerning the part France played in our struggle for independence, is since the Great War a thing of the past. Because of this it is necessary that a new basis of relationship between the two countries be established.

In order to find out what underlies this new relationship, Mr. Schoonmaker sets forth a long array of facts which he skilfully interprets to prove that France and the United States no longer belong to the same order. Since France spends annually four times more on armaments than she does on education, she still belongs to the old order constituted on force. And the United States, spending more than three times as much on education as on armaments, belongs to the new order of evolving human society.

Whatever basis of relationship exists for the future must be founded on the value of each country to humanity as a whole. As the author says in his conclusion: "France represents culture and the United States represents humanity. The relation then of France to the United States is the relation of civilization to humanity."

● British Agent; by R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

"British Agent" is an unusual book—unusually informative and unusually uneven. Full of charm, it has the defect of sketchiness, and possibly of superficiality, though that criticism may seem too severe. However it may be judged as a work of art, it is well worth reading by those who have watched with a puzzled interest the quick-turning kaleidoscope of Russian history since the reign of the unfortunate Nicholas.

Bruce Lockhart, author of this book of reminiscences, was born in the county of Fife in 1887. His ancestors included Macgregors, Bruces, Hamiltons, Wallaces and Douglases. Born into a family of "keen Scottish athletes," the five years of his 'teen age were spent "in the worship of athleticism," and "this exaggerated devotion to games interfered sadly with his studies." So, "to rid him of this unwholesome fetish, his father sent him to Berlin, instead of to Cambridge." However, his rugby prowess was to stand him in good stead in his adventurous later life.

In Germany he came under the influence of Professor Tilley, whose methods were spartan and pitiless, but who taught him how to work—"a virtue which, in spite of many backslidings, I have never entirely lost. He taught me two other valuable lessons—respect for constitutions and customs other than English, and the secret of mastering foreign languages. These helped me out all through my life in my relations with foreigners."

From Berlin young Lockhart was sent to Paris, where he "came under the influence of that good and godly man, Paul Passy, who was "the gentlest of Calvinists." From him Lockhart acquired "an excellent French accent and his first insight into Welsh revivalist methods," because Passy was under the influence of Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist.

After three years he returned to England to prepare for the Indian Civil Service. But, he writes, "Fate and my own genius for drifting ruled otherwise. In 1908 my uncle, one of the pioneers in the rubber-growing industry in the Malay States, came home and fired my imagination with tales of the fortunes that were to be made almost for the asking in that elusive and enchanting land. In my desire for new worlds and new adventures, I decided to throw in my lot with the rubber planters and go East."

Then follows Book I, his "Malayan Novitiate," written with all the glamour of that "elusive and enchanting land"—youth and adventure and wine and song, the tropics and a beautiful Malayan woman, cousin to the sultan. It sounds like an Arabian Nights dream, which happened once when he was very young, and whose glow of illusion flickers wistfully on the far dream horizon of all his checkered later life. But it is beautifully written.

Invalided home, recovering painfully in Canada and the Highlands, he wins through at last to the appointment as British vice-consul in Moscow, in 1912. From this date till Lockhart's imprisonment in the Kremlin in September, 1918, his freeing, and final return to England, the events and personalities of Russian history flicker across the pages in kaleidoscopic colors. Action is rapid, observation is acute, conclusions are indefinite, moral there is none. But the interest is sustained to the last page, and the figures that walk briefly across the stage are real and alive.

The biographical chapters are unsparingly frank. In the first paragraph Lockhart speaks of his "ineradicable romanticism." There was a first glimpse of "little silver slippers" on the steps of a Malayan bungalow; there was a Russian Jewess for whose sake the British ambassador sent him home to England "for a rest"; there was Moura, beautiful Russian aristocrat, who brought him food in the Kremlin.

● For those interested in social service, the Friendship Press of New York has a new set of books which are valuable for reference and use in study groups. We have space only to list them. But it is to be noted that much of the subject matter in these little books is the result of research and not obtainable elsewhere. They are usually handled by the church book shops.

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Reception to Governors' Wives

● One of the most brilliant and enjoyable affairs at the City Club this summer was the reception July 26 in compliment to the wives of the state governors who conferred in San Francisco.

Summer flowers in radiant colors decorated the rooms, and the Eastern guests were particularly impressed with their luxuriance.

Guests were:

Mrs. Dern, wife of Honorable George Dern, Secretary of War; Mrs. Cross, daughter-in-law of Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut; Mrs. Ibra C. Blackwood, South Carolina; Mrs. John G. Winant, wife of military aide, and daughter, New Hampshire; Mrs. Charles P. Pollard, Mrs. M. F. Cox, Mrs. J. W. Wills and Mrs. Virginia Taylor, Virginia; Mrs. Oscar K. Allen, Louisiana; Mrs. Paul V. McNutt and Miss Lucy Taggart, Indiana; Mrs. Sennett Conner and Mrs. Thomas J. Grayson, Mississippi; Mrs. Guy B. Park and daughter Henrietta, Missouri; Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. John Symes, Mrs. James Rolph, III, Mrs. Richard Willits, California; Mrs. F. H. Cooney, Montana; Mrs. Clarence D. Martin, Washington; Mrs. C. Ben Ross and two daughters, Idaho; Mrs. Hardee, wife of ex-governor of Florida.

Assisting in receiving the distinguished guests were Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Arthur L. Bailache, Mrs. Alexander Bell, Mrs. Carroll Cambron, Dr. Adelaide Brown, Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. Sherwood Coffin, Mrs. Carter Collins, Mrs. Oscar Cushing, Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen, Miss Marion Leale, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. A. M. Meads, Miss Lucille Otto, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Edwin Sheldon, Miss Edith Slack, Mrs. Joseph Sloss, Miss Vaal Stark, Miss Edith Treanor, Mrs. Payson J. Treat, Miss Ruth Turner, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. W. Wilberforce Williams, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Summer Guests at City Club

● Summer in San Francisco is known the world over as a season of cool sea breezes. Consequently many guests come to the City Club in July from places not so fortunate climatically.

Among house guests at the City Club this month were:

Miss Helen Mohring, North Girard, Pa.
Miss Lois Gaskell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Louise Mitchell, White Plains, N. Y.
Mrs. Roswell Skeel, New York.
Mrs. Amy Greaves and daughter, Stockton.
Miss Ella V. Daly, Stockton.
Mrs. Charles M. Griffith, Stockton.
Miss Helen Fisk, Pasadena.
Miss Valeska Bary, Berkeley.
Mrs. L. A. Monroe, Carmel.

Spanish Classes

● Senorita Angela Monticl. Born in Nicaragua. A. B. University of Nicaragua, Escula Normal de Institutoras, Dominican College, San Rafael and University of California. Taught eight years at College Francais. Will conduct classes: Wednesdays, beginning August 23; 11 a. m., beginners; 1 p. m., intermediate; 2 p. m., advanced. Fees: members $6, non-members $7.50 (15 lessons). 3 p. m., conversational; fee: members $7.50, non-members $9 (12 lessons).

Conversational Table, west end of Cafeteria, first and third Wednesdays at noon, beginning September 6. No fee.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB AUDITORIUM
THREE DAYS ONLY
Friday, Aug. 18, 7 and 9 P. M.
Saturday, Aug. 19, Mat. 2:15 and 7 and 9 P. M.
Sunday, Aug. 20, from 2 P. M. Continuous
The Latest French Sound Film "MARIUS"
AMUSING—EDUCATIONAL—UNUSUAL
Tickets 40c—Reserved 55c
Family Tickets $1—(Good for Three Adults)
Make reservations by calling WEst 4116, in Club Lobby, or at City of Paris Ticket Office.

Buffet or "Al Fresco"

—HAZEL B. NOYES

● The hit of the present season is the buffet. Be it breakfast, luncheon or dinner, the scene is set for this simple type of service and the wonder is that we did not adopt this mode of entertaining long ago. Our English cousins solved the problem of breakfasts timed to please all members of a large family by a real buffet.

This, as you know, has grown from meaning originally "a side board or set of shelves used to display silver, china, etc." to a miniature lunch counter. If you are fortunate you may be the possessor of a reproduction of some one of the especial service dishes designed for keeping foods hot indefinitely. The owner of an original would be the envy of all her friends. These dishes are diminutive steam tables done delightfully in silver, a large hot water tank as the foundation, with two, three or four compartments for keeping various dishes at just the right temperature. Of course there are numerous up-to-date electrical grills and gadgets that do any necessary cooking at table, too.

With all these temptations, it is not surprising that we find ourselves from dawn till dawn eating "en buffet." To me it is the same puzzle as that of the hen or the egg as to which came first, but "any how," every shop that caters to household doings is showing the most tempting "stage sets" for featuring the buffet. Wooden trays, salad bowls, relish dishes, cheese trays, glass, china, pottery, pewter, all have conspired to lead the ambitious hostess along most enticing paths. Meals "al fresco" or just plain old-fashioned picnics are furnished further enjoyment by all these modern service aids.

Another charm of buffet meals is the opportunity it gives the hostess to display her own originality, for no two tables need be alike.

Foreign foods are often featured and the service in keeping so far as is comfortable. Since hors d'oeuvres have been made so much a part of our dinners the past year, I often hear people dilate on the delicious varieties served in various homes or clubs, sometimes expressing the wish that they need eat no more than these tempting bits. Doesn't that inspire an "hors d'oeuvre buffet" when the hostess can allow her imagination to run riot with condiments and such?

Of course, at a proper buffet party, at least one hot dish is served which usually determines the nature of the other dishes—spaghetti, a creamed dish, something deviled or a la king, or a huge pot of real, honest-to-Boston baked beans. These naturally call for steamed brown bread, mustard pickle, crispy cole slaw, apple pie, cheese and coffee. Shades of our ancestors' good old church suppers! By the way, they are "in" again, too. Did you know? And where could you find more delicious real food than that served by the Ladies' Aid in most any well-established church?

But back to the buffet—and that is not the least of its charms—you can come back again and again and cause no comment. If you are planning a real buffet party of any proportions, it is well to plan your table very carefully, routing your service so that it will be most convenient for your guests.

Your centerpiece may be fruit or flowers, and if your party is in the evening, let candles cast lights and shadows over your gleaming glass and silver.

Near the hot dish have piles of heated

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526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.
June 30th, 1933

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

plates and silver for serving, knives, forks and napkins for the guests. This is a good place for "lap" napkins or the large-size dinner napkins not so much in use at formal tables. Salads are best in individual lettuce cups with suitable serving silver. A plate of cold meats, sausage or meat loaf, the baked kind, or those made with gelatin, a variety of hot breads, already buttered for convenience, also a basket or tray of cold sliced bread or not too dainty sandwiches tempt the eye and appetite.

Crackers never did appear in such a varied form and variety and you can find the most inviting trays to hold cheese in variety and crackers. A generous pot of coffee and a choice of cups, large or small, a cold beverage, too, to suit the time and guests, really deserve a side table all to themselves or are most convenient on a tea wagon.

For dessert choose something that fits the rest of the menu and makes a perfect ending. If the rest of the food is very hearty, a huge platter of well-iced watermelon cut in pyramids, rind removed, unless the buffet is "al fresco"—then bring on the watermelon "au natural" and let the host carve crescents for each guest.

Individual fruit shortcakes with cream, whipped or plain, are favorites. Petits fours, or French pastry, if it's that kind of a party, or any cake or dessert that is the hostess' special pride—say a luscious black devil's food cake and fresh fruits—a variety cut in tempting morsels and served on small glass plates.

For Sundays, especially if you spend your summers out of town where friends may be expected to drop in at any time, there is no style of serving so easy on both the hostess and guests as these casual help-yourself affairs. Of course, we know that careful planning is behind the leisurely enjoyment pictured, but the preparation and planning for a buffet is most easily kept in the background.

Service By Dining Room

Upon short notice
the Dining Room
will prepare special
orders for picnics, home
bridge parties, dinners, buffet
suppers or luncheons.
Canapes
open sandwiches
delicious soups—moulded salads
entrees
breads—pastries—cakes—puddings
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$98.50

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I. Miller introduces lasts for the individual. Select yours now . . . learn the number . . . and forever have a perfect fit!

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We Serve Through Service

—ELENE WILBUR

● There is a women's crusade on in Palo Alto. A crusade against the terror of hunger. Its slogan is: "We fight for economic peace in the home"; its goal is to give employment to women who want work, not charity. This crusade was launched by the Women's Service League of Palo Alto at a rally held by women in the Community House on the evening of May 24. Among the speakers were Miss Katharine Donohoe, President of the National League for Woman's Service; Miss Marion Leale, Mrs. Charles Gilman (Kathleen) Norris, Mrs. Roy S. Folger and the Service League President, Mrs. Edwin J. Thomas.

Members of the City Club read in the Magazine last autumn of the work of the Women's Service League of Palo Alto, which just a year ago was organized at the home of Mrs. Franklin P. Nutting by a group of women, most of whom as members of the National League for Woman's Service were in the forefront of war work in this locality fifteen years ago. The League was formed to provide employment for women in need. With the help of the City Relief Fund, space for workrooms was obtained in the old Federal Telegraph building just off El Camino Real. The city also agreed to donate $500 per month towards salaries, the League to earn the remainder of the wage sheet and maintain the overhead charges. A campaign for used clothing that could be reconditioned and put on sale was at once started, and in a few weeks the League was in running order, with Mrs. Thomas in general charge, and about twenty women employed. Mrs. Nutting had charge of the workrooms; Mrs. Josiah H. Kirk was chairman of the reconditioned clothing shop; Mrs. Robert Kirkwood was treasurer; Mrs. Robert Weinstock, contact chairman; Mrs. Eliot Jones, social service; Mrs. Bailey Willis and Mrs. Payson J. Treat doing a number of useful things; Miss Sue Dyer as advisor; Mrs. John G. Kennedy, Mrs. Theophilus Allen, Mrs. Harry J. Moule, Mrs. James Graham Sharp assisting with sales; the writer serving as publicity chairman, and many others in various volunteer pieces of work.

The League workrooms were operated three six-hour days a week, the wage per hour being set at 25 cents; each woman thus being given the chance to earn $20 a month. This has been all the League could manage, for even at that small wage per person the payroll soon mounted to $1,000 per month and over. The League's share of the wages and its upkeep was earned entirely through sales of reconditioned clothing and its shop products: smocks, bags, quilts and other articles. This has meant the almost impossible achievement of earning over $500 per month from the first. Somehow or other the League has accomplished it, although it has no endowment and no membership fees.

The number of workers increased steadily until it now reaches ninety. Every week between fifty and sixty women reported for work, and the Atherton Relief Committee has sent fourteen women to work each week for eighty weeks, paying their salaries and maintaining their share of the upkeep. When the need was greatest this spring the Palo Alto Relief Fund ran low, and the League found it necessary to cut down to two working days a week. Faced with the knowledge that the League must now practically support itself if it carried on, and realizing that the need for employment was growing rather than diminishing, our intrepid president, Mrs. Thomas, sent out an SOS for ideas.

Promptly to her rescue came Mrs. Folger with an idea that was enthusiastically endorsed by the Executive Board at its May meeting. Mrs. Folger's idea, like most big ideas, was very simple. She proposed to mobilize the women as in time of war to launch a crusade to obtain for the League monthly pledges of 25 cents each from the women in the community for a period of twelve months—from June of this year to June of next. At the June rally the crusade was launched and it is now in full stride.

To date nearly 500 women have signed up and received their packages of twelve monthly pledge envelopes. With the pledge the signer automatically becomes a member of the League, which hopes before the crusade is ended to obtain several thousand signers. This once accomplished, more women can be given work, and the third working day, so vitally needed, can be restored. As it looks now the League cannot hope for further funds from the city,

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although the new municipal relief committee has agreed to pay the wages of any needy women who apply for aid to the city first.

From the first the League has shown the Palo Alto women that by helping the unemployed to help themselves they are aiding in building up in the city a spirit of courage and optimism that in these days of stress is the most valuable asset any municipality can have. And that the League has meant more than food and shelter to the workers was evidenced at the rally when one of the workers said: "There couldn't be a happier place to work in the world, for there in the League rooms one feels the atmosphere of selflessness in which the movement was born and in which it is carried on." Many of the women have dependent children and other relatives. Several are university graduates. All are women who have met the bitter storms of the past few years with dignity and courage.

Today the League has over half a hundred volunteer workers. Mrs. Allen is now in charge of the reconditioned clothing shop, and has planned a big rummage sale the last Saturday in each month, besides her regular sales days on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mrs. Thomas A. Storey now gives one day a week to office work, as does Mrs. Robert S. Cody. Under Mrs. Ray S. Wittern, bookmending has been added. Other activities are planned when the funds are sufficient to carry them. The League is planning to carry on indefinitely, and with such a tireless and inspiring president as Mrs. Thomas nothing seems an impossible undertaking.

At the crusade rally, Miss Leale called the work of the League "a magnificent example of modern social service." Kathleen Norris said, "This is a crusade of women for women. We know now that hunger can be abolished, and that the women must take the lead in this affair of the nation as they have led in other national crusades. The Service League stands for economic peace in the home, for women know that there can be no peace when there are hunger and loneliness to face."

Back of the Service League moves the old National League for Woman's Service spirit. We serve through service.

City Club to Celebrate Dahlia Day With Luncheon

● The dahlia, many will be surprised to learn, is San Francisco's flower. Dahlia Day comes the latter part of August. The City Club will have a luncheon to celebrate San Francisco's official flower. Members who have dahlias, not necessarily prize ones, but any at all, large or small, are asked to send them to the Club for decoration and sale on that day. Watch for the date to be announced, and save the day for your Dahlia Luncheon at the Club. It ought to be a supremely beautiful affair.

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Three Plays by City Club Thespians

● Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson is directing a group of twenty-four members in three one-act plays to be given Thursday evening, September 28.

"The Flying Grandmother," "Over the Teacups" and "Deceivers Ever" are the plays selected and the casts will be announced in the September issue of the Magazine. Tickets will be on sale August 15 at the Front Office.

Mail Response at Once to Club

● You probably noticed in the July issue mention of a questionnaire.

Due to a change in plans, the questionnaire will be mailed to you direct about August 14.

We hope you will mail the questionnaire back to the Clubhouse, for by so doing you will help us secure the advertisement we are promised. The problem of readers' interest is involved. Naturally then, we want the response to be as considerable as possible.

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French Classes

● French classes will be resumed in August under the direction of Mlle. Marie Lemaire.

Mlle. Lemaire, a member of the Club, was born in Paris and was graduated from the Sorbonne. She has been a resident of San Francisco for many years and owned and operated the Out-of-Doors School at Nineteenth and Sloat Boulevard, where she has taught the small sons and daughters of some of San Francisco's most prominent families.

The schedule of classes is as follows:

Theory Classes

(Fee: members, $6; non-members $7.50. 15 lessons.)

Mondays—Beginning August 21

Beginners' class	11 a. m.
Intermediate class	1 p. m.
Advanced class	2 p. m.

Tuesdays—Beginning August 22

Beginners' class	6 p. m.
Intermediate class	7 p. m.
Advanced class	8 p. m.

Conversational Classes

(Fee: members, $7.50; non-members, $9. 12 lessons.)

Thursdays—beginning August 24 at 11 a. m.

Other classes will be formed upon request. Those wishing to join the classes are requested to register at the Front Office.

The French Conversational Table will be resumed Thursday, August 24, at noon at the west end of the Cafeteria, and will meet the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Members and guests speaking French or wishing to attune their ears to that musical language are invited to bring their trays to the table and join in the conversation—or be good listeners!

French only will be spoken at that time.

The Friday Night Cafeteria Volunteers are finding so much pleasure in serving the very excellent food which is prepared and sent in to us by our kitchen staff that we feel we want to tell the world about it. We are asking all our friends to "come, taste for yourselves," and are expecting such an increase in the number of diners that we shall have to recruit more volunteers to assist us in serving them.
—FRIDAY NIGHT CAFETERIA VOLUNTEERS.

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New Swimming Pool Offerings

● The Swimming Pool is announcing for August, September and October an additional evening (Wednesday) when when men guests may use the Pool. The hours will be from 5:30 to 7:30 o'clock.

The Friday guest night will remain the same as usual—5:30 to 9 p. m.

Men guests must be occompanied by a member.

Pool Hours

Monday	9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.
Tuesday	9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday	9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.
Thursday	9:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.
Friday	9:30 a. m. to 9:00 p. m.
Saturday	9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Appointments may be made for private lessons. Single lessons may be taken or a course. The course ticket entitles the purchaser to six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months.

Private Lesson Tickets

Members, sons and daughters of members	$4.00
Guests (adults or children)	5.00

Admission

Members	$ .30
Ten-swim ticket for members, summer rate	2.50
Members' daughters under 18, sons under 9	.30
Ten-swim ticket for same, summer rate	2.25
Guests (men, women, boys over 9)	.40
Guests (girls under 18, boys under 9)	.30

A member may have guest cards for the Swimming Pool issued to women friends so that they may swim ten times unaccompanied by a member. The fee for a guest card is 25 cents. A person holding a guest card is entitled to purchase a lesson ticket.

Bridge Tournament

● Six sessions. Day sections, beginning Monday afternoon, September 18; evening sections, beginning Friday evening, September 15.

Members 35 cents, guests 40 cents. Rules for play will be printed in the September Magazine. Reservations will be taken at the Front Office.

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Color and Arrangements

—WANA DERGE

● There is always a best way, a distinguished way, to handle any given group of objects in home and in business. And there is always a way to subordinate the less lovely features of our surroundings by arranging our belongings so that, by their story and their loveliness, they lift our thought and open larger vistas.

These are the things we will study in the course. With objects and fabrics. We will prove that the basic principles underlying it all are practical enough to guide housewives and business and professional people in everyday experience.

There will be fourteen meetings—Tuesday mornings, 10 to 12 o'clock, unless greater preference is shown for some other time. September 12 to December 5. Fee, $18.50; materials and notes, $2.50.

You and your friends are invited as guests to have a brief talk and see some color groupings and altars to beauty August 29 at 10:30 o'clock.

Registration taken at Executive Office.

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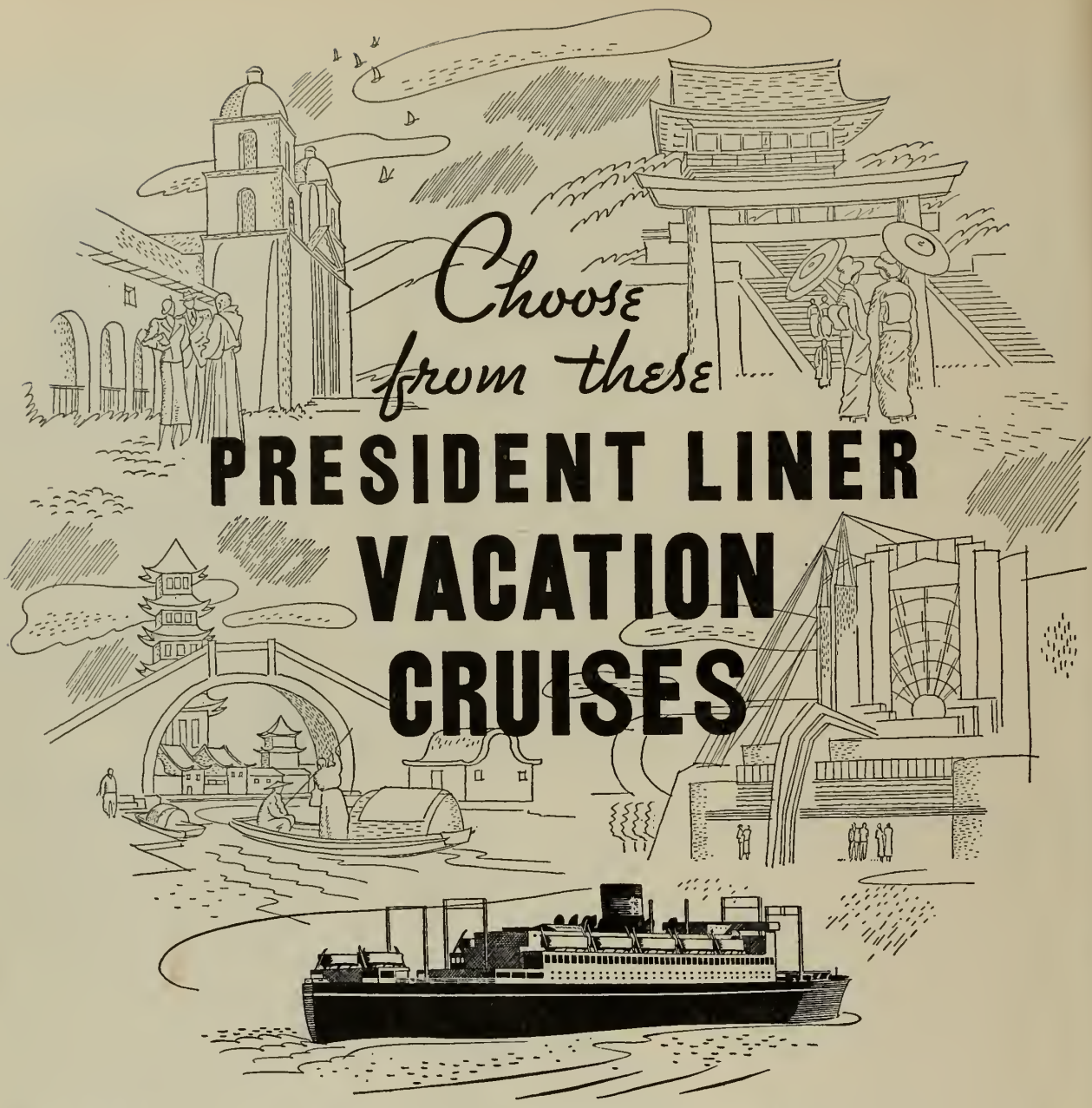

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

September, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 8

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

TALENT FESTIVAL — OCTOBER 11 AND 12

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
Every Wednesday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 7:30 P.M.
CLASSES ORGANIZED FOR SEPTEMBER—		
COLOR CLASS—Under direction of Miss Wana Derge—		
Course of 14 lectures, Tuesdays beginning September 12	*Auditorium*	10:00 TO 12:00 A.M.
THE WHY'S OF ENGLISH—Under direction of Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne—		
Course of 15 lessons, Mondays beginning September 11	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M, 7:00 P.M.
Class to meet twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, beginning September 12	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
FRENCH CLASSES—Under direction of Mlle. Marie Lemaire—		
Course of 15 lessons, Mondays	*Committee Room*	11 A.M., 1:00, 2:00 P.M.
Evening classes, Tuesdays	*Committee Room*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
SPANISH CLASSES—Under direction of Senorita A. Montiel—		
Course of 15 lessons, Wednesdays	*Committee Room*	11 A.M., 1, 2 AND 3 P.M.

September 6—Current Events (omitted)		
Spanish Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
5—Color Class—Evening Class (Preliminary Lecture)	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
7—Travel Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:30 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Harry A. Joy; subject, "How Plants Grow"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
11—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
Duplicate Bridge Tournament	*American Room*	2:00 P.M.
13—Garden Round Table Mrs. W. H. Ware will speak on "Fuchsias"	*National Defenders' Room*	12:30 P.M.
Italian Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
14—Fashion Show (luncheon 65c) (There will be no cafeteria service the day of the Fashion Show)	*Third Floor*	12:00 TO 1:30 P.M.
French Conversational Round Table (omitted)		
V. A. D. Meeting—Business Women	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Frederick H. Coon Subject: "Some Interesting Experiences in World Travel"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
15—Duplicate Bridge Tournament	*American Room*	7:30 P.M.
Salmagundi Party—Tickets 40c	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
20—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Spanish Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
21—Thursday Evening Program Program to be announced later	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Travel Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
26—League Bridge Party	*Auditourm*	7:30 P.M.
27—Appreciation of Letters and Art—		
Round Table—Mrs. C. E. Curry	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Italian Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
28—French Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
Thursday Evening Program (omitted)		
National League Players in group of three one-act plays, under direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Book Review and Drama Reading Sections will begin after the Talent Festival. Dates to be announced in October Magazine.		
October 2—Annual Firelighting	*Lounge*	8:00 P.M
4—Vocational Information Bureau Meeting	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor
Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME VII SEPTEMBER, 1933 NUMBER 8

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Present-Day Problems

● Watch the October Magazine, notices in elevators and bulletin boards for particulars of the plan which is now briefly outlined. We aim to bring before our members the causes of some of the bewildering changes which confront us.

With interesting and well-informed speakers to lead us, we shall consider the following general subjects:

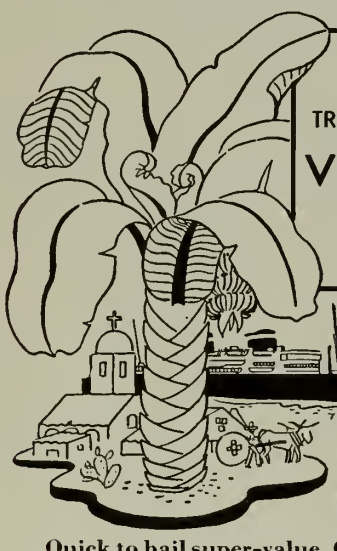
1. *Once* and *Now* in the Working World.
2. Meeting the Challenge of the Times.
3. The Meaning of Personality Development.

The second part of the program will discuss the demands and the opportunities in various occupations and professions. Our leaders will be authorities in the different lines of work. Time will be set apart for questions and answers which will bring out up-to-date information. A tentative list of occupations is being worked upon. Suggestions for this list will be carefully considered if they are sent to the Vocational Bureau, Room 212, not later than September 11. The opening meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 4, at 7:45 p. m. All meetings are free to members and friends.

V. A. D.

● Vacation time past, our souls refreshed return once again to the duties which life in a community entails. During the summer the V. A. D. enrollment has grown until the thousand mark is passed—and yet why is the list not complete by now? Merely because so many of us have postponed our gift, or our pledge. The next month should find the roll increasing daily, and the work of the committee which has been faithfully on the job all summer will then be finished.

MARION WHITFIELD LEALE,
MAY E. CHAPMAN.



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Firelighting

● Another year and another firelighting with the attendant sentiment of the dedication of our Clubhouse to its winter program of service. Each autumn as the fagots in our beautiful fireplace have been lit, we have enjoyed an informal talk from one of our members. The date is set by precedent, the first Monday in October, and so October 2 is the occasion and will be upon us before the next Magazine reaches you. The speaker has not yet accepted, but the bulletin boards in the Clubhouse will later carry the news, which will be interesting to all.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

HE tang of autumn is in the air, and with shortening days, yellowing leaves, tawny hills and sunburnt fields, speeds the golden harvest 'round about us. It is a delicious moment in California. Already the drowsiness of summer is lost in the hurried preparations for school and college and all that goes with vacation's end, whether we be "teens" or older. All of which has reflected pleasantly and profitably in the Club of late, and now greetings are mingling with Talent Festival news. Busy groups are vieing with each other for working space, and one is alternately intrigued by new ideas or dark secret . The spirit is infectious, and one has only to meet fellow members at the Talent Festival table on Thursdays in the Cafeteria to realize the diversity of talent and wealth of ideas.

There is much still to do, and October 11 and 12 are not far distant—so please prepare your gift and see that it reaches the Club in good time, thereby helping the many committees whose efficient work carry on the mechanics of this big program so well.

Apart from the gifts that are sold, an important feature of the Festival is the Members' Loan Exhibit. Arts and crafts of wide variety made by members are assembled on the Fourth Floor and form a most interesting and inspiring exhibit.

Let us all play our parts in this huge work-together festival of ours—that it may be a festival indeed, and more truly enjoyed because in work or in play we share our talents, and the joy they bring spreads far and wide.

Volunteer Salesmanship

—MARGARET TORREYSON

We have a big job before us. I wonder if you have considered life as a great tree; a trunk with five branches; of course there are smaller branches, but five fundamental branches which we will call instincts. The trunk we will call THE WILL TO LIVE; the *first* branch, the nutritive instinct. Is not the first instinct which is developed in humans or animals the instinct to feed itself? The *second* is the recreative or play instinct. *Third* is the gregarious or herding instinct. Sheep have the herding instinct; dogs have the herding instinct; men gather together, they have the herding instinct. At the beginning this was done as a protection from outside invasion, but because of this instinct cities are formed; clubs are organized; men and women like to be together, to be among their kind in groups and not to live alone. *Four*, the reproductive instinct or the desire to carry on the race; and this with the other three has to do with the preservation of the race. *Fifth*, in conjunction with all the others is the protective or fear instinct; this is negative in character, the thing which makes us dodge at the sound of the bullet when the bullet has already passed on its way; the thing which makes a dog growl when his bone is taken from him; the thing which makes a child cry or fight when toys or food are taken. This is the instinct which arises when others are thwarted.

I can hear you say: but where does the question of salesmanship come in? Do not these five fundamentals or branches of our tree, THE DESIRE TO LIVE, give rise to emotions, and is not salesmanship an appeal to the emotions; an effectiveness in suggestion? The only one of the branches which cannot be effectively used in salesmanship is the fifth or fear instinct. Whenever fear enters into a salesperson's heart there is no sale. Now, how can we in our Club use salesmanship? First: We can learn the things our Club offers, sell them to ourselves. You know no successful salesman or saleswoman can sell unless he or she knows the goods to be sold, and, as the saying is, *are sold on the proposition*, be it insurance, merchandise, service or club membership. One of the greatest things the National League for Woman's Service has to offer is SERVICE. Did you ever stop to think what would happen to the big oil companies if the men at the service stations were not trained to render service? Just suppose that it became necessary for you to fill your own radiator, check your own oil, wash the windshield, and put air in the tires. How long would you continue to give your business to that station? Not very long, would you? Such is the case with us.

This great organization has for its cornerstone VOLUNTEER SERVICE, and it is necessary that each and every one of us endeavors to render to our organization service in the line in which we are best equipped. Part of the service to be rendered is selling the things which the Club has to offer. And have you stopped to think of all the things within these walls? The League Shop and the many attractive things which are for sale there. How about some of your friends, inside the Club or out of it, who play bridge? Haven't we some of the cleverest bridge prizes and scores and tallies you have ever seen? And gifts for prizes. Before you go elsewhere, why not try the shop and tell your friends to do so? Also the cards for all occasions. Have you purchased your Valentine, Mother's Day and Christmas cards here? And if so, have you told your friends about it? This shop is known outside of the state also for its splendid and unique selection of gifts and cards. I know of a woman owning a small shop out of the state who can buy in small quantities only because of the type of buyers, and if she at any time gets out of cards or small gifts she sends to a friend here in San Francisco to go to the League Shop and buy cards or gifts to send to her to fill out her diminishing stock. Perhaps there is merchandise on the shelves which needs investigating in order that we may become familiar with them before selling. Be curious and find out about these things and the way they work and even demonstrate them if possible. Another way in which our Volunteer Service would be highly appreciated is through comparative shopping. Many women like to shop around town getting prices of different articles. Some days when you are doing this and see the same articles as we carry in our shop at different prices, come back and tell the managers of the shop about it in order that we may keep our prices in line with those in other shops and departments of a similar nature. Another group of friends and members like to swim. What about our tank and the lessons given there? Can you not sell a swim or two? Our splendid Library which is maintained for members. Get more members to borrow books here. If collecting or making things is a hobby, why not sell the idea of our Loan and Talent Festivals?

I wonder if all the members know that a room can be rented for an hour or two to rest or dress if staying in town for dinner and the theater. If members or friends are tired and wish to freshen up, tell them about our Beauty Shop; the refreshing facials, the 50-cent manicures, the expert hair cutting and waves. All these should appeal to the woman of today. One of the finest bits of Volunteer Service is carried on every week day and evening in our Cafeteria; prices are reasonable, food excellent. Then we have our dining room and the many chances it affords for entertainment, or if you do not wish to entertain, just a drop-in dinner or luncheon where you will surely meet friends.

A most important part of the SERVICE in the Club can be rendered by the tea hostesses. Have you ever stopped to think what this contact gives? Not only members but friends drop in for a social few minutes at the tea tables. The remark is usually made as to the charm of the Lounge; the unique idea of serving tea; and the added vigor one has to go her way after a refreshing cup. There is no better time to sell the Club and the meaning of its membership than at the tea hour. Women are in a receptive mood. See what can be done here. There are so many things the Club has to offer, and which I have not been able to touch upon today, that we must learn them and be prepared to talk on a moment's inspiration. The Current Events classes are selling themselves. Women from out of town attend these sessions regularly. This activity alone should attract many members. We must turn our energies toward giving publicity to what we have to offer in order that our Club may live.

The men and women who meet the Club members and the general public coming into the Club for activities have a very definite duty to perform. I mean those employees behind the desks, those answering the telephone and those running the elevators. Their obligation is to give service: to sell the Club to others because of the service they give. They must put themselves into this; develop personality, enthusiasm; sell themselves and sell the Club.

The reason people pass one door
To patronize another store
Is not because the busier place
Has better silks or gloves or lace,
Or cheaper prices, but it lies
In pleasant words and smiling eyes!
The greatest difference, I believe,
Is in the treatment folks receive.

Just what does our MEMBERSHIP in this Club mean to us? Just how highly do we value our connection with these women

(Continued on Page 9)

September's Slogan

● The annual turnover is not yet in. Have you sponsored the one new member you were to bring in as your quota? The installment payments (if that is the way the $31 is to be handled) must be in by December 31—so bring in the friend you met this summer and help put the National League for Woman's Service where it will be in the position of having a waiting list again. How easy it is to go over the top with the V. A. D. and new member canvass if each member assumes her own personal responsibility! "One new member and my own name added to the V. A. D." Let this be the September slogan.

There is much that might be done with the volunteer time now expended in the gathering in of the V. A. D. Let us release this energy for use in more constructive channels. The organization assured financial safety for two years, a delightful program of new ideas for service and entertainment can be developed, but safety comes first.

The obligation for each member to raise her own dues is still with us in the National League for Woman's Service, for this program was adopted by the membership at the annual meeting as the fairest means for the income which must come artificially in 1933 and 1934. If you have been at a V.A.D. meeting you know why this is the fairest means. If you have not come, then arrange your calendar for September 14 at 7:00 o'clock and come to hear the story. It is a thrilling tale and not just a dry, dusty exposition of facts and figures. It is a pulsating story of a group on its way to the solving of its own problem by unanimous cooperation, and the result will accrue to the good of the individual who herself contributes. Not a single member can afford to be out of the picture, for not until every member is in it can the stamp "finis" be put upon it. The amount each gives is known to that member only, and the pledge she makes is the raise in dues which she thinks fair for her own particular self—from one dollar per year up to one hundred. The only unfair thing now would be to leave any member out, for this biennium calls for the financial service of all, and all it must be before the Finance Committee stops. Let us speed up the pledges, finish the job and be on to the Talent Festival!

"Ad Party" Off—Salmagundi On

● Whatever it means, a Salmagundi Party will take the place of the Costume "Ad Party" that was to have been given this month. So many suggestions poured in that it seemed advisable to postpone the "Ad Party" until January, so as to have more time in which to work out details.

Monday evening then, September 18, we shall look for you at the Club to join in the fun of our Salmagundi Party. The time is 8:00 p. m., and reservations must be made in advance. Tickets 40 cents.

PLEDGE, VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT

Date.....

I herewith pledge as a gift to the National League for Woman's Service $.....a year for two years: $ .....1933, and $.....1934. I agree to remit as follows:

(1) Payment in full $.....

(2) Installment payments as follows:

(a) Monthly $.....

(b) Quarterly $.....

(c) Semi-annually $.....

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone.....

TALENT FESTIVAL — 1933

The product of my talent to be offered to the City Club will be

.....

My loan will be.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Telephone.....

(Delivery shall be made not later than October 10, 1933)

FALL ACTIVITIES

Name.....

Address.....Telephone.....

(Check section you are interested in)

Book Review	☐	ROUND TABLES	
Bridge	☐		
Choral Speaking	☐	Appreciation of Art and Letters	☐
Color Class	☐	French Conversational	☐
Current Events	☐	Garden	☐
Drama Reading	☐	Italian Conversational	☐
Dramatic Classes	☐	Spanish Conversational	☐
French	☐	Travel	☐
Italian	☐	Vocational Guidance	☐
Spanish	☐		
The Why's of English	☐		

Afternoon..... Evening.....

What other courses or Round Tables would interest you?

.....

.....

Please mail or bring to Executive Office

Mail to Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco

Your Part

● Did you return the questionnaire which we sent you in the interest of one of our advertisers? Remember, a good contract for the Magazine is dependent upon your response.

Fashion Show

● The fall fashions are intriguing us with their invitation to "buy now." Hale's are to show us the latest in one of their inimitable fashion shows in the Clubhouse at noon on September 14. Models will be Club members. Luncheon, table d'hote, 65 cents. Reservations must be made in advance.

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Round Table Luncheons

(Mrs. Henry F. Grady, Chairman)

● Wednesday, August 23, the Garden Round Table was formed, the first of a series that are to be carried on during the fall and winter. Thirty-five members and guests gathered for an informal luncheon and discussion of "The Dahlia," San Francisco's official flower, and some beautiful specimens were on display, as well as a quantity used for decorative purposes. Mr. Carl Salbach attended the luncheon and entered into the discussion of the dahlia, on which he is an authority.

The Garden Round Tables will continue, the next meeting to be September 13, when Mrs. W. H. Ware will talk on "The Fuchsia."

Other Round Tables will be:

Appreciation of Art and Letters. These talks have been given by Mrs. C. E. Curry for several years and they will now take the form of luncheon Round Tables, the fourth Wednesday of every month.

Spanish Conversational Tables—first and third Wednesdays; Miss Angela Montiel.

French Conversational Tables—second and fourth Thursdays; Mlle. Marie Lemaire.

Italian Conversational Tables—second and fourth Wednesdays, beginning September 13.

Travel Round Table—first and third Thursdays, beginning September 7.

Vocational Guidance Round Table.

With the exception of the Vocational Guidance, these Round Tables will be held on the days specified at 12:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room, unless otherwise specified. The Vocational Round Tables will be held at the dinner hour, and the dates will be announced in the October Magazine. Round Table luncheons or dinners will be 50 cents and reservations must be made in advance, for the number will be limited to comfortable capacity. On page 7 there is a blank that we ask you to fill out and return to us.

Choral Speaking

● Under the direction of Dorothea Johnston, classes in Choral Speaking are being formed at the Club. Miss Johnston will train a group in the interpretation of poetry in unison. This fascinating art develops technique in speech and interpretation, also an appreciation of poetry. Miss Johnston is herself a singer and dramatic director. She recently spent several years in England, where choral speaking takes an important place in artistic and educational circles, as it is beginning to in this country.

Among other things, Miss Johnston expects by the Christmas season to have led a group into some delightful numbers which will be a contribution to the holiday festivities.

Duplicate Bridge Tournaments

● Commencing on Monday afternoon, September 11, at 2 o'clock, and Friday evening, September 15, at 8:00, under the direction of Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel, the fall duplicate bridge tournament will be inaugurated at the Women's City Club. The unusually low price of 35 cents per session for members, and 50 cents for non-members will be charged. There will be six meetings of each group. The rules to be followed are:

Match point scoring will be used. These are reduced to a percentage basis to determine the winner of the series. Only the four highest scores will be counted. A player must play at least four times to be eligible to win a prize. No one may play more than twice with the same partner and must play with at least two different partners during the six sessions.

The movement to be used will be determined by the number of tables.

A first prize of $20 will be awarded to the individual having the highest score and a second prize of $5 is being offered for the next highest score.

Section winners at each session will receive complimentary tickets to the next meeting.

Those not caring to play duplicate may make arrangements to have a table reserved for regular contract bridge.

Miss Marian Burr is chairman of the committee and will be assisted by:

Mrs. Pearl Baumann, Mrs. Cora Chapman, Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, Miss Emogen Hutchinson, Miss Ida Lord, Mrs. Sam Millar, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, Mrs. C. M. Singleton, Mrs. L. L. Spencer.

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33-20

(Continued from Page 6)

who represent this organization? Does the fine purpose behind this Club and the code of ethics have a real meaning to us? First of all, a membership in this Club impresses us with a realization of duty. It shows us our responsibility to our city, our home, our business and to the public. Next, we cannot become associated with the real women in all walks of life in this Club without acquiring better ideals and standards. This idealism brings a greater desire to cooperate, it eliminates petty jealousies and developes a fund of ideas that may be used to excellent advantage. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of a membership in a club such as ours is the friendships it develops. I knew many women who are now members, but the closer contact and acquaintance have brought with them a real friendliness that will always endure. Also the Club has given all of us an opportunity to express ourselves. Many who thought they could never appear before a group and talk do so now with ease. The prestige which comes with a membership in an organization such as ours is something no woman would sell. The uniform which the volunteer worker wears stands for unselfish service, loyalty, friendship and straight thinking. It is something of which we have a right to be proud. If we are not obtaining all the benefits which this Club has to offer, let us ask ourselves this question: "Am I giving my best to the Club? If I am getting nothing out, it may be that I am not putting anything in."

This Club depends on its members for Volunteer Service to aid in its functioning. It developed during the World War and has been carried on by its members during the trying years since. We must carry on far into the future.

Today and yesterday, perhaps, we individually are not so happy nor so well off financially as we were a few yesterdays ago; and do we not sometimes let our individual thoughts and worries take from us some of that joy of living and thought of service and so drop our Club interests and activities? But we must not let those things creep in here. Our Club needs us and our service now. We must pull together and sell goods, services and selves. These lines

(Continued on Page 14)

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Do your speech and voice do you justice?
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"Be an Artist, not a kitchen drudge; get the thrill of less work and more fun in a 'Happy Kitchen'," says Hester Heath.

ACCEPT this message as a personal invitation from Hester Heath, home economics expert, and Martha Lane, The News food section editress, to attend each and every session of

The NEWS Cooking School

Women's City Club Auditorium

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

September 12, 13, 14, 15

Four sessions of the semi-annual San Francisco News Cooking School will be held under the personal direction of Hester Heath, brilliant lecturer and demonstrator of home efficiency and home cookery.

Each afternoon
2 to 4 o'clock

Four days only,
beginning
Tuesday, Sept. 12

In Memoriam

● Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle has passed away quietly in her Palo Alto home, leaving to us the memory of her devoted service since the days when as a charter member of the Board of Directors she moved among us with unselfish devotion. We remember her with admiration and affection.

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Sizes 8½ to 10
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I. Miller Shoes

Select yours now while the Autumn collection is at its height.

Thursdays in the Cafeteria

● Enthusiasm is contagious. The groups working for the Talent Festival, the individuals bringing in their hand-made gifts—these know that October is not far away, and their enthusiasm is beginning to percolate the ranks of the entire membership. Four years have brought us to a point where no explanations of how the Talent Festival functions are necessary. Like Lord Nelson, the National League for Woman's Service expects every member to do her part, and she will. The moral of this story is that the pledges are available, and that each Thursday the Talent Festival table in the Cafeteria, without further invitation, awaits you. Join in the preparations for October 12 and 13, and enjoy the Festival of 1933, when your talent and that of your fellow members come into their own.

THE PLEDGES
on page seven are for your personal use.

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One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO
526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1933

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Bonds

● Since the last announcement, the following members have given their bonds to the Club, the interest accruing to the V. A. D. We gratefully watch the list grow.

Mrs. J. Theobald	$100.00
Mrs. Lambert Coblentz and Mrs. Milton Epstein, in memory of Mrs. Gustave Wormser	100.00
Miss Emmy Tobey	100.00
Miss Jane D. Rawlings	200.00
Mrs. Ruth Benjamin Reed	100.00
Miss Flora Low	100.00
Miss Madeline Tibbe	100.00
Mrs. S. Walter	100.00
Mrs. M. E. Gaines	100.00

Sunday Evening Table d'Hote Dinners

● Vacations are over and members are returning to town for the winter months, so the Club has decided to change the Sunday night buffet service to a table d'hote dinner. For three years the members have enjoyed the informality of the buffets and we hope that those members and many others will enjoy this more formal meal. Beginning Sunday, September 10, we shall serve in the main dining room a special dinner to which you will be happy to bring your family and friends. The hours will be from 5:00 to 8:00 as usual; the price will be 85 cents.

The First Round Table a Success

● A treat was in store for garden lovers, and dahlia growers in particular, on Wednesday, the 23d, when over forty enjoyed the first Garden Round Table, at which dahlia culture was discussed. The luncheon was held in the National Defenders' Room, and in that room, and in fact throughout the Third Floor, the dahlia display caused much delighted comment.

Members in San Francisco, the East Bay, down the Peninsula and in Marin sent their choicest specimens, and Mr. Frank Pelicano gave a most beautiful exhibition, the huge bowls of "Santa Barbaras" and "Jane Cowls" and the great variety of specimens drawing exclamations of delight from those who saw them.

Mrs. W. H. Ware will preside at the second Garden Round Table on September 13, when she will lead the discussion on "Fuchsias," on which she is an authority.

New Group to Present Plays

● A newly formed drama group of club members, under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson, to be known as The National League Players, will present the following plays in the auditorium of the clubhouse on Thursday evening, September 28, at 8 o'clock:

"Flying Grandmother," with Miss E. C. Rountree, Francis Hall, Gladys Hall, Virginia Chilton, Sally Kratz, and Adelene C. Haake.

"They Were Deceivers Ever" — Betty Rielly, Christine Ochenal, Sally Sheehan, Eva Alves, Mabel Barr, Nina McGrougher, Julie Brunn, Margaret Zane and Jean Stoll.

"Over the Teacups" — Helen Sheehy, Lucile V. Mohr, Ethel Albright, Elizabeth Dury, Sylvia Cohen and Noel Quinn.

Swimming Pool Information

● When you joined the group of swimmers at seaside or lake this summer did you firmly resolve to keep up your swimming after vacation was over?

For members of the Women's City Club and their friends the Pool is a convenient meeting place for a weekly morning dip followed by luncheon on the Third Floor. Or why not bring the family for a swim before dinner on the Wednesday or Friday guest night? Members may bring guests to the Pool whenever they wish; children, including boys up to nine, are admitted at any time; men guests and older boys may swim Friday evenings from 5:30 to 9:00 and, during September and October, Wednesdays from 5:30 to 7:30, when the lower corridor of dressing rooms and one section of showers is reserved for their exclusive use. Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

The Pool is comfortably large, being seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide, and holds over 92,000 gallons of fresh water. It varies in depth from three to nine feet. The water is constantly going through a process of circulation, filtration and chlorination with the most modern equipment, which completely sterilizes it. One guard is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and two during busy hours, so that small children are always safe. Inflated tubes in children's and adults' sizes are provided for those needing them.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY

This is an unusual opportunity for the housewife to secure the trained service supplied by Miss Cameron's girls.

Seven Chinese School Girls, students of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission Home, 820 Sacramento Street, desire part time positions for household service, from three to eight P. M., half day Saturday. Telephone Miss Cameron, KEarny 4768.

The Beauty Salon

● If you have not patronized our Beauty Salon recently why not make an appointment this week? With first-class operators, the Beauty Salon is prepared to handle all your beauty requirements from permanent waving and hair cutting to facials, manicures and hair dyeing. Maybe you would enjoy an hour of relaxation under the sun lamp, and when you leave take with you some of the Gahn's Swedish preparations or Contoure creams and astringents that are gaining in popularity daily.

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$19.75

A dress to give the woman of affairs the utmost in service and smartness. Black Canton with ciré braid and stitched white faille (detachable) revers. The lines are delightfully "thinning."

Sizes 38 to 44

Dress Shop, Hale's Third Floor

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• Bring in your discarded hats to be rejuvenated.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

● "When you are reading with a purpose, look for books that are window openers."

Have you been in a room without windows? or with shuttered windows? Every book which means something real in one's life is a window opener. Look back through the years of your life, and count the books which have been window openers for you.

Lists of such books were sent and read by women of varying types. They were interesting in resemblances and dissimilarities. One was a short article on "Reading with a Purpose." And the book reviewed by Mrs. Will French, "How to Budget Health," fits into that theme, though it was not a part of the Forum.

HOW TO BUDGET HEALTH; *by Evans Clark*, director of the Twentieth Century Fund; *reviewed by Mrs. Will J. French*; published for the Twentieth Century Fund, Inc., by Harper & Bros., New York and London, 1933.

READING WITH A PURPOSE; *by Edith M. Rushforth.*

● How to Budget Health; by Evans Clark.

This scientific study of the cost of medical care is quite timely in this age of budget balancing on reduced incomes, both from the point of view of the public and the medical profession. The author discusses "Medical Guilds," with the doctors in control of their activities, and with an efficient business manager.

The "guild" plan is practical. The individual can budget his bills in advance. It enables the physician to stabilize his income. The cost of medical services would be reduced and the quality improved. Solution along these lines has been quite successfully tried in many foreign countries, and to a lesser extent in the United States, both by private and public agencies. Its object would be to eliminate state control of health insurance for responsible private control by the medical profession. Calling attention to the double-headed problem between the patients and the physicians, the author says that the difficulties are due to present-day methods of payment. The obstacles are not insurmountable, and any constructive suggestion must be acceptable to all concerned.

There are eleven advantages listed which show the benefits. Mr. Clark states that the methods, achievements and results of the insurance principle, applied to the cost of sickness, if embodying the three essentials of the "guild" plan, would give a satisfactory solution. These are (1) group practice, (2) periodic examinations, and (3) a fixed fee. The system is flexible, and would not include chronic or incurable cases.

The alternative to the "medical guild" method is state health insurance. In this country only eight states have attempted to set up some form of such insurance. Forty-five states have Workmen's Compensation Laws, and, due to the extent and cost of illness, there is developing widespread agitation for a law covering sickness.

A basic assumption by the author underlies this study. Scientific organization of medical services and a material decrease in the cost of equalizing the burden of illness to the general public may stabilize and increase the income of the doctors.

Mr. Clark's book is rich in information on the following points: Cost of medical care, income of physicians, quality of services rendered, and many matters dealing with the socialization of medicine. Emphasis is placed upon acceptance of the "guild" plan, and the evidence seems to justify the taking of concrete steps by responsible doctors and laymen.

Summaries and interpretations of the report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, and the application of its findings and major recommendations through the "guild," are presented. Haphazard methods of payment and poor quality of services rendered illustrate the need for definite action by the medical profession.

The book is a real contribution to the solving of problems of such general importance.

The keystone of the plan is honesty by responsible parties, and medical control, if the otherwise inevitable state health insurance is to be avoided.

Question: Will the physicians hear the clarion call of the "guild" plan? Only those engaged in the profession can tell.

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Over One Thousand Members Are Enrolled in the V. A. D.
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The Health Center, a Civic Health Activity

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M. D.

● The Health Center Building on Grove and Polk Streets houses many activities besides the formal offices of the Director of Public Health, Dr. J. J. Geiger, his associates and the Board of Health.

The protection of the health of the people against contagious diseases is attained by the reporting of those diseases by the attending physicians and the placarding of houses where the diseases are present by the Health Department. Dr. Geiger has as his official advisers the San Francisco Board of Health, who cooperate with these various activities of the Director and his assistants, and counsels as to new programs.

The work for children has a staff of seventy-two nurses, distributed at the twenty infant and pre-school centers and six infant welfare nurseries. The schools have thirty-four nurses assigned to them. Tuberculosis has eight and the inspection and licensing of foster homes, four nurses. Besides the central Health Center Building there are two generalized centers and Mission and Onendago Center and two districts which report in to the Mission Health Center.

The concentration of headquarters of the various services at one point and in attractive well-lighted rooms is valuable for the parents and children who come to this building.

Health care is the slogan of this program. Prophylactic work or prevention of disease means conserving children's health and lives. This is becoming a recognized service of the national government, the state and the city.

Abating nuisances, garbage collection, water supply and milk control and placarding contagious diseases composed the older program of a city board of health. Today a vital statistics department records the birth of a child, and the value of this record is felt if you want a passport, a working certificate, to prove citizenship in America, if living in a foreign country, in inheritance matters. The city and state keep these documents, the one a photographic copy, the other the original.

If a baby is not fortunate enough to have the supervision of a physician there are twenty health centers scattered over the city at convenient points, where a baby or runabout child has supervision and guidance with its food, weight and growth, and its development in mind, good habit training, etc. Vaccination and the prevention of diphtheria are urged for every child before one year of age and surely before six. Smallpox and diphtheria are childhood diseases, and prevention of their dire results is a duty of the parent and a right of the child. There are thirty-four school nurses, busy all the time. One hundred thousand children entered our schools this month. A peak-load for a nurse is 2,000, and our nurses do their best for 3,000 children apiece.

At school age—4½ if the child goes to kindergarten—the child's health is guided by the school doctors and school nurses. The medical examination is done at least twice for all children in the elementary grades, and now high school pupils are included in this care program.

The school dental department has dental hygienists who teach the care of teeth to children and look over the matter of cleaning teeth. In addition there are six dental chairs in the schools, two at branch health centers and four chairs in the Health Center, Grove and Polk Streets. This year the dental conditions of the children were surveyed by the Association and the advice was given to the Health Department to concentrate on the first four grades of school. Extractions of the first teeth when necessary and instructions to parents about care of permanent teeth, the six-year-old molars, deserve special attention, as they are permanent teeth and decay early very often.

These are the active lines of care for the healthy child through our schools. Next month we will tell of what the Boards of Education and Health do for the less fortunate children.

(Continued in October issue)

Ready for Play
A DEVELOPMENT SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND RETARDED CHILDREN
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A Series of Eight Lectures

"The ART of LIVING"

The Development of Personality and Beauty

Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 3:30 p. m. and 8 to 9:30 p. m., beginning September 5, 1933, Dining Room of The Canterbury Hotel.

Enrollments will be taken by Miss Carroll at the Hotel Canterbury Saturday, September 2, and Monday, September 4, between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. and 8 and 9 p. m. • Seven dollars and fifty cents for the entire course.

Do you radiate charm? • Do your eyes sparkle with inviting loveliness? • Is your skin clear and healthy? • Are you fascinating? • In the series of lectures on "The Art of Living" Miss Jane Carroll will explain how it is possible for every woman to have charm, beauty and poise. Correct living is a necessary complement to health. Without health few things are possible.

Miss Jane Carroll's lectures as well as her book, "A New Model of the Human Body," successfully interprets the secrets of beauty and health.

For a personal appointment, without obligation, telephone

MISS JANE CARROLL

Canterbury Hotel • PRospect 10400

New Beauty in Our Roof Garden

• Probably only a few of the members who have enjoyed our lovely Roof Garden and watched it develop and blossom since the first of the year know that it is one of our own members, Miss Clara M. Schaeffer, who as her Volunteer Service has passed her magic wand over it and obtained such charming results.

Miss Schaeffer is an A. R. H. S., and a graduate of the California School of Gardening for Women. She has had considerable experience in practical garden work, both around the bay and has given talks before Stockton and Richmond garden clubs and other garden groups. She makes a specialty of planning and supervising city patios as is evidenced by her success with our own. She conducted a garden class at the Club last spring.

All this has been done with a minimum expenditure of money—the plants and shrubs having been given us by members and friends. Among those who have contributed plants are Miss Stella Huntington, Miss D. C. Burchaell, Mrs. James Dillon, Mrs. C. L. Banks, Mrs. C. S. Walter, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mr. John McLaren (through Mrs. Marcus Koshland), and a number of others.

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Do You Know That . . .

• Twenty-four members are rehearsing under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson for a group of three plays to be given on the evening of September 28?

The "Why's of English" is an intensely interesting course of fifteen lessons conducted by Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne, and that classes will be arranged any time during the day or evening to suit the needs of those applying?

There are two clubs in Chicago with which we have reciprocal relations and a third one has extended the privileges of their club to us for the duration of the Century of Progress?

There are vacancies in our membership to be filled?

Classes in the "Whys of English" will be conducted by Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne? Strange as it may seem, she will explain the whys and wherefores so that one may actually remember the reasons for using certain words. It is an indispensable course, particularly for the busy business woman.

The Talent Festival Committee asks for remnants of silk, brocade, velvets, cretonne and linen; beads, whole or broken strings or single beads; pine cones, all sizes?

If you have any original ideas for the Talent Festival the Committee is anxious to have them?

Now is the time to order your uniform so that you will be ready for the Talent Festival and Holiday Pantry Sale?

(Continued from Page 9)

by Guest may help us to carry out the program our Board of Directors has outlined. In closing may I leave them with you?

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing, as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and YOU'LL do it!

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—UNDER GUIDANCE OF WANA DERGE

● There are very definite reasons why one room is peaceful and inspiring, another restless or uninteresting; why one color combination is radiant, another disturbing or indifferent; why we continue to enjoy one object and so heartily dislike another.

Each object and color group is either fine or it is not fine. This is not a matter of taste and is independent of money value. Colors and proportions react upon one another as do all other elements.

In this course, playing with fabrics and objects, we will establish by visual proof a set of principles which may serve as a measuring rod to assist in buying and in adjusting our belongings and in creating an atmosphere conducive to highest thinking and living.

This course is planned to satisfy the yearnings of those who love to work with color and the world of things, and at the same time is planned for those who have never thought much about it all, to help them to know the richness which comes with an understanding appreciation of nature and of the world's work.

There will be fourteen meetings given over to the discussion of the myriad questions in home and business life, Tuesday mornings from 10:00 to 12:00 o'clock, September 12 to December 5. Fee $18.50, materials and notes $2.50. Arrangements have been made for a $5 a month payment plan. The course is open to the public. Monday or Tuesday evening groups will be formed on demand. Registrations taken at Executive Office.

The Needlework Guild

The Needlework Guild Ingathering for 1933 is occupying the time of many of our members, whose service to the social agencies and to the needy of this community is thus supplementing the work of the Community Chest. The dates, so Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson, the President, announces, are October 18, 19, 20, 21, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., and the collections will be assembled at the William Taylor Hotel.

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● The Club has had the pleasure of extending hospitality to the following guests from out of state during August:

Miss Louise Mitchell, White Plains, N. Y.; Miss Helen Mohring, North Girard, Pa.; Mrs. Roswell Street, Jr., New York City; Miss Helen Monat, New York City; Mrs. L. F. Depew, Honolulu; Katherine B. Dewey, Boston; Mrs. Schonberg and daughters, New York City; Miss Elmira K. Ferris, Brooklyn; Miss Eleanor Robbins, Boston; Elizabeth Greenleaf, Boston; Dorothy Andrews, Yonkers, N. Y.; Miss Marion A. Ryan, Milford, Mass.; Mrs. A. G. Wells, Chicago; Mrs. Barry Orlova, New York City; Mrs. A. Molinelli, Brooklyn; Miss Ida Mary Lange, New York City; Miss E. M. Proctor, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. G. H. Cooper, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Lisa Craley, Honolulu; Miss Palmer, Honolulu; Mrs. W. D. Prideaux, U. S. N.; Mrs. James Code, Governors Island, N. Y.; Mrs. Mae Dresil, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. John J. Boles, Arbuckle; Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Athens, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Robins, Salt Lake City; Miss M. C. Griffin, Salt Lake City; Miss Rose Davis, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. H. M. Bunker, New York City; Mrs. O. Lenschel, Lewiston, Idaho; Miss Sanderson, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. J. G. Lallande, San Juan, Porto Rico; Mrs. Eugene L. Tufts, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Charles Gans, New Orleans; Mrs. Hugh Brodie, Honolulu; Mrs. Whitney P. Mee, Australia; Mrs. Will C. Barnes, Phoenix, Ariz.; Miss Laura Duffy, New York City; Miss F. A. Brown, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. A. S. Johnston, St. Louis; Miss Mary Finley, New York City; Mrs. William K. Leonard, Ohio; Miss V. L. Chandor, New York City; Mrs. Richard Dozell, New York City; Miss Ruth King, Exeter, England; Mrs. William Adamson, Douglas, Ariz.; Miss Helen Muirhead, Boston; Miss Alma Birmingham, Chicago; Miss Margaret Hines, Northampton, Mass.; Miss Katherine Ward, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Histed, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Mary Finley, New York; Miss Dorothy Herzberg, Shanghai; Mrs. Grace L. Noblin, Detroit; Mrs. Elizabeth Grange, New Zealand; Miss Lillie C. Smith, Boston; Mrs. Allesandro Archipenko, Belgium; Mrs. Egon Petri, Belgium.

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"My son can lead his own life. If he ever becomes the man of a family, it will be *his* family . . . not mine!"

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Your own travel agent or any of our offices will be glad to show you pictures of roomy President Liner accommodations, and tell you just what stopovers and complete shore excursions will cost. They will also be happy to tell you of other trips on these famous liners—between California and New York via the Panama Canal and Havana and to the Orient via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route, or the Short Route from Seattle.

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TALENT FESTIVAL NUMBER

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

October, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 9

TALENT FESTIVAL — OCTOBER 11 AND 12

The details of the program for the two days of the Talent Festival will be posted on the Club bulletin boards and announced in the daily newspapers.

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
Every Wednesday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 7:30 P.M.
Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
CLASSES ORGANIZED FOR OCTOBER—		
COLOR CLASS—Under direction of Miss Wana Derge—		
Every Tuesday	*Chinese Room*	10 TO 12 A.M.
THE WHYS OF ENGLISH—Under direction of Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne—		
Every Monday	*Board Room*	11 A.M. AND 7:15 P.M.
Every Tuesday (commencing October 17)	*Board Room*	11 A.M. AND 7:15 P.M.
FRENCH CLASSES—Under direction of Mlle. Marie Lemaire—		
Every Monday—day class	*Committee Room*	11A.M., 1 AND 2 P.M.
Every Tuesday—evening class	*Committee Room*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
SPANISH CLASSES—Under direction of Senorita A. Montiel—		
Every Wednesday—day and evening classes	*Committee Room*	10 A.M., 1, 2 AND 3 P.M.
Every Friday—day class	*Committee Room*	10:00 A.M.

October 2—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
Bridge Tournament	*American Room*	2:00 P.M.
Annual Firelighting	*Lounge*	8:00 P.M.
4—Current Events	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Garden Round Table—Mrs. W. H. Ware	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Spanish Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
5—Travel Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Mr. R. R. Miller, Chief Probation Officer Subject: Children's Program in San Francisco		
6—Bridge Tournament	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
9—Bridge Tournament	*American Room*	2:00 P.M.
11-12—Talent Festival	*Entire Clubhouse*	10 A.M TO 10 P.M.
12—Talent Festival Dinner (reservations in advance—$1.25 a plate) Thursday Evening Program omitted.	*Third Floor*	7:00 P.M.
13—Bridge Tournament	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
16—Bridge Tournament	*American Room*	2:00 P.M.
17—V. A. D. Mass Meeting	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
18—Current Events	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Spanish Conversation Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
First Vocational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	6:00 P.M.
Leader: Dr. Adelaide Brown Subject: Public Relief		
19—Travel Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
V. A. D. Mass Meeting		11:00 A.M.
Verse Speaking Choir	*Chinese Room*	1:00 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Speaker: Alma Jannapolis Subject: Japanese Netsuke (with exhibition)		
Verse Speaking Choir	*Chinese Room*	7:00 P.M.
20—Bridge Tournament	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
25—Appreciation of Letters and Art—Round Table Mrs. Charles E. Curry	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Italian Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
26—French Conversational Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
Mrs. Helen Moodie, Soprano; Paul Tanner, at Piano Paul Tanner, at Piano Song Recital		
31—Hallowe'en Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	7:30 P.M.
Tickets 50 cents—including scores, candy and prizes		

HOLIDAY PANTRY SALE — NOVEMBER 28

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor
Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME VII OCTOBER, 1933 NUMBER 9

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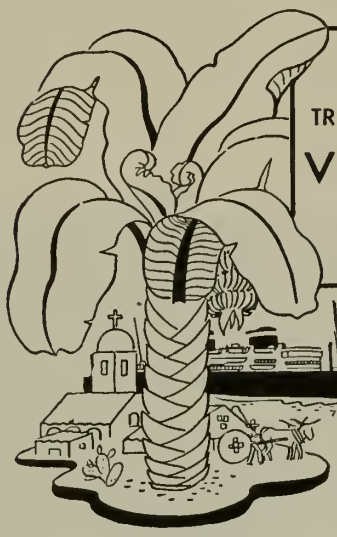

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Do You Know That . . .

- There are special daily and weekly bedroom rates?

Special privileges are accorded those who use the Pool on Friday nights (men's guest night)?

We pay return postage on an average of 200 Magazines per month because members fail to keep us informed of their changes of address?

The Dining Room will prepare to order special dishes for home parties upon short notice?

All activities are posted on bulletin boards on the First and Fourth Floors?

There are 3,800 books in circulation in the Library?

A large number of members are taking advantage of the unlimited guest-card privileges?

If you entertain at luncheon or dinner you may have a private room for cards without charge?

There is a book at the Front Office in which you may register if you expect a guest or telephone call, so that you may be found easily?

Scrip is on sale in all departments at 10 per cent discount on $5 and $10 books?

There is an excellent sun lamp in the Beauty Salon? Get your summer sun tan there.

You can get poulette, checkers, mah jong, backgammon games, jigsaw puzzles, cigarettes and playing cards at the Check Room?

There is an average of 100 borrowers who use the Library daily?

This is a nook on the Fourth Floor where the Loan Exhibit of the City Club's Fourth Annual Talent Festival will be shown.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

● The first event of October, the Annual Firelighting, will have taken place before the Magazine reaches many of our members. Whether near or far, let us hope the radiance and warmth of our Club fireside will draw us closer to the purpose of the National League for Woman's Service. It answers the need of the moment as it did in the days of its beginning, and in spite of difficulties let us strive to maintain all that is epitomized by our emblem of service, and continue to build up the traditions so happily begun.

With the Firelighting for prelude, the Talent Festival takes possession of the clubhouse and we find ourselves in the midst of fevered activities. At the risk of repetition and for the benefit of the new members and vacationing ones, we reiterate—the exemplification of a talent—granted one's gift has long been decided upon and made—whether it be tapestry, boudoir accessories, sachet or put-holder—should be perfectly executed. The standard is high and we must keep it so. Send or bring your gift or loan at once. Early reception helps both jury and unit chairmen. The jury is ready to pass upon and price each gift with care. The chairman and her group then receive their particular allotment and plan their display to best advantage. All of which takes hours of valuable volunteer service. The loans consisting of members' own handwork, carefully checked and ticketed, will be exhibited on the Fourth floor and form a most inspiring and diversified display. Programs are another expression of the "infinite variety."

Round table discussion at luncheon on Wednesday by members on interesting topics elsewhere listed—fortune telling by appointment—delightful music and song at tea-time and after dinner on each evening—a wealth of talent to be displayed.

The Talent Festival is a unique occasion not to be missed—a greeting of old members and a welcome to new—each one bearing her talent as a tribute to her faith in the National League for Woman's Service.

A Crisis . . . .

● For the first time in our history we must regretfully announce a failure to meet our obligations on time. We must postpone interest payment on our debentures. How long this postponement is to last depends entirely upon membership co-operation. It is the obligation of each one. The story is this:

In the April issue of the Magazine, in an article signed by the Treasurer, was outlined the plan of financing for 1933 and 1934 as adopted at the Annual Meeting in March. The success of this plan we were told depended upon three premises: (1) Every member a volunteer in the V. A. D.; (2) New members immediately enrolled to fill the ranks of those dropped during the fiscal year; (3) Use of the Clubhouse accelerated.

These premises are not yet assured. On the other hand, interest-payment dates, together with taxes and insurance and other fixed charges, are unchangeable and brook no delay. The result is obvious—we arrive at October 1 unprepared. Let us not blame "the times." The fault is ours.

Premise No. 1.—Every member is not yet enrolled in the V. A. D. It is the duty of every member to learn the story of this mobilization by attending a V. A. D. meeting. Opportunity is now given those who have not yet done so, for meetings are scheduled for Thursday morning, October 19, at 11 a. m., and Tuesday evening, October 17, at 7 o'clock. With real mass meetings on these two dates, the V. A. D. would soon embrace many more than its 1,100 names now on the board. In fairness to all, the list must be all-inclusive. The delay in enrollment is the first cause for the delay in the payment to our bond holders.

Premise No. 2.—Because a task is hard is no reason to call it impossible. Eight thousand members with personal enthusiasm can find in the ranks of women in our community 500 more who believe in a service program. The waiting list when normal times return will again be long and clamoring. There is therefore now an opportunity not to be ignored—joining the National League for Woman's Service today by the payment of $11, $10, and $10 installments. If each member will seriously and immediately set herself to the service of interesting one new member, the coupons on the debentures will be paid during October.

Premise No. 3.—The Firelighting, and the Talent Festival in October officially start us on our fall activities. With a program teaming with interest and variety, with the NRA urging us to buy now, opportunity is given members in the League Shop and in the Club departments. Use of the clubhouse must accelerate so that our obligations as they arrive will find us prepared. The equipment for our benefit is of the best. Let us consciously use it now.

The present situation challenges us to action. Let us accept it personally and with a will to accomplish. The spirit of those who have already done their bit toward the financial program spurs us on to renewed effort, for we are assured that together we can accomplish what individually we cannot achieve. Every member on the V. A. D.! Five hundred new members enrolled during October!

The National League for Woman's Service of California is world-famed for its business-like adoption of a personal service program. Each one of us must serve now as never before. We have never failed before. We shall not now. We may have been slow to realize the present need, but now that we sense it we shall pull together and feel the inner satisfaction of being necessary to a cause—the cause of housing an organization whose purpose commands our best efforts.

MAY E. CHAPMAN, *President,*
Post Street Investment Company.

MARION W. LEALE, *Treasurer,*
National League for Woman's Service.

EDITORIAL

● The Fourth Annual Talent Festival is upon us.

For the fourth time the City Club is about to launch a Festival which is peculiarly its own, originated and carried forward to successful execution exclusively by City Club members.

Other clubs have copied its pattern and profited by its unique position in the procession of civic events, but the City Club of San Francisco was its parent.

Four years ago the directors of the Club decided that the talent—genius, even—within the Club was such that it was a pity to have it hidden under a bushel. An analysis of the membership disclosed that there were astronomers, portrait painters, pianists, violinists, writers, scientists, etchers, manufacturers and many other clever and talented women on the roster of eight thousand.

Why not have an exhibition of the work of these talented women?

And if an exhibition of their work, why not ask them to contribute examples of the products of their brains and hearts and hands?

And so the first Talent Festival was launched. It netted handsomely in cash and provided opportunity for many who otherwise would not have had scope for their gifts. More important than these considerations, however, was the *entente cordiale* it promoted among members. "One touch of art made the whole Club kin."

The first Festival blazed a trail for succeeding ones, naturally, with each successive exhibit an improvement upon its predecessor—not in output, but in the manner of presentation and the quality of its corollary festivities.

This year the promoters have profited by the experiences of the preceding three, and on October 11 and 12 the Club will again open its doors to a public which by now expects only the highest artistic standard.

As on previous occasions the exhibits are divided into two general divisions, the contributions and the loan exhibits.

On another page is the list of committees as segregated into these two groups.

The gifts to the Club will be on the First Floor. Also on the First Floor will be the "Zoo," a menagerie of toy animals—dogs, cats, monkeys and the like, suitable for children's gifts. These are said to be amusing and eminently appropriate to the season.

Loan exhibits will be on the Fourth Floor. Some of these are so valuable that they must carry heavy insurance and be carefully guarded.

Pictures, rare old silver, maps and charts of great scientific value, laces, carvings and sculpture, handsome fabrics of great worth and authentic history, registered pieces of furniture and bronzes of exquisite pattern, will comprise the display on this floor.

These will be arranged by members who are adepts in the art of interior decoration and settings.

The Third Floor will be devoted to a series of surprises concerning which the committees will not give the slightest inkling.

Also on the Third Floor tea will be served. A special program, on October 11, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Marshall Dill, promises to be a pleasant interlude and offer an hour's rest to members and guests who have spent the day observing and purchasing.

On the evening of the first day there will be a program in the Lounge under the direction of Mrs. Horace B. Clifton.

On the evening of the second day the Talent Festival Dinner will be held on the Third Floor, followed by a program at 9:00 o'clock in the Auditorium on the First Floor.

At this dinner the President and Board of Directors of the Club will have a number of special guests. Miss Katharine Donohoe, President of the City Club, will preside.

Miss Donohoe will receive new members of the Club at a special reception to be held in the Lounge October 11, the first day of the Talent Festival.

Exhibits will be shown from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock the first day and the sales will not begin until 11:00 o'clock. This is to permit members to see the contributions of City Club talent before they are taken away by purchasers. One of the lessons learned from previous festivals is that too early selling detracts from the ensemble beauty of the Festival which, after all, is offered as a crystallization of City Club production and a cross section of its achievement for the year.

Fine arts, liberal arts, belles lettres and science will be offered in what the City Club terms its clearing house, its Fourth Talent Festival.

Great Is Truth

Here, in this little bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day,
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down.
For want of me the world's course will not fail
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;
The truth is great, and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

—Coventry Patmore (1823-1896).

Talent Festival Committees

General Chairman.....Miss Katharine Donohoe

LOANS

Chairman.....Mrs. Arthur Bailhache
Hostesses.....Mrs. Edward Rainey

GIFTS

Receiving.....Miss Margaret Zane
Groups.....Miss Ethel Young
Jury.....Miss Ruth Gedney
Information.....Mrs. H. L. Alves
Statistics.....Miss Isabelle Moore, Miss Georgia Fenwick
Cashier.....Miss Stella Huntington
Wrapping.....Mrs. J. E. Powrie
Attendance.....Mrs. Gilbert W. Woodland, Mrs. E. D. Woodruff
Volunteers.....Mrs. Frank Z. Smith
V. A. D. Table.....Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson

DECORATION

Third Floor
Hall.....Miss Clara Scott
Tables.....Mrs. Carl Kratz
Talent Festival Dinner.....Mrs. Ruth Darling
Fourth Floor.....Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer

UNITS

Bags.....Miss D. C. Burtchaell
Books.....Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Boudoir.....Mrs. E. P. Wilcox, Mrs. P. W. King
Candy.....Miss Edith Leale
Children's Corner.....Miss Emogene Hutchinson
Fine and Applied Arts.....Mrs. Charles L. Banks
Flowers and Plants.....Mrs. Cabot Brown, Mrs. Hillyer Brown
Fortune Telling.....Mrs. F. W. Ledwidge
Pottery.....Mrs. Wilder Bowers
Varieties.....Mrs. H. K. Shaw
Zoo.....Mrs. Philip A. Coxon, The Misses Speyer

PROGRAM

Afternoon Tea, October 11, Third Floor..Mrs. Marshall Dill
Evening Program, October 11, Lounge..Mrs. Horace Clifton
Tea in Balcony of Auditorium,
October 11 and 12...Mrs. Alexander Bell, Mrs. Ralph Brenner
Talent Festival Dinner Reservations.....Mrs. Howell Ware
Program for Dinner Guests,
Miss Katharine Donohoe presiding.

Hour by Hour at the Talent Festival

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11—

9:30 —Volunteers assemble in Roof Garden for picture.

10:00 —Loans and gifts open for exhibition.

11:00 —Sale of gifts begins. Open to members and guests.

11:30 to 2:00—Luncheon. Third Floor. Regular service. Mrs. Henry Francis Grady will be chairman for eight Round Tables to be presided over by a group of Berkeley members:

1. Women and the Theater. Miss Alice Brainard.
2. Women and Civic Responsibility. Mrs. Paul Eliel.
3. Women and Their Charter for Religious Responsibility. Mrs. Charles Kofoid.
4. Women and Social Welfare. Dr. Emily Noble Plehn.
5. Women and Organized Charities. Mrs. Samuel M. Marks.
6. Women and Education. Miss Fannie McLean.
7. Women and Labor. Miss Dorothy Williams.
8. Women and Business. Mrs. John Eschelman.
9. Women and Their International Attitude. Speaker to be announced.

These tables will each accommodate ten persons and reservations should be made in advance at the Executive Office. Time, 12:15. Luncheon 55 cents.

2:00 —Miss Donohoe receives new members in Lounge.

3:30 —Program on Third Floor, followed by tea, 50 cents.

6:00 to 8:00—Dinner. Cafeteria and Main Dining Room.

8:00 —Program in Lounge. Mrs. Horace D. Clifton presiding.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12—

10:00 —Loans and Gifts Exhibits open.

11:30 to 2:00—Luncheon.

3:30 to 5:00—Tea served on balcony of Auditorium. 25 cents.

5:00 —Auditorium closed. Gift sale transferred to east end of Lobby.

7:00 —Talent Festival dinner, Third Floor. Formal.

9:00 —Program in Auditorium for dinner guests. Miss Donohoe presiding.

10:00 —Exhibition of Loans.

11:30 —Festival closes.

Have You Signed up to Serve During the Talent Festival?

Activities of Women's City Club

DEPARTMENTS

BEAUTY SALON

Hours 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. daily except Sundays and holidays. Contoure and Gahn's Swedish Preparations on sale. Sun lamp. 20% discount on all work (except permanents) between 9 and 10 a. m.

BEDROOMS

98 bedrooms available for members and their guests. Rates $2 to $3 per day and $12.50 to $14 per week. Monthly rates upon request.

CAFETERIA

Open from 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. and from 5:30 to 7 p. m. Closed Saturday nights, Sundays and holidays. Luncheon, 30 cents, 40 cents and a la carte. Dinner, 50 cents and a la carte.

DINING ROOM

Service daily from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays and holidays, 7:30 a. m. to 12 noon and from 5 to 8 p. m. Breakfast, 25 cents to 50 cents; luncheon, 50 cents to 85 cents; dinner, 65 cents to 90 cents. Sunday night dinner, 85 cents.

Private rooms for parties of from 10 to 400. Orders taken for prepared foods.

RESERVATIONS FOR THE TALENT FESTIVAL DINNER TAKEN NOW—$1.25

LEAGUE SHOP

Hours 10 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. except Sundays and holidays. Gifts, prizes, cards for all occasions, toys. Orders taken for National League uniforms.

LIBRARY

Available to all members. Books may be taken out between the hours of 10 a. m. and 9 p. m. except Sundays and holidays. No charge for books unless overdue.

SWIMMING POOL

Hours: 9:30 to 7:30 Mondays to Thursdays inclusive; 9:30 to 9 Fridays; 9 to 5 Saturdays.

Men's Guest Nights: After 5:30 Fridays (also Wednesdays after 5:30 through November 1).

Lessons—Private, single or course. Course lessons (6 half-hour or 12 fifteen-minute lessons): Members and sons and daughters of members, $4; guests (adults or children), $5.

New Classes will be formed Tuesday, October 17, and continue to December 19. Intermediate swimming, 5:30 to 6 p. m.; advanced swimming and diving, 5:30 to 6. Members, $2; guests, $3. Admission extra.

Children. Special attention given to the instruction of very young children.

MOTHERS! While you attend the Talent Festival let the children swim. Admission for all children, October 11 and October 12 (school holiday), 25 cents.

Guest Cards. Guest cards for the Pool may be issued to women friends so that they may swim ten times unaccompanied by a member. The fee for a guest card is 25 cents. A person holding a guest card is entitled to purchase a lesson ticket.

Admission. Members, 30 cents; ten-swim ticket, $2.50. Members' daughters under 18 and sons under 12, 30 cents; ten-swim ticket, $2.25. Guests (men, women, boys over 12), 40 cents; guests (girls under 18, boys under 12), 30 cents.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND INFORMATION BUREAU

All women, both members and non-members, are invited to consult the Bureau. Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturdays 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. and by appointment. No fee.

Scrip may be used in certain departments at a saving of ten per cent.

PRIVILEGES

Guest Cards. Upon payment of $1 a year (March 1 to March 1), members are entitled to an unlimited number of cards. These may be issued to guests whose homes are fifty or more miles from San Francisco for periods of two or four weeks. Special Three-Month Guest Cards are $5 and may be issued to the same guest but once in a twelve-month period.

Magazine. THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is mailed to members once a month without charge. This magazine is the only medium of communication to the membership.

Periodic Health Examinations. Thorough physical examinations for a limited number of members is given annually by women physicians of highest professional standing. Fee $10. Details announced in magazines before examinations.

Reciprocal Relations. Cards entitling members to guest privileges in clubs throughout the world with which we have reciprocal relations, are issued upon request.

ACTIVITIES

Annual Firelighting. Monday, October 2 at 8 o'clock. Members only. Miss Katharine Donohoe, President, presiding. Speaker, Judge Theresa Meikle, read. No charge.

Book Review Dinners. First Thursday of each month beginning November second. Books to be reviewed by a different member each month. Reservations for the dinner must be made in advance. 85 cents.

Bridge. League Bridge. Members and their guests. Tuesday afternoons and evenings. No charge.

Monthly League Bridge Party. Last Tuesday evening of each month. Nominal fee.

Duplicate Bridge Tournaments. Mrs. Alice M. Roeden, directing the play.

Contract Bridge Classes will be formed after November 1. Mrs. Alice M. Roedel, Instructor.

"*Color.*" Miss Wana Derge. Playing with color and objects to establish by visual proof a set of principals which may serve as a measuring rod to assist in buying and adjusting one's belongings and in creating an atmosphere conducive to the highest thinking and living.

Current Events. Mrs. William Palmer Lucas. First, third and fifth Wednesdays at 11 o'clock. Nominal admission fee.

Drama Reading. Mrs. E. M. Graham, Chairman. Meetings held once a month, when the newest plays are read. No charge.

Dramatics. "The National League Players" directed by Mrs. Benjamin Franklyn Simpson.

Foreign Languages (Classes) French—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, Instructor. Spanish—Senorita Angela Montiel, Instructor. Italian and German Classes will be formed upon request.

Game Room. Mondays the Board Room is converted into a Game Room. There is a large selection of games from which to choose, such as Poulette, Mah Jong, Jigsaws, Backgammon, Checkers, Dominoes, Story of Mankind and many others.

Luncheons, Teas and Dinners in honor of distinguished visitors. Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, Chairman Hospitality Committee. These gatherings are usually quite informal and members are privileged to bring guests. Reservations are requested in advance.

Round Table Luncheons. Garden—First Wednesday.

Travel—Second and fourth Thursday.

Vocational—First meeting October 18, other dates to be announced.

Appreciation of Art and Letters.

French Conversation — Second and fourth Thursdays.

Spanish Conversation—First and third Wednesdays.

Italian Conversation — Second and fourth Wednesdays.

German Conversation—First and third Thursdays.

The Garden, Travel and Appreciation of Art Tables are held in the National Defenders Room. Luncheon 50 cents. The conversational tables are in the Cafeteria.

Thursday Evening Programs. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman. Musical program or lecture every Thursday evening. No charge. See magazine, bulletin boards and newspapers for announcements.

Verse Speaking Choir. (Choral Speaking). Miss Dorothea Johnston. Unison speaking develops a sense of rhythm and an appreciation of poetry. Speech exercises are a part of the training. Day and evening classes.

The Whys of English. Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne. Words represent thoughts. A workshop and seminar in which one learns the reasons in English; why certain forms are correct and others incorrect in both speech and writing.

Young Members Luncheons. Second Monday each month. Mural Room. Cafeteria Service. All young members are urged to attend.

(Continued on Page 11)

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

MANDOA, MANDOA! *a Comedy of Irrelevance by Winifred Holtby;* The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50.

ADVENTURES OF IDEAS; *by Alfred North Whitehead;* The Macmillan Co., New York. $3.50.

● As our fiction leader for the month we have chosen "Mandoa, Mandoa!" because it is different. The dramatic pendulum swings from England to Central Africa and back again, with all the elements of a best seller, and perhaps of a movie success. The author, Winifred Holtby, calls it "a comedy of irrelevance"; but she has tipped her pen with a satire so biting that many a page veers from the comic to the poignancy of tragedy. Her comedy is nearer akin to the satires of the old Latins, in daring and political keenness.

English herself, she dips her pen in the foibles of her countrymen, and satirizes the exploitation of the primitive peoples for their own good and for the pocketbooks of the Anglo-Saxon. The primitive principality is an imaginary country in Africa called Mandoa; the idealistic exploiter is Sir Joseph Prince of Prince's Tours, Ltd., London. There is farcical action in plenty, and barbaric color. A hotel and a movie palace in darkest Africa; a wedding of an African princess and an Abyssinian prince, with an audience of jaded English tourists; reformers, investigators, an M. P., and a pretty girl, and a Mandoan Lord High Chamberlain. The last page leaves one with the sensation of one in a motion picture palace, as the silver screen goes dark and the lights flash on after an exciting play well played; and one blinks with the effort to return to reality.

The last page sees the jungle and the primitive, sweeping back over it all, where once the Anglo-Saxon gloried and drank deep.

● Adventures of Ideas; by Alfred North Whitehead.

Horizon, reach out,
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut;
Rim of the world!
Widen my eyes by a thought.
—L. Speyer.

Just as it requires hard work, even with the most experienced of guides, for the amateur to make the pilgrimage up Fuji San or to scale the Matterhorn, a great deal is exacted of us when we attempt the peaks of thought. Concentration and perseverance are the price we pay for an incomparable reward. Alfred North Whitehead, the beloved philosopher-teacher of Cambridge, England, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, in his new book, "Adventures of Ideas," has provided the hardy amateur with new peaks to conquer—peaks whose attainment is utterly rewarding. For the reader it is adventures among ideas.

It is unfortunately true, however, that Whitehead is not lucid and that his style labors so that at times we labor with it. Then, too, he credits his reader with having as agile a pair of mental legs as are his own, which is complimentary to his reader at a moment when a gentler pace would be more welcome than compliments. This is regrettable, because the ideas that are the subject of his writing are too valuable to be missed.

There are four parts to the "Adventures of Ideas." The first Sociological, is the most definitely descriptive of the origin, growth and effects of ideas as they rise in explanation of existing customs and institutions and issue in the birth of new customs and institutions. The type history is that of the belief in intrinsic worth of the human individual, and the spectacle—it is no less—of Plato's metaphysical speculations about human rights generating a movement that eventually rids the world of slavery, is as thrilling as an epic. The second part, Cosmological, is more religious, or at least metaphysical, in content. It is especially rich with novel ideas, and where in the last chapter it traces a line from venture of Plato through the life of Jesus and the theology of the Alexandrian Fathers on out into the future, there is another breath-taking view for the mountain climber. This is a particularly scenic stretch. Part III, Philosophical, is too difficult for the average reader to attempt with pleasure. Most of us are not physically fit enough to risk a showdown with Descartes, Locke and Hume all at once (even with so able a champion as Whitehead), however well we may be able to follow, at the end of Part III, the criticism of the methods of philosophy. But it is worth attempting if we determine beforehand not to let it deter us from Part IV, Civilization. Part IV can be read without Part III, though not, of course, without a certain loss. This is a discussion of the five pillars of civilization: Truth, Beauty, Art, Adventure and Peace, and it is perhaps the best of all. Here the adventure is all the reader's. Here, too, the going is smoother and there is a down-the-mountain-through-the-sunset feeling about it, not quite effortless but still without the exertions that went before.

One puts the book down gladder of being alive, richer in experience, and looking for other peaks to climb.

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Fall Cleaning
Summer is over, brighten up your rooms with clean Curtains, Draperies, etc., either Dry Cleaned or Steam Cleaned. SUPERIOR workmanship.
JOSEPH A. CALDWELL'S
SUPERIOR
BLANKET AND CURTAIN CLEANING WORKS
HEmlock 1337 160 Fourteenth St.

(Continued from Page 9)

SPECIAL PROGRAMS

Mrs. Olga Ilyin will lecture on "You and We: A Comparative Study of Americans and Russians." Tuesday, November 9 at 2:30 o'clock. Tickets 75 cents.

Will Review Play

● Miss Beatrice Edmonds, a Stanford graduate and a resident of San Diego, will give an interpretative play review on Tuesday afternoon, November 14. Freedom in emotional expression, ability to project exactly and positively that which she wishes to convey, technical proficiency, combined with a voice well trained and finely modulated, charming personality and compelling stage presence, make her a play reader and reviewer of genuine worth and uncommon qualities.

The play that Miss Edmonds will review will be announced in the November Magazine and also on the bulletin boards and in the press.

In Memoriam

● Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, who for several years directed the Women's City Club Choral, passed away recently at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Taylor, who studied music in New York and abroad, was a member of the San Francisco Music Club, the Delphian Club, Daughters of the British Empire, and Home Music Chairman on the Board of Managers of the California Federation of Music Clubs.

In appreciation of the generous and unselfish service which Mrs. Taylor rendered at all times, the members of the Choral group have given a bond to the Women's City Club in loving tribute to her memory.

Aline Barrett Greenwood

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1932-33

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December 11th
January 8th
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March 12th
April 9th

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TICKETS
SERIES (7) $5.75
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●

Have You Made Your Reservations for the Talent Festival Dinner on October 12

●

Around the Calendar in the Women's City Club

ANNUAL ACTIVITIES

January—Book Mart.
February—Valentine Bridge Party.
March—Annual Membership Meeting.
April—Collectors' Exhibit.
October—Firelighting.
October—Talent Festival.
October—Hallowe'en Bridge Party.
November—Pantry Sale.
November—Thanksgiving Luncheon and Dinner.
December—Christmas Festivities.

Members of
The Women's City Club
are cordially invited to

The NEWS Cooking School

LARKIN HALL

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

October 17, 18, 19, 20

Four sessions of the semi-annual San Francisco News Cooking School will be held under the personal direction of Hester Heath, brilliant lecturer and demonstrator of home efficiency and home cookery.

Each afternoon
2 to 4 o'clock
Four days only,
beginning
Tuesday, Oct. 17

The Health Center of San Francisco and Its Relation to the School Children

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● Last month we told you of the setup of the Bureau of Child Hygiene and the work that the Board of Health did for well babies, runabouts and in controling contagious diseases, through its public health nurses and the constant immunizations for diphtheria and the vaccinations in the well-baby centers. All the children who are able to are sent to private physicians, but most young mothers today seldom see a doctor from the birth of the baby until it contracts contagious diseases, measles, whooping cough, chicken pox and mumps, which have large incidence in childhood.

The Board of Health for four years has co-operated with the Association of University Women at its Children's Health Center by referring to the Health Center all the children of the schools who were found to have abnormal heart sounds. At the Center a careful history of the child is taken—its growth and development noted and the heart studied. Congenital (from birth) and rheumatic hearts are the two *heart diseases* found in children. Many hearts have irregular sounds which disappear easily and are known as *functional*. Anaemia, rapid growth, over-athletics for a muscular type cause these functional murmurs. They are part of a general health picture and not heart disease due to organic conditions. The heart is studied with the X-ray and electrocardiograph, and the conclusions of the Center are sent to the private physician and to the school nurse and physical director. A review of these cases of heart disease is made at regular intervals. The examination of the child is made with the mother present and a program of rest and play outlined.

When you realize that heart disease is the greatest cause of death over 40, you know that any guidance a child can have as to exercise, removal of focal infections (abnormal tonsils and adenoids), convalescence from contagious diseases and as to vocational guidance, may conserve a life for many years. A program of healthful living in the presence of a handicap is worthwhile. The Heart Center, which was equipped for the American Association of University Women by the generous gift of Mr. Max Rosenberg, has now become part of the Health Center work of the city, and the children are now going to the Board of Health Center.

Another large group of public school children is under the special study of four physicians, specially trained in lung diagnosis.

In the diminishing death rate nationally and in the state from tuberculosis, the deaths in age period from 14 to 20, particularly among girls, are not decreasing. Therefore the Board of Health after careful physical examination is using a well-known skin test to get the reactions, and those children are X-rayed and re-studied. This work is going on in the junior and senior high schools.

Picture to yourself an adult form of tuberculosis (lungs diseased and sputum positive) in your daughter's school chum and think what a risk she runs. Contacts with active cases are the group studied most exhaustively by all modern students of tuberculosis. The homes are giving 100 per cent co-operation with this program, which has been going on several years. The San Francisco Tuberculosis Association helps with the salaries. The same X-ray outfit at the Health Center of the Board of Health will take the plates, and again we score in doing modern work for our children. An X-ray plate for every child is prohibitive in cost, and the skin test picks out cases for X-ray. Remember these facts when you hear such work called "state medicine" and frowned on by certain organizations. In a time of lessened budgets,

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

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INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1933

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

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discouragements in the homes, the children get a depression which will react on their health and spirits. They are then excellent soil for disease. We have done kindly and well by our citizens in the depression, but a watchful supervision of the young is our best security for future health.

All accessory medical study should be welcomed by any physician who only sees a sick child. X-rays, electrocardiographs, skin tests and expert medical examinations are expensive when secured through private physicians. These studies add to the value of the usual diagnosis and should be welcomed by the general practitioner. He often wants these examinations but has not the heart to order them on account of expense. The end result of this tuberculosis study will be healthful lives in the early cases which will be cured, and removal of a menace to the classroom wherever an active or advanced case is removed from school.

These two lines of work are not lessening private practice; they are calling attention to conditions not observed by the home or school—and thereby conserving the individual and protecting his neighbors from infection.

Next month I shall write on what the schools and the Board of Health do for handicapped children.

● To the nightingale whose song is on gramophone record in the symphonic poem of Respighi's "The Pines of Rome":

Oh, nightingale, 'mid Roman pines
Of far-off, wooded Apennines,
I hear your melancholy note
Just as it poured from your frail throat
In Caesar's time—now caught with flute
And viol's orchestral string, and lute,
To trill of storied Rome to me
In a New World beyond the sea.
Though you, dear bird, yourself are free,
Your song's held in captivity.
—Edith Hecht.

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VAlencia 6000

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Vionnet costumes are always wearable and becoming! Carolyn costumes are always beautifully made and of quality materials! A double-duty costume in ALL BLACK crepy wool . . . the high neck dress trimmed with black satin . . . the jacket with epaulets of monkey fur.

$22.75

Sizes 16 to 40

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with shoe pocket
$8.50

Private Lessons given by Pro. G. A. Gravlin, Instructor, in our 90 ft. outdoor golf school on the 9th floor.

Use your charge account for lessons.

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The Power of Perfection

—HARRIET VAN DYNE

● Constantly we are choosing and using words. Consequently it is natural to desire perfection in that which we use continually. But why this desire for "word-perfection" should suddenly take such a strong hold upon the people of America is worth at least a dinner table discussion.

Perhaps we are being trained by the radio to become "speech-conscious" and so we notice our own choice of words. However, a famous business man states that this desire for perfection in words is the direct result of a need for better expression. He asks, "Would misunderstandings arise if we express ourselves kindly, clearly, and accurately?" Thus he contends that the correct choice of words will eliminate these costly misunderstandings.

Regardless of the cause of this desire for perfection, the direct result is adult education. "How are you improving yourself?" is the question of the hour. Educators state that today this query is as popular with the college-trained as with those self-trained. The "Whys of English" is a simplified course of fifteen lessons arranged for the busy person. One spends but an hour a week in class, with no outside work unless one desires. Time does not make mastery in the course; rather it is a co-operative situation. I have culled all irrelevant, unnecessary material and use only the needed fundamentals of English. Instead of memorizing rules, in class you will learn *why* the correct forms are used and so, out of class, use these correct forms naturally. You will understand the underlying principles governing the use of words; as a result you will become your own critic and be able to reason your way out of any grammatical situation that may arise. This is a promise fulfilled by means of a special class method which gives actual proof of your progress.

Also, you will receive individual attention to assure your individual rapid progress. This makes mastery possible in fifteen lessons (less than four months). You will enjoy this mastery and carry it out of the classroom into your homes or offices.

All of us, it seems, will have more ability if we master what we use more repeatedly than anything else—words. Can we always use words correctly unless we know the underlying principles governing them?

Morning and evening classes will be formed Tuesday, October 17, at 11 and at 7:15 o'clock. Please enroll at the Executive Office now or come into the first morning or the first evening class for a short preliminary talk.

"Grammar is your representative."

Drama Reading Group

● October is always a welcome month in the Women's City Club. Activities for the winter season beckon the members with alluring promises.

The Drama Reading Group, remembering its stimulating studies, which closed with a fine program last May, is enthusiastic to resume its meetings.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard is unable to continue her services to the Club this year, so Mrs. E. M. Graham has been asked to take her place as chairman of the Drama Group, ably assisted by Mrs. Rudolph Kuhn and Mrs. Lovell Langstroth.

The Club is particularly fortunate in obtaining Mrs. Graham as a leader. She is a graduate of the Columbia College of Expression in Chicago, a graduate of the drama department of Mills College, was a teacher of drama in the Washington State College, and has been a dramatic reader for several years.

Meetings will be held as usual on the first and third Friday afternoons of each month, from 2:00 until 4:00 o'clock.

This brings the first meeting on October 6, the first Friday in October, at 2:00 p. m. in the Chinese Room. A new play will be read at each meeting. There is no fee.

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Ethel M. Dell Complimented

● Miss Ethel M. Dell, holder of the 1933 Walter Hines Page Scholarship, Miss Gladys H. Marks of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Gundrum Roll of Copenhagen shared honors with Congresswoman Florence Prag Kahn Tuesday, September 26, at a tea given at the City Club by the English-Speaking Union, which has its headquarters at the City Club.

Among the projects of the English-Speaking Union are the establishment and support of scholarships and fellowships and the exchange of teachers between Great Britain and Amcrica. One of these, the Walter Hines Page Traveling Scholarship, was founded ten years ago in memory of a former American Ambassador to Great Britain, to enable British women teachers to visit the United States during their holidays.

The aim of the scholarship is to arouse and stimulate in the sccondary and elementary schools of Great Britain an interest in the United States and in the American people, thus leading to a better understanding and friendliness. The successful candidate for 1933 for this particular scholarship is Miss Ethel M. Dell of London, head mistress of the Arthur Street Senior Girls' School (elementary) under the London County Council, who has been granted a leave of absence by this Council in return for a detailed report of study of education in the United States. Upon her return to London she will also lecture on the "new ideas" she has gleaned in this country.

Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron was chairman of tea hostesses, and assisting her were Mrs. A. C. Charlton, Mrs. William G. R. Howell, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. Walter Smith, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. Donald Craig, Mrs. Scott Knight Smith, Mrs. F. H. Ainsworth, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, Mrs. Henry Carlisle, Miss Edith Allyne, Miss Ethel Young and Miss Betty Knight Smith.

Remember the
Talent Festival Dates,
October 11 and 12

Drive for Junior League

● The Junior League is having a drive for the Salvage Shop of the Lilienthal School Unemployment Relief, which is directed by Mrs. Hugh Donaldson. The drive will be held from October 1 to 10, and clothing, furniture, toys—in fact anything that you do not want—can be used. Everything will be given away. Telephone HEmlock 8800 if you wish them to call, or contributions may be left at the Lilienthal School or at the Women's City Club.

Hallowe'en Bridge Party
Under the Auspices of the
League Bridge Committee.
Tuesday Night, October 31,
8 o'Clock—Auditorium.
Tickets, 50c, on Sale by
Members of the Committee
or at the Front Office

On Wednesday, October 11, the first day of the Fourth Annual Talent Festival, Miss Donohoe, President of the Women's City Club, will receive the new members of the Club in the Lounge from 2:00 to 3:00 o'clock.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

November, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 10

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
CLASSES ORGANIZED FOR NOVEMBER—		
BRIDGE CLASSES—Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel	*American Room*	7:30 P.M.
Beginning November 7, class of six lessons in contract bridge. Members 40 cents each lesson or $2 for six lessons. Non-members 50 cents each lesson or $2.50 for six lessons. Reservations must be made in advance (12 tables must be signed up or classes cannot be conducted).		
COLOR CLASS—Miss Wana Derge—		
Every Tuesday	*Chinese Room*	10:00 TO 12:00 A.M.
THE WHY OF ENGLISH—Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne—		
Every Monday	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M; 7:15 P.M.
Every Tuesday	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M; 7:15 P.M.
FRENCH CLASSES—Mlle. Marie Lemaire—		
Every Monday	*Room No. 230*	11 A.M.; 1 AND 2 P.M.
Every Tuesday	*Room No. 230*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
SPANISH CLASSES—Senorita A. Montiel—		
Every Wednesday	*Board Room*	10 A.M.; 1, 2, 3 P.M.
Every Friday	*Board Room*	10:00 A.M.
(Miss Montiel will conduct three classes without fee on November 8, 10 and 15 at 3 p. m. Members are invited to attend.)		
VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR—Miss Dorothea Johnston—		
Every Thursday	*Chinese Room*	11 A.M., 1 AND 7 P.M.
WORK SHOP—Mrs. Clarence Quinan (Weaving)—		
Every Day (Instruction $1.50 an Hour)	*Room No. 214*	11:00 TO 12:00 NOON

November 1	Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
2	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Travel Round Table Speaker: Mrs. E. J. Turkington Subject: "Florence"	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
	Book Review Dinner Speaker: Mrs. Leslie Williams Subject: "Homecoming"—the autobiography of Floyd Dell, author of "Love Without Money"	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 P.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Frederick H. Coon Subject: "Travels in Europe"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
3	Play Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
6	Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
7	Group Meeting National League Players	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M.
	German Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
8	Italian Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Garden Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
9	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
	Mrs. Olga Ilyin—"You and We" (A comparative study of Americans and Russians)	*Auditorium*	2:30 P.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. Charles Hogan Subject: "What Is Philosophy?"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
15	Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
	Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
16	French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
16	Travel Round Table Announcement to be made later	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
	Thursday Evening Program Clara Teitelbaum, Soloist; Lucy Day, Accompanist Lecture and recital of German Leider	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
17	Play Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
21	German Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VII NOVEMBER, 1933 NUMBER 10

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Hope Renewed

[This poem was awarded first prize of all poetry submitted by juniors in the recent competition of the California Federation of Women's Clubs and was published in the March issue of that organization's publication. *Rozelle Lili Smilie, Member Women's City Club.*]

The sight of children playing calls to mind a fountain's dance,
A gleaming, eager fountain spinning nets of silver spray.
Deep wisdom lies in children's eyes and faith and great romance;
They sing and laugh and dance with life through all the golden day.

Their joy, these strife-torn times, gives hope to older downcast hearts—
Holds forth a prophesy of pastures greener than we've known;
Reminds us paradise consists of what the soul imparts,
And winds must rage before the fairest flowers smile full-blown.

In those small heads repose the secrets old of time and space,
And memories of long-dead days beneath the ancient sky,
In those small bodies burns the fire that carries on the race,
The flame that flares its brightest when the tempest rises high.

The slowly wending river when at last it nears the sea,
Is given strength and power by the rising mountain streams;
And humankind renews itself in childhood's ecstasy,
Emboldened to go on to where the future brightly gleams.

A sacred symbol bids us build a freer, better land—
A land to match the magic charm of children hand in hand.
No death is known to those who love the Master's living clay,
And hope revives in everyone when watching children play.

22—Appreciation of Art and Letters Mrs. Charles E. Curry—"Pre-Raphaelite Group"	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Italian Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
23—French Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
Thursday Evening Program Speakers: Allen Lee Atwell and Clio Lee Aydelotte Subject: "Chinese and Japanese Impersonations"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
24—Vocational Round Table Speaker: Dr. Emily G. Palmer Subject: "Federal Employment"	*National Defenders' Room*	6:00 P.M.
28—Holiday Pantry Sale	*Auditorium*	11 A.M. TO 9 P.M.
29—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
30—Special Thanksgiving Day Dinner $1.25 per plate	*Main Dining Room*	1:00 TO 8:00 P.M.

DECEMBER 9—"ALICE IN WONDERLAND'
Reserved Seats: Adults, $1.00; Children, 40c.

This was one of the attractive spots of the City Club during the Talent Festival, when the decorations entranced with flaunting color and beauty of arrangement. Autumn and the bounty of harvest time were sung from every blossom and golden bough.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

THE pages of our magazine reflect the activities of the Talent Festival — but printed word cannot reveal the infinite detail that makes for the success of such an event. For months our volunteers, in town and out, spread the news by telephone; for months groups and individuals have worked diligently, whether on vacation or at home, and material has poured into the building from mountain and from seashore.

Particularly this year are the efforts of our members to be praised, and it was most gratifying that the quality of the gifts was higher and the quantity greater than heretofore.

It is a real privilege and pleasure for me to voice most sincere appreciation and thanks to each and every member of the Women's City Club who contributed to the success of the Festival. Reviewing the talents so graciously offered and generously given, is it not an inspiring fact to gather under one roof all that runs the gamut of feminine interests?

Now we find ourselves on the threshold of the holiday season and the Pantry Sale, twin sister of the Talent Festival, is hailing us! What wisdom to have given her *pas seul* and what a delightful prelude to Thanksgiving! The success of the Pantry Sale is assured and it only remains for every member far and near to mark well the date and day, bring your favorite pie, cake or cookies, and discover the best jam, jelly or conserve; for however we live, the charm of "home-made" has an appeal all its own and will assure the success of your menu and a happy Thanksgiving.

Membership

● An old-fashioned kaleidoscope best describes group formations in the world today. The individual is jostled out of his former picture into a new pattern and finds himself alongside a new neighbor. This is true in the social as well as in the financial world.

The National League for Woman's Service is an outstanding exception to this, however, as the membership figures for 1933 prove. The turnover for the fiscal year is the same as that of the days before the present era. Loyalty to a cause has held together this band of women. Surely such a cause has its appeal to others who must now be interested to join these ranks if we are to keep our quota at 8,500.

The first reason for keeping our membership complete is the strength which a common purpose gives and the education of the individual in the unit, but in the eyes of the Finance Committee and the Treasurer the main reason this particular year is a monetary one. The initiation fees of the 500 who now join are necessary—*nay, imperative*—if we are to meet our financial obligations of the next few months. If the announcement in last month's Magazine labeled "A Crisis" were read carefully by each member and then applied personally, the 500 would soon be "in." The tax money would be available without worry, and the January 1 interest set aside for payment. For this year only, it has been arranged that new members who join after November 1 shall pay pro-rated dues for the current year. This means that there is no advantage to be gained by waiting until next March.

The Treasurer appeals to each member to interest one friend or acquaintance in the advantages and privileges of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, and to persuade her to take advantage of the present arrangement of installment payments of the initiation fee. This organization is one of few in the world which have no membership committee. The experiment of a pure democracy, whereby three members sponsor a fourth, has worked successfully. The responsibility thereby is shifted from the shoulders of a few committee members onto the shoulders of the membership as a whole. The one danger is that everybody's business may depreciate into nobody's business. This danger has never shown itself before, but in these days of strain let us guard against its appearance and bring in those 500 new members *immediately*.

Sincerely yours,
THE TREASURER.

Are You Saving Your Books for
THE SECOND ANNUAL
BOOK MART
To Be Held in January

They Have Eaten Our Bread and Salt

The following people from points outside of California have been guests of the City Club during September:

Miss Mary I. Smith, Washington, D. C.
Margaret C. Melbourne, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. A. K. King, Kansas City.
Miss Edith Pritchett, New York City.
Mrs. W. H. Ehlers, Kansas City.
Miss Gladys H. Marks, Sydney, Australia.
Mrs. Lewis Murr, Boston.
Mrs. R. H. Cross, St. Louis.
Mrs. Gudrum Roll, Copenhagen.
Miss Ethel M. Dell, London. Page Scholar, English-Speaking Union.
Miss Ilene Hoops, Victoria.
Mrs. Howard Schirmer, Pennsylvania.
Miss Ingeborg Hanson, Honolulu.
Mrs. A. L. Cropp, New Zealand.
Mrs. E. C. Sequest, New York.
Mrs. Charles H. Mott, Brooklyn.
Mrs. Joseph Thwaites, Ontario.
Miss Marjorie Ledyard, Washington.
Miss Julia Misegades, St. Louis.
Miss Emily Zimmerman, St. Louis.
Mrs. A. W. T. Bottomley, Honolulu.
Mrs. C. E. Bleakley, Detroit.
Mrs. Henry P. Cope, Detroit.
Mrs. Vernon D. Shutte, Honolulu.
Miss Virginia Fisher, Honolulu.
Mrs. Gertrude Linder, New Zealand.
Miss Bessie G. Swan, London.
Mrs. Charles Heiser, Honolulu.
Mrs. A. A. Dyer, Galveston.
Miss Mirfields, England.
Miss Marie Lhary, Lima, Peru.
Miss Helen Weber, New York.
Miss Flora Pfeiffer, New York.
Mrs. Clarence Barber, Alabama.
Mrs. W. C. Kripscherr, New Jersey.

Holiday Pantry Shelf

The Holiday Pantry Sale on Tuesday, November 28, Mrs. P. A. Coxon, hairman, will be open from 11 a. m. to p. m. The background will be a unique nd attractive setting for the delectable oods that will be on sale to tempt the ost jaded appetites.

Tables will be provided for those who ish to purchase and eat luncheon (or inner) there. If luncheon is eaten, a bev-rage must be ordered.

Sliced turkey will be on sale and whole oast turkeys may be purchased if orders re placed at least twenty-four hours in dvance.

urkey Sandwich uncheon Nov. 28

On Tuesday, November 28 (the day of the Pantry Sale), a special hot tur-ey sandwich with "fixin's" will be served n the Cafeteria at noon and a special urkey dinner will be served in the evening.

In the Dining Room, Turkey Supreme ill be featured on the luncheon and a urkey dinner will be on the evening menu.

On Thanksgiving Day, from 1 to 8 'clock, a special $1.25 dinner will be erved:

Menu

Chilled Pineapple and Grapefruit Juice
Hearts of Celery California Ripe Olives
Tomato Bisque, Cream
Consomme Brunoise
Roast Young Turkey, Chestnut Dressing
Cranberry Ice Watermelon Pickle
Candied Sweet Potato Mashed Potato
Broccoli, Hollandaise
Buttered Onions Mashed Turnips
Salad Bowl, Italienne
Assorted Nuts Cluster Raisins
Hot Mince Pie Apple Pie Pumpkin Pie
Pound Cake, a la Mode, Pineapple Sauce
Assorted Ice Cream
Roquefort Cheese Toasted Crackers
Demi Tasse

Special attention will be given to parties of eight or more in private rooms. Turkeys may be carved at the table. Reservations should be made not later than Novem-ber 28.

Orders will be taken for roast turkeys, pies, cakes, salads, fruit cake and plum puddings, canapes. If your oven is not large enough to hold your turkey you can bring it to the Club and it will be roasted for you.

Swimming Pool Notes

Will any member who is interested in joining a class in swimming, diving or life saving please leave her name at the Pool office and the hour at which a class would be convenient for her? A class in swimming or diving meets ten times and the instruction fee for the course is $2 for members (admission extra). Red Cross life-saving class has no instruction fee. The test for eligibility includes demonstrating the back and side strokes in good form and the ability to swim the length of the pool eight times.

Private Lessons

Ticket of six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons—members, sons and daughters of members, $4; guests, $5.

Hours

Monday to Thursday, inclusive, 9:30 a. m.-7:30 p. m.
Friday, 9:30 a. m.-9 p. m.
Saturday, 9 a. m.-5 p. m.
Men's guest nights, Fridays, 5:30-9 p. m.
Men guests must be personally accompanied by a member.

Admission

Members, 30 cents; 10-swim ticket, $2.50.
Members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, 30 cents; 10-swim ticket, $2.25.
Guests (men, women, boys over 12), 40 cents.
Guests (girls under 18, boys under 12), 30 cents.

GIFT — OCTOBER

—

MRS. R. SAMSON

3 $100.00 Bonds

Color and Arrangements

—CONDUCTED BY WANA DERGE

Members of this group tell us this study is proving even more practical than they had expected and that there is a real thrill in discovering that the fineness of color and objects is based on principle, and so can be easily comprehended and used in every-day life.

Excerpts from Members' Letters:

"I have been away all summer with a very sick husband and so have not received the Club Magazine. I want to be included in the V. A. D. list. I am still as deeply interested as I was when I joined the Club in the war."

"My silence so far on the subject of the Club's V. A. D. has been caused not by lack of interest or feeling of responsibility, but solely because I have not been able to decide just how far I can go with the financial help I should so much like to give. Meantime I enclose my check for $6, doubling my dues for this year."

"Enclosed $25. I have a great pride and interest in our Club and will hope to do my part from time to time."

"Ever since the V. A. D. meeting I have hesitated sending in my pledge, hoping to make it larger. When the skies are clearer, and the closer demands less pressing, I hope to do better. The Women's City Club is such a vital part of our city's life that it is our duty as well as our pleasure to stand by."

From far-away Philippine Islands:

"I am enclosing a small amount in response to the V. A. D. July's issue of the Club Magazine."

"My pledge is enclosed for the Voluntary Aid Detachment. I wish to make my payment in full, as I expect to be away from the United States for many months."

"I will give the two coupons on my $500 bond this fall, $15, another in 1934, more if I can . . . "

"I'm sorry I can't give more than $1 per year, but I want to do my bit, and I've postponed my pledge hoping to make it larger. I hope to raise it in 1934, but at present make no promises."—*From Manila.*

Note—Many members who have pledged $1 have done so with sacrifice, which has not deterred them.

Dramatic Classes Will Begin November 7

A class of instruction in dramatic work, as an outcome of the pleasurable evening when the National League Players made its debut, will start this month in the Clubhouse. The fee will be $3 per month, one lesson a week.

Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson will bring to the teaching years of practical experience on the stage when, as Eleanor Franklin, she was well known in the field of acting.

Members are asked to communicate immediately with the Executive Office. First group meeting will be held November 2, at 11 a. m. in the Chinese Room. The first lesson will be Tuesday, November 7, at 11 o'clock.

Verse Speaking Choir

● Some years ago, while the writer was living in England, it was her privilege to observe the verse choirs directed by Miss Marjorie Gullan, the acknowledged leader of choral speaking in the British Isles.

My first introduction to this form of artistic expression was on the occasion of a recital given at the Strand Theater in London by the Scottish Choir, numbering about thirty voices. I remember the occasion with great pleasure. The theater was crowded, the interest intense. For me it was a new experience to hear so many voices blended and harmonized, speaking as one individual. It was easy to conjecture that in such a group there were probably many persons who would never have attempted to recite poetry alone, but who found great satisfaction in reading the classical lines in company with others.

The program on this occasion consisted of old Scotch ballads, translations from Greek drama, poems by Milton and Swinborne, and selections from the Bible. To those of us who are impressed by the refined and beautiful speech of the English people it is interesting to note the prominence given the speech festivals where the verse choirs are heard every year.

Largely through Miss Gullan's efforts, many groups are working along the line of choir speech in Europe and America, the greatest progress having been made so far in England and Scotland. There it is looked upon as a very definite means of vocal development, and is bringing to many a knowledge of and an appreciation for the best in poetry, though the use of lighter poems, ballads and nonsense lends variety and interest.

Miss Gullan, not content with working in her own country and writing many books on the subject, made her first visit to America and California this last summer. Her visit proved to be a great inspiration, and as a result of it much fine work is being done by verse choirs. In her book, "Spoken Poetry in the Schools," she says: "In Glasgow the audiences and the speakers were educated side by side. * * * After five or six years of these speech festivals they can fill one of the largest theaters with an audience that will listen eagerly for two hours to the poetry of the Bible, Milton, Shakespeare, and translations from the Greek drama."

It was the writer's very great privilege to become well acquainted with Miss Gullan and to receive great inspiration from her along the lines of voice development and the efficiency of verse choirs.

The Women's City Club is sponsoring two classes in verse speaking—Thursday at 1 o'clock and at 7.

Thanksgiving Day—And Sara Josepha Hale

● The all-American holiday is almost here again and we can bring out our family heirlooms and traditions and prepare to celebrate in the time-honored fashion. While we are planning for the important family feast, I wonder how many of us give a thought to the fact or even know that it was through the untiring efforts of one woman that this holiday was established as a universal custom, celebrated on the same date by all the states.

Sara Josepha Hale was a pioneer woman in many movements of importance to our country and to women. One of the first women to interest herself in higher education for women, she helped to found Vassar College. She made it possible for women to teach in public schools in the days when it was unthinkable for any "lady" to work for pay. She worked and wrote under the name of "The Lady Editor," since she was the editor of that first woman's magazine, *Godey's Lady's Book*. The money to complete the Bunker Hill Monument was raised through her efforts, and she worked long and untiringly for the abolition of child labor.

Left a widow with her nine children, it is almost unbelievable what this one woman accomplished, even though she lived to be 85 years old.

It was in the later years of this busy career that she succeeded in interesting President Lincoln in establishing a definite date for our national day of Thanksgiving.

If you remember your early American history you know that the first Thanksgiving Day was proclaimed by Governor Bradford on December 13, 1621, as a day on which to give thanks for an abundant harvest after many months of privation. A feast was prepared by the early settlers and celebrated by the fifty-five remaining white men and women and the friendly Indian chief Massasoit with his ninety braves. During the ensuing hundred years there were many days of public thanksgiving celebrated by the American colonists, but it was not until after the American Revolution that a definite date was established. In 1789 President Washington appointed Thursday, November 26, as a national Thanksgiving day. The last Thursday in November was generally observed for Thanksgiving for several years thereafter, but gradually the various states began to observe different days again, though usually in the month of November.

However, in 1863, through the efforts of Sara Josepha Hale, President Lincoln approved the establishing of Thanksgiving Day again as a national holiday to be proclaimed each year by the President of the United States, and since that time the last Thursday in November is so proclaimed by each succeeding President.

This truly American holiday calls for family gatherings and it seems to knit closer the ties of home and inspires us with a feeling of thankfulness for the humbler things of life.

To preserve the spirit of the early American feast day, decorations and food should be simple and representative of bountiful harvests. A centerpiece for the table may be a bowl or tray piled high with scrubbed and polished vegetables and fruit.

Food is traditional and so far as possible carries out the family customs that are dear to us all. Turkey and all the "fixin's" come first, of course, but where families are small or pocket-books limited, chicken, roast pork or ham do valiant duty.

This is a day for the humble vegetables —onions, turnips, potatoes, white or sweet, are first choice, and cranberries lend their gay color to every feast. Dessert may seem superfluous and often must be postponed, but pie it should be—pumpkin for first choice, with mince or apple for accompaniment or contrast. Coffee, cider, cheese, nuts, fruit give added excuse for lingering at the table, and all the family join in reminiscences.

Obey the Posture Rule

If you would cut a figure
In business, sport or school,
Just mind the posture precepts—
Obey the posture rule.

Don't thrust your head out turtle-wise,
Don't hunch your shoulders so.
Don't sag and drag yourself—
No style to that, you know.

Get uplift in your bearing,
And strength and spring and vim;
No matter what your worries,
To slouch won't alter them.

Just square your shoulders to the world—
You're not the sort to quit;
It isn't the load that breaks you down,
It's the way you carry it.

—*Mrs. James H. C. Allan* (Member Women's City Club).

"Alice in Wonderland" at City Club December 9

● On the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 9, San Franciscans will have opportunity of seeing a presentation of "Alice in Wonderland" with the cast of players which has so successfully given this delightful version of Lewis Carroll's wonderland story.

First presented at Saratoga, then at other towns in the vicinity, it met with an enthusiastic response at the lovely new Community Theater in Palo Alto.

Dorothea Johnston, member of the Women's City Club, is responsible for the production.

Associated with her is Frederick Stover, until recently on the dramatic staff of Stanford University. At the present time Mr. Stover is technical director at the Fairmont Theater in San Francisco.

Sets and costumes have been made to follow as closely as possible the Tenniel illustrations.

The story of "Alice in Wonderland" has thrilled thousands, and is much beloved by both old and young. Children always love the story of Alice's "Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," but there is so much subtle humor in this delightful classic that adults appreciate it perhaps more than the children do.

Alice Gertenberg's version of the charming story is used. This version has stood the test of hundreds of performances during the last twenty years.

Critics are enthusiastic in their praises of Olivia de Havilland in the leading role —that of the ingenuous little Alice in Miss Johnston's production.

J. N. Higginbotham, well-known writer and critic, says of her in his review in the *San Jose Mercury*: "To attempt to tell you the intelligence displayed, the wonderful poise of this sixteen-year-old girl, might defeat my purpose. It has to be seen to be appreciated."

Alice (Olivia de Haviland) and Lewis Carroll (Dick Lewis) have a game of chess.

On reviewing the production at Palo Alto, George Warren of the *Chronicle* speaks with genuine appreciation of the whole production. "The sets, scarcely more than suggestions, are intended to stimulate the imagination and to present to the mind's eye that which Sir John Tenniel gave in his immortal illustrations."

Mr. Warren also says: "Miss Johnston is fortunate in having for her Alice a lovely young girl with the flaxen tresses of the little girl who went through the looking glass. This Alice is exquisite of face, dainty, trembling on the verge of womanhood. She has intelligence, the ability to impersonate, the power to project a character and build it up until she and it are one."

Miss Johnston has gathered into her production the best non-professional players in the vicinity of Saratoga, drawing on San Jose, Palo Alto, Stanford University and Los Gatos.

Round Tables at City Club

Free Spanish Lessons. Senorita Montiel announces the enrollment of new students in Spanish and as a preliminary to each class she will have one lesson without fee. Beginners' class—November 8, 3 p. m.; Intermediate class—November 10, 3 p. m.; Advanced class —November 15, 3 p. m.

Members and their friends are invited to attend any or all of these meetings before registering.

Garden. November 8. Miss Donohoe will preside. Place: National Defenders' Room. Price: 50 cents. Time: 12:15. Please make reservations in advance if possible.

Vocational. November 24. See Page 30.

Travel. On Thursday, November 2, the luncheon hour will be devoted to a talk on Florence—emphasizing in particular the treasures of the Pitti Palace. Mrs. E. J. Turkington will preside. Place: National Defenders' Room. Price: 50 cents. Time: 12:15. Please make reservations in advance if possible. Subject for November 16 to be announced.

Appreciation of Art and Letters. Mrs. Charles E. Curry leads this interesting discussion group, and Wednesday, November 22, she will talk on the "Pre-Raphaelite Group." Place: National Defenders' Room. Price: 50 cents. Time: 12:15. Please make reservations in advance if possible.

French Conversational Table. Every Thursday. Mlle. Lemaire presides at this table. All conversation is in French. Take your tray to the French table in the Cafeteria. Time: 12 noon.

Spanish Conversational Table. Wednesday, November 1 and 15. Senorita Montiel presides. All conversation is in Spanish.

Italian Conversational Table. Wednesday, November 8 and 22. Mrs. A. M. Meads presides. All conversation is in Italian.

German Conversational Table. First meeting, Tuesday, November 7, and every first and third Tuesday thereafter. Place: Cafeteria. Time: 12 noon.

Women Again Mobilize for Human Needs

● Women's leadership is indispensable in the present task of economic recovery, just as it has been in all other crises of our national history.

Down through the ages women have always gladly offered their time and their skill to those needing help and healing.

From Queen Esther of biblical days, who recognized the plight of her people and dared to intercede for them; from St. Elizabeth of Hungary, carrying the bread of life to starving peasants; from Florence Nightingale, who brought a woman's instinct for healing as a gift, not only to the wounded heroes of her own nation but to victims on the battlefields of every nation; from Clara Barton, organizer of the American Red Cross; from Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army; from Jane Addams, practicing the philosophy of neighborliness at Hull House, to our own Frances Perkins, who is not only the first woman to serve her country as a cabinet minister, but is also a most earnest crusader for the rights of the under-privileged —a glorious succession of brave, wise women who have forgotten their own problems and ambitions to give hope and strength to others.

Today the women of America look with profound admiration toward our President's wife, who pays the price of service and who gives so generously to the cause of humanity.

When she accepted the chairmanship of the National Women's Committee of the Mobilization for Human Needs, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

"The women of the country are closest to those human needs which are met by our nurses, hospitals, child welfare organizations, institutions for preventing delinquency, guiding youth and furnishing wholesome occupations for our greatly increased leisure time.

"The women appreciate that in these difficult days these human services are required as never before, and can spread and deepen this conviction in their communities."

Women have the power to shape public opinion, through their organizations, their

casual contacts, the force of their own convictions. They have financial power as well. Women control approximately 40 per cent of the wealth in the United States. In most families of large incomes, women decide their own expenditures or are consulted regarding gifts to charity. In homes of medium or small incomes, women generally determine whether or not money shall be given to welfare work.

Women who know from experience how to make a little money go a long way in providing for their own families can appreciate the task of the Community Chest in budgeting its income so that no essential service shall be sacrificed.

In San Francisco our Community Chest leads the way in this drama of recovery. As we enter our twelfth annual campaign for funds, literally thousands of women are devoting arduous days to the tremendous task of collecting $1,945,000 to finance our social and welfare agencies throughout the coming year.

They give generously of their leisure time and of their talents for organization, ringing doorbells, attending committee meetings and carrying out the endless details of the Community Chest campaign which impose such heavy burdens on their time and strength.

The day of the Lady Bountiful has passed forever. Organized charity recognizes a variety of talents. Some women have executive ability, others have a tremendous patience for the endless detail of routine tasks. One woman may be an eloquent speaker, while another may have that rare gift of salesmanship which is so vital to the success of a money-raising campaign. All of them are proud to assume their share of civic responsibilities.

Thus, with endless patience and ingenuity, women serve San Francisco in the Chest campaign, concentrating within the two weeks opening October 23 and continuing through November 8, the task of financing our orphanages, our day nurseries, our hospitals and clinics, our homes for the aged and our recreational agencies throughout the coming year.

Thanksgiving Feasts

● The City Club will be the setting on November 30 of a Special Thanksgiving Dinner, for which reservations are already being made.

The dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room from 1 to 8 o'clock. Decorations appropriate to the season will give a festive air to the entire Club, and in the Dining Room will be color, gaiety and the "Spirit of 1933," which is a combination of thankfulness and determination to make the world even better than it is.

The Thanksgiving Luncheon will take place November 28, the day of the Holiday Pantry Sale.

"Turkey Supreme" will be served in the Main Dining Room, and a Special Turkey Sandwich in the Cafeteria. Both will be accompanied by Thanksgiving spirit.

Machines

Vile, inanimate Machines,
That crunch one and crush one
In their steel embrace.
Mechanically human and
Mechanically inhuman:
They put on their massive Power
That constricts blindly
And dismembers one
With unsentient efficiency.
. . . A riot of men is bad—
Bloodthirsty, violent—
But more cruel is
The impersonal Juggernaut
Of an unliving Machine—
Unsorry, unknowing—
Unconscious of mischief.
Destroying him who errs,
Until a lever is pulled
And the Fiend calmly stops
For the mangled corpse
To be taken
From out its maw.
What if these Leviathans save
Toil and drudgery?
They throw man power
Onto the scrap heap.
They produce cruelly, wickedly,
Profusely;
What Hands should make
So that Mouths can eat.
They murder talents, individualities,
Pride in workmanship,
These Monsters of Man's creating.

—*Edith Hecht.*

The National Child Health Recovery Conference

—ELLEN S. STADTMULLER, M.D.

Chief, Bureau of Child Hygiene, California Department of Public Health

● A national meeting always has interest because it brings together leaders from important centers, offering opportunities for valuable contacts and personal conferences between individuals qualified by training and experience to participate. When such a conference is held in the interests of children, especially those suffering under the handicaps due to the present economic situation, the interest ceases to be personal only and becomes part of a great human movement.

Such a conference was called by the Federal Children's Bureau on Friday, October 6, in Washington, D. C. The facts which had come from the state of Pennsylvania brought the need of children much to the fore. There, rural school children to the number of 800,000 are weighed and measured each year and the recorded figures are tabulated by the State Health Department. The Federal Children's Bureau has been much interested in the large amount of statistical material that has thus been made available, because it gives a chance to discover possible deterioration in child health, which has been expected to appear under the stress of economic conditions, but which up to the present has not been substantiated by figures.

Three sets of counties were segregated in Pennsylvania, according to the principal and predominating occupation of the fathers of families; these were agricultural, factory and mining counties. Strangely enough the highest percentage of underweight children in schools had formerly been in agricultural counties, but in 1931 a sudden upward trend in the curve of percentage of underweights occurred in all of these three sets of counties, bringing the percentage of underweight children in all of them close together to the level of 40 per cent. This sudden rise was interpreted as due to the fact that these children were not receiving sufficient nourishment. Scattered figures from other communities also made evident the fact that children whose parents were on unemployment relief were not receiving adequate food nor balanced diets.

The meeting was called to determine what means may be available to estimate the health status of children throughout the nation, and to meet the needs that may be discovered. A small executive committee had been at work for some time formulating such a program. They presented the simple plan of locating the malnourished child through whatever channel may be possible, providing a medical examination when necessary, and making provision for adequate feeding. The last-named factor was acknowledged as the responsibility of the Emergency Relief Administration, whose spokesman was Mr. Harry Hopkins, its national director. Plans were outlined by Dr. Gardiner of the New York State Department of Public Health for drawing together official and unofficial agencies interested in child health. To those from California the plans had a familiar ring, as they parallel the set-up which has been arranged in this state for carrying out the recommendations of the National White House Conference.

There was much discussion from those who believe that we have not yet a definition of malnourishment, and that we have evidence of continuing good health in the general population; but the consensus of opinion was that there is a definite need for further activity in behalf of children, and all present voted to return to their spheres of activity with renewed interest and a plan of action for the protection of our children during the coming winter.

Walking at Night

My face is wet with the rain
But my heart is warm to the core.
For I follow at will again
The road that I loved of yore;
And the dim trees beat the dark,
And the swelling ditches moan,
But my heart is a singing, soaring lark,
For I travel the road alone.
Alone in the living night,
Away from the babble of tongues;
Alone with the old delight
Of the night wind in my lungs,
And the wet air on my cheeks,
And the warm blood in my veins;
Alone with the joy he knows who seeks
The thresh of the young Spring rains,
With the smell of the pelted earth,
The tearful drip of the trees,
Making him dream of the sound of mirth
That comes with the clearing breeze.
'Tis a rare and wondrous sight
To tramp the wet awhile
And watch the slow delight
Of the sun's first pallid smile,
And hear the fields breathe again
And see the far woods turn green,
Drunk with the glory of wind and rain
And the sun's warm smile between!
I have made me a vagrant song,
For my heart is warm to the core,
And I'm glad, oh, glad that the night is long,
For I travel the road once more,
And the dim trees beat the dark,
And the swelling ditches moan
With the joy of the singing, soaring lark
I travel the road, alone!

—*Amory Hare.*

Olga Ilyin to Talk on "You and We"

● Mrs. Olga Ilyin, who numbers a host of friends and acquaintances among San Franciscans, will lecture at the Club Thursday afternoon, November 9, at 2:30 o'clock.

Madame Ilyin has chosen as the title of her talk, "You and We—a Comparative Study of Americans and Russians," a subject about which she is eminently qualified to speak.

Mrs. Horace Clifton is chairman of the committee for Mrs. Ilyin and others on the committee are:

Mrs. Alfred T. Clifton
Mrs. Pearl Cooper
Miss Marion Huntington
Mrs. William Kent, Jr.
Mrs. D. Forbes McRae
Mrs. James Otis
Mrs. Effingham Sutton
Miss Edith Waterman

Tickets are 75 cents and are on sale at the Front Office.

Madame Olga Ilyin, who will give a lecture at the Women's City Club on "You and We" Thursday afternoon, November 9, at 2:30 o'clock.

English-Speaking Union Entertains

● California Branch of the English-Speaking Union entertained at a tea at the Women's City Club in honor of a visitor from abroad, Mrs. George H. Parish.

Mrs. Parish is prominent in the Norwich, England, branch of the English-Speaking Union and is also well known for her philanthropic activities. During her tour of the United States she is investigating American hospitals for the British government.

Mrs. Parish was introduced at the tea by Dr. Anna Cox Brinton of Mills College. Mrs. Carroll George Cambron was chairman of the hostesses. Preceding the tea Mrs. Parish and Dr. Brinton were the guests of Mrs. Horatio Livermore at a luncheon at her home on Vallejo Street.

Oriental Program, November 23

● The City Club will present November 23 a program by Allen Lee Atwell and Clio Lee Aydelott.

Atwell will give Chinese and Japanese impersonations and Mrs. Aydelott will give darkey dialect monologues in costume.

"Very Happy Tickle" will be one of Atwell's Japanese offerings, and a solo drama, "Smoke Dreams," will be his Chinese excerpt.

Atwell is favorably remembered in the New York productions, "The Man Who Came Back," "Bought and Paid For" and others.

John Hartigan to Sing at City Club

● John Hartigan, San Francisco baritone, who is singing at the Women's City Club Monday afternoon, November 6, at 2:30 o'clock, will present the following program, with Elizabeth Alexander at the piano:

Schubert—
(From "Die Winterreise")
Wasserflut
Fruehlingstraum
Das Wirtshaus
Der Lindenbaum
Die Post

Hugo Wolf—
Verborgenheit
Jaegerlied
Ein Staendchen Euch zu bringen
Und willst du deinen Liebsten
Gesellenlied

Gabriel Faure—
Nell
Chanson du Pecheur
Arpege
Larmes

Negro Spirituals

Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel....Johnson
Dere's No Hiding Place Down Dere .....Hartigan
Were You There?.....Burleigh
Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho.....Brown

Mr. Hartigan will be at the piano playing his own accompaniments for the last group.

The Cookie Jar on the Pantry Shelf

● Put it to a vote—who's the most popular member of the pantry shelf family? Who, but the Cookie Jar; in old-fashioned guise or gone strictly modern, it still holds the favorite cookies of both children and grownups. Of course, there are cookies — and cookies; and probably there is no branch of home cooking where such variety is possible, and with no special skill or technique required. You can drop them or roll them, roll them and slice them, drop them and bake them and then roll them. Then, of course, there are cookie guns for those fancy spritz that are so rich and delicious.

Cookie cutters of every shape and size make cookies to fit any occasion. The dough for any kind of cookie is more easily handled if chilled before rolling, dropping or slicing. When baking, the cookies will brown more evenly if placed in shallow tins, and most cookies are best baked in a moderate oven, around 375° F., although if they contain molasses or brown sugar, a little lower temperature is advisable to prevent scorching. When baked, slip the cookies off the sheet quickly with a broad knife or spatula and keep separate on a cake rack or wax paper until cool.

When cool, the cookies may be packed away and will keep well as long as they last. For crisp cookies use an air-tight tin box lined with wax paper. For soft cookies, a stone crock or a porcelain jar, with an apple or orange for added flavor.

The following recipes will make cookies you'll be proud to keep on your pantry shelf—if you can:

Pecan Cookies

3 egg whites
4½ tablespoons flour
1½ cups brown sugar
¾ pound or 3½ cups pecan meats
Few grains salt

Beat egg whites until very stiff, then beat in the flour which has been mixed with the sugar and salt. Remove beater; stir in nuts broken into pieces. Drop in small amounts, about ½ teaspoonful at a time, on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven, 375° F. for 5 to 10 minutes. Remove from the pan at once before they begin to cool and become crisp. Sufficient to make from sixty to seventy cookies, depending upon size preferred.

Soft Molasses Cookies

½ cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
1 egg
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup hot milk

Cream shortening with sugar, add molasses, beaten egg, and mix together. Sift flour, measure and sift again with spices, soda, salt and baking powder. Add alternately with hot milk. Mix well. Drop on greased tin and bake about 15 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.). Makes about three dozen.

Chocolate Oatmeal Cookies

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
2½ cups rolled oats
⅔ cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening with sugar, add beaten egg, milk, rolled oats and mix well. Sift flour, measure and sift again with baking powder and salt and cocoa; add to mixture, also the vanilla, and beat thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon into a greased baking sheet and bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.). Sufficient for about eighteen cookies.

Spritz Cookies

1 cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg
2½ cups flour

Mix like cookie dough and force through a tube or cookie press into various shapes. Bake from 8 to 10 minutes, about 450° F.

Date Macaroons

2 egg whites
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup chopped nuts

Beat egg whites until stiff and dry. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto well-oiled baking sheet. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) until delicate brown. Cool before removing from pan. Twenty-four servings.

Sour Cream Cookies

1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
4 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten eggs and mix together. Sift flour, measure and sift again with soda, nutmeg and salt, and add alternately with cream. Add flavoring and mix thoroughly. Chill. Either roll or drop. Bake about 10 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.). This makes about 125 thin rolled ones, or about three dozen dropped ones.

Rolled Molasses Cookies

1 egg
½ cup molasses
½ cup sugar
⅔ cup melted butter
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons baking powder
½ tablespoon ginger
1 cup rolled oats

Beat egg and mix with molasses, sugar and melted butter. Add flour sifted with baking powder, salt and ginger. Add rolled oats and mix well. Drop on greased pan, rather far apart, and bake about 30 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.). Remove from pan and roll as soon as removed, before they have time to become crisp. If the last ones to be removed are too hard, return to the oven for a few minutes to soften. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Orange Ice Box Cookies

1 cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup white sugar
1 egg
2¾ cups flour
¼ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
½ cup almonds, cut in strips

Cream shortening and sugars; add well beaten egg. Sift flour, measure and sift again with soda. Add nuts, orange juice and rind and flour. Shape into roll, wrap in oiled paper. Chill in refrigerator 24 hours, slice thin, bake 375° F. for 15 minutes.

Talent Festival "Carries On" Tradition

● The 1933 Talent Festival of the City Club is now but a happy memory. But for two glamorous days it was an interlude of activity and vitality, which brought members together in constructive work. And, incidentally, although profit taking is not the prime incentive of the annual Talent Festival, there was an appreciable monetary consideration not to be lost sight of.

But the big fact was the uncovering of talent among members. Uncovering and developing the gifts which otherwise would remain "under a bushel."

Many City Club members are famous for their talents. Others have talents which they demonstrate only through the Festival.

The same facts apply to the Loan Exhibit. In the several years since the Loan Exhibit was inaugurated the public has been privileged to enjoy many handsome heirlooms and works of art that otherwise would have remained in the privacy of the homes of owners.

The Festival closed on a high and joyous note with a dinner and concert at which everybody wore her handsomest raiment and entertained friends and relatives, most important among which were husbands. It is a commentary upon that genus that they are interested in the Club and do read the Magazine.

Miss Katharine Donohoe, President of the City Club, presided. Programs were given under the direction of Mrs. Horace B. Clifton, Mrs. John P. Coghlan and Mrs. Marshall Dill.

The programs consisted of the following attractive numbers:

Mrs. George Bell, Mrs. John Gilson Howell, Miss Dorothy Palmer, dramatic readers.

Miss Elizabeth Peirce and Beverley Blake, violinists.

Mrs. Dinga Vandenberg, contralto, accompanied by Mrs. Rudolph Smale.

Mrs. Warren Allen, accompanied by Miss M. E. Moynihan.

Margaret Cheeseman, accompanied by Mildred Baily.

Miss Marjorie Moss, pianist.

Eva Walker Kirschner accompanied Beverley Blake.

Mrs. George Bell, accompanied by Suzanne Pasmore.

Rosalie Wagner, accompanied by Miss Zirkle.

The Telegraph Hill Settlement children.

The floral decoration of the Festival was notably lovely, and the crisp uniforms of the Volunteer Service added to the colorful effect of the scene. Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer was chairman of decor.

One of the busiest "concessions" was the candy wagon, operated by Miss Edith Leale. The quaint conveyance, reminiscent of the coast of Brittany, apparently took wings and flew from floor to floor in its hourly tour of the building.

Needed: a Prophet

(In memory of Inazo Nitobe, apostle of peace.)

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

● In the thin front line of a battle, the gaps are filled by the stepping forward of those in the second rank.

A fighter has fallen. One who fought in the losing battle for world peace, one who spent the greater part of his seventy-two years on the far front line of world thought. One who

"Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Peace to you, gentlest spirit, wherever you are waking in the asphodel fields, in the peaceful heaven of the Quaker saints!

Dr. Inazo Nitobe was educated at Johns Hopkins University, and in Germany; was a professor at the Tokyo Imperial University and the Kyoto Imperial University; served for many years as Under-Secretary-General of the League of Nations, in Geneva; was the first Japanese-American exchange professor in 1911, and was made a member of the House of Peers in 1927. In his student days he embraced the faith of the Friends, and his wife uses the "thee and thou" of that gentlest sect.

I am glad that once he walked about in our home, talked of the far dream of world peace, of the brotherhood of the nations, even in the shadow of war. He talked of Japanese hokku and tanka; he held in his frail hands the little Japanese figures of ivory, and pointed out to us ignorant ones the influence of Greek art, brought by camel trains, upon the ancient art of Japan. The memory of that quiet gray man with the keen eyes will stay in that room by the sea. "And did you once see Shelley plain?"

At the dedication of the Japanese Y. W. C. A. he pointed out to us that the tatami on the floor came from another country—Siam, I think—and the curves of the roof carving from another. "Japan has received many things from many lands," he smiled, "and made them all a little finer!"

Yet his heart must have been sore then. Other liberal leaders in his own country had fallen by the assassin's bullet. Here in California his great and good friend, David Starr Jordan, apostle of peace, had gone, leaving an empty place too big for any one to fill. When our son went to Japan he carried a letter from Dr. Jordan which opened the door of Dr. Nitobe's home. Now both "the grand old men" are gone. Who will step forward to fill the gaps in the front line?

Somewhere, in some university, the boys are preparing who are to be the world's apostles of peace. In the Kyoto Imperial University, at Johns Hopkins, at Bonn or Halle, at Duke University, or Harvard, or California, or Stanford? Where are they, the young seers, the prophets, the "king's sons," who can save the cause of peace and world friendship, even with a broken sword? It may be that they, the idealists, are downhearted now, appalled by the militarism of Japan, the nationalism of Europe, the indifference of America, the selfishness of all the rest of us! But they are preparing, somewhere, in quiet rooms, on farm hillsides. The ideals to which Nitobe and Jordan gave their lives will not be lost. The boys are preparing. The gaps will be filled—on some heroic day!

EDITORIAL

● Comes again the gracious Thanksgiving, when we are mindful of the bounty which has been ours all the year but which is more emphatically bountiful and personally ours when the harvest has been garnered.

No matter how we are affected by this or that circumstance of present-day living, we are infinitely more fortunate than those Pilgrims who, all but naked to the elements and exposed to dangers of which they dared not even think, still found it in their hearts to be thankful.

We who so casually live in peace and security cannot conceive of the gallantry of those men and women facing a bleak winter in an unmapped land. Conversely, they could not possibly have looked far enough into the future to have understood what we, their posterity, are experiencing today when we talk of stringencies and the NRA and other concepts which have grown out of the late depression.

Actually we are more comfortable than was Napoleon in his palace at Versailles, and have more to meet our physical needs than had Hadrian in his magnificent villa in Rome.

For sheer convenience and cleanliness, beauty and orderliness, the City Club is to be desired more than the marble palace of any king who reigned at the time of the first Thanksgiving as it was observed by the founders of America.

And shall we, it all being so comparative, come along the corridor of time until we are within our own generation? Shall we turn back the clock to the more recent days of the war, from which grew the spirit which built the City Club?

How infinitely more happy we are today than on November 1 in 1918, for instance.

There is relativity for one to ponder.

And so, in the tender twilights of these early autumn evenings, we shall count our blessings.

There is the fire on the hearth in the City Club Lounge, lit with simple ceremony a few weeks ago, following an established custom.

There are the flowers from a hundred gardens, brought as votive offerings by members to grace their Club from day to day.

Fellowship, warmth, light, laughter, books, deep chairs, delicious food served quietly and faultlessly, lectures, concerts, games, plays, bridge tourneys. . . . Is there any phase of modern living that the Club does not offer?

Thanksgiving is a time of rejoicing. The City Club will join the community and the nation in celebrating the festival and all that it means in this year of 1933.

All over the world are men and women prayerfully trying to bring order out of an extraordinary condition. Is it not a matter of thanksgiving that there is less salvaging to be done in America than anywhere else?

Or is it a provincial—parochial even—sentiment?

The fact remains that San Francisco and the City Club have many, many reasons for giving thanks.

Elsewhere in the Magazine are set forth the feast days of November at the Club. Let us avail ourselves of their plenitude.

Armistice Day Presents Woman's Opportunity

—MRS. HARRY SHERMAN

● The first Armistice Day, welcome and blessed though it was, guaranteed merely the cessation of active hostilities—a pause due to exhaustion.

After fifteen years, war now threatens more gravely than it has ever done. For this terrifying condition the causes have been pointed out to the world by many wise and conscientious persons, and we need not touch upon them here.

What concerns us vitally is our attitude as women to the situation. Our sex is said to possess certain qualities in greater measure than do men. One of these is intuition —a form of imagination, which finds its way to the core of a matter more swiftly than a definitely described route. Intuition arrives at Understanding. These together combat Prejudice and Suspicion. Another quality is said to be the ability to sacrifice the putting of something of great value in the place of something of less value, and it always implies suffering.

However unjustified may be the belief that women possess these qualities in excess of men, is it not possible to assume it especially at this time? Therefore, in place of Suspicion and time-honored Prejudice, can we put Understanding in place of a dreaded anticipation of strife, the willingness to sacrifice even in the face of ridicule, contumely and scorn, our pride and all else except the self-respect which maintains our true ideals? It is a searching test for womanhood as such.

" *'O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!*
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this.
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.' "

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

Here are the Volunteers who helped make the Talent Festival such a success a few w
worked not only on Festival

1933 TALENT FE

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Mrs. Dinga Vandenberg
Telegraph Hill Settlement Children (directed by Mrs. J. P. Baumberger, a member). (The Settlement was organized by two members of the Club—Miss Elizabeth Ashe and Miss Alice Griffith.)
Miss Rosalie Wagner (pupil of Dora Peters Ballinger)
Miss Louise O. Zirkle

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Mrs. Marcus Koshland
Chairman Hospitality Committee

Marconis Welcomed at City Club

● Senator Guglielmo Marconi and his wife, Marchesa Maria Marconi, who were in San Francisco on a brief visit late in October, were tendered a reception at the Women's City Club.

Miss Katharine Donohoe, the President, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Marcus Koshland, hospitality chairman, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Marshall Dill and other members of the committee and by the Board of Directors. Special guests were members of the Vittoria Colonna Club.

The Handicapped Child in Our Public Schools

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

● If you ever have an attack of blues—and nothing is quite what you wish it were—go out to the Sunshine School and see the group of children gathered there. You will go home with your own cloud lifted, as you see your own active, healthy children or gaze at the mischief and play of those you pass on the street, or drop in to see a niece's group and rejoice in their normal health.

And yet the group you have left are happier when segregated: desks and chairs, teachers and work all adjusted to each child's limitations physically—and heavy is the handicap on many of them. Infantile paralysis has its toll; in rolling chairs, backs strengthened by casts where muscles have not yet taken on their work.

Others show the birth paralysis; accident cripples; and faulty prenatal development are all here. But they are *happy* children. Many of them came to school after years in some rather colorless surroundings; they are not handicapped in brain, but in contacts. In few homes can any one stop and teach reading and writing, drawing, plaster work, wood carving, to the crippled child. Then, too, the group life at school is, in itself, a great developer. Leadership, approval of results attained—to have your associates' pleasure in what you do—all these normal joys are lost to the solitary crippled child.

If sent to the big classes of the day school, his handicap is emphasized. It is bad psychology to be sorry for oneself; but worse to have every adult sorry for you. The well children are cruel to the handicapped child; few adjustments can be made for the child who does not fit our school system.

I saw the Sunshine School (about seventy-five children) empty to a fire alarm. In one and one-half minutes, with crutches, stretchers, rolling chairs, they were all on the street.

However, a frame building is hardly a fair protection for this group. Nature and circumstance have started them on a hard road. They are *ours* to make the most of. At the November election the new school bonds supply a concrete building for them. They surely have our support.

Another group we have adopted modern education for—the Oral School for the Deaf, on Washington Street near Gough, a steep hillside and adapted to a charming building and four playgrounds, so that big and little, boys and girls, are separated. In this school are two teachers and the principal, who are graduates of the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, the oldest and finest school in the country for oral education of the deaf.

The head of the school, Caroline Ardelia Yale, has just died. She was given a degree of Doctor of Humanities at Smith College in 1910, having then been forty years a teacher and twenty-four years of that time the principal of this school.

At the time of her death President Neilsen of Smith College wrote: "Few people carry about them an atmosphere so bracing and wholesome, few attain such dignity. Miss Yale will be lamented by her fellow teachers of the deaf in many countries and still more keenly by the hundreds of former pupils who owe chiefly to her their salvation from isolation and their conscious share in the life of the world. But to us who have been her neighbors it means that we have lost a beloved and revered friend. Our valley (Northampton) mourns its loftiest and most distinguished figure."

The school for the deaf does not take mentally handicapped children, though it may give a child a trial year. It is not easy with the language handicap to do intelligence tests. A problem boy who had been kept in another environment has been a keen and interested scholar, giving no trouble where the work was what he could do and attain results in, since his transfer to this school.

The course of study to learn to speak takes five years. In that time the child of eleven is entering the fourth grade of the elementary school. He has done his grade work, but in addition learned to speak, to read lips and to recite. The patience and painstaking of this process, even a short visit to the school will give you an inkling of.

After the sixth grade these children are sent to the junior high school, and have a tutor who helps their adjustment to the curriculum. By the end of the junior high school these children are absorbed into the senior high school group as normal boys and girls.

This school has seventy-five pupils. It is no doubt expensive, but the children are at home; they are being trained to be absorbed into the community life and to be our fellow citizens—again to be normal people. Whatever it costs it is done *well*, and that must be the aim of a rounded, modern educational system.

I find I have more to say to you about our school system in its care of the handicapped children, so I am going to write again next month on the other two groups that we care for. All these children have the routine medical care of the school system, under the Board of Health, and you can see how great a part these schools play in mental hygiene, which is both an educational and a health problem.

I Have Been Reading

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE; *by Sir Arthur Eddington* (reviewed by James T. Watkins, Jr.); Macmillan Co. $2.

THE SNOWS OF HELICON; *by H. M. Tomlinson* (reviewed by Daisy F. Reed); Harper & Bros.

MACHINE AGE IN THE HILLS; *by Malcolm Ross;* Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

● Expanding Universe; by Sir Arthur Eddington.

Who has not known the healing brought to tired eyes in resting for a bit on distant horizons? Or the clarifying effect on minds too trapped in details of finding some vantage point from which to view the whole environment? In these days of too much preoccupation with our personal and world tragedies, we need opportunities to restore our sanity and hope through taking the "long view." Sir Arthur Eddington in his "Expanding Universe" has provided us with such an opportunity.

This very readable book with its tremendous theme has something of the effect of great music. We need but sit passively while it plays upon us, carrying us with it as unresistingly as leaves on a stream. When it is done we can give back or pass on only snatches of its harmonies, but the effect has been to make us larger of soul and readier to cope with our puzzling world.

The universe? A hundred thousand million galaxies! A galaxy? A hundred thousand million stars. A star? The sun. And all not infinite but finite. Space curving spherically like the substance in a soap bubble. The inter-galactic distances expanding as though the galaxies were particles in an expanding soap bubble. A bubble which when it was at its smallest required sixty-seven thousand million years for light to make the circuit of its circumference. The search for the cosmical constant, now narrowing down to the point of expectancy. And formulae galore. It sounds formidable, but it is like a symphony in music; formidable to compose and perform, but only revivifying to listen to.

One unusual aspect of the book is its presentation of many matters still in the conjectural stage of scientific thought. As Eddington himself points out, he has let us into the workshop that lies behind the proud displays in Science's showrooms, where we may see the lines along which investigation is being conducted. With sustained attention to the limitations of our non-expert training, he explains most

patiently the work that is being done, so that we are given a distinct feeling of generosity in the author. It seems almost as though he had given us an afternoon of his time, for we are left under a certain obligation that I think we feel only when books, instead of having something to tell, have something to answer.

There is nothing in the book that will directly contribute to our understanding of the puzzles, and to our shouldering of the tasks, in our everyday life, any more than there is in music or distant mountain ranges. But in the hugeness of the starry universe we shall have lost some of our littleness, while the things which seem big because of the irritation of their stings but are really little, will be seen for what they are. I will lift up mine eyes unto the . . . stars!

● Machine Age in the Hills; by Malcolm Ross.

Loveliest memories of my childhood are the foothills and higher ranges of the Blue Ridge, in Virginia. In the southwest distance from my morning window lay a valley blue with haze, between two sharply sloping peaks, wooded to the top. I called it my "Valley of Silence"—the valley that "lieth afar between mountains." Farther away, thirty-five miles to be exact, was "White Top," goal of annual camping trips, where we saw stalwart mountaineers living log-cabin lives that were Elizabethan in simplicity and language and song.

They were close akin to the mountaineers of the West Virginia coal fields, just over the state line, where Malcolm Ross has recently spent many months in studying the problem of an isolated, stranded people, victims of the machine age, of a false prosperity, of war.

Time works its changes so fast! It is hard to believe that White Top has been denuded of its forests, that a railroad takes thousands to the top for the annual Festival of Folk Music which gathers music lovers from coast to coast. It is harder to believe that the life of the mountaineers, once content in their high coves and hollows, shaded by tangle of pine and laurel, is now denuded of all peace and beauty by the remorseless coal industry in West Virginia. Given a tinsel prosperity by the demands of the war and after, they have been cast into a pit of abject and hopeless poverty by the mines' closing down, now that bituminous coal sells for less than the cost of production. Beauty and hope went away as the sound of the mines was still, and only the heaps of black slag spread over their soil, no longer fit for farming. Surplus hands! Wrenched from their simple tasks of an older century to the complexity of this, and then cast aside when the need passed, needed no longer.

The frontispiece of Malcolm Ross's sociological study shows a patriarch of the hills, eighty-two, white-bearded and unbending, who talked sadly of the times when they all lived off the land in contentment. They still make their living from his 300 acres, seven of his children, with their children, packed into the log house, and scattered in cabins over the place; but contentment has gone out of it for the old gentleman. "Mining and roads have ruined the land," he said. "They ran this concrete road right through the middle of my hollow, and now I must live to see my children racing up and down a road in automobiles."

Less fortunate were the poorer ones, dispossessed of their mountain farms, to work in the mines, to live in pine-board shacks of the company, built along the railroad track, looking over the piles of slag. Now, mines closed, they sit on their sagging steps, to look over silent slag and railway ties, where once grew the tangles of rhododendron above their trout brooks. The beauty of forest and laurel, the security of a self-contained life, cannot come back. What is to become of them? Who will feed their children?

Malcolm Ross says, "A machine-age twilight has settled over the coal hills of the South." He thinks that the collapse of this single industry of bituminous coal mining presents, in little, a technological problem identical with the effects of the machine age upon the whole world, with

its over-production and its idle workers. "The miseries of the coal miners are—directly relevant to the larger-scale troubles of that machine-age civilization which our immediate forebears began with such enthusiasm and blindness of purpose in the nineteenth century. It was supposed in the immediate postwar period that the older generation had heartlessly ruined a world which the younger generation must rearrange in the light of its own unspoiled spirituality! This delusion has since vanished, not alone through the inevitable tempering of youth by experience, but, in a more profound degree, through recognition that the complicated machine structure answers only to the direction of a progressively complicated technique."

It is refreshing to the older generation to recall, in the light of his conclusions, that Malcolm Ross is himself a young man.

His practical recommendation is drawn from the experience of the English coal mines, which have been transformed by a fund raised by a tax of a penny a ton, and administrated by a joint committee of mine owners and mine workers. Playgrounds and hospitals and relief funds have brought the miner's life back to sanity. In the Southern coal fields this method might be combined with a restoration of their primitive industries of handcraft and farming the surface soil, in the intervals when the mines are closed. The loving kindness of the Quakers has made a beginning in these remedies, in both countries.

If this smaller problem of technology can be solved, perhaps it will lead to a solution of the greater world-problem—if the generosity of mine owners is equal to the tax of a cent a ton!

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Note: "Credit to whom credit is due!" Some kind Club members telephoned that last month's review of Whitehead's "Adventures of Ideas" was unusually good. That was by way of being a grind, because the review was done by James T. Watkins, Jr., and not by the editor of the Book Department. But, chagrined though she may be, she would not willingly steal anyone's thunder, nor intentionally omit the name of any reviewer who will review the more difficult Oriental and sociological books!

● The Snows of Helicon; by H. M. Tomlinson; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

"The Snows of Helicon" is an extraordinarily worthwhile book for the sensitive, thoughtful reader, but for those who prefer the excitement of physical action it will be disappointing. The story has little external continuity; its real connectedness lies in its subtle revelation of the pattern of a man's soul. To this revelation of the soul pattern of John Travers, with his feet on earth and his spirit in prison, even the pictures of dawn in a Liverpool cabbage patch and a thunder storm in Santa Maria, are of importance.

There was only one thing Travers really believed in with all his heart; that was that the "word" liveth. He saw mankind as "wingless and mortal sons of time," with only a "half word" and but a glimpse of what was hidden. What had been whispered to him was not enough. Man was doomed unless he found light enough to see the rest of the word.

In his struggle to make use of the hints the gods had allowed him man was piling up cities. John Travers had his part in this piling up of lumber for he was an architect whose buildings were justified by their fabulous cost. But his fellows suspected Travers of being not quite all there or at least a bit of fanatical for he had deep in his soul a fluttering remembrance, a kind of apprehension of that word which was to save mankind.

An empty paper bag whirled at his feet by the wind started a train of thoughts that finally led to Travers' decision to hold fast to the "last token." It might have to be rendered up some day. A real revolution. One had to believe in that or "else own up that the best is only a consoling lie and comeliness an accident." It is better to die in the service of an unknown god than to "sweat cheerfully in the multitude."

The story finally brings John Travers to just that. The last glimpse of him is as he steadily climbs the steps that lead to the mined temple on the hill top. And the engineer in charge says of him, "He almost persuaded me of something."

● Reading with a Purpose; by Edith M. Rushforth.

This to my mind is a difficult subject to advise upon, because not only tastes, but purposes, differ with each individual. However, one can always recommend and suggest, leaving the acceptance or rejection to the aforesaid individual.

Let us suppose you want to know something about other countries—England, for example. I know no other book that tells better of the social side of English life than "When You Go to London," by H. V. Morton. The book covers the whole of a year, supposedly spent in London (and how many of us would like the opportunity!) He starts with January — and of course the weather—and from then on you are swept into the tide of London life. Very few of the high lights are left out; you see the Oxford and Cambridge boat race; you climb the Monument; go to the Academy; into Hyde Park at the riding hour, where you watch the passing show; then to Chelsea flower show, where you see King George and Queen Mary making a semi-private inspection; to New Gardens when bluebells are in flower—"so blue, it seemed the heavens upbreaking through the earth." Then to Court with a trembling little debutante; next to see the Derby run. You see a match—a 'Varsity match, played at Lord's—and if you do not know what "Lord's" is—or Ascot, or the Derby—well. you *will* by the time you have finished with Morton. The Tower of London is not forgotten either; nor Westminster Abbey, where you will get more than a little of English history; indeed, that goes along pleasantly all through the book. One specially pleasing incident is the ceremony of the Trooping of the Colors in honor of the King's birthday. The writer, standing watching this ceremony, had an American tourist for neighbor, and had the pleasure of telling him some of the inside facts about it: how the ceremony itself dated back to the time of George III; that the silver drums on the Band Horse were a gift of the Duke of Wellington, etc., etc. The American listened attentively, and then said softly: "Gosh, this thing's got *roots*—it all means something! England is a whale of a country!"

If you would like the side of English life that novels can give you, choose any one or all of John Galsworthy's books, especially the ones dealing with the Forsythe family—"The Man of Property," "In Chancery," "To Let," "The Silver Spoon," "The White Monkey," and "Swan Song." Or, rather differently, Archibald Marshall's books. He too has a liking for following the fortunes of a family through the years.

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His series concerning the Clinton family is abundantly worth the time you may spend on it. The books are "The Eldest Son," "The Squire's Daughter," "The Honor of the Clintons," and "The Clinton Twins."

Should you be interested in France, mentally, morally, socially—Rollin Lynde Hartt's book, "Understanding the French," covers the ground wonderfully well. He tells of many things interesting, such as the great Paris annual fair at Neuilly, and of the ancient town of Carcassonne, one of France's show places. The Old Town, built on a height, is picturesque, with its ramparts and towers, some parts of them dating from the time of the Visigoths and the rest, with the Castle, from the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Perhaps you prefer people to places? Then make excursions into autobiography. Coming back to America, you will find Laura Howe Richards' "Stepping Westward," a delightful commentary on the past seventy or eighty years in America. A daughter of Julia Ward Howe, most of her life was passed among the intellectual and artistic people who frequented her home, and she tells interestingly of the folk who came and went. Not only that, but all sorts of things, small and great, come under her pen. You'd never think it was an old lady of over eighty who writes, but it is, and a charming old lady, too; she touches on the home customs, the fashions of her day, the entertainments, the duties of young folks in their homes—even tells about the wedding of Boss Tweed's daughter in New York, and the trousseau she had, including costly dresses having innumerable yards of material in them—innumerable from our present-day estimates of how much is necessary.

If you try "My Musical Life" by Walter Damrosch you will get music *and* autobiography in one, and charmingly told, too. One almost owes it to oneself to know something intimate about a man who has done, and is doing, so much to enrich the musical life of America.

Should your home be anywhere in the San Francisco Bay region, the "Boyhood Days" of John Muir, and his "Life and Letters of John Muir," will be doubly interesting, and a peep at his old home nestling among the fruit trees in the Alhambra Valley, near Martinez, will add to the zest. Also you will the more enjoy Yosemite Valley after interviewing John Muir—not to mention Alaska.

As to fiction proper, there is much modern fiction that you can leave unread, and profit thereby. At the same time, Dorothy Canfield Fisher has some extra fine things, "The Brimming Cup" and "The Deepening Stream," for example. "My African Garden," by Sheila MacDonald, is fine. And if you like fun that has a wee spice of malice in it, try "Father" by "Elizabeth."

I do not know if this comes under the head of "reading with a purpose" unless you allow the purpose to be having a royal good time, and finishing the last book of the lot with a feeling that it was all clean, good, wholesome going.

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The following lists of recommended books were sent by well-known women to a Book Forum recently conducted by the editor of City Club Book Reviews:

MARY BENTLEY'S LIST

Religion of Jesus; Recovery of Jesus; by Bundy.

What I Owe to Christ; by C. F. Andrews.

The Issues of Life; The Wrestle of Religion with Truth; by Henry Nelson Wieman.

Spiritual Adventuring; Human Element in the Making of a Christian; by B. Conde.

Christ at the Round Table; Christ of the Indian Road; by Stanley Jones.

By an Unknown Disciple; by ———.

The Golden Legend; by Evelyn Underhill.

Christ Triumphant; by Maude Royden.

The Lord's Prayer; by George Herbert Palmer.

The Oriental Christ; by Mazumdur.

World Revolution and Religion; by Paul Hutchinson.

Testament of Beauty; by Bridges.

Watchers of the Sky; by Alfred Noyes.

What Is Christian Education?; by George A. Coe.

Oxford Edition of Mystic Verse.

Social Perplexities; by Allan Hunter.

Tradition and Progress; by Gilbert Murray. See chapter on Stoicism.

Wings of Healing; by Dean Gresham.

Men of Art; by Craven.

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SOME BOOKS WORTH WHILE

(Mrs. Charles Deems)

The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer; by Professor Palmer.

The Story of a Varied Life; by Rainsford.

Phillips Brooks; by A. V. G. Allen.

Death Comes to the Archbishop; by Willa Cather.

Father Malachai's Miracle; by Bruce Marshall.

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion; by Dean Inge.

The Life of the Spirit and the Life of Today; by Evelyn Underhill.

The Epic of America; by Adams.

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SOME BOOKS I HAVE READ THIS YEAR

(By a Minister's Wife)

A Daughter of the Samurai; A Daughter of the Narikin; by Madame Sugimoto.

Two Gentlemen of China; Portrait of a Chinese Lady; by Lady Hosie.

East Wind, West Wind; The Young Revolutionist; Good Earth; Sons; by Pearl Buck.

The Soul of the Indian: an Interpretation; by Charles A. Eastman.

Prairie Smoke; by Melvin R. Gilmore.

Laughing Boy; by Oliver La Farge.

Out of the Silences; by Mary E. Waller.

Re-thinking Missions; Laymen's Report.

Thunder and Dawn; by Glenn Frank.

Living Creatively; by Kirby Page.

God Lights a Candle; by Ann Shannon Monroe.

The Epic of America; by James T. Adams.

The Bright Land; by Janet Ayer Fairbanks.

The Magnificent Obsession; Forgive Us Our Trespasses; by Lloyd Douglass.

Peder Victorious; Our Father's God; by O. E. Rolvaag.

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This Is the Month of Inexpensive Orchids

● When we see an orchid being worn by some beautiful, exotic creature, we do not associate with it the durability and the kind of flower courage and fortitude which makes it possible to wear these flowers all day long, place them in the ice-box at night, take them out to wear the next day, and wear again as many as five to seven days.

Orchids require so much time for their development that the prices charged for them seem inadequate when we consider the time, energy, care and upkeep required to produce a single flower.

The baby orchid, propagated with so much difficulty, is placed in an incubator at an even temperature and fed as a tiny baby would be, given its allotted amount of sunshine, and finally, when strong enough, transplanted into sand, where it eventually takes root.

However, before the orchid actually blooms, seven years at least have been spent in strengthening the plant to support the flower. In some cases ten and twelve years go by, while the patient grower, almost losing hope, wonders if he will ever see a bloom on these strange, temperamental plants.

Furthermore, the orchid refuses to be personally conducted, and different crops present themselves at different times of the year, but always suited to their own disposition, not that of the grower.

We have in the month of September the Fabia, a rich, purple, strong flower, with a most delicate, spicy scent, arriving when many people are at the beaches, and homes are not yet established. For this reason, during the month of November and up to the 15th of December, you will see orchids of the finest type sold at a lower price than at any other time of the year.

If one cannot afford orchids as a table decoration at any other season, the first smart dinner of early fall may still be in time to take advantage of this idiosyncrasy of the orchid. For dining and dancing they are, of course, the correct corsage.

In our present mode of luxury we find a type of clothes augmented by artificial flowers.

Fresh flowers are worn with every type of costume, and in Paris we even saw dainty wreaths of jasmine and gardenias worn in the hair for evening. This is particularly attractive on dark women who brush their hair smartly back from their temples and wear the wreath like a tiara.

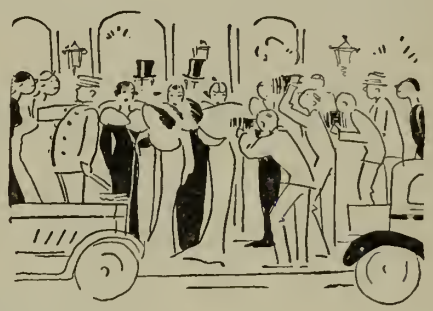
Orchids should always be worn with their faces up; never turned down, as one loses both the beauty and the scent of the flower.

This year it is very smart to wear flowers either at the waist or directly in the center of the bosom. Bosoms are in fashion, and with a slight suggestion of hips and nipping in of the waist, give an amusing change to the silhouette.

Orchids are worn for smart street wear and for all other smart occasions—luncheon, bridge, formal and informal dinners, theater. Of course, for all formal occasions orchids naturally head the list, as they are truly the royal family of the world of flowers.

For weddings, white orchids and lilies are always chosen by discriminating brides; lately, white orchids also are used as a table decoration for the bride's breakfast, or supper.

One finds that the finest linens, silver, china and glass require a distinguished floral decoration, and orchids without question meet this requirement.



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Helene's Night Out

—ISABELLE STEWART (AGED 15 YEARS)

● Helene Brown stood before her mirror and gazed at the reflection which looked steadily back at her. It was a very lovely reflection, but the smile which adorned it was rather forced. In fact, it was nothing at all but a dreary smirk, thought Helene herself, as she turned from the mirror and looked at the pile of unopened dressmaker's boxes on the bed. Tomorrow was her wedding day, and though she should have been the happiest girl in the world, she was wishing with all her heart that she had never been born. Hers was one of the foremost families of old San Francisco, but, due to the deflated circumstances of the family fortunes, she was being gently but firmly persuaded into marrying Phillips Davis, a somewhat elderly though very wealthy banker who had been married and divorced once already. Rumor had it that his cantankerous ways had caused his young wife to leave him, taking with her their only child, a boy.

It wasn't fair, mused Helene, as she set to work to unwrap the lovely things which she was to wear tomorrow when she became the wife of this man. Other girls who weren't rich and didn't have to worry about the family fortunes managed to live, and even were happy in the long run. They, at least, didn't have to marry anyone they didn't care for. She stopped in the act of taking the lid off of one of the boxes. Why shouldn't she be just like any other girl? She could find a job somewhere and quietly disappear where no one could find her. Surely in a great city like San Francisco there would be some place where she could live quite secludedly and happily, going her own way without help from any of the family. Helene had a very vivid imagination, and as her dream progressed she had visions of herself returning home, successful, to replenish the crippled funds of the family. She smiled to herself; then as her dreaming took a more practical turn she decided that she could write to her people and tell them that she was living her own life, and that she was well and happy. She would also add in a very gentle, but firm, postcript that she did *not* want to come home. It worked in stories, she remembered as she hesitated for a moment; then resolutely she walked over to her closet door, pulled out a grip and started to pack.

Half an hour later, dressed inconspicuously in a grey suit and beret, she slipped out of the back door of the house and ran through the side alley to the street. There was a flower seller nearby and, half as a gesture of defiance and half to bolster up her waning spirits, she stopped and selected a large white gardenia which she pinned on the lapel of her coat and made her way on down the street.

The bag was quite heavy, but she struggled along with it for about a block. Then she gave up and signalled to a taxi which was standing near. She was so nervous that she forgot to give any address, and received a distinct surprise when the cab stopped before a disreputable-looking store in a dirty side street. Hurriedly she opened the door and called to the driver.

"What's the meaning of this? Where am I?"

"It's O. K., miss," he replied, taking her suitcase and hurrying her into the store. "Just come in here for a moment."

It could do not a bit of good to resist, for the man had a tight clutch on her arm, so she suffered herself to be led inside where, as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, she saw four men rise from the table in the background.

As she came near, one of the men stepped forward and confronted her. He was a stout, heavy-set man, and he made her rather afraid as he stood and glowered down at her.

"Well?" he said questioningly.

Helene was frightened. In fact, her knees were shaking against each other until she felt sure that everyone must notice their trembling, but, outwardly serene, she returned his stare coolly and returned: "Well?"

The man looked at her queerly for a moment, then said quickly: "No stalling, now—where's the money? You brought it, didn't you?"

She was terrified, but answered him quietly. "I brought no money. In fact I don't know what you're talking about. I never saw you in my life before, and all I want now is to get away from here." She turned, as if to walk away, but one of the other men stepped forward and grasped her arm. She shook him off and faced him angrily.

"Just a minute there, girlie," he said. "You know as well as I do what we're talking about. We want that money that Big Joe Costes sent over with you for his order. You needn't stall any longer. It's safe to give it to us. We're not double-crossing anybody, but neither are you, so you'd better hurry up and hand it over."

"I don't even know who Big Joe is. Nobody sent me, and I don't want to stay here any longer!" She was almost sobbing with fright.

"Hey, chief! Maybe the money's in the bag!" One of the men came forward and roughly thrust open the unlocked suitcase before Helene could say a word. The next moment he stood back in perplexity.

"Gee, me musta got the wrong dame, after all! There's no money in this grip. It's full of clothes!"

The stout man who had spoken to her first and who seemed to be the one who gave the orders, tumbled the contents of the bag hurriedly on to the floor. He probed around for a few moments, then, muttering beneath his breath, he threw the clothes into it again and roared to one of the men who had remained quietly in the background during the whole of the happenings.

"Hey, Charlie! Take her upstairs and see that she doesn't get out of your sight. If Big Joe is trying any funny business we'll see that it doesn't go any farther. And if she isn't in with Big Joe's racket, it won't do any harm to keep her here for a few days until we can make our getaway. She knows too much, anyhow." And as the younger man started to lead her from the room, the chief called him back. "Here, you might as well take her bag along, too. She'll probably be staying for a while."

Helene cried out at that. "But you can't do that! You must let me go! I—I must get home. I'm going to be married tomorrow!—Surely you——" Then, as she saw no sign of his relenting, she cried out angrily: "You had better be careful. My fiance will have the police on you for this!"

The big man shrugged his shoulders. "Too bad, girlie. There'll be a disappointed bridegroom tomorrow. Folks who play our kind of a game can't afford to bicker over such trifles as a marriage—or a death," he added meaningly.

He turned his back on her then, and she stood for a moment, wondering what to do. The man whom the leader had addressed as Charlie, and who looked the most sympathetic of the lot, was already on the stairway with her bag.

She sighed resignedly, and with lagging steps followed him. At the top landing he opened the door of a small storeroom, put on the light and ushered her inside. Then he came in and, after depositing the bag on the floor, closed the door quietly, and turned the key in the lock.

She watched him with widened eyes as he drew the key from the keyhole and—handed it to her!

"Here, take this," he instructed her in a tense whisper, as he thrust it into her

hand. "Take this, but don't open the door to anyone. I'll be back in a few minutes."

She was astounded. "But I——you—I thought you—"

"Yes, I know. You thought I was in that gang. But I'm not." He flashed a badge at her. "My name's Jennings — Charlie Jennings of the United States Secret Service. I'm out to get the goods on Butch's crowd, and I've got it now. It's the most notorious dope ring on the coast."

She smiled rather scaredly. "Can—can you tell me why they're making me stay here? I want to go home."

He smiled at her for a moment. "You poor kid, I guess you do." Then, more grimly, he explained. "They were expecting someone from Big Joe's place with money for dope that he's getting from Butch. The messenger was to be a woman in grey, with a white flower on her coat. You fitted the description, so Tony, who was planted in that fake taxi, brought you here."

"I thought it was a real taxi," she said perplexedly. Then, as he stepped over to the window and peered out, she asked fearfully, "You're not going to leave me?"

"Sorry," he answered ruefully, "I'll have to. There's a haul of the stuff out in back now, and if I can get in touch with the police and get back in time to catch them with it, everything will be O. K. You'll be all right here. No one will bother you."

"You're sure they can't get in?"

"Positive. Be sure and not open the door on any account. On second thought, you'd better let me keep the key. They might scare you into opening the door, and we wouldn't want that to happen now and spoil our plans. You can take my gun in case anything happens. Don't be afraid to use it. It's loaded. I'm going now, and I'll be back as soon as I can make it, provided they don't get wise."

"Goodbye," she whispered back to him, as he swung his body over the window sill, "and good luck!"

"I'll need it," he replied tersely, as he disappeared into the darkness.

She ran over to the window and watched him swing over onto the roof of the house next door and clamber down the fire escape to the ground. Then he was lost to sight, and she settled herself to wait.

Sitting on the top of an old trunk, she looked down at the revolver which she clutched tightly in her hand, and hoped fervently that she would not have to use it. She wondered how her benefactor was getting along, and sent up a little prayer for his safety. He seemed to be so young for the Secret Service (she had always pictured detectives as fat, middle-aged men with round, pink faces); but it was all very romantic and story-bookish. If only she and the charming young detective fell in love at the end of the episode, everything would be running true to form and, as in a story book, they would probably live happily ever after. Well, he was rather handsome, she mused, and then laughed softly. It seemed so ludicrous to be thinking of romance when she was in such a pickle. She giggled again, as she wondered if she would live to tell the tale. Her imagination ran riot as she pictured herself relating to a circle of adoring grandchildren how she had once been kidnaped by a gang of crooks, and how they would all nod their heads and agree that granny had been a very, very exciting person in her young days . . .

Her ridiculous train of thought was disturbed by a knock at the door. She stiffened where she sat, and listened breathlessly as someone called: "Oh, Charlie! Open the door, will you?"

She sat quietly, hardly daring to move.

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There was silence on the other side of the door for a moment, then the demand came again, more insistently this time.

"Charlie! Come on, open up! The chief wants you." Then, as she gave no answer, she heard the sound of muttering on the part of the man as he moved hurriedly downstairs.

"I suppose I'm in for it now," she thought miserably. "Well, I should never have run away in the first place. Anyway, I have this gun, and while I have it there's still a chance."

Soon she heard the men clattering up the old wooden stairs, and once more they stopped outside of the door. Evidently they were going to force it, for she heard the thud of their bodies as they pushed with all their might against the paneling. She took up a stand with her back to the window, facing the door, gun clutched tightly in her hand, with her finger on the trigger.

There was a cracking of wood, and as the three men stumbled into the room she said in a voice that *would* quiver, try as she did to steady it: "Put your hands up, quick." They started at her dumbfoundedly, then one of the men came towards her menacingly.

"She won't shoot. She's shaking so she couldn't hit the broad side of a barn, anyway."

"Oh, you think so?" She summoned all of her courage and, pointing the gun at him, squeezed the trigger. He jumped aside barely in time to miss the bullet which grazed past the side of his head and lodged in the wall. Then he sullenly joined the others, who were standing in the center of the room with their hands thrown upward.

She was quick to press her advantage.

"Get over there against the wall," she ordered, keeping her gun levelled by sheer effort with her trembling hands.

She hoped that they did not know how afraid she was, as she tried to keep a bold front. She sat down on the old trunk again, facing them. The thick-set man, known as the chief, kept muttering things in a foreign language, and though she did not know what he was saying, she judged from his expression that by no means was he showering blessings on her head. The other two maintained a glum silence.

They stayed that way for ages, it seemed, until Helene thought she must scream, but she managed to keep up her courage somehow or other until she heard an automobile backfire in the street. The sound upset her already shaken nerves so that she jumped, and her gun went off again. She was so startled that she dropped it, and in a moment the men had overpowered her.

She was thrust rudely back onto the trunk, and they surrounded her, asking questions until her mind went around in giddy circles.

"Where did that little double-crossing pal of yours go?" rasped the chief.

"I don't know where he is," she returned frightenedly.

"I wish I did," growled one of the men. "I'd soon put an end to his troubles."

"Yeah," chimed in the other one, "and I'd help you. Come on, spill it."

"I won't," she repeated. Her deliberate reply infuriated the chief, who grasped her arm and twisted it backwards until she cried out with the pain.

"Come on, out with it."

"No! no! I'll never tell you. You can't make me!"

Then, as the chief gave her arm another sharp twist, she screamed.

"Take your hands off of her!" As they looked up, Charlie Jennings strode into the room, followed by three burly plain-clothes men. Helene was so relieved that, without thinking, she ran to him and hugged him out of sheer delight. Then, embarrassed at what she had done, she turned away quickly, but not before Charlie had administered a quick kiss to her cheek. Perhaps he, too, was rather excited.

One of the men was drawling, as he snapped a pair of handcuffs on the chief: "You couldn't fool us very long, could you, Butch? I always knew we'd get you some day." The swarthy fellow muttered something in a rapid tongue.

It was all over very quickly, and as the party proceeded down the stairs, leaving them alone, Charlie called to them: "I'll be down at the station in the morning."

"Okay, kid," replied one. "Take a good night's rest. You deserve it. That was good work."

"Thanks," laughed Charlie and, turning to Helene, who was still sitting limply on the trunk by the window, he bent over her solicitously and asked, "May I take you home now?"

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Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

"If you will," she replied. Then she remembered that she wasn't going home, and hesitated.

"What's the matter?" her rescuer queried.

"Well, you see, I—I was running away from home. I mean I'm not going back."

"What? You were running away from home?" He gazed at her wonderingly. "Gee, you sure picked one swell place for a destination."

They both laughed at that, and then she told him all about her coming marriage, and the failing family fortunes, and her sudden resolution to run away.

"Well," he ejaculated, when she had finished, "no wonder you wanted to run away! Who was the old geezer you were going to marry?"

Helene smiled in spite of herself at the idea of the dignified Phillips Davis being called an "old geezer," but she told Charlie who the jilted bridegroom was. He looked at her surprisedly.

"Phillips Davis! Say! He's my father!"

"What?" now it was her turn to be surprised.

"Yes. When my mother got a divorce. she took me abroad with her. She met Bill Jennings in France, and when they were married I was still under age, so I took the name of Jennings too. But say! I'm awfully glad you're not going to marry him, though it's rather hard lines on him, isn't it?"

"I don't love him," she answered. "Why should I marry anyone I don't want to? I won't do it, even if he is your father, and you saved my life."

"Fine! Dandy! Why, that's great!" he replied. She looked at him surprisedly, and as she caught the meaning in his eyes she gasped! Why, it was just like a story book, and she was the heroine, while her Prince Charming who had rescued her from danger was—well, at that moment he was talking eagerly to her.

"Helene, dear, don't you think you might like to get married soon anyway? I mean, well, as long as my father is losing out as a bridegroom, he might feel a little better if he could have you for a daughter-in-law."

"Are you proposing to me?" She looked at him in mock severity.

"Well, it sort of looks that way, doesn't it? Please tell me, how do I stand?"

"How do you stand?" She laughed joyously. Then: "You stand accepted?" she murmured as she slipped into his arms.

Appreciation

● The Club is deeply indebted to the Blindcraft for the exquisite flowers they have sent each week for the past month from their country place in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Moodie Sings at Club

● Mrs. Helen Moodie, soprano, gave a delightful program at the City Club Thursday evening, October 26, at the regular Thursday evening series conducted by Mrs. A. P. Black.

Mrs. Moodie made the trip from Sacramento, her home, especially for the occasion. She was accompanied at the piano by Paul Tanner.

The program was in memory of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Taylor, recently deceased, who conducted the City Club Choral until within a few weeks of her passing.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Solution for Problems of Unemployed Women Being Sought in Vocational Guidance Studies

● Solution of the problems of the unemployed woman is being sought in vocational guidance studies, conducted in various parts of the country by psychologists and other scientists. A report of their progress has just been prepared by the editorial staff of the new National Encyclopedia, issued under the supervision of Dr. Henry Suzzallo, president of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching.

"Developments in psychological measurement of women are offering standards of educational and occupational adjustment from which there is prediction of achievement," says this report. "Vocational guidance for women is becoming very exact. It is clear, however, that overemphasis of the statistical viewpoint is likely to lead to serious error.

"Several working principles of vocational guidance are becoming well established. To be most effective, of course, it must be a process of training which begins early in life with general guidance, proceeding throughout the educational period in the school system, entering into industry in the adjustment of the worker to the job, and having a place in social institutions concerned with the problems of adult life.

"For use in the present emergency, however, vocational guidance should be based upon information of social, educational and occupational requirements, assisted by information regarding mental abilities, interests, emotions and motives.

"The guidance viewpoint has developed out of the child study movement. It is likely to grow vastly in importance during the difficult days that lie ahead for women workers. Education and industry must come to recognize that in the individual's motives and interests, as well as in her abilities and aptitudes, lie the essential elements upon which to select her most effective place in life as a wage earner.

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Will Teach Members the Weaving Art

● The National League Workshop has established itself in Room 214, where eight looms have been installed by Mrs. Clarence Quinan, who had the attractive display of weaving on the Fourth Floor during the Talent Festival.

Mrs. Quinan will give instruction in all types of weaving from 11 to 12 daily.

The charge will be $1.50 for the instruction and the use of the loom for the balance of the day.

BIG ANNUAL SALE BEGINNING NOVEMBER 1
20% to 50% REDUCTION on PORCELAIN, POTTERY and PEWTER WARES
Also Something New From China
$1.75
Satin Hand-Embroidered Slippers

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WE DO OUR PART

Letters Like These Prove Us International-Minded

● Every few days a letter similar to these given below comes to the City Club.

But are we stumped?

Not at all. We have Spanish and French teachers and pupils, both willing to translate.

Can you get a glimmer of what Conchita is saying? Or Louisa? Just try your fine City Club hand on these:

15 de septiembre.

Querida Celia:

Acabo de saber de tu regreso y ardo en deseos de verte.

¿Ahora que han pasado las vacaciones y tenemos que ajustarnos a la rutina del invierno, por qué no nos ponemos de acuerdo para mejorar nuestro español?

Ya leí los avisos de las clases en el Club. ¿Cuándo vamos a comenzar?

Hablaremos el miercoles a la hora de la Mesa Española, quiero decir, a la hora del almuerzo.

Si puedes, me llamaras por telefono.

Hasta pronto,

Te abraza tu amiga,

Conchita.

* * *

Tours, France,

Le 29 septembre, 1933.

Chère Mlle. M. A. Lemaire:

Je suis charmée d'apprendre que les classes de français, primaire, intermédiaire et de conversation viennent d'être organisées au Cercle auquel je suis membre the Women's City Club.

Je dois revenir à San Francisco dans quelques mois et je serais bien heureuse de joindre une de vos classes de conversation afin que je puisse continuer mes études de la langue française.

On vient de me lisser savoir. Combien vos classes étaient intéressant et agréables et on me vantait surtout votre pure et parfait accent.

Recevez mes compliments les plus sincères,

Louisa Beaty.

Mrs. Roedel to Lecture on Bridge

● Mrs. Alice M. Roedel will give a course of six lectures on contract bridge Tuesday evenings from November 7 to December 19 (omitting November 28), provided twelve or more tables register.

Therefore if you are interested please leave your name at the Front Office before November 7 if possible.

Prices are:

Tickets	Single	Course
Members	40 cents	$2.00
Guests	50 cents	2.50

An Orchid for Samarkand

● In these days when we hear so much about unemployment, it is refreshing to learn of an enterprise that has gone through the whole period of the business recession without reducing its personnel.

The policy of regularizing employment was adopted in 1929 by the Samarkand Company. Considering the seasonality of the business and the product produced still somewhat in the luxury class, the effects upon the business of unemployment and minimized purchasing power of the people, and the adverse influence of weather conditions, the experiment can be justly characterized as an outstanding accomplishment.

The company guaranteed continuous employment for fifty-two weeks a year, including two weeks' vacation to every person in the organization, up to November 1, 1932, when the employment assurance was changed to eleven and one-half months, including half a month's vacation with pay.

Regularized employment has created within the organization of the Samarkand Company a sense of security, stimulated interest, promoted loyalty and habits of industry.

If more employers would give thought to the adoption of a similar policy, there is hope that the problem of unemployment may be solved, and business depressions and their many evil consequences avoided, or at least substantially minimized.

Sunday Evening Dinner Concerts

in the New

Palm Court

7 until 9 o'clock

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Annie Louise David, harpist; Antonio de Grassi, violinist; Anthony Linden, flutist; and Emily Linden, pianist

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Dinner Dances every evening except Monday with Tom Coakley and his Palace Hotel Orchestra in the ROSE ROOM BOWL

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This policy was put into effect prior to the depression. Our faith and confidence have been fully justified. The guarantee of continuous employment has created a sense of security, promoted loyalty, stimulated habits of industry and sustained the purchasing power of our people.

We Do Our Part by providing steady employment at annual earnings above the general average.

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"Palm Court" Has New Habiliment

● Palm Court of the Palace Hotel has ever been one of the attractions of San Francisco, known wherever travelers go. Like St. Peter's of Rome, the Place de Vendome of Paris, Westminster Abbey of London, the Kremlin of Petrograd (or whatever the Russians today term their capital), Palm Court is indelibly associated with San Francisco.

Palm Court has been entirely redecorated and freshened, but the aura of romance and tradition is still there. The new management of the Palace Hotel reopened the famous pavilion October 27 with a brilliant tea and reception to visiting Navy officers, and within a few days will establish it as the center of afternoon gayety with music and tea as the attractions.

The Rose Bowl also has been reopened after a hiatus of several years, and every night sees it filled with a gay throng. Sunday night dinner concerts are attended by music lovers and fashionables.

What's in a Name?

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VAlencia 6000

Vocational Bureau

● Dr. Adelaide Brown was leader of a discussion group which met October 18. The topic, "Federal Relief in San Francisco," was treated in Dr. Brown's inimitable way. Among those present were Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Emma Noonan, Mrs. W. A. Shockley, Mrs. H. E. Owen, Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller, Mrs. Leslie Ganyard, Miss Laura McKeen, Mrs. Robert Norton, Miss Grace L. Dorey, Miss Elizabeth Vincent, Miss Sarah Grant, Mrs. A. C. Hoover, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard, Miss Arnold, Mrs. E. F. Henzel and Miss I. L. Macrae.

"Federal Employment" will be the theme of a second meeting. Dr. Emily G. Palmer of the Research and Service Department, University of California, will be the speaker. The discussion group will meet Friday, November 24, at dinner at 6 p. m. Will those wishing to take part make reservations with Miss Macrae, Room 212.

A Prayer for My Garden

I work with God in my garden,
I rest in the heat of the day;
"Thank God for each day's dawning,"
Is what all of us should say.

Each leaf and flower I've planted,
They've all rewarded me;
They should not, now, be left alone
To butterfly and bee.

If alien feet these paths should tread,
Let gentle fingers, blossoms twine;
May little children by the hand be led
As walked those I called mine.

When robins take their daily bath
And shake their feathers in the sun,
May some one wait upon the path
Till the solemn ritual is done.

Please, God, tend graciously
This lovely garden place,
When I, mayhap, am planting
In another sphere or place.

When through the arbored lattice gate
The last time I shall go,
Hollyhocks, bow graciously—
Red poppies, bend low.

—*Helen Flint Lyman.*

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1933.
State of California, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco: Managing Editor, Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.
President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, San Francisco, California.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary Sawtelle, San Francisco, California.
Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 8700. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1933.
(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1934.)

Note.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.)

The Best of Life

The best of life went long ago
From me; it was not much at best;
Only the love that young hearts know,
The dear unrest.

Back on my past, through gathering tears,
Once more I cast my eyes, and see
Bright shapes that in my better years
Surrounded me!

They left me here, they left me there,
Went down dark pathways, one by one—
The wise, the great, the young, the fair;
But I went on.

And I go on! And bad or good,
The old allotted years of men
I have endured as best I could,
Threescore and ten!

—Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903).

Ready for Play
A DEVELOPMENT SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND RETARDED CHILDREN
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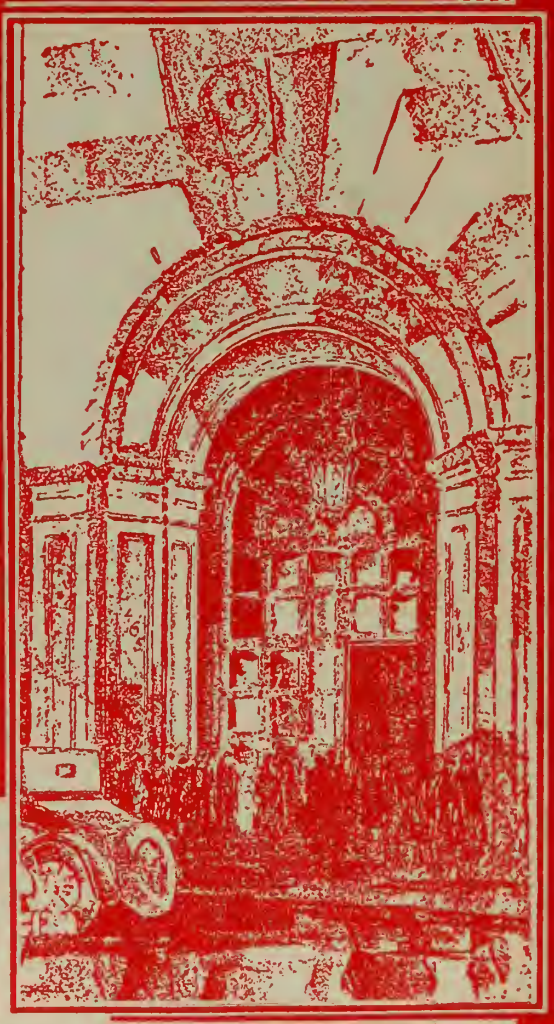
DOLLAR *Steamship Lines*

Christmas Number

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, 465 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



December, 1933 Price 15 cents a Copy Volume VII • No. 11

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1933

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL		
Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
CLASSES ORGANIZED FOR DECEMBER—		
COLOR CLASS—Miss Wana Derge—		
Tuesday, December 5 and 12	*Chinese Room*	10:00 TO 12:00 A.M.
THE WHYS OF ENGLISH—Mrs. Harriet Van Dyne—		
Every Monday and Tuesday	*Chinese Room*	11:00 A.M; 7:15 P.M.
FRENCH CLASSES—Mlle. Marie Lemaire—		
Every Monday	*Room No. 230*	11 A.M.; 1 AND 2 P.M.
Every Tuesday	*Room No. 230*	6:00, 7:00, 8:00 P.M.
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT—Mrs. Carolyn Julian—		
Every Tuesday	*Room No. 208*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS—Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson—		
Every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday	*Board Room*	11:00 A.M.
SPANISH CLASSES—Senorita A. Montiel—		
Every Wednesday	*Room No. 230*	10 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 7 P.M.
Every Friday	*Room No. 230*	10:00 A.M.
VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR—Miss Dorothea Johnston—		
Every Wednesday	*Chinese Room*	11 A.M., 1 AND 7 P.M.
NATIONAL LEAGUE WORK SHOP—Mrs. Clarence Quinan (weaving)—		
Daily ($1.50 per day including one hour instruction)	*Room No. 214*	11:00 A.M. TO 12:00

DECEMBER 1—Play Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
4—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
5—Flower Arrangement—Mrs. Carolyn Julian	*Room No. 208*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
German Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
6—Spanish Conversational Table	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
7—Travel Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Presiding: Mrs. E. J. Turkington Subject: "Venice"		
French Conversational Table	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M
Speaker: Mrs. Helen Everett Meiklejohn Subject: "The Women Poets of New England"		
8—Book Review Luncheon	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M
Speaker: Mrs. Herman Klein Subject: "San Francisco," by Charles Caldwell Dobie		
9—Alice in Wonderland	*Auditorium*	2:00 AND 8:00 P.M.
All seats reserved. Adults $1.10, children 40 cents		
Children's Christmas Party	*Cafeteria*	4:00 P.M.
Following matinee performance of "Alice in Wonderland." Refreshments 35 cents		
12—Flower Arrangement—Mrs. Carolyn Julian	*Room No. 208*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
13—Italian Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
Garden Round Table	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Speaker: Mrs. Helen Van Pelt Subject: "Garden Centers'		
14—French Conversational Table	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M
Christmas Program by Aunt Dolly of the *Chronicle* and her children		
15—Play Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
Christmas Carols—Sung by Hale's Choral	*Third Floor*	7:00 P.M.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO

Marie Hicks Davidson, Managing Editor
Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME VII DECEMBER, 1933 NUMBER 11

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Christmas Eve

I hear the street-singer chant;—O tremulous wonder!
So distant from my window through open castle gates.

The clouds have overcast the moon, the clustered
Trees are frozen and the night is full of shadows.

The Jesu Child is born tonight! Over His sacred head
The Holy Virgin Mary sings a cradle song.

Deserted lies the park, and on the snowy knoll
A red-berry spray gleams against the spruce.

I kneel and pray; the notes of sheer tremulous wonder
Tell me the Jesu Child is reborn tonight.

In iridescent sheen the snowflakes whirr,
And while I hear the street-singer chant His holy hymn.

—*Maria Lorenzini.*

DECEMBER 19—Flower Arrangement—Mrs. Carolyn Julian	*Room No. 208*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
German Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
20—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Spanish Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
21—French Conversational Table	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON
(Travel Round Table omitted)		
Special Christmas Luncheon and Dinner	*Cafeteria*	
Christmas Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
(Thursday Evening Program omitted)		
25—Special Christmas Day Dinner	*Main Dining Room*	12:00 TO 8:00 P.M.
26—Flower Arrangement—Mrs. Carolyn Julian	*Room No. 208*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
27—Italian Conversational Table	*Cafeteria*	12:00 NOON
28—French Conversational Table	*Mural Room*	12:00 NOON

BOOK MART—JANUARY 25 AND 26

This shows the design and harvest motif of the decoration of the Talent Festival last month at the City Club, but since it is in black and white it can give only the faintest hint of the gorgeous color effects which Miss Jean Boyd achieved with the opulence of flowers and fruit and greenery at her command.

On the night of the Talent Festival dinner Mrs. Ruth Darling added greatly to the beauty of the room by her unusual table decorations of fruits and flowers combined with attractive candelabra.

Every available corner of the Cafeteria followed this pattern.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

THE message of the angels echoing through the centuries finds us still listening and longing for the fulfillment of that word.

The progress of civilization has added difficulty and complications to a degree that we cannot but marvel that so simple a story of so long ago holds its luminous place in the cycle of the year.

Grateful we should be that the spirit of Christmas remains undimmed and that the Star of Bethlehem dominates the complexities of a much-tried world.

Whatever Christmas may mean to us, can we not each one echo the message of the angels and in spirit and in deed swell the heavenly choir that once thrilled the watching shepherds with "Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will"?

Gold

MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

On the hills above Bethlehem, an old man spoke to a shepherd boy, and this is what he said: "This night you must follow the Light. If you would see the Lamb of God, take your best gift with you."

Prologue

Cool night wind through the cypress trees,
Lights in the distant village street,
A shepherd boy on his sturdy knees,
Watching the moving sheep.

Little lamb close against his heart—
His only gift to take below!
"Hush," he said, "be quiet, Dart.
How did that old man know?"

The sheep at last were very still,
No sound of passing cart;
The boy with his lamb went over the hill
Leaving the fold to Dart.

Camels sniffed the fragrant night,
Village crowded with sheepherds and kings,
A manger softened by candle-light . . .
Gently a mother sings.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GIACOMO G. PATR

The Scene

Mary saw him first, the shepherd boy,
With his lamb in his arms so tight,
And she smiled at him with radiant joy,
As she turned the Babe to his sight.

The boy's eyes filled with happy tears
As he laid his little lamb down,
And out of his heart went all his fears
Of sheepherd and king and crown.

His little lamb lay close to the Child,
The king with his gold looked stern and old,
But the eyes of Mary were very mild
As she looked at a king in the manger cold.

"Just a shepherd boy from the hills," he thought,
"He does not know the power of might.
The gold is heavy that I have brought,
A proper gift on this holy night."

Then myrrh was offered with kingly grace,
And frankincense laid low in the stall—
"Would the poor man in this humble place
Know that his gold was best of all?"

Epilogue

Kings and sheepherds went their way—
The shepherd boy slept by Joseph's goa
His lamb lay close in the hollowed hay
And warmed the Babe with its fuzzy c

"Dear Joseph," the gentle Mary spoke,
"Take the gold and give it away
To the very poor 'mongst the village folk
Before dawn brings the day.

The frankincense, the myrrh, let's give
To those who must bury their dead,
On this first day that He shall live."
Joseph smiled above His head.

"The lamb we'll keep for our blessed Son
It is all the boy has, I feel;
No greater thing could he have done—
See the thorn in his dusty heel!"

Then Mary drew the piercing thorn—
The shepherd boy smiled in his sleep;
There was no gold in the manger at morn
Just a lamb from pastures steep.

What the City Club Means to a Young Member

JEAN STOLL

● There are many features of the City Club which appeal particularly to a young member. Perhaps the first things that come to mind are the pleasant friendships and associations one makes through taking an active part in the Club's programs, such as the Talent Festival. These Talent Festivals are gay, colorful affairs with their many booths at which are displayed clever articles either made or donated by members of the Club. The decorations are always original and festive and give a carnival atmosphere into which all enter with a joyous spirit.

To anyone who enjoys reading good books, the Club Library must ever prove a source of delight. Its quiet, peaceful atmosphere is conducive to a pleasant hour of reading, and one can always find the best of the new books on its shelves.

For those more actively inclined there is the Swimming Pool. This tank is one of the finest indoor pools in San Francisco and never too crowded for one thoroughly to enjoy an hour's recreation. On a warm day to plunge into this large, airy pool with its cool, lapping waters, is highly refreshing and exhilarating.

The Club should be congratulated for enabling its members to hear talks by some of the most interesting personalities in the world today. I remember with pleasure lectures given by such well-known speakers as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who told some fascinating incidents of her life and reminisced about her royal relations, and Amelia Earhart Putnam, America's greatest aviatrix, who gave a vivid picture of her solo flight across the Atlantic to England.

For those who wish to keep in practice with their French, German and Spanish there are conversational tables in those languages every two weeks at noon in the Cafeteria. This is a splendid way to enlarge one's vocabulary and attune one's ear to the sound of a foreign tongue.

On Thursday evenings there are excellent talks on subjects of current interest, varying from discussions of a political nature to the secret of Chinese cricket culture. These evenings are educational as well as entertaining. Mrs. Black deserves a great deal of credit for arranging these programs.

Recently the Club has entered the dramatic field. Under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Simpson, a group known as the National League Players has been organized for the purpose of studying dramatics and putting on plays for the Club. Their initial efforts, three one-act plays, were produced a short time ago and were very well received.

The Club offers a widely diversified list of activities, and every young member should find among them some that appeal particularly to her talents and preferences.

The Festival of Good Will

MRS. A. P. BLACK

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

—*Hamlet, Act I, Scene 1.*

● In all Christendom no holiday season is "so hallow'd and so gracious," so treasured and close to the hearts of the people, as Christmastide. All other holidays lead up to this great festival as a climax at the end of the year. Its first observance was of course religious, dating back to the fourth century A. D. In the Catholic Church it is the Christ Mass, the service celebrated in commemoration of the birth of Christ the Lord. But from very early times traditional secular customs have been associated with its celebration. While these have differed in various countries and among widely separated peoples, they have always manifested the spirit of rejoicing and good fellowship.

Though the religious element of the festival be overshadowed by secular customs and Christmas be given up to feasting, merry-making and the exchange of gifts, the character of tenderness, friendliness and love still remains associated with it as its distinguishing feature and greatest value. It preaches the true philosophy of living, that joy lies in cheerful service and loving kindness. For this alone the festival should be perpetuated and even though meagerly celebrated not passed over or given up.

It is associated with our earliest recollections, for the happy Christmas days of our childhood are blessed memories; the wonder of our first Christmas tree with its gleaming lights and shining ornaments, the thrilling gifts at its foot which have so mysteriously appeared and are pressed into our arms as new-found treasures. In later years these memories flood our hearts with tenderness to all children, however situated, and give us the desire to put into the life of the most desolate some spark of happiness on that day. And what thoughts are summoned up in our minds by the name of Christmas!

Garlands and gay trees, carols and hymns of worship, wreaths and red berries, feasting and revelry, family and friendly gatherings, greetings and gifts—all happy pictures which mark the day as a true festival.

Let us take thought to appreciate the influence and value of such a feature in our lives. Think of a day once a year when the spirit of good-will and brotherhood is mightily manifested; when messages and gifts fragrant with friendship and love are circulated far and near; when service and generosity become joyous duties. This is the spirit of Christmas, which, once taken on, gives the full experience of its happiness and the real pleasure of the festival. It is the friendliest holiday of all, for it cannot be enjoyed alone. Its pleasures must be shared, its happiness growing with numbers. The saddest Christmas is a lonely Christmas, and for that reason one of its obligations is the shedding of some of its brightness into the lives of the poor, neglected or lonely beings.

Some one has said that "Christmas gifts should be selected with a joyous heart, wrapped in golden thoughts of loving kindness and tied with cords of enduring friendship, sealed with a wish for beneficial results, addressed to one who is lonely, and stamped with fondest hope. Some day the sender will receive an answer in the form of a happy memory."

In this country we have drawn our customs of celebration from many sources. From Germany we have the decorated Christmas tree; from Holland, the Santa Claus; from Belgium and France, the Christmas stocking; from England, many of the features of the conventional Christmas dinner, and from that country, too, the happy greeting, "A Merry Christmas to you." We may be prodigal and generous with that greeting, earnest and sincere too, for who can tell the force of a good wish? Like mercy, "it blesses him that gives and him that takes." As it passes from lip to lip, from hand to hand, its good-fellowship will possess us and we may say with the poet of three hundred years ago:

"Christmas is the welcomest time
That does come through the yeare,
For't maketh many joyfull hearts
And fills the world with cheare."

Merry Christmas Carries On

MRS. CARLO SUTRO MORBIO

With unbelievable haste and speed the Christmas season bears down upon us again. It seems just a breath of time since we tied the final ribbon bows, pasted the final sticker, and wrote the final gift card of last season. With weary sighs we vowed it was the last time that we would ever bother with Christmas cards or presents or table decorations or any of the holiday panoply. Anyway we couldn't go on giving Uncle Fred handkerchiefs forever, and what else is there to give a man who has just everything? And Cousin Sue seems always to select the same thing to send us as we send her, the same stockings or perfume or scarves. It's all so foolish. We might as well buy the things for ourselves and not bother with parcel post. Anyway there are too many trees and wreaths and lights, and too much food and too many cheering drinks, and O, Lord! but we are tired, and—and—exhausted we fall into bed. A good sleep makes a marvelous difference, and before we know it next morning, we are Merry-Christmasing all over the place as blithely as anyone. For through all the changing years and shifting governments, and in spite of newly evolved philosophies and varying fashions and customs, the spirit of the Christmas season endures and will not be denied. No one becomes sufficiently sophisticated to completely laugh it off. Its abuses and evils (for they do exist) cannot overshadow its benefits and blessings. For every cold-hearted Scrooge there seem to be two Tiny Tims, so that joy and warmth prevail. Even when rather sordid calculations have entered into the scheme of things and people vie with each other in the lavishness and extravagance of gifts exchanged, some one little touch of genuine emotion or sentiment is bound to appear. No matter how completely we have abandoned an orthodox creed, nor how utterly we may have shut ourselves away from the din of holiday celebrations, something of the old tradition will seep in, if it be only a bar of a Christmas carol, as we turn the dial of our radio to find a good jazz program.

These facts have recently been borne in upon me, as I reviewed for myself the Christmas seasons that I have experienced. One of the first ones that I remember distinctly was when I was about five years old. I had not encountered any worldly wise nor suspecting playmates at that time, so not the faintest trace of doubt tinged my thoroughgoing belief in Santa Claus. I had not yet learned to write (some of my family and friends maintain I haven't yet), but indulgent elders assured me that Santa Claus would understand my hieroglyphics. My brother and I spent hours composing letters to Santa Claus, or sitting in the garden watching the skies and the roof of our house in the hope that Santa Claus and his reindeers might pass that way en route from their Arctic home. The state of suspense was almost beyond bearing, and by Christmas Eve we were in a condition of exaltation that might be envied by an early Christian saint. To this day when I completely recall my wonder and thrill at my first sight of the Christmas tree, my heart still skips a beat. It exceeded anything that my picture books or my wildest imaginings had even suggested. That dazzling tinsel, the dance of the candle flames, the unbelievable ornaments—exquisite birds with filmy wings, silver and crimson balls with hollow, glittering centers that must surely be rooms transported from some fairy palace, gleaming red apples that took on new glamour in their brilliant setting, the delicious fragrance of the tree itself, the "parlor" all glorified in this strange light—oh, how breath-taking! I select all these details now in retrospect, but then I was not conscious of them separately. It was just one amazing whole that held me spellbound, and with an ecstacy so beyond expression that I had no answer for the doting grown-ups who tried to prod me into speech with questions I but vaguely heard. "Do you like the tree, darling? See the pretty Christmas angel. Well, what do you say to that for a tree?" etc.

Santa Claus was most literally presented in our household, and it was his clattering approach that tore my gaze from the tree. Something was made to sound like hoof-beats. Then came loud sounds of "Whoa, there"; and then a terrific clatter of stove lids, as he was supposed to be making his way out of the kitchen chimney. Then an eternity of pulseless waiting, and he came. He was gorgeous in his red costume, his glistening beard and jingling bells. After a few blustering remarks to the assembled company there came the terrible moment of the Great Question: "And have you been a good little girl all year?" Oh, had I? No angel had ever trod more virtuously than had I for at least the last few weeks preceding this day. But had it been enough—and would, oh would I get my "doll 'n' buggy"? Apparently my goodness had been sufficient, for Santa Claus made a few reassuring remarks, darted into the other room, and returned wheeling a very swanky buggy in which there sat in proud state the most ravishing doll that I ever beheld. Another overwhelming thrill! I became too engrossed to see what happened to the rest of the family, beyond observing that my little brothers weathered the inquisition and got coasters and tool boxes that seemed dull beyond words beside my prize. Illusions would have remained intact, and our faith in Santa Claus unimpaired had not the elders again intervened. "Say good-night and thank you to Santa Claus, darlings." In spite of his lavish generosity, we were all more or less shy and a bit afraid of him. However, we were lined up to do our mannerly duty. But alas for poor Santa Claus! The combined effects of the odor of mothballs (in which his suit had been buried all year), the cotton of his whiskers, the heat of the room, and the general excitement, brought on an attack of asthma. We gazed on our Christmas god in open-mouthed incredulity. Could it be? No——Yes. Too well we knew that familiar paternal wheeze. In spite of his most manful efforts to suppress his cough the secret was out. "It's papa!" shrieked my youngest brother, and like young Indians we took up the shout. He did not escape before we had surrounded him, pulled off his whiskers, and confirmed our suspicions. Thus ended our first illusion painlessly and boisterously.

As I review the succeeding years, I am lost in admiration of these same dear grown-ups who carried on "for the children's sake" and for each other through times of tragedy and trouble when the task of merry-making must have required superhuman courage. Santa Claus could not again appear in person, of course, but that excitement gave way to planning gifts and surprises. Our shopping expeditions were marvels of economic planning. Not even the recent depression necessitated dollars becoming elastic to the extent that our Christmas purchases required. The whispered conferences, the wrapping and concealing of packages, the rather transparent hints that filled the days before Christmas were just as delightful as were our Eden-like days of letter writing. There was a certatin pride, too, in being in the grown-up class of non-believers in Santa Claus. It was one step toward coming of age.

High school and college years added to this grown-up status and varied the thrills of the season somewhat, but did not dim the glow of it nor diminish the excitement.

The pangs of loneliness that came with the first holidays away from home were somewhat allayed by the fact that I was very busy. I had taken on along with my musical studies two jobs, a church position and a small part in a big theatrical production in New York. On Christmas Day, I sang at the morning church service, and then had to rush to the theater for a mati-

(Continued on Page 30)

Who's Who and What's What About the "Alice in Wonderland" Production at the Women's City Club

● The "Alice in Wonderland" production at the Women's City Club Auditorium, December 9, is not the production of "Alice" which has been given in San Francisco a number of times last spring and recently. Also Miss Eva Le Gallienne's production is not coming west of the Mississippi.

Playgoers in many cities have been witnessing presentations of "Alice in Wonderland" this year, which is the centenary of Lewis Carroll's birth. Mr. Carroll, otherwise known as Charles Lutwudge Dodgson, a professor of mathematics, wrote trigonometries that have been forgotten, but as Lewis Carroll who wrote "Alice in Wonderland" his memory will live as long as children are children, which, please God, will be forever.

What could be more delightful for adults in these trying times than a production of "Alice," which is full of such clever, witty lines and such subtle humor. Those who know their Lewis Carroll would not miss it, and those who do not have overlooked a treat that should not be missed. Alice Gerstenberg's version of the charming story is used. It has stood the test of hundreds of performances during the last twenty years and is considered the best dramatization of this delightful classic.

Dorothea Johnston, a member of the Women's City Club, is responsible for the production. She has gathered into it the best non-professional players in the vicinity of Saratoga, drawing on San Jose, Palo Alto, Stanford University and Los Gatos. The production has been given four times down the Peninsula to large houses, and the audiences and critics have been enthusiastic over its charm.

Lewis Carroll is played by Dick Lewis, whose characterization is marvelously restrained. Mr. Lewis is known most favorably for his acting. Last summer he was associated with one of the well-known summer theaters in Massachusetts. He also plays the delightful role of the Mock Turtle with excellent comedy effect.

—Photo by Wilson and Kelly, Palo Alto.

Miss Olivia de Haviland, who will portray the whimsical little philosopher, "Alice In Wonderland," at the City Club December 9, matinee and evening. "She didn't act Alice; she was Alice," wrote Lee Emmerson Bassett of Stanford University, in reviewing a performance of the famous classic given there recently.

Olivia de Haviland, who plays Alice, has brought a great deal of attention to her marvelous performance. She must be seen to be believed. Miss de Haviland is seventeen and was born in Japan of English parents. The consensus of opinion is that she should really make the stage her profession.

One cannot go far in the cast without telling something of Frederick Stover. Mr. Stover is from Maryland and a graduate of George Pierce Baker's school of the theater at Yale. He is one of those exceptionally gifted persons who can design and paint scenery, inspire a cast with enthusiasm and act many a role with much finish. Mr. Stover, with Miss Johnston, directs the production as well as plays the role of the gryphon, which is one of the very fine scenes. He has painted all eight of the sets, which are reproductions of the Tennial drawings.

Lutheria Cunningham is wonderfully cast for the Red Queen. George Warren, when writing in the *Chronicle* of the production,

gave Miss Cunningham first mention after Alice—"a deliciously executed Red Queen."

One of the very important parts in a production of "Alice in Wonderland" is the Hatter, and the Hatter of Louis Scales is one of those things so well and subtly done that it is hard to tell why his characterization is so fine. Louie Scales is simply a very intelligent young man who gets all there is in a line out of it. He is studying to be a professor of English and acting is his avocation.

To again quote George Warren, "The Duchess of Margaret Douglass was commanding and imperious." Miss Douglass is experienced as a player and a dramatic director.

We must tell you what a friend Miss Dorothy Kaucher is to the production. She understudied the White Rabbit for the first performance and played the Duchess in the second production, and in our most recent appearance in Palo Alto she made one of the successes of the evening with her Cheshire Cat. Miss Kaucher will play the King of Hearts in San Francisco. She is a professor of English with her Doctor's degree from Cornell.

There are twenty-eight persons in the cast and it would be hard to tell you about them all and how fine each one is in his part, so you will have to come to judge for yourself just how lovely it all is.

"Book Mart" Becomes City Club Institution

MISS ELISA MAY WILLARD

● The Book Mart last January provided a succession of surprises to everyone concerned with it. Even the enthusiasts who first proposed it admitted that it went far beyond their expectations, and as for the carping critics who in the beginning scoffed at the idea, they were saying before the first day was half over that we must repeat it every year—which of course we are going to do.

The beautiful setting created by Mrs. Harry Allen brought an Old World atmosphere into our Auditorium which tempted people to linger and enjoy the beauty of the place as well as to look over the books so attractively shown in the bookstalls. What we had not foreseen was the interest the Book Mart aroused among people outside the Club. They were standing in line to get in when the doors were opened the first morning. Book collectors are very knowing folk with a keen scent for the rarities that may be discovered in any miscellaneous collection of books for sale. People stayed for hours poring over the tables and shelves, picking out a book here and another there, stacking them in piles to be wrapped up later and taken away by armfuls. They will be here again this time, and many others who heard of it too late before.

To make the second Book Mart which will be held Thursday and Friday, January 25 and 26, an even greater success than the first, we need only *books*, more and more of them, and these must be supplied by our Club members. From now until the middle of January we want to see books pouring in to be sold for the profit of the Club.

Please look over your book-shelves now, ransack your attics, select everything you can spare, all kinds of books, new or old, frivolous or serious. There is a special demand for travel and biography, for local history, for children's books. We discovered last time that every kind of book finds a purchaser, so do not hesitate to bring in anything in the form of a book. If you cannot come yourself, telephone to the Club and someone will come for your books.

On Thursday and Friday, January 25 and 26, the Auditorium will again provide a beautiful setting, the Volunteers will be there to sell, the buyers will be on hand in large numbers. It depends on you, the Club members, to provide a large stock of attractive books, which will make the second Book Mart an even greater success than the first.

Mrs. Marshall Dill, chairman, is assisted by Miss Elisa May Willard, Miss Emma Noonan, Mrs. Harry B. Allen and Mrs. Amos M. Hicks.

Give Books for Christmas

● Books are very acceptable gifts and, from the donor's point of view, an easy solution of a sometimes difficult problem.

It can be particularly so this year when you can buy through your Club.

If the person you have in mind has a particular hobby or interest, just the thing may be procured for him.

If she is mystery minded or leans towards adventure or romance, suggestions along these lines may be offered.

Here are a few suggestions.

There is "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," the life of Gertrude Stein.

It is a rare bit of writing with delightfully humorous touches.

For instance, instead of stressing the fact that she hates early rising, Stein speaks of the unpleasantness of sunrises met suddenly and goes on to say that sunrises were all

right when approached slowly from the night before, but when faced abruptly from the same morning they were unbearable.

Again, in order to give a convincing picture of a modern and quite informal friend, Nellie Jacot, she has her tell the story of the young man who said to her, "I love you, Nellie; Nellie *is* your name, isn't it?" Stein's influence on the modern school of literature and her support and

encouragement of the new schools of art are put before you here in a most telling fashion. All in all it is an excellently told story of an intensely full, interesting life.

For all lovers of San Francisco, Charles

Caldwell Dobie's book is one to read, treasure and reread many times. Instead of leaning heavily to the historical side he stresses the colorful and romantic, and indeed does just what his title would lead you to expect; he unfolds a gorgeous pageant before your eyes. The book is beautifully illustrated by Suydam.

A new biography of Father Junipero Serra, by Agnes Repplier, well-known essayist and biographer, has just been released by Doubleday Doran. Miss Repplier has given a splendid picture of the troubled and triumphant career of this Majorcan priest who helped so materially to make early California history. The titles of a few of the good new novels are "Oil for the Lamps of China" by Alice Tisdale Hobart; "Within This Present" by Margaret Ayer Barnes; "Lamb of His Bosom" by Caroline Miller, and two excellent tales of farm life just a few months old and well worth anyone's interest are "The Farm" by Louis Bromfield and "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hasty Carroll.

Miss Ingrim may be found in the Library or in Room 206 and is prepared to give a very personal service which will materially aid you in your holiday gift buying; and incidentally this will be a real service to the Club, for it will help us financially.

What the Women's City Club Means to Me

JUDGE THERESA MEIKLE

● Three years ago, had I been asked what the Women's City Club meant to me, I should have said, "It means home"; for it was my home for many months—not just a place to stay, but a real home with the addition of many conveniences and advantages.

Those advantages I still make use of when a busy day and a busy evening to follow make possible only a limited time for physical and mental relaxation. The Swimming Pool for an invigorating plunge, a quiet, dainty room for a short rest, then a delicious dinner tastefully served, and the cares of the day have disappeared.

So much for the Club's contribution to my physical well-being. For my mental advancement and improvement, the opportunities are numerous and tempting in many fields—current events, languages, letters and art—really a liberal education at the command of any member whose time and inclination enable her to accept it. But even more valuable to me than a regular class is a quiet hour in the friendly hush of the Library, deep in a comfortable chair, cosy with with shaded lamp-light, and a wealth of books easily available from the open book shelves.

Surrounded by comforts, books, flowers, friends, I am conscious always of something more in the Women's City Club — something which goes beyond my physical and mental welfare, something of the spirit which makes all these others possible, but transcends them by its spiritual significance.

Founded to meet the needs of our community in the nations' emergency of war, the National League for Woman's Service embodied in its name the keynote of its character; service to the individual, service to the Club, service to the city, state, and nation when and how it is needed. Tuned in to all stations for the announcement, "Please stand by," the members of the Women's City Club are ready to respond to any opportunity to serve.

It is this alertness to service which I feel in the atmosphere of the Club. Like the warmth of the building which is spread by many radiators, this spirit of service is generated from many sources — from the Lobby, from the Dining Room, from the President's Office, from all the busy activities of a group of 8,000 loyal women ready and anxious to serve.

New Rates in Swimming Pool

● During December there will be a special rate on private swimming lesson tickets. Ticket of six half hour (or twelve fifteen-minute) lessons good for three months:

Members, sons and daughters of members (under 18).....$3.25
Guests 4.25

A new departure is to be the sale of ten-swim tickets for GUEST children (boys under 12, girls under 18) for $2.50. These tickets are good at any time for the children to whom they are issued.

The Swimming Pool Department is planning immediately after Christmas to form a Saturday morning class in swimming for girls of about eleven and twelve who can swim well in deep water. It will consist of forty-five minutes of instruction in advanced swimming, diving, and deep water games. The class will meet eight times and the instruction fee will be $1.75 for members' daughters and $2.25 for guest children. Admission extra. Will those who are interested please leave their names at the Pool office early in December so that plans can be made accordingly?

Are there any members of the Club who would be interested in forming a swimming or diving class among their friends? If so, please confer with Swimming Department. A class can be formed (at almost any hour) of five or more persons, and will meet ten times. The instruction fee is $2 for a member and $3 for a guest. Admission extra.

Color Arrangement

—CONDUCTED BY WANA BERGE

● A new series to begin January 23. The group will study with visual proof —not theory:

Radiant color combinations.
World-mindedness.
Economy and wisdom in buying.
Intrinsic fineness: how to know it.
Interior decoration.
Flower arrangement.
Table setting, picture framing.
How to acquire originality.

Through the principles established in this course one may begin now—with what she has to create an atmosphere of distinction and joy which will bring to her great satisfaction—to her world, inspiration.

Foreign Languages

● The present classes will finish their courses in French and Spanish before the holidays, to be resumed after the first of the year and additional classes formed. German and Italian classes will be organized if requested.

Christmas Dinner

December 25, 1933

$1.00 a Plate

Crab Cocktail, Victor
Hearts of Celery Ripe and Green Olives
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Consomme Royale
Roast Young Turkey, Sage Dressing,
Cranberry Jelly
Frozen Fruit Punch
Rissole Potato Mashed Potato
Buttered Green Peas Escalloped Onions
Baked Winter Squash
Mixed Green Salad; French Dressing
Frozen Pudding Fruit Cake
Hot Plum Pudding Brandy Sauce
Assorted Ice Cream
Camembert Cheese Crisp Crackers
After-Dinner Mints
Demi Tasse

Sorority Bazaar Was Great Success

● An unusual fashion show and benefit bazaar was given by the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority Alumni Association Saturday afternoon, December 2 at the Women's City Club.

The general chairman was Mrs. W. Lister Rogers, assisted by Mrs. George R. Keith.

New Classes in "The Whys of English"

● How is your English?

Correct speech is beginning to take "center stage" in the world today; our speech can "date" us or keep us young.

Have you and your friends decided to enroll in the course, "The Whys of English"? New classes will be formed January 15, both morning and evening.

You will learn why the correct forms of English are true, and so you will use these forms easily and naturally.

The course covers the fundamentals of English; the first lesson starts at the beginning of grammar.

Enrollment may be made at the Executive Secretary's office now for classes beginning Monday, January 15, at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Do You Really Want to Know?

● Do you really know if your manner of arranging your hair is the most becoming mode you can find?

Do you want to know the unbiased truth, free from family prejudice and frankness, free from your dearest enemy's point of view?

Go to the Beauty Salon of the City Club and there have a conference held over your head, where contours, bumps, cowlicks and other peculiarities of your case are given appraisal. Then, that all taken into consideration, the proper coiffure or bob will be suggested.

Do you want a diagnosis on the proper color of the powder you should use?

Follow the same *modus operandi*.

They know these things instinctively in the Beauty Salon. They have an uncanny sixth sense where beauty and the pursuit of it are concerned.

Give yourself a Christmas present. You deserve it. You owe it to yourself to appear as well as your means and natural endowments will permit.

In the Beauty Salon they will tell you the correct nail veneers, the right kind of facials to take, the logical cleansers for your skin and the most nourishing skin foods to apply.

Science has done wonders in many fields and it has not neglected the realm of the beautification of the human body.

And science has considered such a realm a worthy battlefield.

Go to the Beauty Salon the next time you are in the Club and see what an attractive place it is.

Verse Speaking Choir

● The Verse Speaking Choir, under direction of Miss Dorothea Johnston, has had several meetings, and will continue on through the winter and spring months. Miss Johnston's work, so well explained in the November Magazine, page 8, is attracting a wide interest, and after the holidays we expect the classes to increase greatly. Those interested please register at the Executive Office, or come to the Clubhouse on Thursdays, at 11 a. m. or 7:15 p. m. in the Chinese Room, where Miss Johnston will be very happy to confer with members.

Bridge Lessons

● A course of lectures on contract bridge under the direction of Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel is scheduled for January. Any members interested in the course will please leave their names at the Front Office. Please make reservations in pairs.

Children's Christmas Party

● Santa Claus is to bring along with him this year not only his giant Christmas tree and his many presents, but also "Alice in Wonderland." The play is to be given as a special treat for the children, with a real Christmas party and refreshments afterwards. The tiny tots too young to come to the play may come to talk with Santa Claus and see the Christmas tree in the Cafeteria, where the party will be held at 4 o'clock.

Parents are asked to have their children bring gifts to be left at the foot of the tree for those under-privileged children in the city whose Christmas may otherwise have little happiness.

Reserved seats for "Alice in Wonderland" are 40 cents for children and $1.10 for adults. Refreshments afterwards 35 cents.

There are to be two performances on Saturday, December 9. Afternoon performance at 2 o'clock, evening at 8.

Garden Round Table for December

● Mrs. Helen van Pelt, landscape architect, will lead the discussion at the Garden Round Table, to be held on December 13. Mrs. van Pelt's subject is to be "Garden Centers," which is her particular hobby. Her discussion promises to be vitally interesting, as she is a person of rare talent and wide experience.

Luncheon will be held in the National Defenders' Room at 12:15, and reservations must be made in advance.

Holiday Suggestions

Christmas cards and wrappings.

Individual gifts for the holidays—not for sale in other San Francisco shops.

Playing cards — printed with Women's City Club insignia.

AT THE
LEAGUE SHOP
Women's City Club

National League Work Shop—Weaving

● The National League Work Shop which will eventually embrace many types of craftsmanship has begun with classes in weaving, under the direction of Mrs. Clarence Quinan. There is hardly anything at which women can work that is more fascinating than weaving. Already many of our members have started interesting and lovely pieces and are most enthusiastic over the result of just a few hours' work.

Each pupil receives one hour personal instruction from Mrs. Quinan, and may continue at her particular piece of work for the balance of the day, the fee for which is $1.50. Pupils may hold the looms for several days, or until their work is finished, for a very nominal charge.

Some of our members have started small pieces which they will be very proud to send as Christmas gifts to surprise their friends, and are planning to go into the larger pieces and work with heavier materials after the holidays are over.

If you are interested in learning to weave, please register at the Executive Office, as the looms are limited and the classes increasing right along.

National League Players Plan Interesting Work

● The Dramatic group, under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson, has grown to such large numbers that it is hard to believe they have been organized such a short time. This group comprises many of our younger members, whom Mrs. Simpson says have real histrionic ability and whom she plans later in the year to present to the Club in a series of plays.

Many women find dramatic work a real outlet for their desires, and in our Club work it has surely brought out much latent talent that has greatly surprised the individual herself and given much pleasure to others of us who have witnessed some of the excellent performances already given by this group.

Classes meet every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings at 11 o'clock in the Board Room, and Mrs. Simpson will be very happy to interview anyone interested and to enroll pupils for any of these days that meet their convenience. The fee is $3 a month.

Remember the Christmas Box

● *Can you imagine?*

By the greatest stretch of imagination, can you see in your mind's eye the CLUB IN COMPLETE DISARRAY one morning as you bring a guest to breakfast or luncheon?

You cannot.

Can you imagine Jann in a SURLY MOOD? Or the elevator operators other than courteous and helpful?

You cannot.

Can you picture secretaries and executives indifferent to your comfort and unresponsive to your expressed wishes? Can you see stale flowers in the corridors and ash trays unemptied? Can you imagine the book shelves in the Library out of order and the magazines and papers all over the floors and chairs?

It's all so ridiculous that it seems a waste of time to ask.

But these are not absurd questions.

They call attention to the complete smoothness with which the machinery of the Club runs day in and day out.

They emphasize the utter efficiency of the employees of the Club. And remind you that, since there is a rule against "tipping" in the Club, the only way you may express your appreciation of the order and comfort and beauty of the Club is by contributing to the Employees' Christmas Fund.

How many times did you "tip" elsewhere during the year?

Then give half that aggregate to the Christmas Fund and you will help immensely.

(With apologies to the Cleveland Women's City Club.)

Flower Arrangement

● A class in flower arrangement under the direction of Mrs. Carolyn Julian has been organized to meet every Tuesday morning from 10 to 12. The lessons which take place before the holidays will be devoted to Christmas decorations and the making of wreaths and garlands.

After the first of the year the real technique of flower arrangement will be stressed; the proper arrangement and proportion of flowers to containers; how to use certain combinations of colors; proportion of foliage and flowers for best effect; unusual decorative schemes, and many other fine points which make for true beauty in flower arrangement.

The fee for six lessons is $5, and members of the class are asked to bring their favorite containers and flowers with which to experiment.

Reciprocal Clubs

● Here are clubs in the United States and abroad which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Members of the San Francisco Club may present their membership cards and credentials to any of these clubs and have virtually the same privileges in any of them that they would have in their own club.

United States—

Akron, O., Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Mass., Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Ill., Chicago Woman's Club, 72 East Eleventh St.
Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club, Tower Building, Ninth Floor.
Chicago, Ill., Illinois Women's Athletic Club, 115 East Pearson St.
Cleveland, O., Women's City Club, 826 East Thirteenth St.
Detroit, Mich., Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Woman's Club.
New York City, N. Y., Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo., The Town Club, 1120-22 Locust St.
St. Paul, Minn., Women's City Club, Cor. St. Peter and Third.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 22 Jackson Place.

Abroad—

Berlin, Germany, American Woman's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club, Albert House, Albert St.
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club, Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club, 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland, The Lady Artists' Club, 5 Blytheswood Square.
London, England, American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor St., W. I.
London, England, The Halcyon Club, 13-14 Cork St.
London, England, The Pioneer Club, 12 Cavendish Square, W. I.
Madrid, Spain, Lyceum Club, S. Marcos No. 24.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St. W.
Paris, France, The American Women's Club, 61 Rue Boissiere.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club, 77 King St.
Vienna, Austria, American Women's Club, Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, New Zealand, The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

Editorial

Merry Christmas!

What a privilege to be alive in this year of 1933!

Not because it is a year of ease and luxury and freedom from care.

For it is and has been quite the reverse.

And as such it challenges the spirit.

Anybody can be happy under auspicious circumstances.

The trick and the test is to be cheerful and as happy as possible when circumstances are deflected from their orbit and humanity is disturbed.

No year and no era is an ordinary one.

Every year brings its unique problems.

The year the Magi saw the Star in the East was no exception.

No succeeding year has been exceptionally happy.

And so we come to 1933 and 1934.

We who have the privilege of Life at this time are cognizant of a great responsibility.

And that is the Joy of Living. Which is a thing apart from mere happiness.

The adult heart beats with sympathy for all the world and senses the meaning of "peace on earth, good will to men."

"Good will to men . . . "

Literally, that benediction means Service to mankind.

The City Club is a concrete exemplar of Service.

For it is a crystallization of an ideal. . .

Like all other institutions it has this year felt the pinch of depression.

But what matter? Isn't depression just another bridge to cross? Just another difficulty to conquer? A challenge to gallantry? Yes, we have all felt depression, and we have all been in good company.

What to do about it?

Press on.

There is nothing else to do, and if there were who would do otherwise?

Each member of the City Club has been asked to bring in a New Member.

It has been pointed out that a new member entering the Club at this time need not pay a full year's dues, since the year has but one month left.

The entrant will be given full membership and dues until the 1934 dues are payable, for the total of $27, instead of the customary $31 which has been heretofore necessary for the initiation and first year's dues.

Also, to make it additionally easier for those who wish to give "memberships" as Christmas gifts, the full amount need not be paid at once, but in two installments.

What more acceptable Christmas present, especially for a young girl, than a membership in the City Club? She is then a member for life so long as she pays the very nominal annual dues of $6.

Young, middle-aged or elderly, any woman who is not a member of the City Club would appreciate such a gift.

And the City Club would appreciate at this time the enrolling of as many names as possible. Both recipient of the gift and the Club would benefit ——

And the Club's program of Service would be furthered.

Bring in a New Member. That is your Service to the Club and to the friend whom you thus induct into it.

It would be a Merry Christmas to both.

JANUARY 1 INTEREST PAYMENT DEPENDS ON YOU

(560×$25)+(560×$1.50)=$14,840

in other words

Five hundred sixty new members paying initiation fees of $25 plus their prorated dues for three months give to the Treasury the sum necessary for the January interest.

YOUR service is to bring in one new member

I Have Been Reading

ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS

HOUSE OF EXILE; *by Nora Waln;* Little, Brown and Co. $3. Reviewed by James T. Watkins, Jr.

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME; *by Fierro Blanco;* Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett.

TO THINK OF TEA; *by Agnes Repplier;* Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

SAN FRANCISCO: A PAGEANT; *by Charles Caldwell Dobie;* illustrated by E. H. Suydam; Appleton-Century Co. $5.

POEMS; *by Marie de L. Welch;* The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25.

● House of Exile; by Nora Waln; reviewed by James T. Watkins, Jr.

Memories, like rainbow-colored fish rising in quick succession out of a murky pool to rest for an instant at the sunlit surface before darting away again into the depths. For anyone who has lived in and loved China, Nora Waln's "House of Exile" is a hard book to review. Each brilliant little fish sparkles so briefly, and there are so many of them everywhere in the pool.

For the same reason, to those who have known the friendship of Chinese, the gracious ways of their land, and something of that part of our heritage still largely unclaimed by the West, reading "House of Exile" will mean hours filled with the dear familiarity of old friends and places. A more intimate and a more appreciative account of the family life of China's merchant princes has probably not yet appeared in English. If the "Chinese hand," of few or many years, is homesick with the homesickness characteristic of his kind . . . for the urge to return to China is as impelling as that exerted by the sea . . . he will have a certain consolation from reading a while in Miss Waln's enchanting pages . . or a bad relapse!

But to those who have never known China except through the safe medium of imagination, "House of Exile" brings only the charm of the stately life in the home of the Lin family on the banks of the Grand Canal, the humor and narrowness of foreign officialdom's bitter-sweet life in Nanking, Canton and Tientsin, the idealism and recklessness that characterized the light-hearted unleashing of the dogs of revolution in 1927 and the years of violence and re-creation that have followed. Though no rainbow-colored fish will disturb the placid pools of their minds, Miss Waln will trouble them with shining pebbles and a boulder or two.

I have heard "House of Exile" derisively summed up as "China without the smells" —a lot more than smells being implied. This, however unjust, is understandable, for surely to many a tourist traveling with unseeing eyes and a chip of irritation balanced on his shoulder, China seems mostly smells . . . just as the United States seems mostly noise . . . where in Nora Waln's account all such minor pricks are absent. They are absent, of course, because for Nora Waln they do not exist. How many Americans, for instance, know the Chinese aversion to "cold grease" plastered on bread? An extended residence in the United States removes many similar aversion and at the same time reveals the underlying fineness in American life. So it is in China with the superficial smells and the essential fineness

But the explanation of Nora Waln's splendid pictures in not merely that she has lived long in China, for many another has also lived there without finding his way into the hearts of the Chinese or gaining a fellow-feeling for them in their art on the one hand and their aspirations on the other. It is evident that the large-souled interpretation of her experiences springs from a singularly rich personality and a singularly understanding heart.

So, for those whose memories of China are like rainbow-colored fish in some quiet pool of their mind and for those to whom China is yet an unopened book "House of Exile" would be a well-chosen Christmas gift. Even better—may I suggest?—would be a package of three, including also Ann Bridge's "Peking Picnic," for its exquisite descriptions and its picture (contrasting with "House of Exile") of life in China without the Chinese; and Pearl Buck's "Good Earth" for its revelation of the mind and heart of laboring China. To the fortunate recipient, the gift of the three books would bring many a pleasant hour.

● The Journey of the Flame; reviewed by Laura Bell Everett.

The Three Californias in 1810 were traversed by an imposing Spanish train. It is, however, through the eyes of a belligerent red-headed boy that the journey leads the reader not merely through a distant time but in ways of guilefulness and cunning that reminded one of Gil Blas and the Spanish picaroons.

With artful simplicity Senor Don Juan Obregon, known as Juan Colorado, tells the story of his journey with a subtle humor that will revivify the tired reader. The too credulous will come up gasping now and again, only to find Juan pressing forward with some new and innocent explanation of his deeds.

The author, Antonio de Fierro Blanco, now an elderly man, when a boy knew Lower California and its people, and has made the story of Juan's journey from the southern boundary of Lower California to San Francisco, true in detail. The dignified style and hidden raillery make the book notable for what someone has called "salty vigor." The book is Englished by Walter de Steiguer, with illustrations by Alfredo Ramos Martinez.

● To Think of Tea; by Agnes Repplier; reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

Some books just must be shared. "To Think of Tea" is such a book. One can scarcely open it without feeling the urge to read aloud, at least certain delightfully choice bits, to some congenial fellow. From the first word to the last the book is a delight. Its foreword — a quotation from Ibsen's "Loves' Comedy" — discloses its mood:

"Its home lies in the Valley of Romance,
A thousand miles beyond the wilderness.
Fill up my cup. I thank you. Let us hold
On tea and love a good tea-table talk."

The romance of the history of tea-drinking is revealed with all Miss Repplier's inimitable sympathy and humor. Beginning

with the almost mythical Chinese story of tea and its discovery by a philosopher (a story reminiscent of Lamb's "Roast Pig"), its history becomes one with the history of taxation, with the history of smuggling and, finally, with the history of the kindling of the fires of the American Revolution.

The inspirational aspect of tea and the part the teapot has played in the cultural and literary world furnishes the material for several chapters. These have as their subjects: The "intemperate tea drinker, Samuel Johnson"; the "sad tea drinker Cowper," the tea-table poet of English letters; the tea-drinking Wordsworth; the "gay tea drinker Sydney Smith," brilliant conversationalist and Canon of St. Paul's; the lover of tea parties, Jane Austin, who attended the parties in the hope of meeting a "conversable acquaintance"; and Shelley, who thought tea only a feminine indulgence. Of importance in the literary aspect of tea is Carlyle's recipe for content: "A room of one's own, a book to read, water to wash in, tea to drink, and—if one were a man—tobacco to smoke. All else was trouble and vexation."

One can no more than touch the delights of this book. It is an ideal gift to present to a book lover.

● San Francisco: a Pageant; by Charles Caldwell Dobie. Poems; by Marie de L. Welch.

Among the recent books, two that are worthy of note are by San Franciscans. Every lover of the City by the Golden Gate will want to buy a copy of "San Francisco: a Pageant," not to give away as a Christmas gift, but to own and keep and enjoy, and as an insurance against the possible gray days of banishment from the city of our love. Charles Caldwell Dobie has made a joyous thing of this study of his own city, and I know that he must have been happy in the doing of it, because he has made such a happy choice of the high lights in San Francisco's history. Mr. Suydam, the artist, has collaborated delightfully in preserving the city's beauty in amber. His sketches alone would make the book a thing to treasure: memories of Lotta's Fountain, of Sea Cliff, of Villas by the Presidio Wall, of the Old Mission, of Fisherman's Wharf, of Chinatown, of Telegraph Hill, of the Palace of Fine Arts, of Robert Louis Stevenson's little ship!

The other desirable book contains the collected poems of Marie Welch. I first discovered the finished quality of Miss Welch's verse last winter, in an anthology of "California Poets," where her work was outstanding. This little volume of her poems is unusual. One finds a love of Nature, a discriminating study of human nature; a

Charles Caldwell Dobie, whose latest book, "San Francisco, a Pageant," is a best seller. Mr. Dobie was one of the earliest contributors to the City Club Magazine, and his work has since from time to time appeared in its pages.

love of beautiful words, a meticulous care in the choice of them, which gives to the reader a poignant pleasure. It is not illustrated, but full of exquisite pictures! Here is a description of a "mountain swimmer":

"Delicate as an ouzel,
Bold as a trout you went,
Fulfilling and knowing
The joy of earth's intent."

Isn't that exactly *right!*

From her variety it is difficult to choose, but I should like to quote two:

"SHE NEVER FOUND COMFORT

She never found comfort
When a friend told her
To weep her pain away,
And offered a shoulder;

But a thin tan lizard
Lying on a boulder,
Indifferent and delicate,
Greatly consoled her."

"STRANGE SORROW

You need not tell me—I know more surely than by words
How it is with you because of alien wounds;
I have watched in the reeds with the hunters of water birds.

I have gone with the hunters at the breaking of light;
I have waited with them by water motionless
Save for the stirring of reflected flight.

I have been with the hunters when more than flight was slain;
I have seen the wild duck fall on innocent water,
And the changed crystal, and the spreading, clear stain."

Book Review Luncheon

● On December 8 the first of a series of Book Review luncheons will be held in the National Defenders' Room at 12:15. Mrs. Herman W. Klein will review "San Francisco, a Pageant" by Charles Caldwell Dobie. Mrs. Klein is one of our very interested Library Volunteers and has given Book Reviews for the Club at the Mission Y. W. C. A. Lunch will be 50 cents and reservations must be made in advance.

Remember

That you help the Club if you buy your Christmas books from us

Works of Art from China, Japan and Korea for the Discriminating Collector

Nathan Bentz & Co.
437-441 Grant Avenue
San Francisco

Affiliated Shop:
Nathan Bentz, Santa Barbara

Christmas Again!

HAZEL B. NOYES

"Then bay and pine with holly twine,
Oh, happy day, oh, happy day—"

● So goes an old English carol. However, in the days of the stern old Pilgrim Fathers a law was made forbidding the celebration of Christmas on pain of arrest and punishment, and all exhibitions of gaiety and happiness were considered sinful. It is a far cry from the severity of those early days to the lavishness of Christmas as celebrated by even an average American family a few years ago.

But the pendulum swings inexorably and while we have not gone back to the severity of those early colonial days, we have nearly all of us been forced to a more serious consideration of Christmas and its true meaning. Last year we harked back to earlier days and said, "Let's make this an old-fashioned Christmas," which we promptly did. Well, what about this year? Still the spirit of Christmas must be maintained, family traditions upheld, and hope and cheer given firm support. Peace and joy must be expressed by all members of the family—a reflection of the homemaker—for it is the mother in the home who usually decides what her home reflects. Her part of living is to maintain "a firm foundation"—gaiety, cheer and courage must be worn like a garment that shields and protects the family.

Friends, too, share the hospitality spread so freely at this time of year. And it's none too early for us to plan the Christmas dinner. Let all the family in on the planning and all celebrate together. Let's plan to have this the merriest, happiest Christmas in our history.

The following menu can be used as it is or the cocktail or soup omitted, one or both. Salad or relishes may be changed to suit the family's taste, but let's include as many traditional favorites as space allows.

California Christmas Dinner

Oyster Cocktail in Avocado Halves

Club Cut Celery Spiced Gherkins

Tomato Consomme

Roast Turkey Giblet Stuffing

Mashed Potato *Sweet Potato Puff

Gravy

Broccoli, Hollandaise

Pickled Peaches or Figs

*Cranberry Jelly Salad

*Plum Pudding *Creamy Hard Sauce

Vanilla Ice Cream

Salted Nuts, Raisins, Mints

Coffee Cider

RECIPES

Giblet Stuffing

Cover heart, liver, gizzard and neck with water and simmer until tender. Remove and save stock. Remove meat from neck and chop with giblets. Use stock to moisten your favorite bread stuffing, or save for gravy, but add chopped giblets, all or part to your dressing. Chopped prunes (dried ones that have been cooked until tender) and chopped pecans or walnuts are a delightful addition to the usual dressing.

Sweet Potato Puff

Boil sweet potatoes in their skins until tender. Peel, mash thoroughly and season with salt, white pepper, a bit of nutmeg and plenty of butter. Beat until creamy and fluffy. Pile lightly and roughly in a glass baking dish and brown in a moderate oven, 375° F.

Cranberry Jelly Salad

2 pkgs. lemon-flavored gelatin
3 cups hot liquid (water and pineapple juice mixed)
½ cup sugar
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup celery, cut fine
1 lb. uncooked cranberries, ground
½ cup nuts, chopped fine

Heat liquid drained from crushed pineapple with enough water to make three cups of liquid. When hot (but not boiling) pour over the lemon gelatin, add sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Set bowl in pan of ice water until the liquid begins to congeal, then fold in the other ingredients and pour into a large, shallow pan. Chill until firm. To serve, cut in squares and serve on lettuce, with mayonnaise thinned with sweet cream or made fluffy with whipped cream. Serves twelve.

Simple Steamed Pudding

½ cup sliced citron
½ cup sliced candied orange peel
1½ cups seedless raisins
½ cup chopped nuts
1/3 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
4 eggs
2½ cups dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Combine the sliced fruits and raisins with nuts. Cream butter with sugar, add well-beaten eggs and mix together. Add bread crumbs, and flour mixed with baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and pour into a greased mold (a melon mold is attractive). Cover and steam three hours on top of the stove or in the oven at 275° F.

Creamy Hard Sauce

1 cup confectioners' sugar
5 tablespoons rum flavoring
½ cup butter

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and beat vigorously. Add flavoring.

Was It the Night Before Christmas?

I like roast beef and lemonade
And ham and gingerbread
And apple pie and pickles,
Just before I go to bed.

But, Ma, she says, it wouldn't do
To eat a single bite—
She says that little boys who eat
such things
Would die at night.

I'd hate like anything to die—
Yet eating's such a joy!
Between the two, it's pretty hard
To be a little boy!

—*Mrs. James H. C. Allan.*

Wilson's Candy
. . . in beautiful gift boxes of every description . . . moderately priced . . . is most suitable for gifts.

Do You Know That —

● Miss Dorothea Johnston, who is directing the two performances of "Alice In Wonderland" on December 9, is one of our own members?

The Big Black Wolf and The Three Little Pigs and Red Riding Hood are in the League Shop?

The second Annual Book Mart will be held on Thursday and Friday, January 25 and 26?

There are special rates in the Swimming Pool during December?

Miss Carolyn Julian is conducting a course of six lessons in Flower Arrangement—the first lessons on making holiday decorations?

Three groups of National League Players, under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson, are working on tryouts for the spring performance?

There are eight Round Tables (seven luncheon and one dinner)? French, Spanish, Italian and German Conversational tables; Appreciation of Art and Letters; Travel; and Garden Luncheon Tables; Vocational Dinner Table; in addition, The Current Events Discussion Table following Mrs. Lucas' bi-monthly lecture.

There are eight looms in Room 214, where Mrs. Quinan conducts her weaving classes on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week? Learn to weave before the next Talent Festival.

There are four classes in English Grammar being given by Mrs. Harriet VanDyne?

French and Spanish classes have been organized and Italian and German classes will be formed upon request?

There are several attractive bedrooms awaiting occupancy and at prices within your reach?

The Beauty Salon has both Contoure and the famous Gahn's Swedish Beauty preparations on sale?

There is a Game Room on the fourth floor each Monday afternoon and evening?

The "Ad Party" postponed from September will be held in February? Watch for the date.

The Club will be in holiday attire on December 16.

The Annual Christmas Program will be given in the Auditorium, Thursday evening, December 21, at 8 o'clock? No admission fee.

Parties of eight or more may have private dining rooms on Christmas Day and carve their own turkeys, if they wish?

The "Flying Grandmother," so cleverly done by the National League Players on September 28, was written by Harriet Holmes Haslett, one of our members?

Miss Wana Derge will form another Color Class after the holidays?

The way to keep informed during these history making times is to attend the Current Events Section?

The Young Members meet at luncheon the first Monday of each month in the Mural Room, cafeteria service?

Members have been dressing dolls for the Telegraph Hill Settlement Christmas?

Turkeys, in fact anything you may wish for your Thanksgiving dinner at home, will be cooked to order for you by our Restaurant Department?

League Bridge meets regularly every Tuesday afternoon and evening?

Men guests swim on Friday nights, when accompanied by members?

The usual interesting and varied programs are held every Thursday evening?

The Drama Reading Group meet the first and third Friday afternoons of each month?

Annual Election for the Board of Directors will be held Monday, January 8? Watch for your ballot in the January Magazine.

December is the month when the members can express the appreciation of the service rendered during the year by contributing to the employees' fund?

There are thirty and forty-cent luncheons in the Cafeteria and a fifty-cent luncheon in the Main Dining Room?

The Verse Speaking Choir stimulates an appreciation of poetry, develops a sense of rhythm and poise and cultivate modulation of the speaking voice?

For this year, dues are being pro-rated to March 1, so that anyone joining the Club now as a new member will have to pay initiation fee and pro-rated dues only? These payments can be made in three installments.

If you entertain at luncheon or dinner you may have a private room for cards afterwards—without charge?

Playing cards inscribed with the Club insignia, which should make very attractive and inexpensive Christmas gifts, have been received by the League Shop?

Book Review luncheons will be arranged if members will write or telephone to the Executive Office signifying their interest?

Classes on any subject will be arranged if members will let the Executive Office know which subjects they are most interested in?

That Mrs. Arthur Lee Bailhache is to give a course in the History and Symbolism of Design? Mrs. Bailhache will meet those interested on January 9 at 12:30, in the Cafeteria.

Christmas Gift

CHINESE SATIN HAND-EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS in Assorted Colors

$1.95

SOMETHING FREE «WITH» EVERY PAIR PURCHASED

THE BOWL SHOP

953 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

Class in Design

—ANNE BAILHACHE

● To include the history and symbolism of design with individual work in dark-light pattern.

The purpose of the course is:

First—To develop a perception and appreciation of the fundamental laws of order, rhythm and harmony to which all life is subject.

Second—To use this understanding as a means of approach to individual creative expression.

The course will consist of ten weekly periods, Tuesday mornings from 10 to 12:30 o'clock.

Tuition—$10 for the course, payable in advance.

Cost of materials—$1.50.

The classes are to be under the direction of Anne Bailhache. Mrs. Bailhache will confer with prospective members of the class at luncheon in the Cafeteria on Tuesday, January 9, at 12:30 o'clock.

Girl Scouts

MRS. MAURICE HARRISON

Deputy Commissioner of San Francisco

● This was a gala year for each of the quarter of a million Girl Scouts of the nation and for their thousands of Brownie sisters and their adult leaders, for this year the Girl Scouts of the United States celebrated their twenty-first birthday.

The Girl Scouts were organized in the United States by Mrs. Juliette Low, who started the first American troops in Savannah, Georgia, in 1912. They are now found in every state in the Union. Girl Scouting is open to every girl between the ages of 10 and 18. Their promise is:

"On my honor I will try:

To do my duty to God and my country.

To help other people at all times.

To obey the Girl Scout Laws."

The first and one of the most important of these laws is a "Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted."

Their activities are many and varied, and it is through them that the girls acquire initiative and responsibility. The programs are a combination of outdoor and indoor activities so that a well-balanced personality may be developed. Some troops take courses in first aid, cooking and baby care. Others go in for hiking or nature study or woodcraft. At other times they may have a program of dramatics where they write plays and design the costumes; or they may undertake some special charity such as helping with the care of a needy family.

Each troop is under the supervision of a captain, who must be over 21, assisted by a lieutenant. Training classes are held from time to time, that leaders may be equipped to undertake this great work. The importance of having trained leaders cannot be overestimated. Each troop of Girl Scouts is divided into smaller groups or patrols. Each patrol elects a leader and these young leaders, together with the adult troop leaders, form a Court of Honor or executive committee which considers suggestions made by the patrols and plans troop activities. Thus by feeling that she can contribute her own ideas toward the management of her troop, a Girl Scout gains in initiative and power to think for herself.

There are three ranks in Girl Scouting —Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class —for which badges are awarded and to which certain duties and skills are attached. Any kind of talent finds its reward here, for merit badges are awarded for special proficiency in cooking, music, languages, horsemanship and many other subjects. In this way a girl follows her natural bent and through the intensive training required for the merit badges, she often comes to find her real vocation in life. The Girl Scouts give their highest honor, the Golden Eaglet, only to girls who have gained 21 such badges and are in all respects the community's ideal Girl Scouts.

The little girls from 7 to 10 years are known as Brownies. They are organized into Packs, where they play all kinds of practical games, do handicraft and learn to be so helpful that, by the time they are ten, their wings have sprouted and they are ready to leave their Brown Owl Leader and "fly up" to be real Girl Scouts.

Camping is most important in the life of a Girl Scout. Many of the 800 Girl Scouts of San Francisco attend camp in the summer where they lead a health-giving outdoor life under a trained staff, learn to cook and have the most delightful time for two weeks or more. Ultimately they hope to have a camp of their own.

Parent-Teacher Associations of San Francisco have taken a lively interest in sponsoring and often in leading Girl Scout troops. Troops at Spring Valley, Guadalupe, Bay Shore, West Portal, McKinley, Sunnyside and Longfellow schools are actively sponsored by their "P.-T.A.'s."

The San Francisco Girl Scout Council maintains headquarters in the Women's City Club Building. Their local director, Miss Ida M. Smith, has recently come from Seattle. An active council of twenty members, a Girl Scout Leaders' Association and examining board, a volunteer staff of instructors and many troop committee members make up the large family of adult sponsors of the Girl Scouts of San Francisco.

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Food in the Home

MARY DOWD REARDON

● Food is an individual problem.

Food is also one of the most important problems we have to solve, for our food, and the manner in which it is prepared and served, largely determines our health.

My basic idea in writing this series of articles is to induce women everywhere to give more attention to food, to help them select the foods which they like and which are best suited to their individual needs, and to help them to prepare those foods tastefully.

It is not necessary that foods be expensive in order to be good. Regardless of the limitations imposed by her household budget, and regardless of the kinds of food she finds best suited to her family's needs, any housewife can make all her meals delicious.

Let us consider meats first. Meats divide themselves into two general classes—those which are naturally tender and those which must be cooked in such manner as to increase their tenderness. These latter meats are almost always much more economical to buy than those in the former group.

In the first class are lamb, veal, chickens and the choicer cuts of beef. In the second are mutton, hens and the less choice cuts of beef. Pork, which must always be thoroughly cooked, for biological reasons, can be classed with the second group, although it usually is sufficiently tender anyway.

The food values of the meats in this second classification are quite as high as those in the first group, and, although it may surprise some people to learn the fact, they can be prepared in such manner as to be just as tender and just as delicious. The whole secret of making them tender is to cook them slowly a long time, and to see that they are kept moist during cooking.

Tough meats should be cooked twenty-five minutes or more for each pound in the piece, if roasted, and the oven temperature should be kept low—not over 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Tender meats may be cooked in a considerably hotter oven for a much less time—fifteen to twenty minutes for each pound in the piece.

Both kinds should be basted every fifteen minutes, to keep the heat from drying out the outside of the meat and making it stringy and unpalatable.

Remember, though, that in cooking any meat, it must be seared first, to seal the juices in. This is done by exposing it for a very brief time to a high heat. For instance, if you are preparing a roast you have the oven very hot—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for the first five minutes or so, whether the meat is tough or tender, and then you reduce the temperature to the proper point for that kind of meat.

Pork should be seasoned before cooking; other roasts afterward. How much to use is one of those things which each cook must determine for herself, because she knows how much she likes and how much her family demands. A small amount of water—not more than half a cupful—should be placed in the roasting pan so you will have something to start the basting with. A lump of fat, or even a small quantity of cooking oil, may also be placed in the pan, if the meat is lean.

If you intend to use other seasoning on the roast than just salt and pepper, add it to this fluid in the pan so that the flavor of the seasoning will cook into the meat and penetrate every part of it. Parsley is often used in this way, especially with lamb. However, it should be removed from the pan before making gravy.

Now, just to make it very clear, here is my own method of cooking a roast of inexpensive beef—neck, chuck, flank or the lower end of a round:

Skin and wipe the meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and place in a roasting pan and sear in a hot oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for five minutes, turning often. Then turn the oven down, put half a cup of water in the pan; if the meat has no fat, add suet or a small quantity of cooking oil. Then cook twenty-five minutes for each pound the meat weighed, basting every fifteen minutes. If you want a thickened gravy, dredge meat liberally with flour after searing; the basting will carry the browned flour down into the juices and thicken them. Be sure to cook long enough and slowly enough and you'll be surprised at the tenderness of your roast.

(Continued on Page 28)

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United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
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WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

"Alice" Urged as Food for Adult Mind

● "For adults only" is the warning that Melvin E. Shippy, instructor in mathematics at the Palo Alto High School, would post on Lewis Carroll's famous volume, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Not that Mr. Shippy believes "Alice" is unfit for younger minds, but he thinks that only the mature reader can appreciate its rich satire. In an essay on the subject he tells of his own failure to understand "its subtle philosophy" at the age of 25, and of how he returned to it many years later with increased appreciation.

Whether or not there is something about mathematics that makes its devotees scramble down rabbit's holes is a matter Mr. Shippy does not attempt to explain, but the fact remains that Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was a lecturer in mathematics at Oxford when he pursued Alice into the realm of the Queen of Hearts, and that Mr. Shippy teaches the same subject.

He launches his essay—or review, as he calls it—with a description of his difficulties in finding the book at the public library, where he looked for it in "old men's corner" along with other volumes for bald heads and highbrows, and of how he was finally given expert assistance by two little girls in the juvenile department.

"To my delight," he continues, "I found that at least, at the age when Dr. Osler had recommended chloroform, I was able to read this wonderful book with understanding."

Then Mathematics Instructor Shippy proceeds to point out some of the "philosophical analogies applicable to human experience."

He says:

"When Alice dived down the rabbit hole in the first chapter after the crazy March Hare, she was merely exploring one of the many blind alleys in which I have found myself by following some fool idea. When she drank from the little bottle and found herself growing very small, I can sympathize with her. Many a person has felt small after drinking from a bottle."

And later, discussing the scene in which Alice is about to drown in a pool of her own tears and there is discussion about how to dry it up:

"The Dormouse thought he could do it historically, whereupon he began a lengthy recital of the exploits of William the Conqueror. They succeeded in rescuing Alice, but the historical recital was not dry enough to soak up the pool. In commenting upon this incident I have only to say that had Professor Robinson of the history department of the University of Michigan been there, he could have dried up that pool in no time. I know, for I slept through many of his dessicated lectures while a student at that university."

"The denizens of the strange world in which Alice found herself were ruled over by the King and Queen of Hearts," Mr. Shippy points out. "But since they were merely playing cards surmounted by fantastic heads, with arms and legs at the four corners, Alice soon learned that their prerogatives, like those of their prototypes in other kingdoms, were not to be taken too seriously."

To the fact that Dodgson — or Lewis Carroll, as he is better known — was for many years a tutor and lecturer at Oxford, Mr. Shippy attributes "the whimsical allusions he makes to the kind of education that was taught to the strange people Alice met in her adventures."

In closing, the essayist (he confesses to frequent indulgence in the vice of literature) pays tribute to the genius of Lewis Carroll in the following paragraph:

"As a lecturer in mathematics at Oxford, he wrote many treatises, but he was not a profound mathematician like Mr. Einstein. However, as a master of fantastic fiction, 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' places him among the immortals."

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KEEP IN MIND THE BOOK MART IN JANUARY

She Painted City Club Auditorium Curtain

● "Women Through the Century" is the title of a booklet which deals with the murals which Hildreth Meiere, formerly of San Francisco, did for the Century of Progress Exposition, which closed last month

Miss Meiere, whose work the recently published book reproduces in many beautiful illustrations, was a pioneer member of the City Club, and she designed the curtain of the stage in the Club Auditorium.

Her mother, the late Mrs. Meiere, and sister, Mrs. Wilder Bowers, were also charter members of the City Club.

The foreword of the booklet says of Miss Meiere:

"The artist, Hildreth Meiere, ranks among the foremost of her profession. She is well known by her murals in the Nebraska state capitol in Lincoln and the dome of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington.

"Through figures of heroic size, her mural portrays, in dramatic episodes, the striking changes which have come to American womanhood between 1833 and 1933. The predominating blues and dull reds upon a background of pale yellow give a mellow softness which accentuates the aggressive action of the figures. The passage of women from the narrow confines of home and tradition in 1833 to the broad opportunities and freedom of 1933 is suggested by iron bars in the background, which first set close together, gradually draw apart and finally disappear.

"Below, the mural is bordered by a grisaille in a single color, light brown, which gives the effect of wood carving. Here the span of one hundred years is divided into ten sections, each six feet long. These follow one another chronologically, and each portrays three great women pioneers and two important episodes of the decade.

"EPISODES OF THE MURAL

"The woman of 1833 confined to the home and centered wholly in her family.

"She steps over the threshold into a field of wider interest.

"Her education begins; schools open to her.

"Women work for temperance.

"They succor the enslaved negroes.

"They aid the wounded on the Civil War battlefields.

"Susan B. Anthony leads out for suffrage.

"Women's clubs become popular.

"A host joins in the triumphal march.

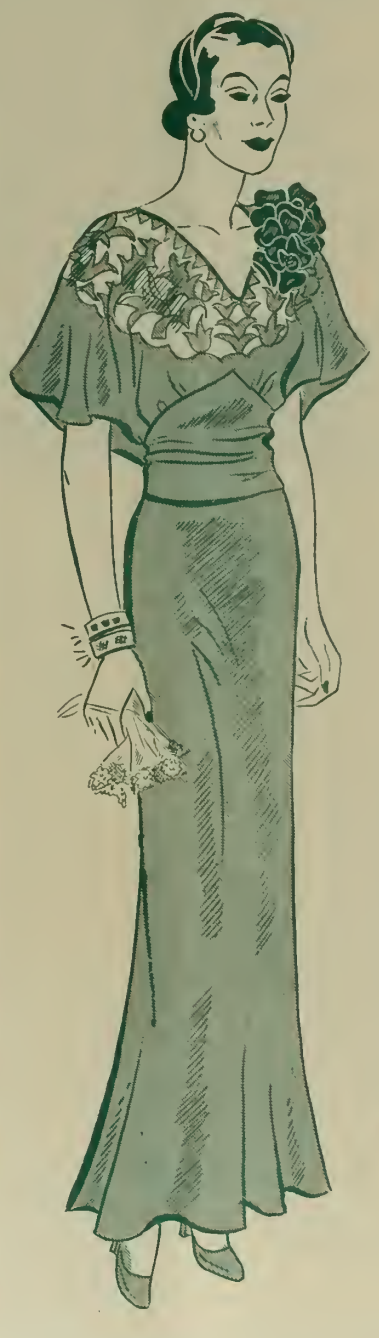
"Women become prominent in business and the professions.

"They seek peace.

"They look towards the good world tomorrow, for which they strive, where men and women will share responsibilities alike, with security and opportunity for all.

"At the close, Clio, the Muse of History, a book upon her knee, writes of A Century's Achievement for Women. A stone tablet behind her records her words:

"WOMEN MARCH THROUGH EDUCATION, SUFFRAGE, ECONOMIC FREEDOM, TOWARDS GREATER SOCIAL JUSTICE."



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NRA WE DO OUR PART

Perhaps the Writer Is Over Sanguine

● Dear Friends:

Depression is over in Europe; there is work for all who wish it; nations are wholeheartedly working together, both directly and through the League; real disarmament is assured; the debt question is settled; good will reigns among the people. Such is the message I should like to send you at the beginning of 1933. Unfortunately, a long trip which took me through France, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Austria forces me to precisely the opposite conclusion. Economic conditions in these lands are growing worse. Tariffs, restrictions and exchange prohibitions have practically killed international trade, thus leaving ridiculous situations where one nation starves and a neighbor is plunged in misery because it cannot sell its surplus food to buy other necessities. Animosities are increasing between classes within nations and between nations themselves. The failure of the League to deal promptly and vigorously with the Sino-Japanese conflict is emboldening every country to attempt to change with violent means situations which it has hitherto hoped to have changed through the League. The failure of certain countries to pay their debts is leading to all sorts of wild talk about refusal to pay national and private debts. While each country is trying with desperate earnestness to save itself, it is, in fact, doing what seems to be the very worst things both for its own welfare and for the world in general. The inescapable interdependence of nations in principle is admitted by the people but practically is denied by the action of governments. How long before the common fundamental needs of humanity like a mighty river will burst the dams of unenlightened, selfish nationalism?

Against this black background, you may well ask, "Are there flashes of hope?" Perhaps. Recent reports from England and Germany tell of slight improvement. There has developed among the people in many countries a fortitude, a cheerfulness in adversity, a determination to resist and endure, which reminds one of the spirit which grew up during the Great War. Nine months ago when I visited many of these same countries I found a feeling of panic. Today in spite of worse conditions there is courage.

From the point of view of the Y. M. C. A., interesting things are taking place. The reduction or withdrawal of foreign staff and support at first produced a sense of insecurity and fear. This is being succeeded frequently by a sense of proprietorship and responsibility. Increased competition on the one hand from sport clubs, nationalistic societies, political party organizations, etc., and on the other, from communistic and godless societies which challenge the fundamental religious and social position of the Y. M. C. A., is leading to a fresh study of what the Y. M. C. A. really is and of the needs which the Y. M. C. A. is uniquely qualified to help to meet. The process of becoming a part of the social and religious structure of the country in which it works is being intensified. At the same time, the distinction between the Y. M. C. A. and other youth organizations is being clarified.

Leaders of the Association, both lay and professional, are increasingly acting upon a growing conviction that to continue and progress the Y. M. C. A. must sink its roots in the culture and traditions of the country in which it exists, and produce results in changing for the better the quality of life of members and of the society. This necessitates more specific aims, sometimes fewer activities more purposively planned and carried out. Y. M. C. A. camp work is a good example of the way an activity

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is being used with almost uniformly good results in enriching life, developing skills, and producing leaders. All the splendid leaders in the Athens Association have come out of camp. This is largely true in Bucharest, Sofia and elsewhere.

Leaders are studying with eagerness how the Y. M. C. A. can present the Christian way of life with the freshness, vigor, and appealing power with which non-Christian ways of life are being presented to members and circles of youth from which members are drawn. Whatever its faults, communism offers a concrete and simple plan for changing the present social order. It appeals to sacrifice and heroism. That its call is being heeded is shown not only by the violence of students in Sofia, for example, which requires police supervision at the entrance to the University, and at times in the class rooms, but also by the quality of student leadership which communism is developing in other Universities. Their spirit is illustrated by a young communist whom I met in Lisbon who, in spite of strict laws to the contrary, had read 42 books which had been smuggled into the country. He said, "I cannot sleep thinking of the unemployment and suffering caused by the injustices of the capitalistic system. I know I may be put in jail; but what happens to me does not matter, it is the *cause* that counts."

A young Orthodox Y. M. C. A. secretary, as convinced as this communist that the social order must be changed, said, "I cannot talk to my communist friends unless I give myself to Christ as they give themselves to communism — absolutely." The fight is on not between advocates of the *status quo* and revolutionists but between those who believe and those who do not that the new order of society will be based on spiritual values.

Fortunately these changes and the new orientation of the Associations in various countries coincide with the arrival at manhood and responsibility of young men who since the Great War have grown up through the Associations — Boys' Departments, camps, student Y. M. C. A.'s, specialized and graduate studies. These men know the Association from experience. In rapidly growing numbers they are entering Boards of Directors, committees, and staffs. They have assurance and conviction. It is their presence in the ranks of leaders and the role of volunteer workers which gives me hope that the Associations will weather the present avalanche of crises and take a responsible part in helping meet the present menacing international situation.

The World's Committee of Y.M.C.A.'s is tackling many of these problems head on. Recently an international camp was conducted by a member of the staff in India. This was the eighteenth such camp conducted in various parts of the world. A conference of leaders from Far Eastern countries is set for the early fall of 1933. My recent trip was chiefly concerned with the preparation of a series of national conference and meetings in the Orthodox countries to take place next April and May. About the same time will take place an international camp uniting some hundred leaders from France and North Africa. We are convinced that whatever solution there is to the world's woes can be found only in an atmosphere where a spirit of goodwill and a desire to understand prevails. As an Estonian secretary wrote, "In days like these it's great to be a Christian and believe in a God who has a plan for individuals and for society and who can make it known to those who trust and seek."

Your moral and material backing gives us strength to face the future with courage and abandon.

If this letter raises questions regarding which you would like fuller explanation, please write me. Write anyhow. Tell us about significant trends in the U. S. A. — technocracy, First Century Christian Fellowship, implications of unemployment, how the crisis affects the Y. M. C. A. A year out of the States in days like these makes one feel out of touch.

Cordially,

D. A. Davis.

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And How About Us Women?

MRS. PAUL SHOUP

● Saturday, February 6, 1932, dawned in Geneva bright but very cold. A momentous day. This was the day when the petitions from all the women in the world were to be presented to the Disarmament Conference, so lately convened and with what high hopes. The conference met in a good, solid Swiss hall, not too spacious, and hastily made over with a few wooden partitions, booths and gallery seats inserted. This to literally contain the world, as expressed by representative statesmen. This world was spread out on the floor of the hall in forty-five tables—a nation with four or five to a table, every table labeled so you knew whether you were looking at Norway or the Argentine.

They all faced a crude platform built on three levels. Mr. Henderson occupied the top level and the translators and secretaries the second and third. The favored spectators, the camera men and the press occupied a sort of mezzanine about three sides.

Tickets for the general public were few and hard to get. The procuring of these tickets in Geneva is a business in itself—also seats are few, and standing room less. So if one had a ticket he arrived early at the general public door, stood patiently in his little alley, shrank from the north wind and listened to comments and criticism in every language in the world until finally the door was opened and the seat rush on.

A lucky front seat gave me a full view of the conference and a better one of Mr. Henderson's very nice profile and bald spot. There is no one in the world who presides as perfectly as Mr. Henderson. He effaces himself, one is not conscious of his strong guiding hand, and the meeting is the thing.

The women, several hundred strong, had recruited themselves in a nearby public park, and were patiently waiting in phalanxes at the door. After Mr. Henderson's opening remarks, they were admitted, marched into the back of the hall and formed a long cue of twos and fours around a side aisle and up to the speakers' platform. Many of them bore huge bundles of petitions. In America they would have employed pages for that, but these women bore their own. They were led by Miss Dingman, the head of the International Y. W. C. A. in Geneva, also the chairman of all women's organizations and activities of that time—a busy lady, most able, courteous and magnetic, with fine speaking presence, and an American. She was the first woman to speak before the conference, and really opened it by her appeal for the women to the men. She said women were weary of the useless sorrow, sacrifice and hardship imposed upon them by the war between men and nations. Also this gathering of women was to be regarded as an uprising more than an appeal. It was a demand at least to be heard and considered, and if nothing came of this way, women would find another and there would be no end to the effort. Here was the answer to the first question sent out to the women: "Do we want war or peace?"

Two women took their places on the platform, one read in French the names of the countries presenting the petitions and the number of names; the other translated into English, while the cue moved forward and handed the bundles of petitions to Mr. Mencia, the Cuban lawyer delegated to receive them. The bundles were heavy and some of the bearers had almost fallen by the aisle-side standing through the opening speeches.

One old dear in blue percale just gave out and dropped herself and bundle into a vacant Lithuanian conference seat until the parade moved on.

The petitions were in big and little bundles, some tied in paper with ribbons, some just bound up any way, and naked. The only attempts at tidy, ornamental boxing or covering came from Finland, Norway and Sweden, as they would. Finland was in light blue binding, Norway and Sweden in darker. Great Britain's was the largest, and came in several simply tied bundles. Some came in brown wrapping paper fastened with wide blue ribbon.

As they piled higher and higher upon the very inadequate table, there was a petition slide. A shiver went through the audience. It might be symbolic. Then a real Monday clothes basket was brought in and the pressure relieved.

All these women were past the first flush of youth. There was little or no evidence of wealth in attitude or attire, though some were well dressed. At a casual glance, they presented a rather motly array. Sex appeal, as known in America, was conspicuous by its absence. Also, there was no jaunty look of "putting it over" the world, but they did represent rather grimly the hope, the vision, the thought and perhaps the determination of the hordes of women behind them through the centuries gone before and now.

The actual presenting of the petitions took perhaps an hour, and the women melted into the shadows with the exception of a few leaders who had special seats.

Then Lord Cecil made a characteristic conservative British speech. Lord Cecil is old and thin, tall and stooped, with overhanging eyebrows, hawk nose, a pleasant mouth and a merry eye, beautiful hands and a simple, convincing manner. Among his practical suggestions were the limitation of battleships to 10,000 tons and the elimination of airplanes for bombing purposes. They do little damage in the real battlefield, but worse yet, attack the morale of those behind the lines and in the large cities. Elimination of land tanks and guns which are so able to destroy any defensive measures; abolishment of submarines. They do little damage to battleships, but much to the merchant marine. He also advised the establishment of an international airport for civil affairs. He said the hopes, visions and spirit of the League, and now of the Conference, had received attention enough. A splendid figure of a man, human and humorous, but speaking as one ready to stop talking and take a step in action.

Next came James Green of Yale, representing the college students of America and Great Britain, a tall, slim, keen-faced, black-haired boy, with quiet address and no gestures. But the following are only a few of his electifying ideas.

"In transmitting these petitions, I should hardly be speaking with the candor of the new world if I did not discuss some of the questions which are constantly being debated in every dormitory, club and frater-

SUGGESTIONS for CHRISTMAS

● Here in San Francisco in the heart of Chinatown is the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly. Like stepping from San Francisco to the Far East, reflecting the intrigue and romance of the Orient, this colorful shop offers hundreds of suggestions for Christmas—gifts that distinguish the giver—unusual brocade gowns, kimonos, robes or lounging pajamas—ceremonial gowns—afternoon tea gowns—dinner gowns—butterfly jackets and hundreds of objects of art.

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nity house in America and England. We never cease to ask, were those ten million young men, who loved life as whole-heartedly as ourselves, the victims of an illusion when they fell to earth only a few years ago? Must the insanity known as war be repeated within our generation at the cost of our lives? Most important, what is to be our answer to the government in case of mobilization for war? No doubt it may be considered unwise, even impertinent, to raise those issues; yet I would be playing traitor to my constituency were I to remain silent. Perhaps students may rush in where diplomats fear to tread.

"After contemplating the events preceding the catastrophe of 1914, we remain unconvinced as to the wisdom of our predecessors. Fourteen years after the armistice the glamour and heroism of that period fail to impress us, even when inscribed in gilt on stone memorials. The swords have lost their brilliance; the helmets and shiny buttons are tarnished. In fact, the whole glorious temple of Mars has crumbled into ashes. We respect the noble war dead; but we question the judgment of those responsible for their death.

"Organized slaughter, we realize, does not settle a dispute; it merely silences an argument. We insist that for violence be substituted juridical control through the World Court and executive action through the League of Nations. If we are to evolve an international order out of anarchy we must renounce nationalism and drastically curtail the absolute sovereignty of states.

"The other speakers have much at stake; we have even more, for we are literally fighting for our lives. I stand before you as attorney for the defense, pleading for a reprieve. It is my generation which will be called upon to surrender all we consider worth while in life, in order to become targets for machine-gun bullets and victims for the latest poison gas. It is the young men and women of my age who will be commanded to commit suicide. It is my generation which will be requested to destroy the best of human culture, perhaps civilization itself, for causes which future historians will discover to be erroneous, if not utterly stupid or actually vicious. We have thus lost interest in being prepared for cannon fodder.

"In a sense, I am presenting an ultimatum rather than a petition. The students whom I represent are watching critically every action of this Conference. For behind your deliberations stands staring down at us the specter of Death. We desire to live and to live at peace. We desire to construct a world society providing freedom, equal opportunity and a sense of security. We desire to make possible for every human being full development of personality in terms of the highest human and spiritual values we know. Those of us who have retained a concept of a loving and purposeful God desire to live in peace lives which will reflect that concept. We are therefore petitioning you for a substantial reduction of armaments, in order that we may have a civilization in which to forward this creative purpose."

The hall grew hotter and hotter; a bench for five always held six with several in the aisles between. Also, it was Saturday morning, not Sunday, and the general public's weekly bath was yet in abeyance. Several more speeches in French and Mr. Henderson called the next meeting "on Monday at 10, and I wish to repeat, we will meet at 10, not later."

Petition day was over. The thrill remained and a nameless hope that a power some of us call God might make this little thing called Peace come true.

Mary, Mary, Femme Contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With ribboned editions
Of women's petitions,
And delegates all in a row.

Christmas Carols at Club December 15

● The Choral Club of Hale Bros. Department Store will sing Christmas carols on the Third Floor of the City Club during the dinner hour Friday, December 15.

The Choral is under the direction of Mrs. Flora Porter, member of the City Club, and has done excellent ensemble singing for several years.

Several parties are being arranged by members for the night of December 15, when the Choral will move from Dining Room to Cafeteria and back and forth for about an hour

Lessons in Home Facials, Beauty Salon

● Friday, December 15, from 9 o'clock to 5:30, Miss Hill, a Contoure expert, will give members of the Women's City Club fifteen-minute lessons in the correct way to massage one's face and neck. These lessons will be without charge and will be a valuable guide to your ideal of beauty. The lessons will tell you exactly how to correct any undesirable condition such as lines, sagging muscles, dry or oily skin, blackheads or blemishes, and are prepared to meet your individual need.

Please make the appointment for your lesson in advance, as Miss Hill will be booked for the entire day. There is absolutely no charge.

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(Continued from Page 21)

Besides roasting, which we have already considered, the other principal methods of cooking meats are broiling, baking, stewing or boiling and frying. I do not, however, greatly recommend the frying of meat, except ham or bacon, because almost always too much grease is used in frying, the cooking is usually done at a high temperature and the meat absorbs grease.

Frying is chiefly valuable as a means of cooking fish—oysters, for instance, fried in olive oil, have a flavor surpassing that produced by any other manner of cooking them—but even so, I ordinarily broil fish instead of frying it. I oil the pan, oil the fish, and broil it slowly, with a very low flame. This method does well for small whole fish, or for slices of larger fish, such as halibut, barracuda or salmon, but for large pieces of fish baking is better.

Baking as a general process of cookery differs little from roasting. Perhaps the outstanding difference is that in baking we do not baste the food. I bake fish very much the same as I would roast inexpensive cuts of meat. First I season the fish, using salt, pepper and a very little bay leaf. Then I put it in a shallow pan and place a strip of salt pork on top—some people use bacon—to provide grease, which will keep the outer surfaces moist and prevent their cooking to a dry stringiness. Then I bake it slowly, using an oven temperature of 225 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

In broiling meats it is best not to season them until they are taken from the oven, because adding the salt before they are cooked tends to make them tough. When you broil, be sure your meat is at least three inches from the flame of your broiler, so that the outside will not char before the inside is cooked.

The heat of your broiling oven and the length of time you leave the meat in it depends entirely upon the degree of rareness desired. This makes it impossible to lay down any general rules, but my own individual preference is to cook lamb chops thoroughly done, giving them about twenty minutes in a moderately hot broiler, and steaks about twenty-five minutes, if they are thick, and slightly less if they are not quite as thick as I want them.

When I broil a steak I like to place bits of fat on the upper side. These fry out and the grease moistens the surface of the meat and keeps it from drying under the intense heat of this method of cookery. For seasoning I use salt, pepper and sometimes parsley butter. This last gives the meat a distinctive and appetizing flavor.

One of the best ways to cook the less expensive cuts of meat is to stew them. Many persons who would otherwise make use of this excellent method avoid it because of one or more unfortunate experiences, practically all of which, I am sure, could have been avoided by starting the stew with very hot water instead of with cold water.

Meat which is to be used for Irish stew should be seared to hold the juices inside, and this should be done by pouring the water in which it is to be cooked, boiling hot, over the meat. Use only a little water at first, and add more from time to time. Only the first water need be hot. Failure to do this has ruined tons of good meat.

In this first water have your seasoning, so that the seasoned stock will be absorbed by the meat. My method is to cut the meat into pieces two or three inches square, and to use parsley, pepper and salt as seasoning. After the meat has been seared by the first boiling water, I add, a little at a time, almost enough water to cover the meat. I boil stews as slowly as possible for two hours. This long, slow cooking is to break down the fibres and make the meat tender. When done, I add the thickening, which may be potato, flour mixed with butter to form a roux so that the thickening will be smooth and not lumpy, or rice.

If I use rice—and it is a very nice thickening—I turn up the flame and have the stew boiling hard from the time I put in the rice until it is finished. By doing this I keep the rice moving in the water all the time and it does not stick to the pan and burn.

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Katherine Edson Mourned by Pioneers

—MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON

● Katherine Philips Edson, another loved associate and one of California's most notable women, has floated out on the ebb tide. An associate whose memory is tightly woven into the web of romance, world tragedy and service that were the birth-pangs of the San Francisco branch of the National League for Woman's Service.

In those first days of war Anne Morgan, the founder of the National League for Woman's Service, appointed Mrs. Edson the National Committeeman and Regional Director for the Pacific coast. Just at that time our loved Alice McKay Kelly came out from New York fired with the spirit and understanding of the emergency need that was destined to promote activity, and they called the first conference.

What that conference has been productive of in woman's service, history tells, recording as it does Mrs. Edson's contribution of never-faltering allegiance to the ideals.

The keynote of her public life work was always in the interest of the underpaid woman; and it is to her efforts during her long years on the Industrial Welfare Commission that we owe our minimum-wage law for women. This alone is an immortal monument to her memory—and in reverence we bow our heads to a "Well done, good and faithful servant."

This is where City Club residents will hang their stockings Christmas Eve.

English Speaking Union Will Give Program

● A program of Old English Ballads will be selected from the following for the English Speaking Union, by G. Marston Haddock. The program will be given at the City Club December 12:

Death and the Lady. A forerunner of Schubert's great "Death and the Maiden." This song antedates Schubert by some 250 years.

Dumb, Dumb. A root tune folk song of 1650. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is based on this old tune.

Lilli Burlero. The song that affected English history perhaps more than any other. Ridiculing James and undermining the loyalty to him the year before the rebellion in 1678 when he had to fly the country.

Greensleeves. Still sung as a Christmas carol and one of the most beautiful of the old sixteenth-century songs.

Packington's Pound. A humorous song of 1592.

Remember, Oh Thou Man. Taken from a MS. of before 1600, found in Westminster Abbey when I was a chorister there.

Thou Wilt Not Go. An old love song of 1630.

The Sweet Nightingale. A Surrey folk song.

Pastance With Good Company. This song is ascribed to Henry VIII.

(All above arranged specially for me by George Whitaker.)

Seeds of Love (arranged by G. M. H.). An old ballad of the sixteenth century.

Lord Rendall (arranged by Cyril Scott). Perhaps the most widely known of all the old ballads.

Billy Boy (arranged by Cecil Sharpe). A Norfolkshire folk song and a satire on Lord Rendall.

Cupid's Garden (arranged by Somervell). This song and "Early One Morning" shared the honors for popularity right up to the middle of the Victorian era.

Where Be Goin'? (arranged by Cyril Scott). A Cornish folk song and the origin of the nursery rhyme, "Where Are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?"

The Jolly Miller (arranged by Roger Quilter). Originally a song about "pick-pockets" which was changed and included in the ballad opera, "Love in a Village."

Listen to the Voice of Love (arranged by Geoffrey Watson). A charming little song by "Hook."

God Save the King! Original tune and harmonies of Dr. John Bull. No need to comment on this.

Vicar of Bray (arranged by G. H. Clustam).

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Merry Christmas Carries On

(Continued from Page 8)

nee and evening performance. I lived at a girls' club, and my roommate, Nina Melville, and I had trimmed a little tree for ourselves, and had planned a little nocturnal feast when our day's work should be done. She was playing with Mrs. Fiske, and her mother, our own cherished Emelie Melville, was with Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart." Emelie Melville had an apartment in the same block as our club and she joined our party. It was after midnight when we assembled. We lighted the little tree, opened our packages and hungrily devoured our feast. Poignant memories of other Christmas trees and other seasons were made less painful in our warm comradeship. The old spirit burned just as brightly in our simple room beneath our tiny tree as it had of old. When our celebration was over, Emelie Melville gathered up her packages and we crept downstairs with her to say good-night. She insisted on carrying everything that she had received home to her own flat down the street for fear that we would mix up her things with ours. We could not escort her home, as it would be against club rules for us to go out so late. We unlocked the door and bade her good-night and one more Merry Christmas for good measure, and then watched her from the windows until she reached her door. She made an unforgettable picture as she stepped her way daintily through the snow, laden down with her packages. She paused at her door, set down the packages, blew up kisses and flashed on us that famous bright smile of hers. The famous actress standing under the light of her doorway became for us in that moment our Christmas madonna.

Growing up was not all just joyous adventure, and tragedy soon stalked my path. How to endure the first Christmas after death had seemingly swept life bare for me, I could not conceive. A merciful round of things to do, including a visit to the jail to bring Christmas baskets and to sing carols, and later to aid at a community Christmas tree in the park in the little town where I was living, filled the hours and staved off the torturing memories that would otherwise have assailed me. Frosty stars gleamed in the midnight sky as I drove home, and some of the old-time message of Peace seemed to emanate from them to ease my heartache.

And Christmas in 1918! Added to the usual excitement was the feeling of great thankfulness that the frightful war was over. In the little village in France where I was stationed as a Y. M. C. A. entertainer, the soldiers, under the direction of Dorothy Donnelly, whose assistant I was, had produced a "show" a few weeks before Christmas. They had charged admission for it, and had taken in quite a goodly sum. With this money, they had sent down to Paris for toys and stockings, and to the army commissary for candies and fruits. Miss Donnelly wrote a little play explaining the American idea of Christmas. This was translated by a French liaison officer and acted by Miss Donnelly and some French children of the village at our Christmas party for the French children. This was put on in a large entertainment hut erected by the A. E. F. in the center of town. Some scene painters from the ranks of the army were detailed to paint realistic backgrounds for the play and for Santa Claus. As there were 1,500 French children to be received, two performances were given. On a stage at one end of the auditorium, the play was performed to put the little guests into the proper frame of mind for our kind of Christmas expression. Then the lights went out, curtains parted at the other end of the auditorium, and there against a background of gleaming snow, stood a magnificent Santa Claus, ready to dispense gifts to all. There was not a disappointed child in the community, and homes that were feeling the scars of four years of warfare and the absence of fathers or brothers, had at least this little ray of brightness for the day. It was an exhausting amount of work for us and physical weariness made us fall asleep quickly and thus forget what otherwise would have been making us wakeful and wistful.

Next morning (Christmas Day) we looked down out of our windows and saw President Wilson ride by on his way to visit General Pershing at his chateau. History-making days these, and one felt a thrilling sense of just that. In the afternoon, with some soldiers, we trudged out to the hospital, some two miles from town, to take Christmas baskets to some of our sick friends. All along the road, which led as well to General Pershing's chateau, soldiers of the 26th Division stood, mired in mud and slush, stationed as guard of honor to the President. They had been standing for hours and it didn't seem quite tactful to mention Christmas in passing, somehow. As we were leaving the hospital, the bright glare of automobile lamps lighted the road. All the soldiers lined along the road

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stood at attention and we could see blocks of these sharp silhouettes. Then the car passed, and our dignified but weary-looking President smiled faintly at his faithful guard. Another historical flash, and the beginning of Merry Christmas for those tired soldiers. I hope they got cognac with their mess that night. Our day ended with a very good dinner in company with a famous playwright, a popular baseball player and a New York lawyer. Our table was set in the dingy salon of our hotel. There was no tree, there were no candles and no exciting presents, but the holiday spirit prevailed in spite of this. Little Christmas ghosts of former years sat cosily in the hearts of each of us, but tales of recent adventure and sparkling and amusing conversation kept them well in their places, up until the hour to say: "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night."

And so go the years, carrying us to strange places at times, and sometimes adding new faces or fashions, or taking away some treasured old ones. Through it all the fundamental quality and spirit remain intact and unchanged. Peace conferences dissolve in wordy battles, the dollar grows flighty and uncertain in its character, transportation becomes a thing of magic, old boundaries disintegrate, "the captains and the kings depart," but Christmas stars burn on as brightly as ever, and Tiny Tim's voice sings on undaunted above the confusion and the clamor—"God Bless Us, Every One!"

Hallowe'en Party

● The Hallowe'en Party Tuesday evening, October 31, was one of the largest bridge parties of the year.

Under the constructive efforts of the chairman, Mrs. Nettie Metzger, and her committee, 250 members and their guests enjoyed a delightful evening.

Decorations, the wrappings for the prizes, the scores and candy containers, all conformed to the Hallowe'en spirit.

Assisting Mrs. Metzger were Mrs. Pearl Bauman, Mrs. C. E. Fipps, Miss Lydia Johnston, Miss Evelyn Larkin, Miss Ida Lord and Mrs. Lulu Spencer.

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Drama Reading

● The Drama Reading Group, of which Mrs. E. M. Graham is chairman, resumed meetings October 20 with the reading of "Richard of Bordeaux" by Gordon Daviot.

"Autumn Crocus" by C. L. Anthony was read November 3, and on November 17 "Laying the Devil," John Drinkwater's new play, was read by Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, who is acting chairman of the group in the absence of Mrs. Graham from the city. Because of the holidays, but one meeting will be held this month, Friday, December 8. Members and their guests are cordially invited.

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● To those who value the beauty of original handwork and can never be satisfied with "imitations" no matter how cleverly done, a visit to the Philip Klein jewelry shop in Chinatown will be an adventure in beauty.

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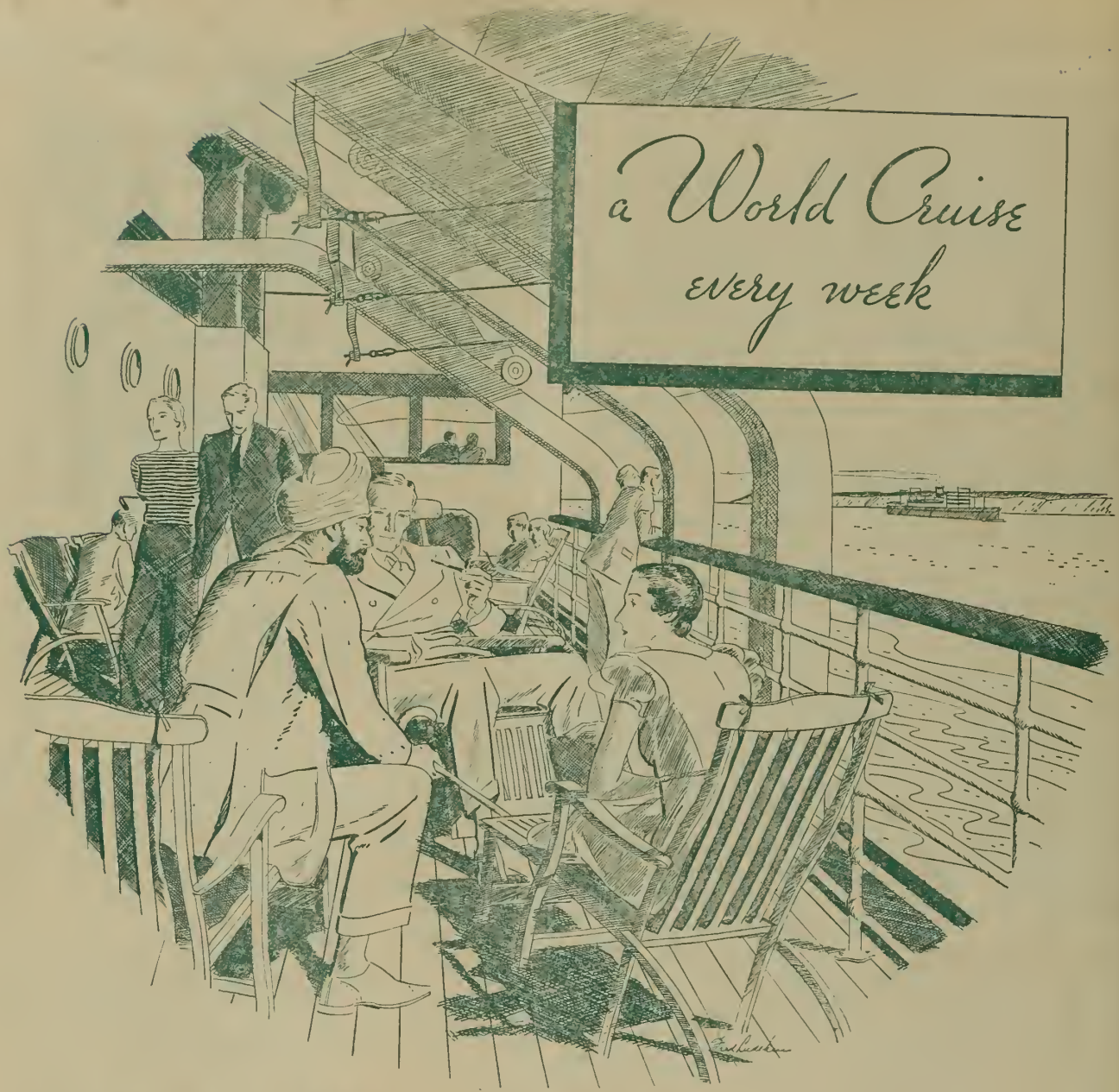

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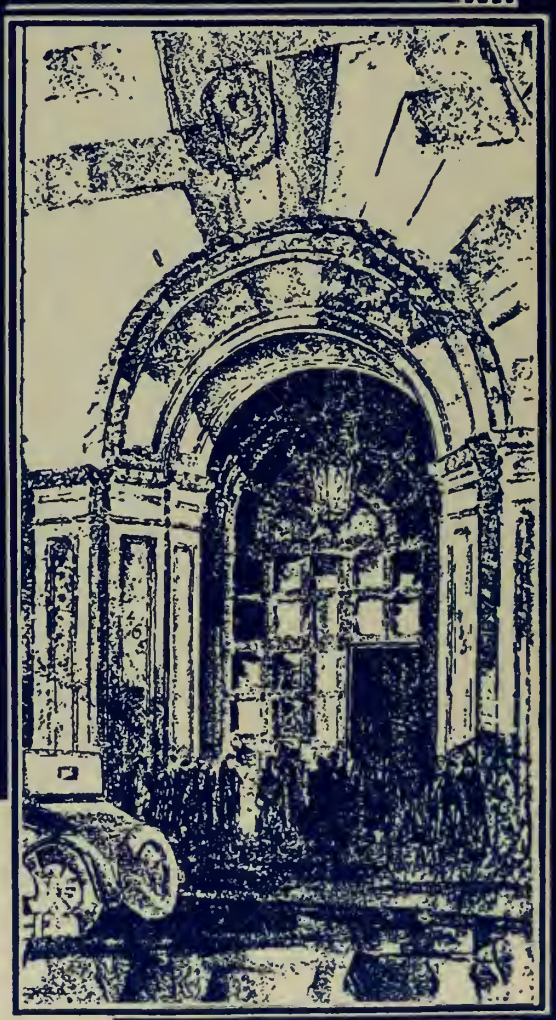

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V. A. D. ROLL OF HONOR

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WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR 1934?

THESE are the Grand Army of the V. A. D., and their names are herewith inscribed on a Roll of Honor because of their assistance to the Club when the call of the Volunteer Aid Detachment was sounded a few months ago, and more are being added daily.

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Brahe, Miss Elsie
Brandon, Mrs. J. E.
Brann, Mrs. Lillis George
Branson, Miss Katherine
Braun, Mrs. Harriet Augusta
Breen, Mrs. Peter A.
Breese, Miss Alice A.
Breeze, Miss Louise
Breyfogle, Mrs. Edwin S.
Breyfogle, Mrs. Ella Pierce
Breyman, Mrs. Fred
Bridge, Mrs. Adelaide
Briggs, Miss Jessica Lee
Briggs, Mrs. Wm. Ellery
Bristol, Miss Helen
Bristol, Miss Maud Knox
Brogan, Mrs. Katherine E.
Brooks, Mrs. George W.
Brown, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln
Brown, Dr. Adelaide
Brown, Mrs. Cabot
Brown, Miss Eletta M.
Brown, Mrs. Ethel P.
Brown, Miss Gladys F.
Brown, Mrs. Harold Chapman
Brown, Mrs. Hillyer Blake
Brown, Mrs. Levant
Brown, Miss Margaret D.
Brown, Mrs. P. K.
Brown, Mrs. R. A.
Brownstone, Mrs. A. F.
Bryan, Miss E. M.
Bryant, Mrs. W. A.
Buch, Miss Elfreda
Buckingham, Mrs. H. P.
Buckingham, Mrs. R. A.
Buckley, Mrs. F. G.
Buckwalter, Mrs. E. W.
Buffington, Mrs. W. H.
Bugbee, Mrs. Lee
Bujanoff, Miss L. M.
Bujanoff, Miss Olga
Bullard, Mrs. W. D.
Bump, Miss E. F.
Bunker, Miss C. L.
Burckhardt, Miss Caroline
Burdick, Mrs. Hilda
Burke, Miss Isaac
Burke, Mrs. S. K.
Burns, Miss Elizabeth
Burns, Miss M. R.
Burns, Miss M. A.
Burpee, Mrs. Walter
Burr, Miss Marion
Burr, Miss Alice
Burrell, Mrs. W. A.
Burtchaell, Miss D. C.
Bush, Mrs. B. L.
Buxton, Mrs. George
Cadwalder, Mrs. George
Cahen, Mrs. Joseph
Callan, Miss Eleanor
Callander, Mrs. C. L.
Callison, Mrs. F. W.
Cambron, Mrs. C. G.
Cameron, Mrs. W. H.
Campbell, Miss B. F.
Campbell, Mrs. H. L.
Campbell, Miss Mary
Campbell, Dr. M. P.
Campbell, Mrs. O. F.
Campiglia, Mrs. L. R.
Cannon, Miss M. A.
Carden, Miss Georgina
Carey, Miss A. A.
Carey, Mrs. J. W.
Carle, Mrs. C. W.
Caro, Mrs. Sarah
Carolan, Miss Emily
Carpenter, Mrs. F. B.
Carrier, Mrs. Craig
Carrigan, Miss A. V.
Carrigan, Miss M. L.
Carroll, Mrs. H. N.
Carter, Mrs. G. E.
Casey, Miss May
Casserly, Miss M.
Castlehun, Mrs. Paul
Castlemann, Mrs. D. C.
Cave, Miss Mabel
Center, Miss Jean
Cerf, Mrs. B.
Cerf, Miss Lorraine
Chadwick, Mrs. George
Chalmers, Mrs. L. F.
Chandler, Miss Mabel
Chandler, Mrs. M. G.
Chandler, Mrs. S. Elizabeth
Chapman, Mrs. C. C.
Chapman, Mrs. C. M.
Chapman, Mrs. S. G.
Chappel, Miss M. W.
Chenoweth, Miss Gene
Child, Mrs. C. R.
Chilton, Miss Virginia
Chipman, Mrs. E. D.
Chittenden, Mrs. A. B.
Christenson, Mrs. A. A.
Churchill, Mrs. T. C.
Citron, Mrs. W. J.
Clark, Miss A. M.
Clark, Miss Caroline
Clark, Mrs. C. D.
Clark, Mrs. H. H.
Clark, Mrs. L. H.
Clark, Mrs. M. R.
Clark, Mrs. W. H.
Clarke, Miss C. D.
Clarke, Mrs. C. D.
Clausen, Miss E. A.
Clauser, Mrs. W. A.
Claxton, Miss A. R.
Claxton, Mrs. F. J.
Clay, Miss M. C.
Clendenin, Mrs. L. M.
Clifton, Mrs. A. T.
Clough, Mrs. Chas. L.
Coblentz, Mrs. Lambert
Cockrill, Miss Ellie M.
Coffin, Miss Carrie M.
Coffin, Mrs. Horace
Coffin, Mrs. Sherwood
Coghlan, Mrs. John P.
Cohen, Mrs. Earle L.
Cohen, Miss Harriet T.
Cohn, Mrs. Max M.
Colburn, Miss Helen M.
Colby, Mrs. R. V.
Cole, Mrs. Kathryn W.
Cole, Miss Mary L.
Coleman, Mrs. Edith B.
Coleman, Miss Persis H.
Collier, Mrs. Robert H.
Comings, Miss Jane A.
Concannon, Miss Ella G.
Concannon, Miss S.
Congdon, Miss Emma
Congdon, Mrs. Belle
Conlin, Miss Alice E.
Conlin, Miss Mary R.
Conolley, Miss Lulu
Conrad, Miss Ora M.
Converse, Isabel G.
Cook, Miss Amy R.
Cook, Miss Elsie
Cook, Miss Houston
Cooley, Mrs. A. E.
Cooper, Mrs. Chas. Miner
Coppel, Miss M. Pauline
Copren, Miss Margaret
Corbus, Miss Mary M.
Cowell, Mrs. E. V.
Coxon, Mrs. Philip A.
Craddock, Mrs. Geo. W.
Craig, Miss Olive
Crandall, Mrs. A. D.
Crane, Mrs. D. B.
Crane, Miss Katharine
Cranston, Mrs. R.
Crawford, Mrs. M. M.
Crellin, Miss A. M.
Crittenden, Miss M. L.
Crooke, Mrs. J. J.
Crowell, Miss Carlena
Cullen, Mrs. Wm. O.
Cunningham, Mrs. Laura T.
Currier, Mrs. Farnsworth
Curry, Miss Esabel
Curtis, Mrs. George B.
Cushing, Mrs. Oscar
Cushman, Mrs. Douglas
Dakin, Mrs. Etta E.
Daly, Miss Julia
Daly, Miss V. Ella
Davies, Mrs. Sarah Edna
Davis, Mrs. C. W.
Davis, Mrs. Robert J.

(Continued on Page 9)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

The President's Message

—KATHARINE DONOHOE

● Silently, steadily, like the gentle rain from heaven, there has happened at the City Club something that makes the year just closed an epic one in the history of the Club.

It was not a dramatic gesture, nor was it consummated with crashing cymbals and tattoo of drums. But in its sweep and curve it encircled many individuals who, in the final summation, find themselves part of a stunning achievement, like soldiers who cheer their general after a victory, nor stop to think that they are the glory and the victory.

And so, on other pages in this number of the Magazine, are names that are a Roll of Honor; for the women represented by those names again demonstrated how invincible is woman strength when it is intelligently marshaled.

Each in her separate star, but each motivated by the same urge, did her bit to tide over a near-crisis, a circumstance brought about by the unusual condition into which the whole world was plunged. That the Club faced this near-crisis was no fault or miscalculation upon the part of the original budget makers.

Had there been no depression all would have been merry as the marriage bell of the poem.

But there *was* a depression, and there was womanly gallantry to meet it when it came too near the Club to be pleasant.

Strangely, there was no concerted action in the sense that there was a drive. On the contrary, each saw her duty and did her bit. That's what gives the whole episode such poignant meaning. The City Club Recovery Act, in the minds of Club officials for the year 1933, is in degree as inspiring as the government's National Recovery Act.

And so, many small contributions made a substantial aggregate and the Roll of Honor is enlisting new names each day.

Quietly, devotedly, the members whose names are inscribed have proved their loyalty and won their place in the National League for Woman's Service.

The 1934 Outlook

HISTORY:

At the Annual Meeting of March, 1933, the membership voted to meet the financial need of the next two years by voluntary aid from each member. This policy was adopted because it was believed a raise of dues would be hard on the individual, whereas voluntary aid would not; and because it was pointed out that by this method everyone would give *something*.

The projected financial budget showed that a deficit would accrue unless $25,000 per year for the following two years was thus raised.

MACHINERY:

During the succeeding nine months the following ways to stimulate the collection of this voluntary aid have been carried through:

(1) Every member has been addressed monthly in special articles in the Magazine.

(2) Every San Francisco member has been sent a personal note inviting her to a meeting, either morning, afternoon or evening, as most convenient to her, to learn detailed information of the budget and of the progress of the V. A. D.

(3) County meetings, and personal invitations to members there resident, have been held in Santa Clara County at Los Altos and at Palo Alto, in San Mateo County at Menlo Park, in Marin County at Ross, and in Alameda County at Berkeley. At these meetings the Chairman of Finance, Mrs. Chapman, and the Treasurer, Miss Leale, personally addressed the groups, told the necessity of every member's active financial response and explained the plan in detail.

(4) During April, the Chairman of Finance and the Treasurer were present in the Lobby of the Clubhouse each day to receive the contributions. Beginning in May and continuing to date, Mrs. Simpson has continued to man the desk — a piece of volunteer service which cannot be recorded without a word of appreciation.

(5) During September, explanatory telephone calls have been made on some 500 members who the records showed had not attended previous meetings to hear the story personally. At all of these meetings the personal obligation of each and every member as the only method fair to all, was emphasized.

RESULTS:

The first response was most encouraging and came from those members who aways assume their personal responsibility. The figures month by month bear analysis:

July 15	$ 6,773.00
August 15	7,000.00
September 15	8,960.00
October 15	10,312.00
November 15	10,422.00

To date, as we go to press, 1,300 members have contributed a total of $11,062, plus $3,000 in bonds.

The ratio of 1,300 to the total paid-up members, 7,773 (this number does not include new members, so they are exempt from this year's contribution), is not as it should be. The plan, as the history which has been outlined shows, was based on one hundred per cent support. The results today are unfair, for the burden has fallen on 1,300 members instead of 7,763. Fairness demands an every-member response, and so, unless the 6,473 come in as contributors within the next two months, an assessment will have to be levied in 1934. An assessment in 1933 was saved by 1,300 loyal members. No excuse for non-support of the plan is valid, for history has shown that the smallest donations ($1.00 per year) are invariably offset by the largest ($100.00 per year).

The report is addressed to 6,473 members who to date have not responded.

ALTERNATIVES:

The whole financial plan rests on you, a member. Will you respond immediately and do your share toward the success of 1934, as 1,300 of your fellow members have done for you in 1933, or

Will you let it fail and will you let it come to an assessment in 1934 which will then fall on the shoulders of those to whom it means a real hardship?

Book Mart January 25 - 26

—MRS. MARSHALL DILL

● Club members, can you realize that the gay, festive event is nearly here— that touch of Bohemia — that bit of Paris— full of romance and charm—

This year we are adding to its beauty with a colorful Rag Fair. We want your help; every member of this Club must help to make this a glorious occasion. Send us books of all types and conditions, and everything of value, or of no value, that will help the Rag Fair.

Above all, come yourself — we sincerely want you. We promise you in turn fascinating afternoons and evenings — ones that will put repression and depression out of your lives.

Remember the dates, the books, the bits of art, bric-a-brac and what-not.

The Committee arranging the Book Mart comprises: Mrs. Marshall Dill, chairman;
Miss Marian Burr,
Miss Elisa May Willard,
Miss Emma Noonan,
Mrs. Carl Kratz.

Report of Nominating Committee

● *The Nominating Committee of the City Club Board of Directors submits the following names as candidates for the Board of Directors, to be voted upon at the Annual Election, Monday, January 8.*

Those on the present Board and who have consented to serve another term are:

Miss Katharine Donohoe
Miss Marion W. Leale
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Mrs. Christopher Persons
Mrs. May F. Riley
Miss Margaret Zane

New members chosen for the forthcoming term are:

MRS. HORACE BRADFORD CLIFTON

President of Junior League 1929-1930; President of Women's Committee of the Opera Association 1931-1932; formerly member of Board of the Y.W.C.A. and International Institute; at present Chairman of the Program Committee of the Women's City Club.

MISS FRANCES HALL

Former student at University of Washington; has been active in younger members' group of the Club; member of the National League Players; resident of Palo Alto.

MISS EMOGENE HUTCHINSON

A charter member of the National League for Woman's Service; active in the National Defenders Clubs during the War; has given continued and faithful service to the Club; has been Chairman of Bridge Committee for three years; has been Chairman of the Shop Volunteers.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER PERSONS

Active in Red Cross work in Marin County; member of Sausalito Women's Club; prominent in civic leadership in Marin.

MRS. RICHARD SLOSS

Graduate of Bryn Mawr; member of the Board of Mt. Zion Hospital; formerly member of Board of Campfire Girls; has been active in service at the Hebrew Home for Aged and in San Francisco Center.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE:
Miss Ethel A. Young, *Chairman*,
Miss Jean Boyd,
Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson,
Mrs. Milton Esberg,
Miss Georgia Fenwick.

The Play's the Thing— But It's a Bit Confusing

● If on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday morning of any week about 11 o'clock you should be on the Fourth Floor, and hear strange sounds coming from the Board Room, wild laughter, screams of terror, much chatter — you stop, look, listen, and ponder. What is to be done?

Shall you telephone the office?

No, you just wait;

Nothing happens. The door of the Board Room is closed — no one comes out, no one goes in, but on the other side of that door, what? You hear a hundred women laughing??? and a voice says "Try the scene over again . . . . "

Of course now you know.

The National League Players of the Women's City Club are rehearsing. They are living in the world of make believe, and during rehearsal hours they are just players.

Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson, director of the National League Players, is busy getting plays and players ready for "A Night in Spring."

More players are wanted in the groups. Anybody who is a member of the City Club is invited to apply for a place in the cast.

Color and Composition

—CONDUCTED BY WANA DERGE

● The joy which comes from keen appreciation of the world of things; the ability to assemble, adjust, and eliminate, transforming the mundane into that which is disinguished and fascinating; power and originality which seem magical to those who do not understand. Wana Derge's "Color and Composition" brings this richness and more within reach of all.

A few basic principles govern all fine color and form composition. These principles are simple, and are being established in this course. To grasp that which one sees takes neither talent nor previous training— only a sincere desire and someone to point the way.

Equipped with proof, the professional is one hundred per cent sure of carrying out his commissions to the satisfaction of both himself and his clients, and what he does will be fine and will live.

The third consecutive class given at the Club will begin Tuesday, January 23, and run for fourteen weeks ending April 24; hours 10 to 12. Fee $18.50, which may be paid in installments of $5.00 per month; materials and notes $2.50. The course will be open to the public, with registration at the Executive Office. The first class meeting only will be open to visitors. The fee of $1.00 will be applied on the course for those who register.

BALLOT

JANUARY 8, 1934

Return this ballot on or before January 8, 1934.

Election of candidates for Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service of California, 1934-1937.

The annual election of the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m., Monday, January 8, 1934.

Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 8.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

VOTE FOR TEN

Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton . . ☐
Miss Katharine Donohoe . . . . ☐
Miss Frances Hall . . . . . ☐
Miss Emogene Hutchinson . . . . ☐
Miss Marion W. Leale . . . . . ☐
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas . . . . ☐
Mrs. Christopher Persons . . . . . ☐
Mrs. May F. Riley . . . . . ☐
Mrs. Richard Sloss . . . . . ☐
Miss Margaret Zane . . . . . ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐

Are You a Volunteer or Just Looking On?

—MRS. FRANK ZANE SMITH

● Are you a part of the National League for Woman's Service or are you just a spectator? In other words—DO YOU GIVE SERVICE? For to be an integral part of this Club of ours you must be in some branch of Volunteer Service. Those of you who do not belong to some branch of the service are missing the finest part of our unique Club. For where is there another Club the size of ours where the activities of the whole are dependent on the work of each individual?

As you know, the Women's City Club grew out of the wartime work of those tireless women who put aside their personal activity in order to work in the canteen, doing any job given with a joyful spirit—knowing the happiness that comes with unselfish effort. And these women determined that the ideal of their services would not die, and thus grew the Women's City Club. Our Club is not merely a million dollar project, it is a tradition—a spirit of good fellowship—that lives within its walls.

And now a word about Volunteer Service. I wonder if many of you know of the many calls we have to help with outside activities. There is not a month that the Club is not asked to send helpers to one job or another. This month we dressed dolls for Telegraph Hill Settlement House, and we supplied clerical help for the Community Chest Christmas baskets.

Would you realize that thirty-five people worked 210 hours making garlands for our Christmas decorations?

To enumerate the various branches of Clubhouse activities—the Magazine group meets each Monday, addressing and wrapping magazines. Helpers are always welcome. No uniform is required.

Substitutes are always needed in Cafeteria service, both day and night—particularly night and Saturday noon substitutes are hard to secure.

The League Shop, Library, Regular Tea Hostesses for the Lounge and Special Tea Hostesses for occasional events, clerical help for Clubhouse activities and for outside activities, motor corps work occasionally, the regular donation of flowers and shrubbery for Clubhouse decoration—all these activities are open to volunteers.

The difficulty is in knowing to whom I should telephone. I assure you if I have your name and telephone I shall call you—but first won't you buy a uniform and then see to it that your name is on my telephone list?

"The Wonderful Song"

—ISABEL STRADLEY

● The editor said, "Write something seasonal." So we thought we would write about joy! Appropriate, surely, for this time of the year! But wait—will anyone read about joy? We have learned these last few years to appreciate and hold fast to gloom. Our hearts and minds have grown dusty and parched for the want of the rain of deep happiness. Sentiments, emotions, hopes, wishes have stayed in one place for a long time now, surrounded by the same circumstances—depression and gloom. Indeed, we're almost complacent in our acceptation of the world's immense weight of misery!

But the editor said that joy was quite the thing to write about and we had better get busy. So we sat us down and thought of peace on earth, good will to men, and of joy and happy things, of the bells of Christmas ringing. "Lo! once more the son is born"—that sweet promise which comes again, touching tired minds and hearts. And after a bit, behold! there was a great, wide smile stretched across the face of the universe!

For joy is the charm against the world's despair; it works swiftly like magic, for it is the true song in the heart that reaches deeper into man than thinking. It is more, much more than the tinkling of little thoughts; it is based on the truth in things. It is a flow of thought that is almost music.

Hermes once said, "All the world is sight; behold and see the beauty thereof." He knew it was in himself to *see* that beauty. Wherever the eye looks, happiness is, but it is the measure of our courage to see it, the measure of our wisdom to know that we have it within ourselves. Wherever happiness delivers itself, the whole world stops and listens, and every living creature is touched for a moment with its lovely light. Joy is an acknowledgment of the Creator and of His works. It is anywhere and everywhere. And it sings the song of deliverance!

EDITORIAL

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The privilege of opening another year challenges the spirit.

A clean new page!

What an opportunity and what a responsibility!

The solemnity of the New Year never ceases to be an awesome time, as well as a happy one. Starting anew or sustaining the high note upon which something was begun another time, perhaps at another New Year . . . it is good to know that annually a New Deal is vouchsafed each individual.

The City Club is several thousand individuals bound together in the name of Service and Abundance to each and all. Its privilege at the beginning of the New Year, therefore, is several thousand times that of each member . . . if each member is mindful of that fact.

The Club is ready for each member's patronage and consideration. It was planned to take care of many needs and on this beginning of 1934 the Board of Directors again reminds members that the Club can best serve when it is served. Reciprocity has ever been like that. The more the Club is used, the greater will become its field of usefulness. If it is liberally patronized in all departments its prosperity is bound to be reflected in what it gives to members.

Generous Contributions to Employees' Christmas Fund

● The Employees' Christmas Fund was generously supported and the Board of Directors takes this means of thanking all who contributed. The employees of the City Club were liberally "remembered" at Christmas. This is the only manner in which members may materially express their appreciation of service rendered throughout the year, since "tips" or gratuities are prohibited in the by-laws.

Perpetuating the National League for Woman's Service

● In last month's issue of the City Club Magazine, page 15, we were told in the simplest of arithmetical terms of the shortage of membership in the Club and how to correct it. During the month thirteen new members have been admitted. Surely, even in these days of careful study, 7,773 members can increase their number by 560 from among the six following groups:

(1) Women who have come into the community within the past two years.

(2) Conversely, those who are about to travel and will benefit by the use of reciprocal cards which allow privileges in clubhouses abroad.

(3) Women who have hitherto felt thirty-one dollars paid in full at one time a deterrent, but who will be glad to take advantage of this year's circumstances when the Finance Committee is allowing installment payments, and prorated dues for the remaining three months of the current fiscal year are allowable.

(4) Women who in the past have been apathetic because of the long waiting list, but who now realize that this year is the only time in the history of the National League for Woman's Service, past or future, when immediate acceptance of membership applications is possible. A waiting list will be the order of the day in 1934, for this drive will continue until such is the case.

(5) Brides and sweet girl graduates who wish to enroll in a volunteer service program.

(6) Women who are giving memberships as gifts.

The need for correcting this shortage of 560 members is imperative, for the whole financial program is based on 8,500 members in good standing paying six dollars a year as basic income.

Are you rendering service this year by bringing in a new member *now*? *You* means each one!

Round Tables Planned for Members

● The "Round Tables" have been planned for City Club members for each month:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
First	Young Members	.....	Current Events	French	Spanish
Second	German	Travel	Italian	French	Book Review
Third	.....	.....	Garden	Current Events	French	Spanish
Fourth	German	Travel	Italian Appr. of Art	French	.....
Fifth	.....	.....	.....	Current Events	French	.....

DO you know . . . . . .

That there's a darling little shop right in YOUR building. . . Dealing exclusively in lingerie. . . And in large sizes too. . . Miss Bertrand has personally selected the finest silks and satins from the world's markets. . . And the prices are extremely modest. . . This little shop also carries hosiery and lovely imported embroidered handkerchiefs. . . Someone said, "Seeing is believing," so we'll leave the rest to you. . .

BARBARA BERTRAND SHOPPE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BUILDING
459 POST STREET

A Preamble to the Study of Design

—ANNE BAILHACHE

● An urge to express himself through some creative form is one of the fundamental inheritances of man. The record of this expression has become the basis of the history of man, and constitutes also the history of design. Before the era of language one finds crude drawings and stone carvings, from which modern man is able to reconstruct the life of his ancient brothers. In this connection it is also interesting to note the many points of similarity in the symbols used by peoples in widely separated sections of the earth where communication was obviously impossible.

The study of design involves an understanding of the principles of order, balance and harmony. The practice of design is primarily a discipline in the use of these principles. With such experiment the individual intuition is quickened, emotional growth stimulated and the latent creative urge is liberated and set at work.

The art of design is actually the art of arrangement through the medium of line form and color in relation to space. Color as it is now used in relation to design is a comparatively new addition to the group of design interpretation, and presents special problems of its own, which are usually considered in a special course of study.

Whether the particular problem commanding the designer's attention be making of a small pattern for decorative use, placing of a picture upon a wall, arranging a bowl of flowers upon a table, planning a garden or building a bridge, the fundamental problem remains the same; it is a problem dealing with the laws of order, balance and harmony.

The study of design becomes a fascinating preoccupation, opening our eyes to new forms created by ourselves; also, through understanding, developing our appreciation of all that surrounds us in our daily lives.

Is Your Name on the V. A. D. Roll of Honor?

THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other Banks

MEMBER ASSOCIATED SAVINGS BANKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

June 30th, 1933

Assets—

United States and Other Bonds, on books at	$ 68,208,157.80
Cash	16,694,254.17
Loans on Real Estate	72,874,661.45
Loans on Bonds and Other Securities	1,429,632.49
Bank Buildings and Lots, (value over $2,100,000.00) on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate, (value over $520,000.00) on books at	1.00
Pension Fund, (value over $800,000.00) on books at	1.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

Liabilities—

Due Depositors	$152,706,708.91
Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	5,500,000.00
Total	$159,206,708.91

The following additional statement may be of interest to the Depositors of the Bank: The Earnings of the Bank for the entire Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1933 were as follows:

Income	$7,594,044.75
Expenses and Taxes	939,993.97
Net Profits	$6,654,050.78

The above does not include Interest due on Loans but not yet collected

MISSION BRANCH	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDO BRANCH	Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest on Deposits is Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly, and may be withdrawn quarterly.

Are You Drama-Conscious?

● Due to unforeseen circumstances, Mrs. Edward Graham has relinquished the chairmanship of the Drama Section.

Mrs. Lovell Langstroth has consented to assume the chairmanship for the balance of the year. Mrs. Langstroth is a graduate of the Morse School of Dramatic Art, in St. Louis. She has had several years directing plays and is still actively engaged in theatre work. The groups feels very fortunate and happy to have Mrs. Langstroth in this capacity.

Friday, January 5th, "The Lake," by Dorothy Massingham, will be read by some of the new members of the group. "The Lake" is the most successful and sensitive play of the year in London. It opens in New York December 26, with Katharine Hepburn in the lead.

Friday, January 19, a one-act play, "For Distinguished Service," will be given. The cast will be Mrs. Carol Collupy, Mrs. Rudolph Kuhn, Mrs. Wilbur Hiller; under the direction of Mrs. Langstroth.

The plays so far discussed since September are "Richard of Bordeaux," "Laying the Devil," and "Ah! Wilderness." In December, this last play, "Ah! Wilderness," was given a very fine interpretation by Mrs. Edward Graham.

Club members are urged to bear in mind that on the first and third Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock, in the Chinese Room, the Drama Section will provide an interesting and enjoyable program.

V. A. D. ROLL OF HONOR

(Continued from Page 2)

Davis, Miss Sarah Russell
Dayton, Mrs. Helen McK.
Dean, Miss Elsie
Deane, Mrs. John J.
Deasy, Mrs. Thomas A.
Dechent, Miss Elsie
de Golia, Mrs. E. B.
Delany, Miss Marion
de Maniel, Mrs. Pauline
Demarest, Mrs. Ella W.
Demmer, Mrs. J. M.
Dennis, Mrs. W. J. M.
Deroux, Mrs. Mary C.
Detrick, Mrs. Edington
Devel, Mrs. Dora Scott
Dewes, Mrs. Siegfried
Dewey, Miss Constance
Dewey, Miss Marion R.
Dibble, Mrs. Gertrude
Dickey, Mrs. Chas. H.
Dickson, Mrs. E. C.
Dill, Mrs. Marshall
Dill, Miss Mollie
Dillon, Mrs. James Edward
Dimond, Mrs. Edwin R.
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Sweesey, Mrs. Homer
Symons, Mrs. Spencer W.
Taber, Miss Alice Post
Talbot, Mrs. Irene
Tauphaus, Miss Mary
Tautphaus, Miss Ida C.
Taylor, Miss Emily L.
Taylor, Miss Frances
Taylor, Mrs. John L.
Taylor, Mrs. Robert Lee, Jr.
Taylor, Mrs. Samuel H.
Taylor, Mrs. William
Terman, Mrs. Lewis
Terwilliger, Mrs. H. L.
Terwilliger, Miss Marion
Thayer, Mrs. C. A.
Thayer, Mrs. Wheeler Hall
Theobald, Mrs. J. J.
Thomas, Mrs. E. J.
Thomas, Mrs. Eleanor M.
Thomas, Mrs. John Hudson
Thomas, Mrs. Marion M.
Thomlinson, Mrs. M. H.
Thompson, Mrs. Harry
Thompson, Miss Jessie
Thompson, Mrs. M. B.
Thompson, Miss Marie L.
Thompson, Miss Roberta A.
Thompson, Mrs. Sadie
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah
Thorning, Mrs. Z. T.
Tibbe, Miss Madeline
Timmins, Miss Anna C.
Tobey, Miss Emmy
Tomkins, Mrs. P. T.
Tomlinson, Miss C. I.
Tomlinson, Miss S. A.
Torney, Mrs. E. J.
Torreyson, Miss Margaret
Towle, Mrs. K. P.
Towne, Mrs. J. W.
Towne, Mrs. P. E.
Treat, Miss E. L.
Treat, Mrs. P. J.
Tremoureux, Mrs. M. C.
Triplett, Miss C. C.
Trowbridge, Mrs. C. C.
Tucker, Mrs. E. S.
Tucker, Mrs. S. S.
Tufts, Mrs. James
Tufts, Mrs. J. B.
Tupper, Mrs. F. B.
Turkington, Mrs. E. J.
Turner, Mrs. C. L.
Underhill, Mrs. E. H.
Underwood, Miss E. N.
Unsworth, Miss E. M.
Upton, Mrs. M. M.
Vandergaw, Miss Ida
Vandever, Mrs. C. G.
Van Hagan, Miss L. A.
van Hoffman, Mrs. C.
Van Pelt, Miss Alice
Van Pelt, Mrs. H. M.
Van Dyne, Mrs. Harriet
Vaughan, Mrs. H. G.
Vincent, Miss E. M.
Vincent, Miss V. W.
Voorsanger, Mrs. A. W.
Votaw, Mrs. E. C.
Vought, Mrs. R. R.
Wagner, Mrs. A. B.
Wagner, Miss E. E.
Wainwright, Miss Amy
Walker, Miss Ethel B.
Walker, Mrs. Shirley
Wall, Mrs. Geo. S.
Wallace, Mrs. Robt., Jr.
Walter, Mrs. Bertha H.
Walter, Mrs. C. R.
Walter, Mrs. Mary
Walthall, Mrs. Edw. B.

Ward, Mrs. Russella
Ware, Mrs. Howell
Ware, Mrs. W. H.
Warner, Mrs. F. B.
Watkins, Mrs. Jas. T.
Watt, Mrs. Rolla V.
Way, Miss Ethel L.
Waybur, Mrs. Julian Rehn
Warwick, Miss Stella
Webb, Miss Sadie C.
Weber, Mrs. Frank
Webster, Mrs. H. J.
Webster, Miss L.
Weed, Miss Josephine
Weeden, Mrs. B. M.
Welch, Miss Edith B.
Welch, Miss Harriet A.
Welch, Miss Inez
Welch, Mrs. J. T.
Welcome, Mrs. Marguerite F.
Wells, Mrs. C. B.
Wells, Miss Helen M.
Wells, Mrs. Robert Lincoln
Wentworth, Mrs. G. Kelsey, Jr.
Werner, Mrs. Frank
Weyl, Mrs. William F.
Wheeler, Mrs. Della J.
White, Mrs. Violet E.
Whitney, Mrs. E. E.
Whitney, Mrs. C. H.
Whitney, Miss I. V.
Wiel, Mrs. H. I.
Wiggin, Miss M. A.
Wiggins, Miss J. M.
Wilbur, Mrs. Clifford
Wilcox, Mrs. E. P.
Will, Mrs. F. G.
Willard, Miss E. M.
Willard, Mrs. J. M.
Willard, Miss Mary
Willcutt, Mrs. C. B.
Wille, Miss M. F.
Willett, Mrs. W. M.
Williams, Miss A. M.
Williams, Mrs. E. E.
Williams, Mrs. Francis
Williams, Mrs. Percival
Williams, Mrs. W. W.
Williamson, Mrs. C. C.
Williamson, Mrs. L. A.
Willis, Mrs. M. H.
Willits, Miss A. T.
Wilson, Mrs. G. O.
Wilson, Miss Marion
Winch, Mrs. M. O.
Windham, Miss I. M.
Wing, Mrs. C. B.
Winn, Mrs. A. H.
Wintringham, Miss Georgia
Wintringham, Mrs. Thomas
Wiseman, Miss Georgia
Woener, Mrs. David
Wollenweber, Mrs. Rudolph
Wollner, Miss Carol
Wood, Miss Florence
Wood, Mrs. J. H.
Wood, Mrs. K. C.
Wood, Miss Mabel
Wood, Miss Ruth
Woodbury, Mrs. Marjorie
Woodford, Mrs. G. L.
Woodhead, Mrs. Leroy
Woodhouse, Mrs. I. S.
Woodland, Mrs. G. W.
Woodruff, Mrs. E. D.
Woodside, Mrs. A.
Woodworth, Mrs. S. E.
Wooll, Miss Charlotte
Wyckoff, Mrs. L. M.
Wynne, Mrs. K. C.
Yocum, Mrs. G. O.
Young, Miss Eleanor
Young, Miss Ethel A.
Young, Mrs. T. M.
Youngblood, Miss C. E.
Zane, Mrs. F. A.
Zane, Miss Margaret
Zeile, Mrs. E. G.

New Rates in Swimming Pool

● During January the special rate on private swimming lesson tickets will be continued. Ticket of six half-hour (or twelve fifteen-minute) lessons good for three months:

Members, sons and daughters of members (under 18) $3.25
Guests 4.25

A new departure is the sale of ten-swim tickets for GUEST children (boys under 12, girls under 18) for $2.50. These tickets are good at any time for the children to whom they are issued.

The Swimming Pool Department is planning to form a Saturday morning class in swimming for girls of about eleven and twelve who can swim well in deep water. It will consist of forty-five minutes of instruction in advanced swimming, diving, and deep water games. The class will meet eight times, starting January 20, at 11:00 a. m., and the instruction fee will be $1.75 for members' daughters and $2.25 for guest children. Admission extra. Will those who are interested please leave their names at the Pool office soon, so that plans can be made accordingly?

Choral Speaking (Verse Speaking)

● There will be new classes formed in verse speaking, under the direction of Dorothea Johnston, in January.

The work has had a good start this fall and there is a much larger enrollment ready. Voice exercises are part of the training. The work studied includes old ballads, passages from the Bible, and the English poets and modern American verse, which includes the American Indian.

Phone the Executive Office for enrollment.

They Officiated at Pantry Sale

● "Volunteers" who contributed to the success of the Pantry Sale at the City Club, November 28, were:

Mesdames James Allan, F. M. Baldwin, C. L. Banks, Chas. Bashford, M. W. Barr, E. Berryman, S. L. Breaux, T. H. Brown, G. Buckley, A. Brownstone, A. Cassanelli, W. Chemnick, L. H. Clark, Chas. Cole, Philip Coxon, Arthur D'Ettel, E. C. Dickson, R. H. Donaldson, D. M. Duffy, E. J. Farney, B. Fish, C. Funke, Ethel Glenn, C. W. Gompertz, F. B. Haake, L. B. Haber, L. W. Hammond, A. F. Hilton, Carl Kraft, R. Laist, E. A. Lowe, R. Madison, Carrie Mathews, E. H. Markwart, C. V. McCarthy, R. McGrouther, Camile Meyers, R. M. Morse, A. N. Nathan, C. D. Potter, James Reilly, H. K. Shaw, E. Spofford, Seymour Tittle, E. J. Torney.

Misses Delphine Brun, Martha Brown, D. C. Burtchell, Virginia Chilton, Georgia Fenwick, Elsa Garrett, O. C. Hyde, Eleanor Jackson, Florence Keesing, Gertrude Mayers, E. Miles, Marjorie Mills, Lillian McCurdy, Isabel Moore, Ethel Perkins.

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The City Club Takes to Rambling

—GEORGEA WISEMAN

● Those of the Club members who have been fortunate enough to be able to join a Ramble with Selborne Society of London will know instantly what we have in mind when we say, "How about some San Francisco Bay Rambles?" For those to whom the London ramblers are unknown, here are a few notes from the Selborne Society program for May to July, 1933:

Rambles to:

The Westminster Bank;
Sarum Chase;
Sutton Place, home of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland;
Kneller Hall, Headquarters of the Royal Military School of Music;
Hatfield House, home of the Marquis of Salisbury;
Pilgrim's Corner;
Wycombe Abbey;
Stained Glass Factory;
Fairmile Hatch;
A Kensington Cottage;
The Butterfly Farm.

Those were not all, just some of the places visited by the Ramblers during that short period of time.

These rambles were made at low cost, and were open in most cases to anyone wanting to join them. But the members of the Selborne Society had first chance.

Now, thought Those Who Plan, why cannot we do some vagabonding on our own? What have we to see? No Marquises, Dukes, or Kensington cottages, truly, but after all, here's San Francisco.

Lists began sprouting. Missions, old restaurants, Chinese cemeteries, flower marts, factories, gardens, galleries, airports, ship yards, bridges in the making, great printing houses, forts, hills, forests, even prisons —the lists became impressive. The itching heel felt the challenge.

Then came the questions. How, when, and through whom can arrangements be made? We are surrounded by treasures of which we are taking no advantage. As members of an important civic organization, we are in part keepers of that treasure, and ought to know something about it. But leaving the "ought" out of it, the fun and interest in going to places of beauty or action are incentive enough. To go in a leisurely fashion, one place to a trip, in small groups, should be a tremendous advantage.

First of all, we need volunteers who will act as guides, one to a ramble, guides intimately familiar with the ground to be covered. Then we want volunteers who can get access to ordinarily closed doors. The factories, farms, and so on, visited by the Selborne Society are glad to be hospitable, not alone for the small amount of advertising which they thus freely acquire, but also because of the satisfaction in showing an achievement. We shall probably find that to be true, here.

We have some ideas about places to go, due to composite lists, and a certain amount of snooping; but we want more ideas, lots of them: places to go, not only in San Francisco, but also in Oakland, Berkeley, Marin County, and down the Peninsula.

San Francisco is a name that has charmed poems, paintings, and immortal tales from the souls of artists. Its subtle loveliness is something of which we are subconsciously proud, but we take it, most of us, pretty casually. Let's know about it, as the Selborne Society members, through their rambles, know about their England. We can take visitors to the Club with us, of course. We can, in time, take anyone who wants to come.

What do you think of the idea?

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Our Snow Shop is snow-suiting San Francisco in famous Bradley snow togs! 'S no fun to play in the snow if you shiver . . . but you'll be warm and happy and SMART in our snow-repellent, wind-resisting, fast color "Muleskin" snow suits . . . Be sure to see them.

Snow Shop, Hale's Third Floor.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Thursday Evening Programs Bring Notables to Club

—MRS. A. P. BLACK

● The Women's City Club has many good friends among the brilliant and talented people of San Francisco, for it is they who, without compensation, furnish our weekly Thursday Evening Programs.

Our programs for months past have been so uniformly good and interesting that it is difficult to give prominence to special addresses; and yet to mention them all would make this short article appear like a report. We might go back to the very recent months and recall the notable musical events.

The Lecture Recital of Yagodka, young Polish pianist, delighted his audiences. He spoke of early music, music of the romantic period and modern music. Short sketches of some composers of each period were given and selections from their works played in a charming masterly manner.

In October we had the pleasure of hearing the lovely soprano voice of Helen Moodie of New York and Sacramento in a recital, with Mr. Paul Tanner at the piano. That was a very beautiful and notable program.

In November Mr. Edouard Strauss presented a lecture recital of German Leider, which was most educational and delightful. Mr. Strauss showed great knowledge and sympathy with his subject and sang several songs in his splendid baritone voice. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Hasselberg, his accompanist.

Two interesting travel talks have been presented recently by Mr. Frederick H. Coon, a world traveler of great experience and a marvelous memory for names and places. His talks were not illustrated but his narrative held the close attention of his audience. Then for variety Mrs. Alma Jannapolis brought her large collection of Japanese Netsuke and told of their history, use, and the art of their designing.

Mr. Charles Hogan of the University of California gave in November a very comprehensive address on the subject, "What Is Philosophy?" and Cleo Lee Aydelott, always welcome to our group, reviewed "Feng Ching," a new book on China written by Mrs. John Leslie Dobbins, and then gave some amusing southern negro stories and legends.

One of our most charming and notable programs was that given by Mrs. Helen Everett Meiklejohn on December 7. Her subject was "The Women Polls of New England." She introduced her program with a talk on poetry and poets in general, which was impressive and unusual in its thought. Then she read, in a way that captivated her audience, selections from the works of Amy Lowell, Alice Freeman Palmer, Josephine Preston Peabody and Emily Dickenson.

Our last program for the year was given by Aunt Dolly of the Chronicle and 120 of her children. It was a Christmas program consisting mostly of group dancing, participated in by children of all ages from just beyond babyhood to early youth. The dancing was well done and showed careful training; the costumes were fresh and colorful and the whole performance of one hour and a half was thoroughly enjoyed by a very large audience.

This was our last program for 1933, and we thank all our friends who have made it so successful and enjoyable. Our dates for January, 1934, are filled with events that will be quite up to the standards, so that there is every prospect of a continuance of educational, entertaining, and profitable programs, such as we have been enjoying in the past.

Sunday Musicales at City Club

● At 4 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, January 28, the first of a series of Sunday afternoon musicales will be held at the City Club, under the direction of Mrs. Roy Folger, who has planned the following delightful program:

Five Brahms Waltzes—written for two pianos

Mrs. Rexford Barnes

Mrs. Roy Folger

A group of French Songs

Mrs. Leon Barrett Jones

The program will be held in the City Club Auditorium in the setting of the "Book Mart," which is to be "Book Stalls on the Seine."

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"Save the Redwoods" Exhibition of Photographs

● Tuesday evening, January 16, to Monday evening, January 22.

On the evening of January 17, Dr. Ralph W. Chaney will give a very interesting talk in the City Club Auditorium, at 8 o'clock, on "Redwoods of the Past." Members and guests are invited.

Dr. Chaney, Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who is now located at the University of California, has made important studies on the past distribution of Redwoods for a number of years past. He is a Councillor of the Save-the-Redwoods League and chairman of its committee on Educational Use and Interpretation of the Redwoods.

As Professor of Paleobotany at the University of California, Dr. Chaney has uncovered many interesting facts regarding the Coast Redwood (sequoia sempervirens) and its ancestors of ages past. As a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews Asiatic Expedition of 1925, he found that while there were no evidences of Redwood ancestors in the Gobi Desert, Manchuria and Siberia were covered with these trees millions of years ago.

In 1931, Dr. Chaney secured from St. Lawrence Island, in the Bering Sea, fossil specimens which definitely indicate a land connection between Asia and North America in past ages.

Flower Arrangement Will Be Taught

● A course in "Flower Arrangement" will be conducted by Mrs. Carolyn Julian, provided a sufficient number of members register to warrant the class being carried on. The fee is $5.00 for six lessons, all of which are most interesting.

Mrs. Julian is responsible for our lovely Christmas decorations this year, which have been greatly admired by the entire membership.

They'll Discuss Past, Present and Future

● The annual luncheon of past and present members of the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service will be held Thursday, January 25, at 12:30 o'clock, in the National Defenders' Room. All former Board members are urged to be present. Reservations should be made in advance at the Executive Office.

As this is the first day of the Book Mart, the meeting at that time will be doubly interesting. Luncheon, 75 cents.

Miss Norton Lends Fountain

● Have you taken the time to enjoy the little bronze fountain in front of the mirror in the Library? If you haven't, do so.

This charming little piece, of a graceful child playing with a squirrel, is the work of one of our talented members, Miss Elizabeth Norton, of Palo Alto, who has lent it to the Club.

* * * *

Mrs. Bertha Walker Glass, talented member of the City Club, is to have a number of her paintings on exhibit at Gump's gallery the last two weeks in January.

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Vocational Information Carries On

—MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER

● It is a refreshing experience, after an absence of two years, to return to the Vocational Information Committee, because it was that department which gave me my first glimpse into the meaning of our Volunteer Service.

Therefore I am rejoicing anew to find our Bureau flourishing, supported by a very fine committee, and "carrying on" in the same spirit of quiet efficiency as of yore. Not only that, but new ideas seem to be ever blossoming in the fertile brain of our capable Director, which are continually opening "new paths of usefulness."

One of these ideas is finding expression in the Round Table Groups for discussion of timely and important subjects, such as Federal Relief and Federal Employment, with reference to women particularly. We hope that a number of these gatherings may be held at intervals throughout the year.

The first meeting of the season took place in October, as already reported, with our own Dr. Adelaide Brown as leader. The results were so encouraging that a second meeting was arranged for November 25, with Dr. Emily Palmer of the Vocational Division, Department of Education, University of California. Dr. Palmer, being also a member of Mr. R. C. Branion's State Committee, was eminently qualified to lead the discussion. The meeting was arranged as an informal dinner, members of the Committee acting as hostesses.

In response to special telephone invitation, a congenial group was brought together, splendidly representative of those deeply interested in the subject. They came from the East Bay Districts and from down the Peninsula, as far south as San Jose, as well as from San Francisco.

Discussion was eager and lively and very fruitful, for such gatherings undoubtedly serve as a sort of "clearing house" for both information and clarification, in this difficult time of rapidly changing conditions, and the stupendous undertaking of National Employment.

We were proud of our Bureau when we learned that a representative of the University of California and one from Stanford had gladly given up the "Big Game" celebrations in order to attend our meeting, and another visitor voiced her appreciation in the gratifying comment, "This is what I call a real piece of public service."

In short, it was a delightful personal satisfaction to be taking part once again in this community service, associating with members of a committee whose earnest efforts are not permitted to be nullified or weakened by the depression. On the contrary, they are "buckling on their armor" to go forward still more earnestly into the struggle to remove poverty and suffering from overburdened humanity, insofar as it lies within the power of one organization to help.

A Happy New Year
And May The Women's City Club, Which We Had the Pleasure of Serving for the Past Five Years, Continue to Grow and Prosper
SAMARKAND ICE CREAM
May Always Be Your Choice as a Dessert With the Delightful Luncheons and Excellent Dinners Served at Your Club
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Health and non-occupational accident insurance is one of a number of plans designed to plan, prepare and provide against the common hazards of life.

Mrs. Haacke is Tea Hostess

● Mrs. Frederick Haacke has taken the chairmanship of the Lounge Tea Hostesses, succeeding Mrs. Amos M. Hicks, who was forced to resign on account of illness.

It Was a Gay and Colorful Christmas!

● Christmas was a gay and happy interlude at the City Club, beginning with the production of "Alice in Wonderland," Saturday afternoon, December 9, and extending over the New Year. Even then it was with deep regret that the garlands and wreaths were taken down.

"Alice in Wonderland," produced by Dorothea Johnston, staged by Frederick Stover, played to a capacity house, after which there was a Christmas party in the Cafeteria for the children in the audience. A large Christmas tree at the west end of the Cafeteria was brilliant with electric lights and clusters of bright balloons. Each table had a centerpiece of balloons and the great room seemed to be floating in color and warmth and cheer. Arthur Johnson officiated for Santa Claus, and the "Alice" cast, still in their costumes, assisted him. "ALICE" herself went from table to table with a great basket of wrapped taffies, to which the children were invited to help themselves.

Fancy moulded ice creams, cake and chocolate were served and the children took the hundreds of balloons as souvenirs when they left.

"Alice" was repeated in the evening to a very appreciative adult audience. After the evening performance an informal supper was served to the cast of thirty.

Friday evening, December 15, during the dinner hour, Hale's chorus of eighteen mixed voices sang Christmas carols in cafeteria, main dining room and private dining rooms, all of which were beautifully decorated. The Christmas carols were sung by light of candles. Mrs. Flora Porter, member of the City Club, directed the beautiful voices.

Thursday evening, December 21, there was a Christmas program in the Club Auditorium. Miss Emily Hardy, coloratura soprano; Miss Joyce Zickhardt, contralto; Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, accompanist. The California Trio gave the music, and Miss Marion Delany a Christmas reading of Lady Gregory's "The Traveling Man," a short miracle play.

The Christmas dinner on Christmas Day was largely attended. The Christmas decorations were done by Miss Donohoe, Mrs. Carolyn Julian and a group of volunteers. "Chuck" made the wreaths.

Miss Virginia Chilton, chairman, assisted by Mrs. E. H. Berryman, Miss Gladys Hall, Miss Frances Hall, Miss Eleanor Jackson, Miss Virginia Mysell, Mrs. Walter P. Reilly, Miss E. S. Rountree, Mrs. James Sheehan, Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Simpson, Mrs. Eldon B. Spofford and Miss Margaret Zane were the committee in charge of the children's Christmas party.

The committee trimmed the tree, "ushered" and served the refreshments.

Do You Know That—

You may visit the first meeting of Miss Derge's Color and Composition Class from 10 to 12:30 Tuesday, January 23? The fee of $1.00 may be applied on the full course.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Lessons in Italian Given at Club

● Senora Anita Montani, born in Verona, Italy, and a graduate of Teachers College at Padua, Italy, is to give lessons in Italian, beginning Thursday, January 18. Lessons will be given once a week in Room 230, at 10:30 a. m.

Charge for 15 lessons: $6.00 for members; $7.50 for non-members.

Captive

How shall I live with mountains
When water's the heart of me?
How shall I breathe in the midst of hills,
I . . . who am tides . . . and the sea?

How shall I bear a sky sealed down,
Fastened and caught, besides,
With a circling clamp of hills of brown
Instead of free to the tides?

How shall I live with mountains,
I . . . who so love the sea . . .
Blind and athirst in the midst of hills,
When water's the heart of me?

—*Roberta Hall.*

Lectures on German Composers

● A notable Thursday Evening Program was presented at the City Club recently when Mr. Edouard Strauss gave a lecture-recital on German Leider.

Mr. Strauss came to San Francisco about two years ago and has established a studio here. His lecture was interesting and educational. He spoke particularly of the four great German song writers, Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms and Hugo Wolf. During the evening he sang several songs in his splendid baritone voice, with Mrs. Hesselberg as sympathetic accompanist. He had an appreciative audience.

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You'll Enjoy The Whys of English

—HARRIET VAN DYNE

● Are you shy of entering this course because you feel the study of English grammar will be dull? This old idea challenged me to find a way to take the "mar" out of grammar. Pupils say this course is "as enjoyable as a game."

Consequently, for your convenience I teach why rules in English are true. By that I mean you and I find it more interesting and natural to use rules correctly when we know why these rules exist.

Do you think the course will take too much time? One one-hour lesson a week. You can finish each lesson while in class at the Club. I try in every way to make the course as convenient for you as possible.

Do you know why you mean more when you say *I will* than when you say I *shall*?

Do you know why we have such similar pairs of words as *farther* and *further*?

Do you know why *you were* is correct and *you was* is incorrect?

May I see you at the courtesy meeting in the Chinese Room, Monday, January 15, at 11 a.m. or at 7:15 p.m.?

Lectures on Contract Bridge

● Several of the City Club members have registered for an evening course of lectures on Contract Bridge to be given by Mrs. Alice Morgan Roedel, associate teacher of the Culbertson National Studios.

The lectures will introduce auction players to contract. At the same time it will bring those who already play contract up-to-date on all bidding conventions, while reminding them of correct plays and leads which enable one to fulfill a difficult contract.

It is proposed to start a course of twelve lessons on Friday evening, January 12, at 7:45 o'clock. It will be open to members and their friends, both men and women.

A ticket for the course will be sold to City Club members for $5.00; to non-members for $6.00. Single admission for members 50 cents; for non-members 60 cents.

If all who are interested will notify the Front Office by January 10, the Secretary can decide whether or not to have the course, as there must be a minimum registration of ten tables.

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In Memoriam

● No finer tribute to Mrs. Will J. French, member of the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service in 1917, could be paid than that pronounced in eulogy by Dr. Thomas as he outlined a life of service developing and expanding, in cooperation with Mr. French, a broad social service program. Those of us who are privileged to remember Mrs. French in the days of the war when she helped develop the training detachments of the League, and later when she ministered to the men in uniform at the Information Booth of the League at the foot of California Street, are inspired to greater effort because of her unselfish example. Since those days she has been continuously a volunteer in some field of activity for the safety of her fellowmen. Our hearts are grateful for her presence among us and for the sweet memory of her service with us.

Book Review Luncheons

● The first Book Review Luncheon, youngest child of the City Club, was given Friday, December 8, the attendance of thirty being most gratifying, considering the busy holiday season.

Mrs. Herman Klein, a Library volunteer, gave a forty-five-minute review of Charles Cadwell Dobie's fascinating book, "San Francisco, a Pageant."

Mrs. Klein told in a short sketch something of Mr. Dobie's life, how and why he wrote the book. She then passed on to the book itself, presenting it in a most interesting manner; she gave just enough of the high lights to excite interest. A delicious luncheon completed the hour.

Book Review Luncheons will be given the second Friday of each month. Current books will be reviewed by different speakers. "Quaker Militant, John Greenleaf Whittier," by A. Mordell, will be discussed Friday, January 12, at 12:15 o'clock, by Miss Edith Stevens Giles. Reservations should be made in advance.

Suggestions for books to be reviewed may be given to Mrs. J. Ashley, Chairman.

They Tell Stories With Objects and "Laugh With Things"

● The Alumnae Association of Miss Derge's Color Classes will share the unfoldments of their laboratory meeting on Saturday, January 13, with the membership on Tuesday, January 16, 10 to 4, in the Auditorium. At 10:15 there will be a brief explanatory talk by Miss Derge.

January Promises Fine Programs

● The Thursday Evening Program schedule for January, 1934, is as follows:

January 4—omitted.

January 11—Dr. Vera Sadicoff Goldman: "Protection of Women and Children in the Soviet Union."

January 18—Miss Caroline McCullough: "A Thousand Years in Bohemia with the Bible." Introduction by Mr. John Howell; Bohemian songs by Miss Radle.

January 25—Sonia Podoska: "European Culture and Music Yesterday, Today and for All Time." Lecture and Vocal Recital.

Sonia Podoska, singer, lecturer, and teacher of her own method, is a gentlewoman of Poland, educated in many countries of Europe, speaking ten languages. She lived many years in London, giving recitals, lectures and concerts, and has many testimonials from there, also from Master Ignace Paderewski. She is opening a studio in San Francisco.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

LEAGUE BRIDGE—Tuesdays	*Card Room*	2:00 AND 7:00 P.M.
MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS IN SWIMMING POOL Every Friday Night	*Swimming Pool*	5:30 TO 9:00 P.M.
VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR—Miss Dorothea Johnston— Every Wednesday	*Chinese Room*	11 A.M., 1 AND 7 P.M.
NATIONAL LEAGUE WORK SHOP—Mrs. Clarence Quinan (weaving)— Daily ($1.50 per day including one hour instruction)	*Room No. 214*	11:00 A.M. TO 12:00

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR — JANUARY 25 AND 26

January 3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
4—French Round Table—Mlle. Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program omitted		
5—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Drama Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
(Tea)	*Board Room*	4:00 P.M.
8—Young Members' Luncheon	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
German Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
9—History and Symbolism of Design (Preliminary meeting—members are invited)	*Card Room*	10:00 A.M.
Also Luncheon Meeting for those interested	*Cafeteria*	12:30 P.M.
Travel Round Table Speaker: Mrs. E. J. Turkington. Subject: Hill Towns of Italy.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
10—Italian Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
11—French Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dr. Vera Sadicoff Goldman. Subject: Protection of Women and Children in the Soviet Union.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
12—Book Review Luncheon Speaker: Miss Edith Stevens Giles. Subject: Quaker Militant: John Greenleaf Whittier, by Albert Mordell.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Contract Bridge—First Lesson	*Chinese Room*	7:45 P.M.
13—Color Class—Alumnae Exhibit	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M.
16—Garden Round Table postponed to evening meeting, January 17		
Color Class—Preliminary Meeting and Exhibit Members are invited.	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 4:00 P.M.
17—Current Events	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.
Save the Redwoods League Exhibit and Talk by Dr. Ralph W. Chaney Subject: Redwoods of the Past.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
18—History and Symbolism of Design—First Meeting	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:30 P.M.
French Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Miss Caroline McCullough. Subject: A Thousand Years With the Bible in Bohemia. (Introduction by Mr. John Howell).	*Auditorium*	8:00 P.M.
19—Spanish Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Drama Reading Group	*Chinese Room*	2:00 P.M.
22—German Round Table	*Cafeteria*	12:15 P.M.
23—Color Class—First Meeting	*Chinese Room*	10:00 A.M. TO 12:00
Travel Round Table Speaker: Mrs. E. J. Turkington. Subject: Hill Towns of Italy.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
24—Appreciation of Art and Letters Mrs. Charles W. Curry, leader.	*National Defenders' Room*	12:15 P.M.
Italian Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
25—Book Mart and Rag Fair	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.
French Round Table	*Mural Room*	12:15 P.M.
Annual Luncheon, Past and Present Board of Directors	*National Defenders' Room*	12:30 P.M.
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Sonia Podoska. Subject: European Culture and Music Yesterday, Today and For All Time. (Lecture and Vocal Recital).	*American Room*	8:00 P.M.
26—Book Mart and Rag Fair	*Auditorium*	10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.
28—Sunday Afternoon Musicale Mrs. Roy Folger, Chairman.	*Auditorium*	4:00 P.M.
31—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 A.M.